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I N D E X

CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

VOLUME VIII.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1900.

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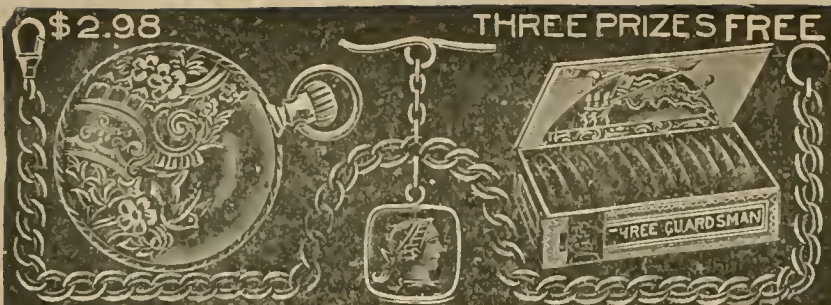
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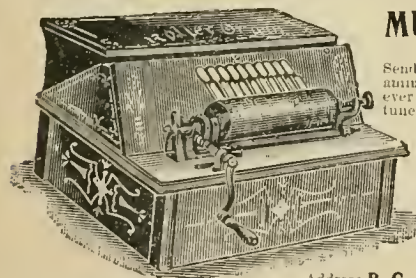
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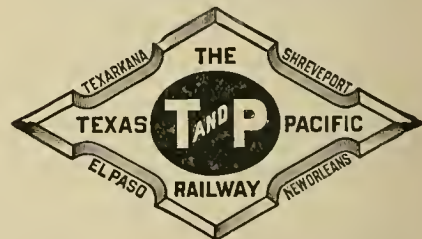
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Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1900.

No. 1. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

SAM DAVIS MONUMENT LOCATED.

A joint resolution was adopted by the Tennessee Legislature in its session of 1899 as follows:

"Whereas S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, undertook some time ago to perpetuate the memory of Sam Davis, the Confederate hero and scout, by opening a popular subscription through the columns of his magazine for a fund to erect a shaft or monument to stand as a continual example to future generations of a people's appreciation of self-sacrifice and loyalty to country and duty; and whereas about \$2,100 has already been subscribed and is now in his hands, and Mr. Cunningham is desirous that the fund be turned over to a committee appointed by the General Assembly, who shall be empowered to receive said fund and any other amounts that may hereafter be contributed and proceed at their discretion to select a site on Capitol Hill and erect such shaft or monument as contemplated by the contributors of this fund, and place thereon a suitable inscription commemorative of the valor and deeds of this Tennessean; be it therefore

"Resolved, That S. A. Cunningham, John M. Lea, Joseph W. Allen, John W. Thomas, R. H. Dudley, G. H. Baskette, John W. Childress, E. C. Lewis, and John C. Kennedy be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to receive such funds now on hand or that may be hereafter contributed, and carry into effect in such manner as their best judgment may dictate the object and purpose of this resolution."

The committee chosen as above to take in charge the movement for the erection of a monument to Sam Davis, the Tennessee Confederate hero, held a meeting at the VETERAN office January 18 for the purpose of taking the necessary steps for carrying out the project which so commends itself to every Tennessean and to all people everywhere who honor the courage which is made immortal by heroic sacrifice.

The meeting was called to order, and Mr. G. H. Baskette, editor of the *Nashville Banner*, was chosen Secretary. He furnished the following report to the *Nashville American*:

As an indication of the interest the members take in this commendable work, every member was promptly present except Joseph W. Allen, who was not well enough to attend, but who telephoned his hearty co-

operation, and Judge Childress, who was absent from the city, but who was represented by Gov. McMillin, who himself is most earnestly interested in the promotion of this noble cause.

Mr. Cunningham fully explained the work that had been done in securing contributions to the fund and the progress that had been made in a movement which had elicited the warmest commendation, South and North. The funds already collected, amounting to about \$2,100, had been invested in United States bonds, pending their use by the committee, and these bonds he turned over to the committee. He reported several hundred dollars additional available from subscriptions, payable on demand.

It was unanimously decided that the monument movement should be pushed to a completion, and that the fund should be raised to at least \$5,000, a fund to which it is believed many will be glad to contribute.

The character of the monument was considered, and it was agreed that a correspondence should be opened by the Secretary with a view to arranging for a full figure statue modeled from the Zolnay bust of Sam Davis.

The committee was permanently organized by the election of Maj. E. C. Lewis, Chairman; S. A. Cunningham, Secretary; and J. C. Kennedy, Treasurer.

It was also agreed to at once select a site for the monument on the Capitol grounds. Other matters relating to the work and methods of promoting the object in view were discussed. In due time the committee will issue an address to the public.

The committee then went in a body to the Capitol, and, after carefully looking over the ground, selected a spot near the Vine and Cedar Streets entrance as the most suitable site, all things considered, for the proposed monument. The committee then adjourned, subject to the call of the Chairman.

The foregoing announcement is made with sincere gratitude. The VETERAN fund in that monument must be half, and appeal is now made to every friend who has in mind to contribute to send to the VETERAN as soon as practicable.

The VETERAN notes the delicacy of Maj. Thomas (President of the N. C. & St. L. railroad) and the venerable Judge John M. Lea, whose residences are near the point selected, in declining to vote on the location.

GRAND CAMP OF VIRGINIA.

At the twelfth annual meeting of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, held at Pulaski October 12, 1899, the following officers were elected:

Grand Commander, Stith Bolling, Petersburg.

Lieutenant Grand Commanders, Richard L. Maury, Richmond; Thomas W. Smith, Suffolk; James MacGill, Pulaski.

Quartermaster Gen., Washington Taylor, Norfolk.

Inspector General, Thomas C. Morton, Staunton.

Chaplain General, Rev. B. D. Tucker, Norfolk.

Surgeon General, Dr. John S. Powell, Occoquan.

The Grand Commander has appointed as his Adjutant General Thomas Ellett, Richmond, and as Aide-de-Camp William Campbell, Dunnsville, Essex County, and E. H. Barclay, Lexington.

REPORT OF THE GRAND COMMANDER.

Col. Stith Bolling, Grand Commander of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, in General Order No. 1;

I most earnestly ask the cordial support and co-operation of officers and members of all of the subor-



GRAND COMMANDER STITH BOLLING.

ordinate camps in the effort to increase the usefulness of this Grand Camp, which is so necessary for the welfare and assistance of the sick and disabled Confederate soldiers and sailors and their families.

The following appointments are announced to fill vacancies and to enlarge the regular committees, viz.: On School History: R. T. Barton, of Winchester, vice John J. Williams, deceased; John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, vice Rev. S. Taylor Martin, resigned; George L. Christian, of Richmond, and John H. Fulton, of Wytheville, to enlarge committee. On Legislature: J. C. Ewell, of Lancaster, vice J. J. Williams, deceased.

It is important that each camp make reports to headquarters promptly after orders are received.

Special notice is hereby given of the action of the Grand Camp at its last annual meeting in allowing the

Inspector General to appoint an assistant from each Congressional District in the State, appointments to be made on recommendations from the camps in each district. The camps are most earnestly urged to make their recommendations to Inspector General T. C. Morton, at Staunton, Va., at the earliest moment.

Attention is called to the action of the Grand Camp at its last annual meeting, which passed the resolution "that each camp in this Grand Camp proceed at once to organize, as auxiliary to its own organization, a camp of Sons of Veterans, such camps of Sons to become members of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans."

It is a sad fact that our ranks are becoming thinner and thinner, making it the more important that the Veteran camps should at once encourage and build up camps of Sons of Veterans, on whose shoulders the mantle must very soon fall. They have already given hearty coöperation and rendered valuable service to the objects for which our organization was formed; therefore it is most earnestly urged that every Veteran camp encourage and assist in every way in the formation of camps of Sons of Veterans throughout the State. For special information apply to Col. James Mann, of Notoway, Va., Division Commander, who will supply the necessary literature and instructions.

The Grand Commander wishes to call the special attention of the Veteran camps and of all the members thereof, of the camps of Sons of Veterans, of the Ladies' Auxiliaries, and of all citizens of this State, to the report on school histories made to the Grand Camp at its last annual meeting by Dr. Hunter McGuire, chairman of the History Committee, with the request that they read it. This report embodies not only a just criticism of the United States histories now in use in our public and private schools, but also gives a true history of the causes leading up to the "war between the States." This should be fully understood not only by the Veterans themselves but particularly by the Sons of Veterans and the coming generations.

CONFEDERATE SOCIETY IN BALTIMORE.

At the recent annual meeting of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland the following officers were elected: President, Brig. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; Vice Presidents, Capt. George W. Booth, Maj. W. Stewart Symington, Private Frank T. Blake, Lieut. McHenry Howard, Private D. Ridgely Howard, Lieut. Andrew C. Trippe, Lieut. Joseph Packard, Jr., Engineer Eugene H. Browne, Serg. Charles T. Crane, Lieut. J. G. Wiltshire, Corporal John J. Williams, Lieut. Henry M. Graves; Recording Secretary, Capt. William L. Ritter; Assistant Recording Secretary, Private Joshua Thomas; Corresponding Secretary, Private John F. Hayden; Treasurer, Capt. F. M. Colston; Executive Committee, Private James R. Wheeler, Serg. William H. Pope, Private August Simon, Private Frank O. Shriver, Private Daniel L. Thomas, Private Robert J. Stinson, Private James L. Aubrey; Chaplains, Rev. William M. Dane (private), Rev. Benjamin F. Ball (sergeant), Rev. R. W. Cowardin (sergeant), Rev. H. M. Wharton (private); Sergeant-at-Arms, Serg. George W. Schafer.

It was decided to hold the annual banquet of the society at the Carrollton Hotel on January 19. Distinguished Confederates will respond to toasts.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FRANKLIN.

The Franklin Chapter No 14, U. D. C., was organized by Mrs. Judge Gaut, of Nashville, October 28, 1895. Mrs. G. L. Cowan was elected President; Mrs. Minnie Cliffe and Mrs. W. H. Syman, Vice Presidents; Mrs. W. M. Gentry, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Susie Gentry, Recording Secretary; Mrs. R. N. Richardson, Treasurer.

Their first contribution was for the "Battle Abbey." Miss Susie Gentry and Mrs. T. F. Perkins constituted a committee to solicit donations, and through a dinner given by the chapter \$87.70 was raised, which was sent to Mrs. J. P. Hickman, of Nashville, Secretary.

Twelve years previous to the organization of this chapter there existed a Monument Association, which had accumulated \$478, but for a number of years nothing had been done toward securing additions to it. The Association turned their money over to the chapter, members of the Association being Daughters.

Two years ago (in November, 1897) the United Daughters of the Confederacy began the work of raising money to erect a monument on the Public Square in Franklin.

There were only sixteen charter members; there are now enrolled more than forty members.

The officers now are: Mrs. R. N. Richardson, President; Miss Annie W. Claybrook and Mrs. George Nichol, Vice Presidents; Mrs. J. A. Britt, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. T. F. Perkins, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Mary Cliffe, Treasurer.

The members are: Mesdames R. A. Bailey, H. P. Cochran, Minnie Cliffe, W. W. Campbell, Newton Cannon, G. L. Cowan, J. W. Harrison, Green Williams, E. P. Winston, W. E. Winstead, P. A. Felts, J. H. Henderson, V. W. McGavock, H. E. Perkins, W. H. Gillespie, W. A. Paschall, N. C. Bostick, W. A. Beckwith, Bettie Bradley Fentress, Ida Winstead Fly, H. H. Horton, Walter Tally, Lucy S. Vaughn, Carrie March, Misses Eliza Claybrook, Alma Anderson, Annie Brooks, Maria Vaughan, Susie Gentry, Lulie Hanmer, Mary Pinkerton, Lou Reece, Kittie White, Elizabeth Truett, Susie Winstead, Belle White, Blanche Winfield, Maggie Roberts. The honorary members are: Mrs. Gen. Starnes, Mrs. Col. John McGavock, Mrs. Dr. W. M. Gentry, Mrs. J. M. Neeley, of Franklin, and Mrs. Judge John C. Gaut, of Nashville.

Mrs. Gaut did splendid work for the chapter in securing money for the monument.

The monument was unveiled by two little girls, Susie Winstead and Leah Cowan. The

former was recently chosen Child of the Bivouac, and is daughter of the late M. P. G. Winstead, who while still a beardless youth, responded to the Southland's



LITTLE GIRLS WHO UNVEILED THE MONUMENT.

call to arms. She is granddaughter of Dr. Samuel Henderson, who was a colonel of militia in the early part of the century. Leah Cowan was born in Williamson County, and is eleven years old. She is daughter of Capt. George L. and Mrs. Hattie McGavock Cowan. Capt. Cowan was an officer in Gen. Forrest's celebrated escort company. Leah is granddaughter of the late Col. John McGavock, whose memory is revered by all Confederates.

Judge R. N. Richardson, of Franklin, introduced participants in the unveiling ceremonies. First, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, who was a chaplain and in the battle. In his prayer the minister said:

"Thou, O God, didst not give victory to our arms, and we bow in absolute submission to thy will. Thou knowest what is best. But we praise and bless thee for the characters which were purified by the war, and for the example of those who didst not measure duty by success, who preferred death to dishonor, and who showed to all the world how they valued the rights and liberties thou didst give their land.

"We beseech thee, O God, that we and our children may ever be true to the memory of these men; that we may know the principles for which they contended; that we may vindicate their motives and defend their characters from aspersion. Grant that their example may inspire the coming generations with noble enthusiasm, with patriotic devotion, with unyielding courage to dare, to do, to die for God and native land.

"We humbly entreat thy blessing on those of us who were once their comrades in the strife or who ministered to them in the weary struggle. Remember in mercy the men and women, now grown old, who shared the hardships of those we commemorate. As the time of our departure draws near may we realize more and more our Father's love and see his wisdom in all the way he has led us; and when the night falls about us may our sleep be sweet, and may we wake to an eternal day.

"Father, look in mercy upon our children who come after us. May they in every time of need respond to duty's call, and prove themselves worthy of the heritage thou hast given them. May they seek not inglorious ease, but may they give themselves to do thy will and to benefit the world at every cost.



MRS. JOHN C. GAUT.

"Especially do we ask thy favor upon those who have served their country against a foreign foe—who are now in the field or who are just returning to their homes. Grant them security against the dangers to body and soul which assail them. May their service, with its hardships, be a means of strengthening and confirming their devotion to duty and love of country.

"And we ask thy richest blessings on our country. On this day of thanksgiving we would remember all the benefits, temporal and spiritual, which thou hast given us during this year. May we use thy gifts aright. Make us messengers of liberty and peace to those who have come under our sway. Enable us to fear thee and work righteousness. Give us righteous rulers and righteous laws. Save us from pestilence and famine, from fraud and violence and oppression. Hasten the time when wars shall cease to the ends of the earth, and peace shall rule the world. May our government maintain justice as its only sure foundation.

"And now, O God of our fathers, God of battles, King of nations, as we solemnly dedicate this monument to the memory of a glorious past, as it testifies of patriotism, of courage, of devotion to principle, of faithfulness to duty, we implore thee to make it an inspiration to the coming generations, urging them to be true to whatever work thou givest them to do, encouraging them to peace, truth, and righteousness above all earthly considerations.

"Now we ask thee to forgive our failures and transgressions, cleanse our hearts, strengthen us for service, and finally receive us to thyself in glory, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Address of welcome by Dr. Hanner :

"*Comrades, Ladies, and Fellow-Citizens:* It is a proud privilege to welcome you in behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy. There are occasions when words are empty sounds and meaningless nothings; when the intenser feelings find fit expression in the cordial grasp of the hand and the kindly beaming of the eye; when silence is more eloquent than affected and labored rhetoric; when the warm heart, overflowing with kindness, goes out in emotion inexpressible in words. Such is the welcome Franklin Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy extends to you. Though orphaned and bereft, their deathless loyalty and devotion to their mother seeks a faint expression in the erection of this memorial to her soldier sons. The work of the living is ever ennobling in commemorating the glories and heroism of the past. The self-sacrifice and devotion of the women of the South in our glorious but unsuccessful attempt to establish our independence and a government for ourselves is illustrated by the undying veneration accorded to the veterans of that struggle by their daughters. The Roman patrician gloried in the images of his ancestors, the Anglo-Saxon exulted in the deified heroes of the Valhalla; but the pride of the ancestry of the one and the mythological worship of the other pale into insignificance before the homage and heart tribute paid to you, my comrades, by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"They welcome you to the gladness of this hour, which witnesses the consummation of a work, loyally conceived, nobly conducted, and successfully achieved. 'The end crowns the work.' Did I say 'end?' No; this does not terminate their filial devotion. It knows

no limit, but will be perpetuated to successive generations, and the pages of future history will glow with a record of the continued loyalty of the daughters, as well as the bravery and chivalry of the sons, of the South.

"Let this occasion arouse all the enthusiasm of your nature and kindle afresh that patriotism that never fails. Ennoble the history of our common country in the future as you have done in the past, and coming ages will proclaim that you were as noble as citizens as you were brave as soldiers.

"The shadows of the evening are lengthening on our pathway; the twilight approaches. Let the evening song of our declining years, more plaintive and heart-touching than the *ranz des vache* of the Swiss herdsman, utter its passionate longing in the strains of our Southern bard:

Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
Where the living tread light o'er the hearts of the dead.
Yes, give me the land with graves in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall ne'er be forgot.

Yes, give me the land of legends and lays,
Enshrining the memory of long-vanished days.
Yes, give me the land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong.

Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's a grandeur in graves, there's a glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise and morn.

"I bid you thrice welcome to our hospitality, to our homes, and to our heart of hearts."

ADDRESS OF GEN. GORDON.

Gen. Gordon's address was eloquent, chaste, and evoked high enthusiasm. The following are extracts:

Five and thirty years ago to-day there occurred upon yonder field one of the most dramatic and sanguinary conflicts recorded in the annals of warfare. If we give first an account of the battle, it will enable us to understand more fully the matchless prowess and splendid heroism of the brave and patriotic men who fell upon this field, and whose memories and deeds we honor to-day.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that tragic and memorable day the Confederate army, commanded by Gen. J. B. Hood, appeared near the crest of yon range of hills that looks down from the South upon this beautiful valley, but not in view of the Federal army, commanded by Gen. Schofield, that then encircled your devoted little city as a huge anaconda. The Confederate army was halted near the southern crest of the hills, and was kept under cover thereof, preparatory to making dispositions for battle, until about 4 o'clock.

In the meantime the Confederate officers had been inspecting the enemy's position with field glasses, and had discovered that he was fortified immediately south of the town, and extending to the east and west—his wings apparently resting on the stream that bounds the town in an abrupt bend on the north. About this time (4 o'clock) Gens. Hood and Cheatham rode to where Gen. Brown and his brigade commanders were, the speaker among the number, where the Columbia pike crosses the hills coming north. After they had examined the enemy's position from that point, Gen. Hood said to Cheatham: "General, get your command ready

to go at the work immediately; we have no time to lose. Tell your officers to go with the men, to stop at nothing, and to sweep everything before them." Gen. Cheatham turned to us and said: "Gentlemen, you have heard Gen. Hood's orders. Get your commands ready to move forward immediately." The speaker had examined the enemy's position with a strong field glass, and had discovered that his defenses of earth-works were formidable, especially in the vicinity of where the pike leading into the town crossed them; and when he heard Gen. Hood's orders to sweep everything before us he felt that a desperate and death-dealing struggle was about to ensue. And it was.

I had observed that, in addition to the enemy's main and rear line of fortifications, there was, from six to eight hundred paces in front of that, another line of works, but extending only two or three hundred paces on each side of the pike leading into the town, and that this short and isolated line was well manned. So that in our immediate front (Cheatham's right brigade and Cleburne's left) two lines of fortifications had to be stormed and taken if we were victorious.

Our commands were promptly moved into the positions. Brown's Division of Cheatham's Corps formed to the left of the pike leading into Franklin, with his right wing resting on the pike, which was to be his right guide in moving to the assault. Cleburne's Division was formed on the right of the pike mentioned, with his left wing resting thereon. The brigade formation of Brown's Division was Gist's and Gordon's Brigades in the front line—Gordon on the right, Gist on the left—Gordon's right wing resting on the pike. Carter's and Strahl's Brigades formed the second line of battle in this division—Carter supporting Gist and Strahl supporting Gordon—the supporting lines being ordered to keep within two hundred paces of the front line. Bate's Division was moved to the left of Brown's, thus making the formation of Cheatham's Corps: Cleburne's Division on the right, Brown's in the center, and Bate's on the left. Gen. Stewart's Corps was on the right of Cheatham's. Only one division of Lee's Corps (Johnson's) had arrived, and that was held in reserve.

When these dispositions were made the advance was ordered. We were—one and a fourth to one and a half miles away on the elevation of hills that looked down upon the then solemn and tranquil valley—to begin the charge in a regimental movement that our tactics designated, "double column at half distance," in order that we might move with more facility and precision, and also more easily pass obstacles, such as fences and small groves of trees that here and there interspersed the otherwise open plain upon which the mighty struggle was soon to take place.

In describing the battle I can speak only from personal knowledge of the action of the men and officers near me in the fight.

As the array of columns which has been mentioned, with a front of two or more miles in length, moved steadily down the heights into the valley below, with flying banners, beating drums, and bristling guns, it presented the most magnificent and spectacular military pageant ever witnessed by that veteran army, or perhaps any other during that great international war. It presented a scene so imposing and thrilling in its grandeur that the sense of ensuing danger was lost in

the sublime emotions inspired by the surpassing martial panorama.

When we had arrived within four or five hundred paces of the enemy's first and short line of intrenchments our columns were deployed from the march into two lines of battle, and were halted for a few moments and aligned, preparatory to the charge upon this line. The speaker here dismounted to charge with the men on foot.

Immediately after the alignment just mentioned was made the "charge" was ordered, and, with an impetuous rush and a startling shout, we dashed wildly forward on this line. The enemy delivered one volley at our rushing ranks and precipitately fled for refuge to his rear and main line of defense. When they fled the shout was raised by some one of the charging Confederates: "Go into the works with them! Go into the works with them!" This cry was quickly caught up and wildly vociferated from a thousand straining throats as we rushed on after the flying forces we had routed—killing some in our running fire, capturing others who were slow of foot, and sustaining but little loss ourselves until, perhaps, within a hundred paces of their main line and stronghold, when it seemed to me that hell itself had exploded in our faces. Men fell right and left, fast and thick, and the field was covered at this point with a mantle of dead and dying men.

They had thus long reserved their fire for the safety of their routed comrades, who were fleeing to them for protection, and who were just in front of and mingled with our pursuing forces. When it was no longer safe for those in the works to reserve their fire to protect their comrades they opened upon us (regardless of their own men, with whom we had mingled in the run) such a storm of shot and shell, canister and musketry, that the very air was hideous with the terrifying shrieks of the mad messengers of death. The booming of cannons, the bursting of bombs, the screaming of shells, the rattle of musketry, the shouting of the combatants, and the falling of men—all made a scene of surpassing terror and appalling grandeur.

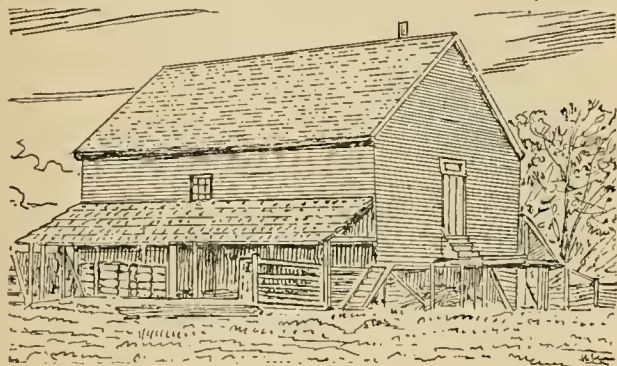
Such a din was there,
As if men fought on earth below,
And fiends in upper air.

It yet seems a mystery and a wonder how any of us ever reached the works alive.

Amidst this scene Gen. Cleburne came charging from our left, through his men and mine, diagonally toward the enemy's works, looking like a war god in a little picture. His horse, running with great speed, would have plunged over and trampled the speaker to the ground if he had not checked his own pace as he ran on foot to let the charger pass. This was near the works, and Gen. Cleburne must have fallen immediately after this, though I saw him no more.

On we rushed, Granberry's men and mine mingling as we approached the enemy's works, on reaching which the most of us halted in the ditch on the outside, amid the dead and dying men of both armies. From the time the enemy opened the fire they had reserved so long they slew friend and foe alike. We reached the works with but few men, and these were well-nigh exhausted, having charged at full speed for more than half a mile. Some of our comrades in their impetuosity went over the works at this point, but were

clubbed to the earth with musketry or pierced with bayonets. But, as stated, the most of our small number halted in the ditch on the outside, seeing that it was futile death to attempt to overcome, in a hand-to-hand struggle, such superior numbers, especially in our exhausted condition. So we did not break the line at this point. But for quite a while, however, we fought them across their breastworks, both sides lying low and putting their guns under the head logs that were on the earthworks, firing nervously, rapidly, and at random, and not exposing any part of the body except the hand that fired the gun. While this melee, which now seems like a hideous dream, was going on across the works we were exposed to a dangerous and destructive enfilading fire of the enemy on on our left, there being an angle in their works; and also to the fire of some of our own forces of Gen. Stewart's Command from our right rear, there being another angle in the works in that direction. Our position at the works was just to the left of the famous old ginhouse, between that and the pike—some of my men and myself, in the rush and confusion, having crossed to Cleburne's side of the pike, reached the works with some of Granberry's men.



COTTON GIN ON BATTLEFIELD.

Finally, the fatality to us, as we crouched and fought in the ditch, became so great from these three fires—front, left, and rear—that some of the men shouted to the enemy across the line that if they would “cease firing” they would surrender. Amid the uproar this was not heard, and a signal of surrender was made by putting our hats or caps on their bayonets fixed on their guns and holding them up above the works. The first of these signals that were seen were perforated by the enemy's bullets. I suppose they thought it was our heads, or they did not know what it meant. At length, however, they heard and understood our men, and, amid the fearful din, we distinctly heard the command, “Cease firing!” given on the other side of the works; and in a moment more all was comparatively quiet in our immediate front, and the men walked over the works and surrendered. It was fatal to leave the ditch and attempt to escape to the rear. Every man who attempted it—and a number did—was at once shot down. I ordered them to remain in the ditch until I told them they could surrender. When all had walked over the works except one of my men and myself he asked if I was not going over. I replied in the negative, saying that I would remain under cover of the dead in the ditch until night, which was approaching. He said he would remain with me. But the bullets from our right rear and the enfilading fire

on our left (and which had never ceased) fell so thickly about us that I finally said, “We shall be killed if we remain here,” at the same time handing him a white handkerchief and telling him to put it on his bayonet and walk over the works. He did so, and I followed him.

As I jumped down on the inside of the works a Federal soldier struck at my head with the butt of his gun; but the stroke was averted from my head by another Federal soldier pushing the gun as it came down, causing it to give me only a glancing blow upon the shoulder, saying as he did so: “Don't strike him. He is surrendering.” I was immediately placed in charge of two soldiers, who were ordered to hurry me to the rear. There was great confusion, not to say consternation, in the enemy's ranks, even after we surrendered. I heard officers cursing their men and saw them striking them with their swords to hold them at the works. And when I arrived, in charge of the escort mentioned, at the pontoon bridge across Harpeth River, about a half mile from where I was captured, I saw hundreds of stragglers from the Federal army huddled and attempting to cross the stream, but were kept back by officers with drawn swords and pistols, who were urging them to return to the field they had abandoned.

Reverting again to the battle, I remark that the main line of the enemy's defenses was broken by the left of Gordon's Brigade, under the splendid leadership of Col. Horace Rice, commanding his (the Twenty-Ninth) and my old regiment (the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry) consolidated, some of the soldiers being killed fifty or more paces within the enemy's line, Col. Rice himself being wounded after he had crossed the works. But at this critical juncture, and before the rout could be made general, Opdykes's Brigade of Federal reinforcements arrived at the critical moment in front of Rice with the small force he was leading, and pressed them back to the works they had taken, but which they held till the Federals retreated during the night.

Col. Frank A. Burr, an ex-Federal soldier and a brilliant writer, in an account of this battle, published in 1883, gives me the credit of leading the men who broke the main line of the Federal defenses, but I am not entitled to this honor. It belongs to my friend and comrade and colonel, Horace Rice, long since dead. The gallant ensign of this consolidated regiment, Serg. Dru, leading the charge, sprang upon the works, was shot down, and fell inside of the line, with this standard in his hand. (Showing the battle flag of the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry.) This dark discoloration which we see is the blood of that martyr, Serg. Dru, who fell and died upon it. These tattered fragments, these bullet holes, and this faded blood speak a more eloquent and glorious history for that regiment than all the eulogies that my poor tongue can utter. I do not exhibit this flag and speak thus so much to individualize heroic deeds and special commands as to indicate the general prowess, courage, and self-sacrifice that characterized the action of that valiant, war-worn, and battle-scarred army known in history as the Army of Tennessee. Other flags were perforated and other commands decimated on that momentous day, other deeds performed that deserve equal and honorable mention.*

* Every command engaged displayed a courage rarely equaled, and perhaps never surpassed.

The opposing forces in this battle were nearly equal in numbers, the Confederates having about 19,000 infantry actually engaged and the Federals about 22,000. But, as already stated, the Confederates were the attacking force, and the Federals were so well fortified as to render one man defending equal to about four attacking.

The casualties in this battle were appalling, especially on the Confederate side. In general and field officers, especially, they were greater in proportion to numbers engaged than in any battle of the war. Six general officers were killed, six wounded, and one captured—total, thirteen. Of the four brigadier generals of Brown's Division, Carter, Gist, and Strahl were killed and Gordon captured, and Maj. Gen. Brown severely wounded; so that this division was commanded next day by a colonel. Maj. Gen. Cleburne and Brig. Gen. Granberry, of his division, were killed. Maj. Gen. John Adams, of Gen. Stewart's Corps, was killed, himself and horse falling upon the enemy's works. Gens. Cockrell, Quarles, Scott, Manigault, and one other general officer, whose name I cannot now recall, were wounded. Thirteen regimental commanders were killed, thirty-two wounded, and nine captured. Besides these, many other field and line officers were killed and wounded, and about six thousand of the rank and file



CARTER HOUSE IN FRANKLIN.

lay dead or disabled on the field at the close of that memorable day. The Federal loss, I think, was about one-third as great as the Confederate. The infantry forces actually engaged lost 33 per cent. In Stewart's Corps the loss was 28 per cent; in Cheatham's, 35 per cent. The loss in Stewart's Corps by divisions was: Loring's, 23; Walthall's, 25, and French's, 45 per cent. In Cheatham's Corps, by divisions, the loss was: Bate's, 16; Brown's, 31; and Cleburne's, 52 per cent. In Loring's Corps, Johnson's Division (the only division of this corps that was in the battle and in the second charge), the loss was 21 per cent.

In Forrest's Cavalry Corps, which did valiant service, the loss in Jackson's and Chalmers's Divisions was 5 per cent. Pickett's Division, in its famous charge at Gettysburg, lost 21 per cent, while the loss in this battle (Franklin) of the entire infantry engaged was 33 per cent, or 12 per cent greater than that of Pickett at Gettysburg. Military statistics of foreign and American battles, as compiled by Lieut. Col. Dodge, of the United States army, show the following losses: Prussians, up to Waterloo, in eight battles, 18 2-5 per cent; at Konniggratz, nearly 4 per cent. Austrians, up to Waterloo, in seven battles, 11 1-5 per

cent; since, in two, 8 1-2 per cent. French, up to Waterloo, in nine battles, 22 2-5 per cent; since, in nine, nearly 9 per cent. Germans, since 1745, in eight battles, 11 1-2 per cent. English, in four battles, nearly 10 2-5 per cent. Federals, in eleven battles, nearly 13 per cent. Confederates, in eleven battles, 14 1-5 per cent; at Franklin, 33 per cent.

These statistics prove that the battle of Franklin was the bloodiest of modern times.

In concluding the account of this great conflict, I doubt if in any of the bloody battles of the world, from Marathon to Waterloo, from Waterloo to Balaklava, and from Balaklava to Gettysburg, there was more desperate daring than was displayed on some portions of this famous field.

With these facts before us we are better prepared to appreciate the patriotic virtues and splendid manhood of the brave and self-sacrificing officers and men who died here and whose names and deeds we this day commemorate by dedicating to their honor and glory this beautiful and durable monument, erected by the love and gratitude of the noble women of this community, and especially by the Franklin Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, after years of persistent effort and patient perseverance. And on behalf of every surviving soldier of this battle, and in the name of every sister whose brother and every widow whose husband died on this field, and in behalf of Confederate soldiers everywhere, I want to thank these noble, true, patriotic, and generous Southern women, and all other contributors, who, after so many years of effort, have at last completed this enduring testimonial to the prowess and patriotism, to the valor and virtue of the martyred heroes who perished here. We can never do adequate honor to their names and memories. They died as it became men to die—in defense of the laws, constitution, and independence of their country. Be it said to their glory that they never engaged in a cruel, criminal, and commercial war of aggression, but strictly in a war of defense. . . . We simply withdrew from a voluntary Union of sovereign States in the same solemn, dignified, and peaceable manner in which we entered that Union. This was not done, however, until the terms of that Union had been repeatedly violated and the Constitution of the country and the decision of our highest courts had been denounced and disregarded by the people of the North. The compact of Union had been broken by the Northern States, and the Southern States were no longer bound thereby. So the act of these States in withdrawing therefrom was not an act of treason and rebellion as charged. Besides, the States were sovereign and the units of power, New York, Virginia, and Rhode Island expressly reserved the right, in their acts ratifying the Federal Constitution, to withdraw from the Union whenever the interest and happiness of their people required it. And a reciprocity of principles should surely admit the right of every other State to withdraw whenever the interest and happiness of its people demanded it, especially when there was no provision in the Constitution disallowing the right to secede. Nor was there any provision to coerce a State, should it secede. This was emphatically denied by Hamilton, Livingston, Madison, and others who took a leading part in the formation of the Constitution.

No. We did not want war and we did not inaugu-

rate it. All we asked was to be let alone. But the North, which had become more populous and powerful than the South, determined to preserve her commercial interests, hence the war. If the people of the North had believed that they could have been happier and richer without the South than with her, what rational ground would they then have to expend six billions of money and sacrifice a half million of lives to keep the South in the Union? If the South had been allowed to go in peace, as she desired to do, the North would have lost her richest taxing district—the best patron of her manufacturing and tariff-protected establishments. The South would have opened free trade with Europe, and this would have tended to paralyze, if not pauperize, the great manufacturing industries of the North, and especially of New England. Such a loss was more than they were willing to bear, hence her war of subjugation. Mr. Lincoln disclaimed that the war was to free the slaves, but to save the Union. To save the Union for what purpose? The one I have mentioned—namely, to preserve and augment the commercial interests of the North.

I have deemed it appropriate to say thus much (though it is little of what could be said) in vindication of the cause for which we fought and our comrades died from the charge of treason and rebellion that we hear and read from day to day. If the charge were not constantly uttered and reiterated, published and republished, I should not have thought it expedient to make any vindication on this solemn and sacred occasion. We were and are no more traitors and rebels than George Washington and his contemporaries. If they had failed, they too would have been called rebels and traitors; but as they succeeded, they have been honored and exalted as heroes and patriots. This is the difference between the accidents of success and failure. . . . And thus we see that the merit of a cause is not to be judged by its success or failure.

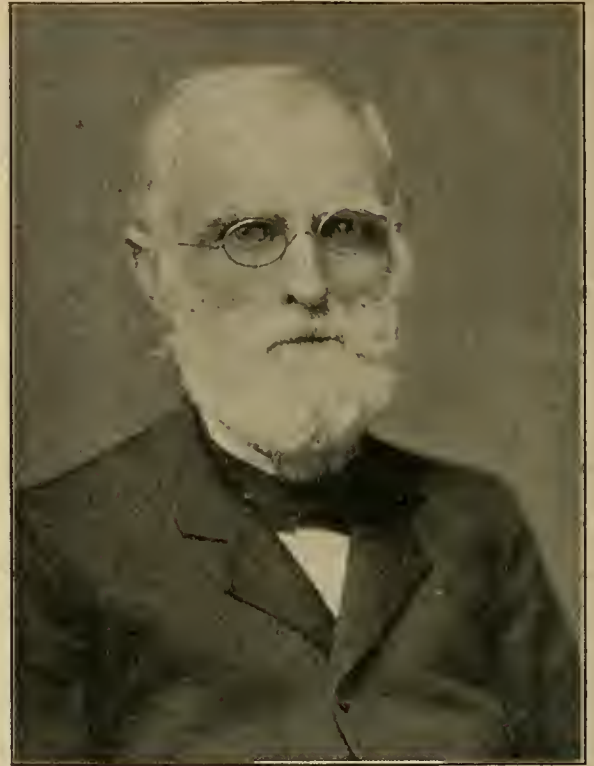
Finally, let no man, unchallenged, asperse the memory of our sacred dead, our fallen comrades, with the charge of treason and rebellion. They fell in defense of the liberty and independence of their country, consequently were heroes and patriots. But let their history in granite, so fittingly summarized in the mottoes on this monument, vindicate their memory, pronounce their eulogy, and perpetuate their example. Peace to their spirits! Honor to their ashes!



THE M'GAVOCK RESIDENCE.

The *Missouri Republic* of November 12, 1899, states:

State Treasurer Pitts and Col. Henry Newman are just back from an interesting mission to Franklin, Tenn. They were recently delegated by a number of prominent Missouri Confederates to bear to the ladies



COL. JOHN M'GAVOCK.

of Franklin composing the Confederate Cemetery Association of that place Missouri's quota of expense of preparing a resting place for one hundred and thirty Missourians who fell in the battle of Franklin. This battle was one of the most severe of the civil war, the Confederates sustaining a loss of some sixteen hundred, of whom fourteen hundred and eighty-one were buried on the battlefield in the hasty manner required by the circumstances of the times.

Soon after the close of the war Col. John McGavock and his noble wife, old residents of Franklin, and prior to the war very wealthy, conceived the laudable idea of establishing a cemetery for the dead heroes. With this object in view, Col. McGavock donated the necessary ground near his residence, one mile south of the Public Square of Franklin and joining his family burying ground. Following this, Col. McGavock had the bodies of the fourteen hundred and eighty-one dead soldiers exhumed and properly buried in the cemetery, with each grave marked with a painted wooden headboard, bearing the name and command of the dead when known. He also caused to be prepared at the time of the reinterment an accurate list of the names of every known body, together with the name of the regiment and company to which the soldier belonged. This makes identification absolutely certain. Not only did Col. McGavock thus generously care for the Confederate dead, but for twenty-five years thereafter he and

his wife watched over the cemetery with zealous care and kept it in order at their own expense.

Some ten years ago, through the enterprise of John L. McEwen Bivouac No. 4, Association of Confederate Veterans, Tennessee Division, the wooden head-



MRS. JOHN M'GAVOCK.

boards of the graves were replaced by beautiful marble headstones. The amount necessary to do this work was \$3,000, about \$2 for each grave. The committee having this in charge issued an address to the Southern States, informing them of what was being done, and stating that all States who desired to contribute in honoring the memory of the brave dead were welcome to send the association the cost (\$2) of marking the graves of those from their State who fell in the battle, and that these contributions would be used to form a fund for maintaining the cemetery in good order. Missouri's assessment, according to this plan, was \$260, as her dead numbered one hundred and thirty. Through voluntary subscriptions this sum was readily raised.

The States and the number each has buried in the cemetery are as follows: Alabama, 129; Arkansas, 104; Florida, 4; Georgia, 69; Kentucky, 6; Louisiana, 18; Mississippi, 424; Missouri, 130; North Carolina, 2; South Carolina, 51; Tennessee, 230; Texas, 89; unknown, 225.

The large number of "unknown" is accounted for, to some extent, by the fact that many of the headboards placed where the burials were originally made, near the breastworks, were burned or otherwise destroyed by "contrabands" during the cold weather soon after the return of the Federal forces, so that the identity of some of the bodies could not be ascertained at the time of removal.

The cemetery is now one of the most beautiful in the South, surrounded by a handsome iron fence, princi-

pally secured through the efforts of Miss M. A. H. Gay, of Decatur, Ga. The shafts in the right corner of the picture were erected by Florida, and the one on the left by Kentucky.

Since the death of her husband Mrs. McGavock, like a true Southern woman, has kept a personal supervision over these graves. She never wearies in showing hospitalities to old Confederates who visit the scene of the terrible conflict. She still resides in the old family mansion, adjoining the cemetery. This mansion, which was erected in ante-bellum days, and around which the fierce battle raged for a time, is of historic interest to all who visit the battlefield. By it swept Gen. Cockrell's Brigade as it rushed forward against the Federal breastworks. Soon after, its broad piazza was covered with dead and wounded Confederates, carried thither by the ambulance corps. On the immediate east end of the piazza there were stretched, side by side, the dead bodies of five Confederate generals, while Cockrell, shot through the leg, lay a few feet away. The names of the dead generals were: Maj. Gen. Claiborne, Brig. Gens John Adam, Granberry, Strahl, and Gist. This remarkable scene of so many distinguished officers lying dead side by side was perhaps never before witnessed in any battle of the world.

It seems appropriate in this connection to republish the observations and personal experiences of the editor of the VETERAN in the battle of Franklin. It was written ten years ago, and the points have been frequently referred to. It has been too much abbreviated for a clear understanding of the situation, yet it will be read with interest as the testimony of a participant:

No event of the war, perhaps, showed a scene equal to this. The range of hills upon which we formed offered the best view of the battlefield, with but little exposure to danger, and there were hundreds collected there as spectators. Our ranks were being extended rapidly to the right and left. In Franklin there was the utmost confusion. The enemy were greatly excited. We could see them running to and fro. Wagon trains were being pressed across Harpeth River, and on toward Nashville. Gen. Loring, of Cleburne's Division, made a speech to his men. Our brigadier general, Strahl, was quiet, and there was an expression of sadness on his face. The soldiers were full of ardor, and confident of success. They had unbounded faith in Gen. Hood, who they believed would achieve a victory that would give us Nashville. Such was the spirit of the army as the signal was given which set it in motion. Our generals were ready, and some of them rode in front of our main line. With a quick step we moved forward to the sound of stirring music. This is the only battle that I was in—and they were many—where bands of music were used. I was right guide to the Forty-First Tennessee. Marching four paces to the front, I had an opportunity of viewing my comrades, and I well remember the look of determination that was on every face. Our bold movement caused the enemy to give up, without much firing, its advanced line. As they fell back at double-quick our men rushed forward, even though they had to face the grim line of breastworks just at the edge of town.

Before we were in proper distance for small arms the artillery opened on both sides. Our guns, firing over

our heads from the hills in the rear, used ammunition without stint, while the enemy's batteries were at constant play upon our lines. When they withdrew to their main line of works it was as one even plain for a mile. About fifty yards in front of their breastworks we came in contact with formidable chevaux-de-frise, over or through which it was very difficult to pass. Why half of us were not killed yet remains a mystery, for, after moving forward so great a distance, all the time under fire, the detention immediately in their front gave them a very great advantage. We arrived at the works, and some of our men, after a club fight at the trenches, got over. The colors of my regiment were carried inside, and when the arm that held them was shot off they fell to the ground, and remained until morning. Cleburne's men dashed at the works, but their gallant leader was shot dead, and they gave way, so that the enemy remained on our flank and kept up a constant enfilading fire.

Our left also failed to hold the works, and for a short distance we remained and fought until the ditch was almost full of dead men. Night came on soon after the hard fighting began, and we fired at the flash of each other's guns. Holding the enemy's lines, as we continued to do on this part of them, we were terribly massacred by the enfilade firing. The works were so high that those who fired the guns were obliged to get a footing in the embankment, exposing themselves, in addition to their flank, to a fire by men in houses. One especially severe was that from Mr. Carter's immediately in my front. I was near Gen. Strahl, who stood in the ditch and handed up guns to those posted to fire them. I had passed to him my short Enfield (noted in the regiment) about the sixth time. The man who had been firing cocked it, and was taking deliberate aim, when he was shot, and tumbled down dead into the ditch upon those killed before him. When the men so exposed were shot down their places were supplied by volunteers until these were exhausted, and it was necessary for Gen. Strahl to call upon others. He turned to me, and, though I was several feet back from the ditch, I rose up immediately and, walking over the wounded and dead, took position with one foot upon the pile of bodies of my dead fellows and the other in the embankment, and fired guns which the General himself handed up to me until he too was shot down. One other man had had position on my right, and assisted in the firing. The battle lasted until not an efficient man was left between us and the Columbia pike, about fifty yards to our right, and hardly enough behind us to hand up the guns. We could not hold out much longer, for indeed but few of us were then left alive. It seemed as if we had no choice but to surrender or try to get away; and when I asked the General for counsel he simply answered: "Keep firing." But just as the man to my right was shot, and fell against me with terrible groans, Gen. Strahl was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and I thought him dead; but in asking the dying man who still lay against my shoulder as he sunk forever how he was wounded, the General, who had not been killed, thinking my question was to him, raised up, saying that he was shot in the neck, and called for Col. Stafford, to turn over his command. He crawled over the dead, the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Col. Stafford was. His staff officers started to carry him to the rear, but he received

another shot, and directly the third, which killed him instantly. Col. Stafford was dead in the pile, as the morning light disclosed, with his feet wedged in at the bottom, with other dead across and under him after he fell, leaving his body half standing, as if ready to give command to the dead.

By that time but a handful of us were left on that part of the line, and, as I was sure that our condition was not known, I ran to the rear to report to Gen. John C. Brown, commanding the division. I met Maj. Hampton, of his staff, who told me that Gen. Brown was wounded, and that Gen. Strahl was in command. This assured me that those in command did not know the real situation, so I went on the hunt for Gen. Cheatham. By and by relief was sent to the front. This done, nature gave way. My shoulder was black with bruises from firing, and it seemed that no moisture was left in my system. Utterly exhausted, I sunk upon the ground and tried to sleep. The battle was over, and I could do no more; but, animated still with concern for the fate of comrades, I returned to the awful spectacle in search of some who year after year had been at my side. Ah, the loyalty of faithful comrades in such a struggle!

These personal recollections are all that I can give, as the greater part of the battle was fought after night-fall, and, once in the midst of it, with but the light of the flashing guns, I could see only what passed directly under my own eyes. True, the moon was shining, but the dense smoke and dust so filled the air as to weaken its benefits, like a heavy fog before the rising sun, only there was no promise of the fog disappearing. Our spirits were crushed. It was indeed the valley of death.

EXECUTION OF WILLIAMS AND PETERS AT FRANKLIN.

The following account of the tragic deaths of two Confederates executed as spies at Franklin seems to be as accurate an account as is procurable:

W. O. Williams, a lineal descendant of Mrs. George Washington, was, in the early part of 1861, an aide on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott. Gen. Lee was the chief of staff. Young Williams was not a graduate of West Point, but his family connections and many graces of mind and body had secured for him a lieutenancy in the regular army. He resigned and came South. His fine military bearing and varied accomplishments secured him a commission at once as colonel of artillery, and he was assigned to duty with Bishop General Polk, then commanding in Western Kentucky. A disciplinarian of the strictest sort, he became involved in a difficulty with a private soldier, which resulted in the latter's death. His courage and gallantry at the battle of Shiloh could not restore him to popularity, and he was transferred to the staff of Gen. Bragg, then in command in Tennessee, where he remained till June 1, 1863.

In the summer of 1862 Gen. Buell moved with his army across Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio River, at which the Confederates were greatly elated. Gen. Roscrans, in command of the Army of the Cumberland, recruited its forces and marched south to Nashville in the latter part of the same year. Then Gen. Bragg was at Murfreesboro, about thirty miles southeast of Nashville. Roscrans began the fighting on the last day of December, 1862. At the

close of the day the advantages were most decidedly in favor of the Confederates, but the Union general held his ground, and on the second day of January Bragg was repulsed.

Just then Col. Williams conceived the daring enterprise which cost him his life and the life of his cousin, Lieut. Walter G. Peters. Williams knew how business was conducted and orders issued at the war department. Disguised in Federal uniforms, Williams and Peters, whom he had induced to join him in the hazardous undertaking, presented themselves at the entrance of Fort Granger, near Franklin, and demanded admission late in the afternoon of June 8, 1863. They rode fine horses and presented orders from the Secretary of War to "inspect immediately the departments of the Ohio and Cumberland." Williams was described as Col. Auton and Peters as Maj. Dunlop. Across the face of the envelope containing various forged orders was written a pass which bore the signature of Gen. Garfield, Chief of Staff. Williams and Peters represented that they had been surprised by a party of rebels while taking dinner at Eagleville, near Murfreesboro; that their orderlies, overcoats, and baggage had been captured, and that they themselves barely escaped with their lives.

After they had given the fort a thorough inspection they borrowed \$50 from Col. Baird, on the plea that they were destitute of necessary articles and desired to go to Nashville that night.

Just as they were passing out of the fort Col. Louis D. Watkins entered. As he rode by Williams he caught a glimpse of his side face, and he recognized him. Riding up to Col. Baird, he inquired who the men were.

"They are inspecting officers of the United States army," replied Baird, and they have just been making us a visit."

"There must be some mistake," remarked Watkins. "I think I recognized one of these men as an old army officer now in the Confederate service."

After a moment's consultation Watkins and his orderly started in pursuit of Williams and Peters, though they were riding rapidly toward Nashville. As he rode along Watkins instructed his orderly to unsling his carbine and fire on the two men if they refused to return to the fort.

In a pleasant tone of voice Col. Watkins informed them that Col. Baird desired to see them before they went to Nashville. Like Maj. André, Williams for an instant lost his presence of mind. His hand was on his pistol, and he put spurs to his horse. Seeing others in pursuit, however, and reassured by the easy tone and manner of Col. Watkins, he consented to return to the fort.

As they rode along Watkins remarked that he would not trouble them to return to the fort, but they might halt at his quarters, near the turnpike, and he would send to Col. Baird. Dismounting, they entered Watkins's tent, and soon discovered they were prisoners. They stormed and raved, and threatened to denounce Watkins and Baird to the Secretary of War; but the demonstration only served to confirm Col. Watkins in his suspicions. Their swords and caps were examined; and their names, followed by the initials, C. S. A., were revealed on the blades, linings, etc.

The full facts of the case were at once laid before

Gen. Rosecrans, and then Gen. Garfield telegraphed in reply to inquiries by Col. Baird that no such men were in the Union army; that they were undoubtedly spies from the enemy. At midnight a dispatch was received from headquarters ordering Col. Baird to convene a court-martial instantly, and to hang the two men before morning if found to be spies.

The excitement within the limits of Fort Granger was intense. The court had little else to do than to take the confession of the prisoners. At 3:25 A.M. Col. Baird telegraphed the startling news to headquarters that Col. Williams was a first cousin to Gen. Robert E. Lee, and adding: "Must I hang him? If you can direct me to send him to be hanged somewhere else, I should like it." After the delay of an hour a telegram from headquarters arrived, saying: "The general commanding directs that the two spies, if found guilty, be hanged at once." These messages are on record.

The first glimmer of daylight found men at work constructing a scaffold. While these preparations were going on the condemned prisoners wrote letters to their friends, giving directions as to the disposition of their worldly effects, and received the sacrament from the chaplain of the Seventy-Eighth Illinois Infantry. At 9 o'clock Capt. Alexander, in charge of the fearful proceeding, reported that all was in readiness. The troops of the garrison and vicinity were disposed in an open square around the spot assigned for the execution. The prisoners were conducted through the gateway of the fort, across an open space of ground in the rear, to a cherry tree, where two ropes hung dangling within eight feet of the ground, ready for the enactment of the heartrending scene. Two plain coffins lay in open sight. As Lieut. Peters's gaze fell upon this dreadful machinery of death a strange terror seized him and he began to weep.

"Dry those tears and die like a man!" cried Williams.

After the ropes had been adjusted, Williams clasped Peters in his arms and said: "Good-by, Peters. Let us die like brave men."

The scene was one of an awful solemnity. Many of those present averted their faces, finding themselves powerless to gaze upon the sorrowful sight. In thirty minutes life was pronounced extinct, and the bodies were cut down and placed in the coffins, dressed as they were.

Both of the men wore gold locket, secured by chains around their necks. That worn by Col. Williams contained a portrait of his intended wife, with a braid of her hair. Lieut. Peters's locket held a likeness of his wife. In accordance with the wishes of the men, these locket and portraits were buried with them. That same day a single grave in the cemetery at Franklin received the bodies of these two officers.

Allen Garrett, son of the late Samuel Garrett, who served with Forrest, received a severe wound in battle at Muntalupa, some thirty miles from Manila, October 12, 1899, but has recovered. Young Garrett has reenlisted in the Thirty-Seventh Regiment, and a letter from his First Lieutenant, J. C. Patton, to the mother, who had six brothers in the Confederate army, states that he will be recommended for promotion.

REMINISCENCES OF CAPT. HENRY H. SMITH.

Comrade H. H. Smith writes this from Atlanta, Ga.:

Dear Comrade: I see that the Daughters of the Confederacy unveiled at Franklin, Tenn., on the 30th of November, one of the handsomest monuments that has been erected in the South. I regret that I was unable to be present, as that monument stands upon the very spot of ground where I enlisted in the noble cause of the Confederacy March 22, 1861, in the Williamson County Grays, which formed a part of the First Tennessee Regiment. We left in a short time thereafter for Virginia, under that grand old commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee, in Northwestern Virginia. We tramped from Valley Mountain to Cheat Mountain, then back to Valley Mountain, and from there to Big Sewell and Little Sewell Mountains; thence back to Green Brier Bridge, and from there to Winchester, Va., where we joined Stonewall Jackson; from there to Hancock, Md., back to Romney, thence back to Winchester. In January, 1862, we were transferred to the Army of Tennessee, under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, routing Gen. Grant on Sunday, April 7, 1862. The unhappy result after that grand man's death is known.

From there the Army of Tennessee was sent back to Chattanooga, and there reorganized and moved to Kentucky, where we fought the great battles of Perryville and Richmond. Again reorganizing, we moved back to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where we fought the great battle in December, 1862. We fell back from Murfreesboro, where Bragg was succeeded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, to Shelbyville, Tenn.

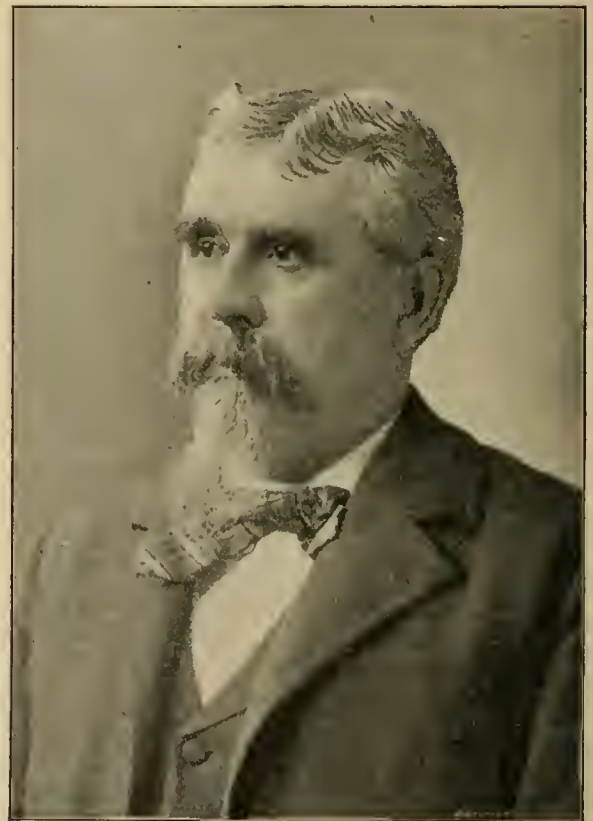
In the spring of 1863 I served as aid-de-camp on my uncle's (Gen. Preston Smith) staff; but was transferred to the staff of Gen. Forrest, and returned with him from Shelbyville to Spring Hill, Tenn., where he organized his cavalry command.

Well do I remember at daybreak when he moved on Franklin, emptying the jail at that place of many of our noble boys, and, on our way out, as advance guard, passing Dr. Cliff's office, opposite what was known as the old factory store, from the porch of which a United States flag was waving. I attempted to remove it. Instantly a musket was placed in my face by a woman, who cried: "Hands off!" It is needless to say I obeyed. The shelling was terrific from Figures Hill, where the great Federal forts were erected, and in crossing the public square a twenty-pound shell exploded, killing several horses and wounding a few men. We broke across the street to make our escape, passing through what was known as Moss Sutler's store, going out the back door. Gen. Forrest was in command. We all made good our escape, and returned to Spring Hill with the loss of only eight of our brave boys. We had killed and wounded more than one hundred Yankees in less than one hour passing around and through the town, besides liberating comrades from the jail.

THE KILLING OF LIEUT. GOULD.

A few days after this grand raid, at Spring Hill Gen. Forrest said to me, "I am invited to Columbia by Mrs. Galloway to dine with her," and asked me how I should like to go. My answer was that I knew the girls very well and would enjoy it. "Have our horses saddled, and we will ride in," was his answer. On our arrival at

Columbia we left our horses at Jim Guest's livery stable, and walked up to Mrs. Galloway's, who lived just back of the Athenæum. While we were at dinner the door bell rang, and the announcement was made at the table by a servant that a soldier (Lieut. Gould) wished to see Gen. Forrest. I was instructed by the General to tell him that he would see him in Maj. Severson's office in the city hall building at 3 o'clock. I went to the door and delivered the message. Returning to the dining room, I enjoyed the splendid dinner and the social chat with the young ladies. The General and I bade the family adieu, going to Severson's office on our way back. The General asked me if I had one of those pocketknives that I got at Franklin, and I gave him one—a three-bladed knife with one long blade and two small ones. Entering the clerk's office, I took a seat to enjoy a cigar given me by Miss Galloway. The General passed down the hall, and as he entered the third room to the rear Lieut. Gould



HENRY H. SMITH.

sprang out, drew his pistol, and shot the General in the thigh. Immediately the General stabbed him with the big blade of the knife, driving the handle and all into his lung. Lieut. Gould, while running down the hall, passed me, and I made a grab for him, tearing the lapel from his coat. He ran up the street to Engle's tailor shop, the General and I after him. The General was caught by Col. Jim Edmonson and several of his command, trying to hold him. I ran to Guest's stable for our pistols, secured them, and returned in a very few minutes and gave the General his pistol. We rushed to Engle's tailor shop, where Lieut. Gould was confined. There was an enormous crowd

in the streets and in the store. The General gave command to clear the way, and in he went. Lieut. Gould was lying upon the cutting table in the rear of the store, with a doctor attempting to examine his wound. Off the counter he rolled and out the back door. He fell in the yard, supposed to be dead. The General pulled his navy on him. I took him by the arm, raising the same, and remarked: "Don't shoot; he is dead." He handed me his pistol, telling me to take charge of his body, which I did, having him removed to Taylor's hotel. He revived after the knife was removed, and lived for a few days.

Gen. Forrest was taken by Col. Edmonson and others to the Galloway residence, and the bullet removed from his thigh, which, though very painful, was a slight wound. It was soon dressed, and we were in our saddles and on our way back to Spring Hill.

The day after we moved on Triune, Tenn., where the right wing of Rosecrans's army was stationed, some 24,000 strong, routing the entire command just at daylight. There I received a slight wound in the hip. We made good our escape, after killing and wounding as many as we had in our entire command.

I could go on and note many other reminiscences from 1861 to 1865 that my old comrades would enjoy. It is well on occasions like this to trace the history of our country from the downfall of the Confederacy to the present time. It is still the old South, born again, more prosperous, more beautiful, and more lovely than of yore. Great as the Confederacy was in war, still greater has her people proved themselves in peace.

When the war ended and the last Confederate laid down his arms almost, if not quite, one million of our foes were still in the field, with unlimited resources, and we were helpless in the hands of our conquerors. Yet in less than ten years the State and local governments in the entire territory embraced in the Confederacy were irrevocably in the hands of the ex-Confederates. The annals of the Confederates and the Confederacy have become among the brightest pages in the history of our common country. Gen. N. B. Forrest is no longer denounced in the North as the butcher of Murfreesboro, Fort Pillow, and many other important places, but is there recognized and esteemed as one of the greatest cavalry leaders in American

history; and in every heart, from the shores of New England to the Rio Grande, and from ocean to ocean, the memory of R. E. Lee is enshrined as the purest and greatest American soldier since the days of Washington.



COL. E. G. COOK.

An event that deserves record in connection with the dedication of the monument at Franklin was the exhibition of a flag seen there that day for the first

time since it was sent to Col. Ed Cook's Thirty-Second Tennessee, put by Col. Cook in his valise at the surrender of Fort Donelson, but stolen, and recovered two years ago through a pawn shop in Ohio. Mrs. Cook is the only person known to be living who par-

ticipated in making it. This flag was secured to the shaft of the monument under the veil, and when the latter was removed it floated to the breeze, as pretty a banner as was ever carried by heroes of any army.

United States Senator W. B. Bate was expected to attend the ceremony, but sent instead this telegram to Mrs. Richardson, President of the Chapter:

"I am sorrow-stricken because I cannot be with you to-day. My heart is with you in the fullness of its love for the dead and living heroes who as patriots fought for our Confederate cause as never men fought before or since. God bless the old gray coat and all who wore it!"



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FRANKLIN, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

ARE WE ALL DOING OUR FULL DUTY?

In a confidential sort of conference this paper is to discuss the most sacred duty of life to thousands who read it. It is meant to be as earnest and as influential as is possible to make it. Consider the inquiry above.

The writer, speaking for himself, answers in the affirmative. He has, without intermission, done his best for seven years in recording the virtues of his fellows, and of their wives, mothers, and sisters, through the greatest and most arduous struggle ever known to so large a proportion of human beings. He has been animated in his sacred undertaking by the unvarying commendation and the approval, to the death, of thousands who did their best and went down praying for his strength to maintain principles which tend to convince all fellow-men of our rectitude of purpose, and that the Southern people were justified in their course through the great sectional war. An immeasurable influence has been exercised through the VETERAN by its fearless and constant advocacy of these principles of truth. Its influence has been powerful because it has been first and last for the good of the country—for just such patriotic principles as induced our poor as well as our rich men to suffer and be strong, going into the very jaws of death again and again, inspired by all that was sacred on earth, and in the hope of eternal happiness beyond. Yes, the writer, who founded the VETERAN and has sent out over one million of copies, has done his best all the time; and equal credit is due the thousands who have done what they could for its maintenance. Ah, the poor mothers and survivors of battles in open field who have gone to glory since the VETERAN was established, and to whom it was second only, and very close, to their Bibles!

Comrades, are you faithful in your duty? The VETERAN, it is true, is a personal property, and, in the ways of the world, it is a plea for your patronage to sustain that personal interest. But do you put that estimate upon it? Those who have been students of its course have long since been assured of the absolute consecration of its owner and manager, and that he would spend all and be spent—that he would surrender life itself that its principles be maintained.

Many good men and women forget its serious responsibilities. An average of fifty renewals daily is necessary to its maintenance at the 20,000 mark. What appears to be an accursed "trust" makes the cost of paper alone this year over what it has been for several years \$1,000. If you believe its principles are right,

you ought to sustain it. You would be surprised at the lack of appreciating these business by many. Recently a tribute was paid to a noble Confederate officer who is on the "last roll." Correspondence was sent hundreds of miles for data, a picture was procured and engraved, and a son of that patriot sent for a copy with "thanks in advance" for the presumed "courtesy." Of course several copies were sent to him. This is not to lecture him; he may never see another copy; but it is to illustrate the need of friends for unstinted and diligent patronage.

It would be nicer to exult in success than to be pathetic in pleading for zeal on the part of friends; but success can only be maintained by absolute candor, and those who have paid their subscription in advance should know that upon the death of noble comrades their successors sometimes show the least concern for it. They will even ignore amounts due on subscription.

Thousands mean well who delay through negligence, and this plea is intended to bestir them. A statement and request to remit may be considered the rule, but this would require weeks of incessant labor and many hundreds of dollars. So if every patriot who is earnestly for the VETERAN would look at once to the date by his name and see that it is ahead by inclosing the amount, he would save this expense and that unavoidable anxiety which he would certainly be glad to save the management. It is not a question of whether he is responsible or "good." That cuts no figure. The poorest man living will be trusted just the same as the richest, and anybody can take advantage of the VETERAN who desires to do so. It is published on the principle that only honest people want it. Remember that *your* action may insure its success or defeat.

A singular error occurred in the November VETERAN in the statement that Comrade James Macgill, of Pulaski City, was chosen Grand Commander by the Grand Camp of Virginia. It was an error of the editor of the VETERAN, who knew of Capt. Stith Bolling's election to that place of first honor in the Virginia Camp; but Comrade Macgill was so active for the good of all comrades present and was so generally congratulated upon his election as a vice commander that in the multitude of things to think about he let slip the first part of the election.

Bennett H. Armstrong writes from Halifax, N. S.:

An English friend has handed me the following, copied from a memorial tablet in Ainstable Church, Cumberland County, England, which is interesting as supplementary to the sketch of Capt. John Yates Beall by Rev. James H. McNeilly, which appeared in your issue for February, 1899. Capt. Beall was related to an ancient family of that neighborhood—the Yates-Aglionsbys, of "The Nursery"—by whom the memorial was doubtless erected:

In memory of
JOHN YATES BEALL,

Captain in the Confederate Army of America.

Captured by the enemies of that country for which he nobly fought, and was cruelly executed by them at New York, Feb. 24, 1865, in the thirtieth year of his age.

Thus fell one of Virginia's bravest sons.

THE LOUISVILLE REUNION.

The General commanding announces that, under the custom established by the association leaving the date of the next annual reunion, which is to be held in the city of Louisville, Ky., to the General commanding and the Department Commanders, the next reunion will be held May 30-June 3, 1900—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, respectively—which dates have been submitted to "our host" and acquiesced in.

On account of the rapid growth of the association and the immense accumulation of important business which will be presented to the delegates for their consideration, and which will demand urgent attention at the coming session, four days will be given for the business meeting, unless such matters are sooner disposed of; and as the grand old commonwealth of Kentucky gave Mr. Jefferson Davis to the Confederacy, and as Sunday, June 3, 1900, will be the ninety-second anniversary of Jefferson Davis's birth, that day will be specially set apart for religious and memorial services to be held in memory of Mr. Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," and of the thousands of our peerless private soldiers and illustrious commanders and leaders of the Confederacy who have gone "to join the special armies encamped among the stars."

With pride the General commanding also announces that twelve hundred and forty camps have now joined the association, and applications for organization papers received at these headquarters for about two hundred more. He urges veterans everywhere to send to these headquarters for organization papers, form camps at once, and join this association, so as to assist in carrying out its benevolent, praiseworthy, and patriotic objects.

REORGANIZATION OF GEORGIA DIVISION.

Gen. George Moorman sends out the following under date of December 16, 1899:

In conformity with General Orders No. 219, the Georgia Division was subdivided, according to the topography of the State, by the delegates at the reunion of the Georgia Division held at Savannah, Ga., on November 23, 1899, into four brigades by an assignment of camps, making each brigade of nearly equal strength, and named respectively Southern, Eastern, Western, and North Georgia Brigades.

All the details of the proceedings having been reported to these headquarters, indorsed by Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans, commanding Georgia Division, and approved by Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, commanding Army of Tennessee Department, the General Commanding hereby confirms this action, and commissions will accordingly be issued as follows:

Southern Georgia Brigade: Brig. Gen. P. A. S. McGlashan, Commander, Savannah, Ga.

Eastern Georgia Brigade: Brig. Gen. C. M. Wiley, Commander, Macon, Ga.

Western Georgia Brigade, Brig. Gen. W. S. Shepherd, Commander, Columbus, Ga.

North Georgia Brigade: Brig. Gen. A. J. West, Commander, Atlanta, Ga.

The Commanders of the brigades named above will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Brigadier Generals are urged to push the organization of camps in their respective brigades vigorously.

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NEW CAMPS.

General Order No. 225 of same date states:

The General Commanding hereby announces the fellowship of the following-named camps in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, all registered in conformity with the dates in their respective charters, also their numbers, to wit:

- Buchanan Camp No. 1151, Buchanan, Ga.
- Sparks Camp No. 1152, Sparks, Ga.
- Jordan E. Cravens Camp No. 1153, Coal Hill, Ark.
- Gen. Pender Camp No. 1154, Burnsville, N. C.
- Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1155, Elrod, N. C.
- Davis-Lee-Dickenson Camp No. 1156, Rutherfordton, N. C.
- Union Camp No. 1157, Bronson, Fla.
- Hunter Camp No. 1158, Decatur, Miss.
- Heard County Camp No. 1159, Franklin, Ga.
- Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1160, Kentwood, La.
- Coweta Camp No. 1161, Newnan, Ga.
- New Berne Camp No. 1162, New Berne, N. C.
- Ashby and McGhee Camp No. 1163, Lenoir City, Tenn.
- Albert Sidney Johnston Camp No. 1164, Corinth, Miss.
- W. C. Oates Camp No. 1165, Geneva, Ala.
- N. B. Forrest Camp No. 1166, Durant, Ind. T.
- Fred. S. Ferguson Camp No. 1167, Pratt City, Ala.
- Private H. E. Hood Camp No. 1168, Blythewood, S. C.
- Sam Davis Camp No. 1169, Rockdale, Texas.
- Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1170, Scranton, Miss.
- Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1171, Darkey Springs, Tenn.
- Jasper County Camp No. 1172, Heidelberg, Miss.
- Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1173, Benton, Miss.
- Winnie Davis Camp No. 1174, Kearney, Mo.
- Dixie Camp No. 1175, Lancaster, S. C.
- Joe Johnston Camp No. 1176, Myrtle Springs, Tex.
- Sam Davis Camp No. 1177, Blountsville, Ala.
- Pickens Camp No. 1178, Jasper, Ga.
- Anderson Camp No. 1179, Vineyard, Tex.
- Thomas H. Wood Camp No. 1180, DeKalb, Miss.
- Ohio Camp No. 1181, Columbus, Ohio.
- Pickett-Buchanan Camp No. 1182, Norfolk, Va.
- John C. Bruce Camp No. 1183, Williamston, S. C.
- William Gamble Camp No. 1184, Gastonia, N. C.
- S. E. Hunter Camp No. 1185, Clinton, La.
- Lancaster Camp No. 1186, Lancaster, S. C.
- Joe Sayers Camp No. 1187, Lewisville, Tex.
- Jeff Davis Camp No. 1188, Branchville, S. C.
- Eutaw Camp No. 1189, Holly Hill, S. C.
- Boston Camp No. 1190, Boston, Mass.
- Charles Broadway Rouss Camp No. 1191, Washington, D. C.
- Elloree Camp No. 1192, Cameron, S. C.
- Muscogee Council No. 1, United Confederate Veteran Relief Association, Camp No. 1193, Columbus, Ga.
- Neff-Rice Camp No. 1194, New Market, Va.
- Maxey Gregg Camp No. 1195, Delemars Cross Roads, S. C.
- Wallace Camp No. 1196, Woodruff, S. C.
- Mike Farrell Camp No. 1197, Poplar Creek, Miss.
- John H. Morgan Camp No. 1198, San Diego, Cal.
- Fair Bluff Camp No. 1199, Fair Bluff, N. C.
- Lee-Jackson Camp No. 1200, Lexington, Va.
- Hi Bledsoe Camp No. 1201, Santa Anna, Cal.

Hutto Camp No. 1202, Jasper, Ala.
 "Tige" Anderson Camp No. 1203, Miami, Fla.
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1204, Utica, Miss.
 Beauregard Camp No. 1205, Denver, Colo.
 Jones Camp No. 1206, Roxboro, N. C.
 Confederate Veteran Association Camp No. 1207, Kingsland, Ga.
 Halifax Camp No. 1208, South Boston, Va.
 Magruder Camp No. 1209, Newport News, Va.
 Peachey-Gilmer-Breckinridge Camp No. 1210, Buchanan, Va.
 Franklin-Buchanan Camp No. 1214, Key West, Fla.
 Gen. Ellison Capers Camp No. 1212, Monk's Corner, S. C.
 John A. Hudson Camp No. 1213, Cundiff, Tex.
 Franklin Buchanan Camp No. 1214, Key West, Fla.
 Kaigler Camp No. 1215, Swansea, S. C.
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1216, Longview, Tex.
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1217, McGhee, Ind. T.
 Cabell-Graves Camp No. 1218, Danville, Va.
 John Jackson Camp No. 1219, Landsford, S. C.
 Francis Cockerell Camp No. 1220, Lebanon, Mo.
 J. C. Mounger Camp No. 1221, Quitman, Ga.
 Bayboro Camp No. 1222, Bayboro, S. C.
 Swainsboro Camp No. 1223, Swainsboro, Ga.
 Bedford Confederate Association Camp No. 1224, Bedford, Ky.
 Augustus DuPont Camp No. 1225, DuPont, Ga.
 Col. Edward Bird Camp No. 1226, Springfield, Ga.
 J. S. Cone Camp No. 1227, Statesboro, Ga.
 Col. Ed Crossland Camp No. 1228, Clinton, Ky.
 Bryan County Camp No. 1229, Clyde, Ga.
 Geary Camp No. 1230, Geary, Okla.
 Hankins Camp No. 1231, Lockesburg, Ark.
 New Roads Camp No. 1232, New Roads, La.
 Col. E. S. Griffin Camp No. 1233, Big Sandy, Ga.
 J. C. Davis Camp No. 1234, Utica, Miss.
 Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 1235, Hartshorne, Ind. T.
 R. H. Glenn Camp No. 1236, Bethel, S. C.
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1237, Charm, N. C.
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1238, Lee's Creek P. O., La.
 Confederate Veteran Camp No. 1239, Weatherford, Okla.
 Upshur County Camp No. 1240, Gilmer, Tex.



HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. BUCKNER, AND LATER OF GEN. GRANT, AT FORT DONELSON.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

VARIOUS COMMITTEES AND THE WORK ASSIGNED TO THEM.

Walter T. Colquitt, Commander in Chief.

L. D. Teackle Quinby, Adjutant General.

Relief Committee.—E. Leslie Spence, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; Charles E. Harding, Washington, N. C.; W. Turner Logan, Charleston, S. C.; G. E. Snell, Bowling Green, Ky.; C. F. James, Albany, Ga.; Charles C. Thach, Auburn, Ala.; Jacob Newman, Knoxville, Tenn.; J. R. Mathews, Ocala, Fla.; T. J. Cunningham, Fayette, Mo.

Monumental Committee.—Robert A. Smyth, Chairman, Charleston, S. C.; Bennet Hill, Dallas, Tex.; John R. Nelson, Leesburg, Va.; George D. Crow, Wilmington, N. C.; G. E. Snell, Bowling Green, Ky.; Minter Wimberly, Macon, Ga.; L. P. Dawson, Selma, Ala.; R. W. Green, Manchester, Tenn.; Will T. Johns, Port Gibson, Miss.; E. R. Whitner, Tampa, Fla.; Chansy C. Sweet, Galveston, Tex.

Finance Committee.—Robert W. Bingham, Chairman, Louisville, Ky.; A. T. Ransome, Hampton, Va.; Dr. H. V. Horton, Washington, N. C.; D. S. Blockehar, Dublin, Ga.; A. F. McKissick, Auburn, Ala.; Leland Hume, Nashville, Tenn.; W. E. Daniel, Yazoo City, Miss.; B. C. Abernathy, Orlando, Fla.; Thomas P. Stone, Waco, Tex.; R. C. Clarke, Fayette, Mo.

Committee appointed to raise funds for a monument to the women of the Confederacy: James Mann, Chairman, Nottaway, Va.; Francis H. Weston, Columbia, S. C.; John Marks, Napoleonville, La.; H. M. Branch, Savannah, Ga.; Biscoe Hindman, Louisville, Ky.; W. Scott Hancock, St. Louis, Mo.; John H. Wallace, Jr., Huntsville, Ala.; T. T. Stockton, Jacksonville, Fla.; George B. Meyers, Holly Springs, Miss.; H. T. Alexander, Columbia, Tenn.; Marcus Erwin, Asheville, N. C.; John I. Moore, Helena, Ark.; C. W. Bocock, Houston, Tex.

Edwin P. Fox, Richmond, Va., Chairman of the Executive Committee of Permanent Archives.

A special committee of three members from each State will be appointed to cooperate with the Historical Committee, to carry out the plans suggested in the report of that committee made at the last reunion. Division Commanders are asked to send to headquarters the names of three men from their respective States to be placed on this committee.

The chairmen of the various committees appointed will communicate with the members of their respective committees and proceed with their specific work. These chairmen are to report the progress of their work to headquarters frequently concerning the work.

REPORT OF THE HISTORY COMMITTEE.

Comrades: The History Committee appointed by our Commander in Chief August 10, 1898, composed of William F. Jones, Elberton, Ga.; E. P. Cox, Richmond, Va.; Charles L. Coon, Charlotte, N. C.; A. J. S. Thomas, Greenville, S. C.; R. W. Bingham, Louisville, Ky.; P. H. Mell, Auburn, Ala.; Jesse W. Sparks, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; T. L. Trawick, Crystal Springs, Miss.; Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; J. B. Loughridge, Austin, Tex.; J. T. Cunningham, Fayette, Mo.; and Philip H. Gilbert, Napoleonville, La., submits the following report:

Our constitution states that this committee "shall have charge of all matters relating to the literary and historical purposes of this Confederation." Thus it will be seen that the field of the committee's labors is a wide one. We feel the weight of the responsibility that rests upon us. Let us at the outset state with all the earnestness and with all the emphasis of which we are capable that if we accomplish anything it must be done by tireless and intelligent effort. We may meet year after year and pass patriotic resolutions, but they will amount to nothing if we do not work when we return from our annual reunions to our several homes.

Is there any real need of undertaking such work as has been delegated to this committee? We answer that a deplorable condition, and not a theory, confronts us. We know that tens of thousands of boys and girls are growing up into manhood and womanhood throughout the South, with improper ideas concerning the struggle between the States, and with distorted conceptions concerning the causes that led up to that tremendous conflict; that this state of affairs ought to be remedied, and will be if our Confederation does its duty.

We have asked each member of our committee to urge upon each camp in his State the importance of gathering reliable data for the use of the future historian. Many items of great interest and of prime importance can be secured now from active participants if we will make the proper effort. This is a sacred duty that we owe to the living and to the dead and to those who are yet unborn. If we wait till the last Confederate shall have gone to join the silent majority, many statements will be in dispute forever.

We are unable to state how much data has been collected since the appointment of this committee, but some invaluable facts, properly attested, have been secured by us, and will be deposited in our archives, under the watchful care of Camp R. E. Lee, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va.

The establishment of truth is never wrong. When we realize, as all of us must, that from the gloom of overwhelming defeat at the hands of superior numbers a righteous cause arises and appeals to posterity to render a verdict in accordance with the truth, loyalty to the memories of our dead, patriotism, and self-respect all urge us to go forward in our work till we are amply repaid for all of our labors by a glorious consummation of our undertaking.

Your committee has made an earnest effort to ascertain what United States histories are used in the schools of this republic. We have corresponded with school officials in every State and territory. We have, so far, not found a single Southern history north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers. In the South thousands of schools use Northern histories. We do not condemn any work solely on the ground that it is a Northern publication, nor would we indorse any work whose only claim to recognition is Southern authorship. What we desire placed in the hands of the millions of American youth is a work that metes out exact justice to both sections of our great country; a work that tells the truth, and nothing but the truth. This is all we should desire. We should be satisfied with nothing less. May God speed the day when the youth of Massachusetts and the youth of Georgia will study his-

tories that portray the heroic deeds of all sections alike, and in which no trace of offensive partisanship can be found!

Below we give an extract from an article recently written by a man of Northern birth, Northern education, and Northern principles. The subject that he discusses is "Unfair School Histories." In speaking of some recent Southern publications, he objects to them because they glorify the South rather than the whole Union. He says:

"It cannot be supposed that such histories will have a permanent place in any school in our land, but why are they adopted in preference to those hitherto in use? Because the books of Northern authorship exhibit an offensive and unfair sectional bias. Northerners may not see it, but it is there. Our school histories seem to need revision. To return to their treatment of the South, slavery, secession, and war are of necessity associated with the Southern States. Do our text-books impress the fact that slavery existed in many of the Northern States also in the early years of the century? that it was New England votes, combined with those of the extreme South, that prolonged the slave trade twenty years, against the protest of the middle South? Do our school children realize that secession was boldly and widely advocated in New England in 1814? Do they think of the Southern leaders as high-minded, noble, and devout men, who fought with consummate bravery? Are we clearly taught that many of those leaders were in favor of the gradual abolition of slavery? that the questions involved were open to honest differences of opinion? that financial considerations unconsciously biased the views of both North and South on slavery? and that the Northerner, on removing to the South, generally came to hold the views of his new neighbors? Do our school histories emphasize the deep unity of all sections? All are brave; all love liberty. The truest history, as well as the most patriotic, is that which gives great emphasis to the heroism and honesty, the manliness and Christian character, of the combatants on both sides. The fact of profoundest significance to every American and to the world is the deep unity of the American people in ideas and character—yes, of the English-speaking race—and that every part of it is worthy of the highest respect, however we may differ on some points out of the many. No history is worthy of a place in our schools that is not written in this spirit. The resolution recently introduced into the meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic is altogether praiseworthy. It recommends that school histories use some designation like the 'War between the States,' instead of the 'War of the Rebellion,' thus avoiding a needless irritation of Southern feeling."

This gentleman is on the right line. We think that he could, without doing violence to his feelings, amend the sentence "our school histories seem to need revision" by striking out the words "seem to."

Your committee believes that there are numerous misstatements in historical works that were not printed as intentional slanders, and that by friendly correspondence with the authors many of these errors will be eliminated from future editions. Let us illustrate by one of the corrections brought about by this committee. A certain school history stated that the State

of Georgia, through its Legislature, offered a reward of \$5,000 for the head of William Lloyd Garrison. We had never seen the statement elsewhere, and questioned its correctness. We wrote the author and asked him for his authority. He gave Greeley's "American Conflict." We still did not believe the statement to be true. We went to Atlanta, and found by a diligent search of the journals of the Senate and House of Representatives that no such legislation was ever proposed or enacted. We made known the results of our investigation to the author of the history in question, and he assured us that the objectionable paragraph would be stricken from future editions.

In our investigations we have received letters from Northern men who expressed themselves as being in full sympathy with our undertaking, the sum and substance of which is to hand down to posterity the truth.

No sane man now doubts the unswerving loyalty of the South to the stars and stripes, and no honorable American patriot would reproach us for our loyalty to the memories of our dead or our veneration for the cause for which our fathers fought.

We feel that this work in which our committee is engaged should receive the encouragement of every true American, without regard to the place of his abode. Of one thing we are firmly convinced: "Everybody's business is nobody's business." If our work is to be performed, it will never be done by the voluntary actions of our several camps.

We therefore recommend that there be a committee of three in each State to work in conjunction with similar committees from the Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy. The Division Commander should be ex-officio chairman of this committee. Let this committee find out what histories are used in the different counties; find out their inaccuracies, and point them out to the several county boards of education and to the people generally. Patriots everywhere recognize the fact that the continued denunciation and misrepresentation of any part of a common people is a danger to all, and an infamy to all.

We recommend that each State establish the office of State Historian. The different Legislatures will pay but little attention to this recommendation if it does not receive the enthusiastic indorsement and support of the different camps of Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy. A sufficient appropriation should be made in each State to pay some man of eminent ability and patriotism to devote his entire time to the discharge of the duties incumbent upon him as State Historian. He should collect reliable data from every available source for the use of the future historian.

We believe that if our colleges and universities would establish chairs of American history, and give to the historical department the attention that its importance demands, the good results would be incalculable. It is a deplorable fact that in many of our colleges this department does not exist even in name. Hundreds of teachers, properly trained and thoroughly aroused as to the importance of transmitting the truth to the children of this republic, will in a few years do more good than all of the resolutions that could be passed in a thousand years. Parents generally know but little about the mental food on which their chil-

dren feed, either in the schoolroom or outside of it. No class of our people (we except none) can do more to carry out the prime object of our Confederation than the teachers. Thus it is a matter of the most vital importance that the teachers themselves should be properly taught. Hence this recommendation.

Finally, we do not think it best in this report to condemn by name any of the histories now in use. We have not examined them all. So far as we have examined them, we think that we have read no Northern history that does the South full justice. It must be remembered that we are interested in the portrayal of events not only from 1861 to 1865 but from early colonial days on down to the present.

Let the histories that our children study revere the truth, and we shall be satisfied. Let them record that the same causes that divided a patriotic statesmanship divided a patriotic soldiery; that the South stood on lines of self-defense in battle and in doctrine; that, while some of her statesmen may have been passionate and extreme, she never by statesman or by soldier attempted to interfere with the domestic relations of other people; that the South fought honestly and fearlessly, and that when its banner was furled upon its folds not a stain was there to mar its beauty.

J. H. Barbee, Georgetown, Tex.: "I have an officer's field glass, for which I paid \$5 to Lieut. Thomas, of Capt. Tilghman's company, Thirty-Ninth Mississippi Infantry, on October 3, 1862 (first day's fight). He found the glass about one hundred yards in rear of where the Lady Richardson stood, the gun about which so much has been written. The glass evidently belonged to a field officer, and I should be very glad to return it to such claimant upon satisfactory proof of original ownership."

G. W. Parks, Irving College, Tenn., is anxious to hear from Dr. Roan, who he thinks was a member of the Fifty-First Tennessee, and to whom he is under obligation for kindness when wounded at the battle of Perryville.

At the recent annual convention of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Columbia, was elected President of the Division, and Miss Mary Hemphill, of Abbeville, Secretary.

Capt. W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., tells the following amusing stories:

As the Tennessee troops were attacking one of the Mexican positions, they were received so warmly that they retreated a little below a hill. A belated soldier was noticed backing down at the risk of falling, and on being asked the reason, replied: "I promised my mother that I would not get shot in the back."

After the war, at a dinner given to some of Gen. Forrest's veterans, war stories were going the round. The General turned to Maj. A. and remarked: "You were wounded at Blank; where were you hit?"

Without hesitation the Major replied: "In the back." "Excuse me, Major, for asking the question." "Never mind, General; I was following you."

AFLOAT—AFIELD—AFLOAT.

Notable Events of the Civil War (Continued).

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

Late in March leave of absence came to me just as an old chum of mine, Alden H. Baker (brother of the executive officer of the battery, Lieut. James McC. Baker), came out of the New Orleans "Bastille," where his devotion for the Southland had placed him. We were bound to Spanish Fort, where our townsmen of the Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, were on duty. On account of the enemy's war ships in the bay we could not steam direct from Mobile to the fort, but around through the Tensas and Blakely Rivers. While waiting on the wharf a coffin was brought ashore to be borne on up to the city. We raised hats in respect to the dead soldier, but did not then know that the remains of Edward S. McIlhenny, a schoolmate, rested therein. He was a member of the Washington Artillery, and met a soldier's death on the line of duty.

Blakely was reached. Here we learned that the enemy had erected a battery of eight thirty-pounder Parrotts and two field pieces near the Whitworth and the steel rifle, already in position on the shore of Bay Minette, between the town and Spanish Fort. This battery confronted our Fort Huger. It seemed impossible for a steamer ("snorting high pressure") to run the gantlet. The blockade runner Heroine had gone down the night before, having the advantage of the four-knot current, but it was doubtful whether she could stem this and repass the latest Federal battery. At this juncture the officers stated that several large skiffs, after midnight, would start with a load of shot and shell for the fort, and we were promised the charge of one of them.

Blakely lay ten miles northeast from Mobile, on the left bank of the Tensas River, which here deflects to the westward, seeking the bay. It is distant four and one-half miles north of Spanish Fort. Dry ground at Blakely fronting upon the river was a mile and a half long. On each side of the town it was low and swampy, densely covered with hardwood timber and a rank growth of weeds and vines, and the soil sandy. Two roads diverged from the landing: one northeast to Stockton, the other southeast to Pensacola. Pursuing the Stockton road, it was a mile to the Confederate fortifications. The ground had a general rise until at the breastworks it was about sixty feet above water level. These works were constructed in a sort of semi-circle around Blakely, in length nearly three miles; resting on a bluff close to the river at the extreme left, and terminating in high ground a few rods from the river on the right. There were nine well-built redoubts, or lunettes, armed with more than forty pieces of artillery, heavy and light guns and Coehorn mortars. The ditches were from four to five feet deep. For six hundred to eight hundred yards along the front the pine trees on the high ground and hardwood trees in the ravines had been felled, timber being slashed in front of the works. Opposite some of the redoubts was an interior line, while three hundred yards out to the front and parallel with the works there was another line of abatis, and behind this were detached rifle pits, and many torpedoes made with twelve-pounder shells.

The garrison of Blakely consisted of Gen. French's Division (commanded then by Gen. Cockrell), the Confederate left, including Redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, with No. 4 south of Stockton road. These were mostly veterans of Missouri and Mississippi. The right wing, Gen. Thomas's Division of Alabama reserves, supported Redoubt No. 5, with Redoubts Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9 south of the Pensacola road. The enemy, Gen. Steele commanding, was posted as follows: Gen. Hawkins's Division on the Federal right from the Tensas River to the Stockton road, and Gen. Andrews from Hawkins's left to Gen. Veatch's right. On Gen. Andrews's left came Gen. Veatch's Division to the Pensacola road, and Gen. Garrard completed on the extreme left the investment of Blakely.

Several artillery companies manned the redoubts, and Baker and I had a pleasing call on the Mississippians. Mississippi "Abbey," which two of its Caesar commentators persisted in spelling "Abbey," so as to read "the roll of Battle Abbey." The enemy reports excellent service by this finely equipped body when the doom of Blakely was sealed. The whole garrison numbered about thirty-five hundred, and was commanded by Gen. St. John R. Liddell.

The execution of our Confederate vessels Nashville, Huntsville, and Morgan, raking Hawkins's Division, during the assaults upon Blakely was excellent, and it was not till reinforcements of artillery from Spanish Fort reached the scene that our gunboats were compelled to withdraw. I noted with a good deal of feeling, as I caught glimpses of Capt. Fry manœvering the Morgan, his first experience in this very bay of Mobile. In 1851 Capt. Fry, then only a past midshipman, reported aboard the Walker in these waters to the late Rear Admiral Sands, U. S. N., who was then conducting the "coast survey" of the Western Gulf. While in this romantic epoch of naval life, those past-midshipman days, Fry had married Miss Agnes Sands, cousin of his superior officer, and his future wore a roseate hue.

Gen. Steele's column from Pensacola, thirteen thousand strong, was right in the vicinity of Blakely, on the Stockton road, the afternoon of our arrival from Mobile. His forces united with Garrard's and Veatch's Division completed the investment of Blakely by land, with the exception of a gap through which runs the Bayou Minette. On the evacuation of Spanish Fort, midnight of April 8, and the capture of Blakely, April 9, the bay was open, and the enemy crossed to the west shore.

At 2 A.M. the skiffs were found ungainly craft. They were built of green lumber, and were heavily laden with supplies for the fort, depending on the propulsive power of soldiers, with four long, unwieldy oars of pine to each boat. Assigned to the same craft, Baker and I jumped in and pushed out on this venture, so that we should not miss connection with the flotilla ahead in the boiling river. We were hailed from the shore to starboard, where we were very, very sure stood Fort Tracy: "What boats are those?"

"Boats from Blakely, bound for Spanish Fort with ammunition."

"Then keep over to port, and make the others ahead of you do the same thing."

Here we were—where, we knew not; but forward was our course. We found no enemy, and in fact we

seemed to be not a little at the mercy of unskilled boatmen in unseasoned craft. One of the flotilla had caught on the "obstructions" (seven rows of piling) in the stream, and could not extricate itself, but contact with our descending boat accomplished its liberation, but with great hazard to both craft—a happy collision, for once. We passed the Nashville in the night, but did not speak as we passed by; but we learned later that she was bound to Mobile for repairs. She lay at anchor between Huger and Tracy, so that her boats for several successive nights removed all the wounded from Spanish Fort.

Gen. Liddell on the 30th of March went aboard the Nashville to indicate to Lieut. Bennett where he wished the Nashville's guns to strike the enemy. The latter was on the extreme Federal right, their skirmish and sharpshooting line being sheltered by rapidly growing intrenchments thirty-two hundred yards distant. This was near the shore of Bay Minette, halfway between our bridge across the marsh and their extreme right. When the mist lifted on the morning of March 31 the commander of the Nashville had full view of the Federal thirty-pounder Parrotts, and he proceeded to shell them with such efficiency that working parties, skirmishers, and sharpshooters began migrating lively. However, the enemy rallied, and began shelling the



Nashville with twelve pieces of artillery. The Confederate vessel found her elevation insufficient to reach the batteries on the bluff, and was forced to fall back, being struck eight times. Her after shield, of rather light metal, could not stay that shot through the casemate which disabled the after gun carriage. With a leaking boiler, there was no further hope of striking the enemy effectively, and so the Nashville sought shelter and surgery in Mobile.

Drifting, we awaited daylight. At the first streaks of morning we caught sight of our flotilla half a mile ahead, hugging the shore and pulling up stream. This was an upset to all our navigation, and we held on and watched the ascending flotilla as it plowed through the fierce current, and we were told: "Your whole outfit is in the wrong river." Sure enough, there stood Spanish Fort off to our left, and a little above us, but the intervening strip of sea marsh, a mile wide, was an impassable barrier. It was a tardy consolation to see plain as your pikestaff that had we kept on a few minutes longer we should have been waiting for breakfast as prisoners aboard the Federal fleet. The Blakely River, running south of the town of B, forked at Fort Huger, its east branch being the Apalachee, upon whose left bank stood Spanish Fort. Fort Tracy, a thousand yards north of Huger, was situated on the Blakely River. We were informed that this very

stream was indeed a thickly sown nest of torpedoes. With a delicate dip of the oars into this torpedo-lined stream, and great caution, we bent our tired bodies to the task. The oarsmen having no relays, while the rest of the flotilla had theirs, we soon were away astern, and not till after 8 A.M. did we gain the welcome safety of Fort Huger, where the two rivers meet.

Maj. Marks, Twenty-Second Louisiana Artillery, was in command of Fort Huger, with Companies B and K, and Company C, First Mississippi Light Artillery (Capt. Collins)—an effective force of two hundred men. This fort was built like Tracy (a thousand yards distant), on the marsh, with piling driven for foundation. These forts commanded the Apalachee and Blakely Rivers, and stood upward of twenty-eight hundred yards from shore, and about equidistant from Spanish Fort. Huger had eleven guns, including two splendid columbiads mounted upon the bombproof in the center. The regular form of Huger's four bastions was very impressive. Capt. Patsmier, of Company I, commanded Fort Tracy, with Companies G, H, and I, of the Twenty-Second Louisiana Artillery, a force of one hundred and twenty men. Fort Huger was a work with four bastions, but open at the north end.

Breakfast awaited us in the mess room and quarters of the officers, and the men were kindly cared for. One of the environs of Huger's dining room was a pertinacious Indiana battery of Federal Parrott guns, which "faced our way too much," for between the mouthfuls of relished viands there soared away the spirals of delicate white smoke into the blue sky over Bay Minette. This was an Indiana battery, as we learned from prisoners, the First Indiana Heavy Artillery (Companies H and K), eight thirty-pounder Parrotts. One of these Parrotts caged by Indians was known to us by word of mouth, and its ears must have burned as we talked about it; for while we were still commenting it let out a squawk and threw its projectile at a post near by us, grazed the head of the sentry at the magazine, and cleared the quarters.

The officers of Fort Huger informed us, from their map, about the scenes of danger from torpedoes we had plowed through in Blakely River, and they still wondered how our heavily laden boats escaped destruction. They grew grimly humorous over the coming cruise down the Apalachee River to the fort in the face of the said Indiana battery and ever-alert sharpshooters along the bank. There was, moreover, a well-nigh deadly place to encounter immediately at the fort landing: a strong whirlpool or eddy, out of which it was extremely difficult to extricate a tangled boat.

The recollection of that half hour whirling in the landing eddy at the point of our destination, under the fire of sharpshooters on a hilltop down upon us, is one of the war pictures that one should like to have had reduced to cinematograph views, had the marvelous invention been known. It was while waltzing to the music of Minie balls that we heard a deep rumbling noise in the river to the southward, and saw the water in commotion. An ironclad had raised the question with a torpedo as to the right of way, with the result that the torpedo went up and the vessel (the Rodolph) went down. Four were killed and seven wounded.

Old Spanish Fort was garrisoned by Companies A, D and F, of the Twenty-Second Louisiana, and was

well armed with seven-inch columbiads and thirty-pounder Parrotts—five in all.

Fort McDermott was under the immediate command of Capt. Barnes, Company C, Twenty-Second Louisiana, and the artillery was manned by his own and Owen's Arkansas batteries—effectives, both companies, ninety-one. It was reinforced on the following day by Massenburg's Georgia Light Artillery—one hundred and ten effectives. It had, at first, fifteen guns—six six-pounder smoothbores, two twenty-four pounder howitzers, six Cohorn mortars, and one six-inch Brooke's rifle, mounted on center pintle, and having a range of three-quarters of the circle of the besiegers' works. Its south bastion was a lunette of strong profile, a command of twenty-five degrees over ridge and road approaching it, a regular covered way with four embrasures, carefully constructed abatis, and chevaux-de-frise, and many torpedoes made with twelve-pounder shells. With exception of old Spanish Fort, which, from its position, was unsailable, this south bastion was decidedly the strongest and most carefully fortified of the garrison works.

Some of these companies had lost and some had worn out their guns and material in resisting Sherman. Many of the companies had served from the commencement of the war, and had left dead comrades on many battlefields, and now they were in conflict again with men whom, in more hopeful days, they had met at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Col. Isaac W. Patton, a Virginian, had command of the artillery of Spanish Fort and Forts Hugo and Tracy, and the latter were garrisoned mainly by companies from his regiment, the Twenty-Second Louisiana. We were bound, as stated, for Spanish Fort, after landing our craft with its lading of shot and shell. We looked at Fort McDermott, an inclosed work with eighteen guns. The Twenty-Second Louisiana Artillery furnished Companies A, D, and F for Spanish Fort; while McDermott had Company C, under immediate command of Capt. Samuel Barnes. The former was No. 1 and the latter No. 2 on the extreme Confederate right. The nearest to the enemy (the position always of the Washingtons) was the first point.

After a generation of peaceful life I cannot forget the terribly systematic work of the enemy which impressed us as we traversed the continuous line of breastworks and redoubts in order to visit the lads of New Orleans. Not a yard of ground or a house had escaped the iron and leaden scythes; the very grass was mowed. We only knew of the general range of our artillery boys near the center of the line, and we devoted ourselves to diligent study of course and distance unpiloted. There were long, swampy flats over which we had to crawl upon prostrate pine trees felled for trailing—the only way of crossing these miry, treacherous "stretches." The bullets kept pelting, throwing mud, and now and then dropping down boughs and branches in startling proximity; but nimble limbs and a happy humor gave us rapid transit until the flats were passed and the breastworks reached about the right center of the line, and here we drew draughts of air, inflating our lungs prodigiously. In fact, we presented a tableau, for we embraced the soil of Alabama and uttered the legend of the seal of State: "Alabama—here we rest." There were no troops here, but near by we saw a tent and an officer standing

near the works examining the enemy's line with field glasses. As we approached he turned and told where the Washington artillery was located, and invited us to sit down beside him. He was just about to walk in the direction of that company, and would show the way. Unmindful of the bullets, he raised his glasses to survey the enemy with characteristic nonchalance for several minutes. A bullet angrier than the others skipped past his ear, over our heads, and struck the tent at about the height of a man seated in a chair. Out came the inmates to see what was going on outside, and from them we learned that we were under jurisdiction of no less an officer than the commander of the fort, Brig. Gen. Randall L. Gibson. So our journey begins; the General kindly acting as guide, philosopher, and friend. While there was grim humor in his cautious reference to the hill country, with its sharpshooters in the treetops, as well as on the hilltops, we reached the old parade ground, which had been made bare as a floor. Here we three made a stand, the General straight as an arrow, while his "colleagues" looked "two ways for Sunday." And now, the first flush of fear having vanished, I became somewhat interested or coldly critical, indeed, in the various points of the siege that came so near from so far off—finding myself, to the surprise of some remote lobe of my cerebrum, gazing for the Sabbath two ways at once. This astonished "backwater of cerebration" was probably due to having just seen a bright boy fall dead close by me, pierced by the ball of the sharpshooting rifle. With sorrow I looked on him carried to the rear by comrades alike sorrowful with me. Our destination was one hundred and fifty yards away in front, and the enemy was on the alert. After being fired upon in the early morning while in that whirling boat within the eddy at the landing we knew that the sooner under shelter the safer it would be. Farewell to the General was uttered, and he wished us a happy arrival, and returned to his line of observation. We made good time and reached the earthworks, and were at home with the Washington Artillery. Just as we entered there was a cry, and two members of the company fell wounded. Lieut. Abe I. Leverich and Serg. James F. Giffen were both struck by the same bullet from a sharpshooter's rifle, which penetrated Leverich's cheek and lodged in Giffen's shoulder. Capt. Slocomb and Lieuts. Vaught, Chalaron, and Johnsen ran out and carried the wounded into the Captain's tent. The wounds were not fatal. Capt. Cuthbert H. Slocomb had command of Redoubt No. 3, his headquarters. Redoubts Nos. 3 and 4 were located upon high hills, with valley and creek between them. The enemy's lines were also situated "high up," but not like the site of our batteries. It was a "chasm," a "bloody" one, between the lines of the armies. Redoubt Blair, center of the Washingtons, was due east from Spanish Fort, and south of Blakely. In Blair the guns were named Lady Slocomb, Lady Vaught, Cora Slocomb, and Gen. Gibson. Two of the Cohorns were named Terence (or "Peanuts") and Louise. They all spoke to the enemy. The Fifth Company of the Washington Artillery was an effective force of ninety men, the flower of New Orleans, with eight pieces: one eight-inch columbiad, two Napoleons, one three-inch rifle, and four Cohorn mortars.

At Redoubts Nos. 4 and 5 was Phillips's Tennessee Battery, sixty effectives, with two Napoleons, one twelve-pounder howitzer, and two Coehorn mortars.



GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

Next on the left of Redoubt No. 5 was No. 6, Lumsden's Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Battery, with four six-pounders and three Coehorn mortars. The whole number of guns in all the works, including mortars, was fifty-seven. Gen. Gibson's Brigade, on the right, supported Redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3. They were all Louisiana troops, and were commanded by Col. Francis L. Campbell, of the battalion of sharpshooters. Gen. Holtzclaw's Brigade was of Alabama troops, and commanded by Col. Bushrod Jones, of the Fifty-Eighth Regiment. Next, on the left, were the Twenty-First and Eighteenth Regiments, reaching to Redoubt No. 4; then the Fifty-Eighth, Thirty-Second, and Thirty-Sixth, extending to Redoubt No. 5, the sandbag battery, the last five being opposite McArthur's Division. Redoubt No. 6 was supported by Matthew D. Ector's brigade of North Carolina and Texas regiments. The General was absent, having lost a leg before Atlanta, and Col. Julius A. Andrews, of Texas, commanded the brigade. On its right were two North Carolina regiments, Col. David Coleman; and next were posted four consolidated Texas regiments, fronting Carr's Division. They had been captured as cavalry at Arkansas Post, and for eighteen months had served as infantry. Gen. Holtzclaw commanded both brigades, comprising the left wing of the garrison.

We were glad to learn that the wounded officers were considered out of danger. While our comrades had become hardened to such episodes, we felt it rather deeply. They were schoolmates of ours.

We were now taken to the bombproof, or "gopher hole," where the boys slept and ate. This was a log house covered with three layers of pine logs and six feet of earth to protect the inmates from explosion of shells and rifle balls.

One incident (like half a dozen experienced by the boys) seemed a performance made to matriculate us in the school of war. We were counting up the missing, and became absorbed, when a crash at the door brought an end to roll call, and lo! a fuse shell had come to see us, and was about two feet within the door of our "gopher." Not a syllable was uttered but such a display of nimbleness was never equaled before football came around, and there were more artillerymen in the flesh and spirit stowed into one corner than Armour, Swift, or Morris could pack in an hour. Here we huddled—minutes? no, seconds. But New Orleans boys are always equal to the emergency. Orderly Serg. John Bartley seized the unwelcome tongue-tied visitor and threw it out.

Commander L. Leon, of Charlotte, N. C., sends an account of a "just decision worthy of being made a precedent in any court where the same case might come up. Even the Supreme Court of the United States could learn something in this discussion:" "A few days ago our comrade, W. W. Rankin, was comparing the Boer war with our fight of 1861-65, with a man who said that Jeff Davis and the Southern people were all traitors at that time. Rankin is short, but he wore the gray. He told the man to take that back, but he said that he had nothing to take back; so Rankin politely, or otherwise, knocked him down and out, according to the style of a true Confederate soldier. The case was tried in our Mayor's court. After hearing all the evidence in the case our honorable Mayor, who was not a Confederate soldier, as he is a young man, rendered this decision: 'Any man insulting an ex-Confederate soldier is very apt to get a good licking, especially if he says Jeff Davis or his men were traitors. I therefore dismiss this case.'"

N. R. Oakes, Kemp, Tex., corrects an error, which should have been published earlier: "From the January VETERAN I take the following, written by J. C. Dean, of Burnett Mills, Miss.: 'I belonged to Company H, Third Mississippi Regiment, Lowrey's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. The regiment was raised by Gen. Lowrey, and when he was promoted it was commanded by H. H. Tison. He was in command at Franklin.' Lowrey raised the Thirty-Second Mississippi Regiment, and commanded it until the battle of Chickamauga, where he was promoted to a brigadier general. I was in Company D, commanded by my uncle, Capt. S. F. Norman, Thirty-Second Mississippi Regiment, with which we united at Corinth, where Rev. M. P. Lowrey was elected colonel in March, 1862."

Dr. J. P. Cannon, McKenzie, Tenn., writes: "While attending the reunion of the blue and the gray at Evansville I met Mr. H. J. Lau, of Vincennes, Ind., who said that he had the sword of Lieut. Col. C. D. Wood, Third Alabama Cavalry, captured during the war. Upon his expressing desire to return it I volunteered my services in attempting to find Col. Wood, and send this notice to the VETERAN."

COL. JOHN THOMPSON BROWN.

S. H. Pendleton, Baltimore, Md., who served in Col. Carter's Battalion of Lee's army, writes as follows of Col. John Thompson Brown, commander of artillery, Army of Northern Virginia:

A brief record of this glorious soldier will gladden the memory of many who served under him in the Virginia campaigns.

John Thompson Brown was born in the city of Petersburg, Va., February 6, 1835, and was given the name of his distinguished father, Virginia's leading lawyer of that period: At the outbreak of the war the son himself was one of the best-known and most popular young lawyers of Richmond, and was an officer of the Richmond Howitzers, an organization destined to lasting fame. Even to this day to have been an "old Howitzer" is glory enough for one life. George W. Randolph, afterwards brigadier general of artillery and Secretary of War, was captain of the Howitzers; John C. Shields, first lieutenant; and John Thompson Brown, second lieutenant. At the very first signs of conflict the company's ranks filled to excess, and when mustered into service, in April, 1861, the number was so large that three companies had to be formed, of which Capt. Shields commanded the first, Capt. Brown the second, and Capt. Stannard the third—the battalion being under Maj. Randolph.

On May 6 the second company was ordered to Gloucester Point, and after landing there almost immediately got into action with a Federal gunboat. Our fire was from a rifled howitzer, and as the gunboat was within range we claimed to have struck her several times. At all events, the boat turned back and went to sea. Shortly after this Capt. Brown's command moved to the York side, and, after much marching and countermarching between Yorktown and the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, took active part in the battle of Bethel, June 10, 1861, together with the Third Howitzers. This was the beginning of real war. Maj. Randolph, who was in command of all the artillery, was further promoted, and Capt. Brown made major. His services from that time until the evacuation of the peninsula were almost marvelous for executive ability, and were fully recognized by Gen. Magruder, especially after the appearance of McClellan in his front. With a line of over fourteen miles to defend and our field guns few in number, by constant activity and vigilance Maj. Brown managed to have his guns at every point of attack. It is due to the ability of both general and artillery major that the lines were held secure until Gen. Johnston ordered the great movement toward Richmond.

About this time what was known as the First Virginia Artillery was formed, with Maj. Brown as colonel; Lewis M. Coleman, lieutenant colonel; David Watson, major. The battery under Col. Brown had its



COL. J. T. BROWN.

share of bloody work to do in the battles around Richmond in 1862, and in the night attack on McClellan's fleet, made from the south side of James River, Col. Brown was the trusted leader.

Lieut. Col. Coleman was mortally wounded at Fredericksburg. Previous to the war he was Professor of Latin at the University of Virginia, a man of exalted character, a sacrifice on the altar of patriotism. Maj. David Watson, a brilliant man and model soldier, was killed on the 10th of May, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H. These three—Brown, Coleman, Watson—all killed in battle, fitly and fairly represent the First Virginia Artillery.

At Seven Pines, when at midnight ten brass cannon lay between the lines, having been previously fought over—the Federals unable to retrieve their losses, and our troops unable to complete the capture—it was Col. Brown's good management that by details from his command the guns were secured and brought into our camp before the morning light.

Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville bear similar tribute to this able commander, but at Gettysburg Col. Brown deserves larger notice. He was then chief of artillery of Ewell's Corps.

An inner picture of army life is brought to the writer's mind: Carlisle Barracks late in June, 1863. Confederate artillery parked over the parade ground; a bountiful dinner spread in the officers' quarters; Maj. Gen. Rodes and staff the hosts; Col. Brown and staff the guests. On the next morning we marched south toward Gettysburg, where "Linden saw another sight."

"Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery."

To Col. Brown's batteries must be accorded the highest honors of that first day at Gettysburg. They fought, they suffered, they triumphed. As an evidence of the heat of conflict, I mention that one battery (Page's, of Hanover), fighting infantry at close range, lost thirty-three men and seventeen horses. One of the cannoners was wounded to death with twenty-three musket balls in his body. This was private Ben H. Stone. In the lull of battle he was decently buried, and his remains were subsequently removed to his old home at Ashland, Va.

At midnight of that eventful 1st of July Col. Brown found a little rest in a barn at the edge of the town, many previous hours having been spent in examining the ground and in placing batteries ready for the next day's terrors of Cemetery Hill.

During the following days Col. Brown was, of course, kept busy, and Gen. Ewell, in his official report, says: "Col. J. T. Brown, commanding artillery of this corps, showed himself competent to his position, and gave me perfect satisfaction."

Passing over details of skirmishes and marches and the weariness of winter quarters, we rapidly come to the spring of 1864. The artillery moves to the front; all is being made ready to meet Grant. Col. Bryan's command consists of the battalions of Hardaway, Nelson, and Braxton—eleven batteries, among them his own old battery, the Second Richmond Howitzers. The battle of the Wilderness began during the afternoon of May 5. On the morning of the 6th Col. Brown was instantly killed by the bullet of a sharpshooter as he was seeking an advanced and favorable position for

some of his guns. So suddenly is a bright light and useful life blown out!

As captain of his company Col. Brown was noted for his great liberality and affection toward his men, and I believe that no commander was ever held in higher affection than he was by those nearest to him in battle strife. Well may one say: "There never breathed a man of larger heart or kindlier hand." And that he had genius for the camp and for the field, none can doubt. But for the fact that artillery is a subordinate branch of the service, Col. Brown's rank, by virtue of his long, efficient, and even brilliant usefulness, would have been much higher.

He went to the front May 6, 1861, and was killed at the front May 6, 1864. "Without parade or boast or threat, but with stern determination and an inflexibility of purpose which knew no pause but in victory or death, he trod the path of duty; and when the last order came which summoned him to the fatal field, he received it with a brow as unblanched, a spirit as high and undaunted, as when, in the opening month of the war, he went forth to fire the first hostile gun upon the Virginia waters."

A CONFEDERATE REQUIEM.

Eugene H. Levy, of New York City, sometime ago sent the following, with request for its reproduction.

These beautiful lines were written by the late Col. J. M. Sandidge, who was a lifelong friend of the late Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, of the *Picayune*, while at her summer home at Bay St. Louis, and submitted them to her and his wife, saying that when he was dead he wanted them read over his grave. The wish was complied with by his old comrades at the request of the aged and faithful and wife, and the R. M. Hinson Camp No. 578, U. C. V., at Bastrop, La., has adopted them as a funeral service:

"Once again has a comrade been relieved from his post of duty. His battle of life here has been fought. Signaled to join the advance guard, he has gone from us. Martial music of Confederate camps can never again bring him into line with those who remain. He has crossed the fateful river and entered upon other service. He now fronts toward the head of time's great column beyond the 'gates ajar.' On eternity's roster his name now appears. He has taken his place in the ranks of the countless host moving on and on under the eye of the great Captain of the universe, the Conqueror of death itself. To aspirations born of new surroundings our comrade can well be left, and we salute him in tenderest memory on his onward march through the highways of the garnered nations. His mortal body will have its resting place with us, and as the earth will soon hide it from our sight, let us bury also in oblivion any recollection of his human frailties, commemorating only the virtues of one who was our friend in peace, our comrade in war. This last sad rite performed, let us go hence with courage and confidence to the performance of such other duties as may fall to our lot. Let no vicissitude drive or tempt us to abandon our post or fail in doing all the good we can while on earth we live, remembering that in a little while we too will be called away, and each of us assigned to our proper place by the Supreme Commander."

DEVOTED SOUTH CAROLINA CONFEDERATES.

Reunion of the Division U. C. V. at Chester, S. C.

The meeting opened for business July 26, 1899, in the Opera House, which was beautifully decorated with Confederate flags and Confederate bunting. Conspicuous on the stage was the bust-size photo of our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, and opposite, the same size crayon, the Daughter of the Confederacy, with a sweet, sad smile on her face; also photos of our beloved chieftains, Gens. R. E. Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Hampton, and others. When the convention opened all standing room was occupied. The *Columbia State* reports:

When the convention assembled in the morning the band played "Dixie," amid the cheers of the assemblage. The convention was called to order by Capt. J. W. Reed, Commander of the Walker-Gaston Camp, who introduced Rev. S. P. H. Elwell, D.D., Chaplain General of the South Carolina Division. Dr. Elwell in his prayer eloquently spoke of the heroic dead and prayed for the living few.

Miss Mary Hood, sponsor for Walker-Gaston Camp, was presented by Capt. Reed. Miss Hood, a daughter of I. McD. Hood, a gallant soldier, welcomed the division. In welcoming the visitors she said:

"In the greeting and welcome to old Chester, which, as sponsor for the Walker-Gaston Camp, I have the honor and great pleasure to extend to you, I desire to express in the most earnest and hearty feelings the entire sincerity of our joy at thus meeting you and in having you as our honored guests. Sweet and pleasant it is now for you, the remnant of a once proud and gallant army, thus to mingle together with the comrades of a sad but glorious past. But of the utter consecration of the Confederate soldier to the cause for which he fought, of his valor, and of his self-sacrificing patriotism no parallel can be found. I congratulate you upon this happy occasion, and for and on behalf of the Veterans of the Walker-Gaston Camp I most cheerfully and gladly tender you all the hospitalities for which Chester has been and is deservedly famous."

Senator J. Lyles Glenn then extended a hearty welcome on behalf of the city of Chester. He assured the Veterans that they were welcomed by all Chester County, and that Chester was glad to open her homes to those who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy. Mr. Glenn then, on behalf of Capt. Reed, presented to the Division Commander as his own personal property a gavel of pine wood—just a plain gavel. As he explained to Gen. Walker, the handle is a part of the gun that fired the first shot against Fort Sumter, and the head of the mallet was carved from a piece of wood from Jefferson Davis's home at Richmond, the "White House of the Confederacy."

In responding to the warm welcome extended, Gen. Walker said that the division had been warmly welcomed elsewhere, but it had been left for Chester to extend a heart-warming welcome through a lovely young sponsor, and the division was heartily grateful for it. He accepted the precious relic presented by Senator Glenn. He had called together the convention in Charleston last May by rapping upon a table which was used in the secession convention, and the gavel used was that which had called the secession:

convention to order. Replying to the addresses of welcome, Gen. Walker continued:

"We have met like brothers, as we are, and you have taken us to your hearts and to your homes. South Carolinians are bound by a common destiny, wrapped in the folds of common love, identified with a common interest, and when called upon for any heroic service have always acted upon a common impulse. But these ties are not kept strong unless as the sons of a noble State we are brought into frequent intercourse. When the hardy mountaineer, the man from the hill country, and the citizens from the seashore are brought together they learn to know and to love each other. They are impelled to act together for the good of the whole State. These meetings obliterate sectional lines and draw all the sons of Carolina into a common fold. A community which draws these cords of affection tightly around the people of the State does great service to the whole State, and you have shown your devotion to Carolina in bringing this about by this glorious meeting. Our visit has just begun, but the foretaste of your splendid hospitality makes us most sincerely thankful for what you have done and for what we know we are yet to receive."

The death of Maj. S. Reed Stoney, of Gen. Walker's staff, was announced. Gen. Walker stated very feelingly that Maj. Stoney had died mindful of his comrades and their meeting together here to-day.

The annual report of the Division Commander was then presented:

"Comrades: Your Commander, with great satisfaction, submits his customary annual report to this convention, the fifth of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V. We are survivors of the Confederate army and navy. The number of such can never increase. No new conditions can give qualification for membership in the U. C. V. Each year we lay away to their immortal rest many of our beloved comrades; each year our members become fewer. But the interest of the Veteran in maintaining this grand organization of old comrades does not soon die. During the past year twelve more camps have been formed, and the total number of camps presumed to be alive now in the South Carolina Division is one hundred and twenty-three. How many of these may be practically dead I know not, but shall be able to form some estimate after I have met the Commanders this afternoon. Ninety-six camps have paid their dues in full to the U. C. V. or to the South Carolina Division, so it is fair to assume that these camps are alive and active. Many of those which have not paid I believe to be alive. The showing is a magnificent one. By far the smallest State of our beloved Confederacy, South Carolina has to-day more camps than any other State except Texas, five times as large. The interest of the camps of this division is clearly demonstrated by the payment of arrears. Twenty-four counties of the State are entitled to the regimental organization, and in some of these the regiments have been fully organized. Every effort has been made to stimulate the formation of new camps, but with the stimulus of our grand reunion of all the U. C. V. in South Carolina this year, added to the other efforts made, our growth has been only twelve camps. So I am forced to believe that our high-water mark has been reached. Some more new

camps will probably be formed, but they will not more than replace those which from natural causes must die.

"I congratulate you, comrades of the South Carolina Division, on the splendid work you have accomplished. I may safely say that you have made this the very best division of that glorious band of veterans gathered into the folds of the U. C. V. You have shown in every way the greatest life, interest, and activity. As I have said, only the State of Texas, five times as large, excels you in the number of camps. Our sister States touching us on the north and on the west, both twice as large, neither have as many camps as you have. No division excels you in your contributions to the support of the U. C. V. In the love for your old Confederate comrades, so magnificently evidenced in the splendid reception you gave your comrades of the South last May, none has ever come near you. I feel that to be trusted and respected and honored by such a body of heroes is the noblest distinction which could be bestowed on me by the hand of man.

"As we go down the hill of life we old survivors of the grandest struggle ever made by heroic men shall draw closer and closer together. When the last one of us reaches the end of all things worldly, when the last survivor of the Confederacy is buried, then furl that banner, which is to us our emblem of bravery, devotion, truth, and freedom. How vivid must have been the principles which inspired our fallen cause, when, thirty-four years after its death, we gather to revere them and pay loving tribute to our comrades! How free must be our country in which such glorious memories can be loudly and openly treasured.

"Our mother State, true to her sons, who risked all in her defense, gives annually according to her ability from her restricted purse, not as a measure of her love, \$100,000 in pensions. This is equal, I believe, to that given by her sister States of the South, and exceeds the amount given by many. There has been some complaint as to the distribution of these pensions. At the request of Camp Wade Hampton, I have appointed a committee of one delegate from each camp to consider this matter, and they will probably submit to you proper recommendations to cure the evils felt to be existing. I feel that the grand old State of South Carolina, equally with you, desires this pension money to reach only the deserving. I have no doubt that her Legislature will carefully consider any reasonable recommendation you may make.

"The committee on the monument to the women of the Confederacy, which you determined to erect as a tribute to these devoted saints, 'the girls behind the men behind the guns,' will doubtless make a report, and I trust it will be one of great encouragement.

"At your 1895 convention you earnestly indorsed the action of the Legislature and its Chickamauga Commission, and urged the erection of the monuments on the battlefields of Chickamauga to the South Carolina troops who helped to win that glorious victory.

"In the month of May you had the gratification of meeting your comrades from all over the South on the soil of your own beloved South Carolina. With the magnificent hospitality for which this State is famous you entertained them, and sent our visitors home with a 'God bless South Carolina!' on all lips.

"While Charleston was the place of the reunion, our guests knew that they were receiving a welcome from

the hands and hearts of all South Carolina. Every comrade of the South Carolina Division helped the good people of Charleston entertain the guests, and Charleston, I know, appreciates your assistance."

In the afternoon at three o'clock the survivors of Jenkins's Brigade held a little experience meeting. This gallant command, led by the dashing Micah Jenkins, so soon cut down, was time and again decimated, but never whipped. The Palmetto Sharpshooters, Hampton Legion, the First, Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Twelfth South Carolina have gone down into history among the records of greatness. There were not more than two score who attended the meeting at the call of Mr. Franklin H. Mackey, of Washington, who was a gallant soldier, and must not be confused with Franklin J. Mackey, ex-judge. The survivors of Jenkins's Brigade agreed upon a badge to insure recogni-



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tion of each other. They will hereafter hold reunions similar to this incipient one.

The Commanders of camps met Gen. Walker in an informal manner and discussed the standing of the various camps. The condition of the United Confederate Veterans in the State was shown to be very encouraging.

When the Veterans reassembled at night prayer was offered by Dr. Woodrow, of Columbia.

Capt. W. D. Starling, of Columbia, reported in behalf of the committee appointed to consider the matter of pensions. The report recommended that a committee of twelve be appointed to look into the matter and to memorialize the Legislature to amend the law so that none but the worthy shall obtain pensions. There was some opposition to granting plenary power to a committee. Comrades A. R. Banks, Dr. Elwell,

and Gen. Carwile leading the discussion. The latter suggested that the committee report to the Division Commander, who shall send a copy to the separate camps, who shall in turn act upon the suggestions before going to the Legislature. Capt. Iredell Jones defended the original proposition of the committee. If the committee were to report to the separate camps through the Division Commander, there would be confusion. The committee had decided that the trouble was all with the township boards. The amendment was voted down.

Rev. S. P. H. Elwell was called upon for the report of the commission to raise funds for a monument for the women of the Confederacy. Dr. Elwell called for Judge J. H. Hudson to make the report. The audience for the first time showed life, breaking forth into repeated cheers as the gentleman and jurist of former days was escorted to the stage, the band playing "Dixie."

The sponsors were then announced, and were presented to the audience. The wild cheering was redoubled, for the sweet smiles and the airy graces of the sponsors were as inspiring to the Veterans as the sweet memories conjured by the "Star-Spangled Banner."

In responding, Gen. Walker said:

"*Comrades:* During the past year we have heard a great deal as to the presence of sponsors and their maids of honor at the reunion of Veterans. The custom has been criticised, and in some cases severely condemned. O, what has become of famed Southern gallantry? Can we imagine a meeting of men which is not ennobled by the presence of the saints of the earth, the fair women of our land? And when they come in, as they do to-night, bearing our beloved Confederate banners, they march straight into our hearts. The presence of our daughters is always welcome, and particularly so when they come to honor our brothers whom we honor. Our manhood must die within us if the time should come when we are not happy to welcome and have with us our devoted and beautiful girls and the fair representatives of those noble souls who made us do our duty not only during the war, but all our lives. God bless the fair sponsors, and may we always have them with us! I welcome you, sponsors and maids of honor, to this convention. Be always with us to guide our footsteps, smooth our sufferings, and cheer us in our struggles. Be at our side, so that when we lay aside all that is mortal you can keep our memory green and make the fame of the Confederate live forever. Thrice welcome as women of South Carolina and as representatives of the men who wore the gray and of the women of the Confederacy."

Dr. Elwell made the report of the Woman's Monument Fund inaugurated at Greenville two years ago. He stated that the fund was discouraging in its meagerness. He pleaded for the money to build a tribute to the women. His burning eloquence was frequently applauded. Judge Hudson too made an eloquent appeal for the Veterans to take this cause home with them and to work for its fulfillment. Capt. D. R. Flenniken, of Columbia, is Treasurer of the fund. The Veterans became quite enthusiastic over the prospects of raising the fund.

The night session was closed by a magnificent vocal selection, Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional," whose martial theme has been set to grand and sublime

strains. "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder" was sung very sweetly by a choir of Chester ladies and gentlemen.

SECOND DAY OF THE REUNION.

Just as the convention was called to order the sunlight came filtering through the bedraggled windows, and Dr. Elwell referred to this welcome change in his opening prayer.

When the convention was opened for business Gen. Butler introduced a set of resolutions to the effect that the movement to erect a monument to the women of the Confederacy be formally organized. The plan proposed by him was to have an association consisting of one member from each county, this corporation to obtain a charter and go to work earnestly and systematically to raise the fund to complete the monument.

Comrade D. K. Henderson, of Aiken, offered a resolution that the Legislature of South Carolina be memorialized to appropriate funds to erect monuments at Chickamauga, where South Carolinians fought so gallantly, and where their resting place is unmarked.

Gen. Carwile appealed to the convention to adopt the resolutions. South Carolina should follow suit with other States and commemorate the gallant deeds of her sons at Chickamauga.

Judge Hudson, referring to the military movements which led up to the great battle in which South Carolinians, under Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw, fought so bravely and fiercely, recalled an incident which had filled his heart with sorrow. Three years ago he had visited the Chickamauga Park, where other States have planted their monuments. None stands there for South Carolina. He had been piloted over the grounds by a negro boy, who explained to him the evolutions of the two great armies. "Shall it be," continued Judge Hudson, "that a negro boy is to tell of South Carolina's part in that great contest? Shall there be no monument like that of other States?"

Dr. Elwell stated that a commission had once been appointed to locate the site for a monument, and had done so. The adoption of these resolutions would merely impress the importance of the State's forwarding the work of that commission. Gen. Walker was a member of that commission, and he spoke of the importance of building the monument. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The election of officers was then entered upon. Gen. Walker declined to stand for reelection. Gen. Carwile and Capt. George B. Lake made the motion to ignore the declination, and Gen. Walker was unanimously re-elected. He had stated that for business reasons he preferred the election of some other comrade. Gen. T. W. Carwile, of Edgefield, and Col. Asbury Coward, of Charleston, were elected Commanders of the Second and First Brigades.

The selection of a place for the next reunion was left to the Division Commander.

Capt. J. W. Reed was thanked by the convention as the one who had done so much for the present reunion.

Mr. William A. Barber, late Attorney-General, introduced the orator of the day, the hero of Trevilian Station, a man twice a major general, Matthew Calbraith Butler. Mr. Barber said: "On behalf of the Executive Committee I have the honor to present as

the first speaker of the day one who needs no introduction to this audience. There are those here who followed him beneath the now-furled banner of the stars and bars and heard his commanding voice midst the din of battle. His introduction to the civilized world as a representative of the Southern Confederacy was sounded in the bugle call at Trevilian and in the clash of arms at Burgess's Mill and Brandy Station. The others of us know him as a man, as a citizen, as a statesman, as a soldier. It is fresh in the memory of us that when the recent war cloud hovered over our reunited country and shot and shell from American cannon thundered against Spanish ships and Spanish forts, the government of the United States, recognizing the valor of the youngest major general in the Confederate army, placed a similar commission in his hand and bade him don the blue and defend the stars and stripes with the same fortitude and courage that had characterized him as he wore the gray beneath the stars and bars marching to the heart-stirring strains of "Dixie." I have the honor to present to you South Carolina's major general of two wars, that gallant officer, Gen. Matthew C. Butler, of Edgefield, S. C."

Gen. Butler's oration is reported as follows:

"Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Your committee has done me the honor to request me to deliver an address before you to-day. I shall, with your permission, appropriate the time set apart for the purpose of a simple narrative of the operations of the troops under my command from the evacuation of Columbia to Johnston's surrender. It has seemed to me that we have not devoted enough of the time of our annual reunions to historical purposes. Possibly such subjects might not be so entertaining for the time being, but I am quite sure they would be useful to those who come after us. Besides, we have with us, I am pleased to say, our younger brethren, the Sons of Veterans, many of them endowed with the gift of eloquence and oratory, who will gratify and entertain us with their worthy enthusiasm in the cause of their fathers. The period of which I shall speak will embrace the last days of that constitutional republic, the Southern Confederacy, that came into being by the spontaneous action of its citizens and flashed its brief existence among the nations of the earth with a brilliancy and grandeur of achievement in military and civic accomplishment never before equaled in the annals of all history. It was a sad day when this great light of constitutional government was put out by superior force and overwhelming numbers. Its records will survive through the ages among the grandest and greatest efforts of mankind to establish and perpetuate a form of government best suited to the happiness and welfare of its inhabitants. Its civic history is no less brilliant than its military, and the two combined make a record unsurpassed in human effort.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

"The burning of Columbia by Sherman was among the last acts of the great tragedy of 1861-65. This act was wholly unnecessary and a clear, flagrant violation of all rules of civilized warfare; but the city had been marked as the capital of the 'Cradle of Secession,' and fell a victim to the venom and hatred of her enemies.

"Charleston, the splendid old city by the sea, was really the 'Cradle of Secession,' but for days and weeks

and months and years she had resisted and repelled combined assaults by land and water with a tenacity and skill and pluck that challenged the admiration of the world and made a new epoch in the science of military defense. Be it said to her glory she never surrendered.

"Columbia, fair and beautiful Columbia, suffered vicariously for the bulldog obstinacy of Moultrie, Sumter, and Wagner; but, thanks to the energy, patience, and confidence of her inhabitants, she has literally risen from her ashes and again put on the garb of a new life, and is to-day a monument to the baffled vengeance of her enemies and the undismayed pluck of her people.

"The city was evacuated by the last of the Confederate forces on the morning of the 17th of February, 1865. It was my fortune to command a division of cavalry, composed of Butler's and Young's Brigades, which constituted the rear guard of Beauregard's retreating army, and it was my duty to superintend the withdrawal of our troops in such a manner as not to give excuse to Sherman's incoming forces for a violation of the agreement made by the Mayor, that ven-



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erable and honorable gentleman, Dr. Goodwyn, and Gen. Sherman, that if the Confederates should withdraw without resistance the city should have immunity from assault and violence. The compact was strictly carried out on our part; let the charred remnants of this beautiful, disarmed, and helpless city speak for the good faith and honorable conduct of the other side.

"Gen. Hampton retired with Young's Brigade, then commanded by Col. J. G. Wright, early that morning by the Winnsboro road, and later I moved out with the other brigade, commanded by Col. B. H. Rutledge, by the Camden road. Reaching Taylor's Lane, east of the old Charlotte depot, I halted for an hour or more to witness the movement of a column of Sherman's army down the main street to the State House. The city was free from incendiarism at that time, but that night the inhabitants of the doomed city were engulfed in walls of flaming fire, the demon of hate having been let loose on its helpless victims.

"It is not in the best taste that the pronoun 'I' should be frequently used in a narrative like this, but it

is almost impossible to be impersonal in giving details so essential to a clear understanding of the operations. Be good enough therefore, my comrades, to bear in mind that in alluding to myself I embrace the officers and men of that gallant division of Confederate horsemen who had illustrated their splendid valor and dashing courage so long and so faithfully. It was simply my good fortune to be associated with them and to participate in the glory of their achievements.

"Resuming the march about nine or ten o'clock in the forenoon, we moved out to Dent's Mill, on the Camden road, thence through the pine woods to Killian's Mill, where we joined the other brigade and bivouacked for the night. Exhausted by anxiety and loss of sleep of the two days and nights before, we slept so soundly that we were not aware until next morning, at least I was not, that Columbia had been destroyed by fire, although only eight miles away.

"During the next day, the 18th of February, Blair's Corps, the Seventeenth, was pushed out along the Charlotte and Columbia railroad, and appeared across Killian's mill pond and creek, and we had a sharp encounter with it in the afternoon. I had the dam of the pond cut so as to flood the low ground and check Blair's advance. We deployed along the ridge in front of the railroad station, and kept up the fight until dark, losing two men killed and several wounded. The loss inflicted on the enemy I had no means of ascertaining, except some prisoners captured by my scouts. Next morning we marched toward Winnsboro, via Doko (now Blythewood) and Ridgeway.

"I suppose Gen. Beauregard—and, as for that matter, all of us—assumed that Sherman's next objective point was Charlotte, N. C. Consequently, after a halt of a day at Winnsboro, where it became my painful duty to have destroyed Gov. Aiken's fine old wine (sent up from Charleston for safety), to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy and tickling their thirsty palates, I was ordered out to Gladden's Grove for convenience in getting forage, watching Sherman's right flank, while the remnant of Hood's army, with Wheeler's Division of Cavalry, continued up the railroad. Gen. Hampton directed me to rid myself of wheels, move around Sherman's right flank, and join him at Land's Ferry, on the Catawba River. I accordingly ordered my wagons and artillery toward Charlotte, and with the mounted column started from Gladden's Grove in the early morning of my second day there by the nearest road leading toward Columbia, intending to pass between Sherman's army and that city. We had not advanced far before running into the Fifteenth Corps. This corps and the Seventeenth composed Sherman's right flank, and the Fourteenth and Twentieth his left. After a sharp fight with the Fifteenth Corps, continuing long enough to develop the strength of the enemy in my front, and finding that I could not overcome so strong a force on that road, I moved to my left so as to get into the river road, the only one left open between my column and the Wateree River. This too the enemy had occupied in force. Late that afternoon an incident occurred which satisfied me that Sherman had changed direction to the right, and was not moving on Charlotte. A prisoner was brought to me, who said that he was an artificer of the reserve ordnance train of the Twentieth Corps, and that his train had been or-

dered to camp that night at Rocky Mount, on the Wateree River. This would throw the Twentieth Corps entirely out of the direction of Charlotte, and convinced me for the first time that Sherman would move across the State toward Cheraw, at right angles with the course he had been marching, and I sent a dispatch at once to Gens. Beauregard and Hampton notifying them of his change of route. This necessitated a change in my contemplated movement, as I could not get around between Sherman and the river. I therefore moved up through Beckamville, intending to pass the river at some convenient crossing higher up. Dr. Cloud, a venerable old gentleman of eighty-two years of age, resided at Beckamville, and the only two members of his family with him were two young ladies, his granddaughters. He requested me to have our animals all fed from his well-stored barns of forage, and notified me where he had concealed his valuables. I afterwards learned that he had been strung up by the neck twice by Sherman's soldiers to coerce him into disclosing the whereabouts of his silver and valuables. In this they failed, as I also learned, but his negroes betrayed the places of concealment, and the silver and jewelry fell into the hands of Sherman's officers and men.

"We moved from Beckamville to Fishing Creek, and bivouacked for the night at Anderson's Mill. That night we could trace the line of Sherman's camps by the glare of incendiary fires lighting up the horizon for miles above and below us. I had been ordered to drive ahead of us all the work animals possible from the country, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. We carried away with us nine or ten very fine mules of Dr. Cloud's and three or four of Dr. Anderson's, and after the surrender at Greensboro I directed them to be returned to their owners, but whether or not any of them reached their destinations I cannot say. I learned that I was soundly abused for taking the animals away. If their owners had been aware that I was acting under orders and of how much trouble they caused me, they would doubtless have spared me.

"Next morning we moved from Fishing Creek toward Gouche's Ferry, on the Catawba River, and as the people living on our line of march could give me no information of a ford I determined to ferry over the men and equipments in the ferryboat at Gouche's and swim the horses. The Twentieth and Fourteenth Corps were closing in on us above, and the Fifteenth and Seventeenth below, so the chances of getting out on the west side of the river were cut off.

"I had one squadron unsaddled, and started a man on a strong horse ahead, with the loose horses following, to swim across. The mounted man had almost reached the opposite bank, with the loose horses following closely on his heels, when, for some unaccountable reason, the loose horses turned and swam back to our side of the river. They drifted with the current some distance down, and struck the bank below the landing, and it was only by prompt and hard work that we managed to draw them up the steep, muddy bank and save them.

"The situation looked rather squally. Fortunately, I had sent scouts up and down the river, as we could learn nothing from the citizens of the neighborhood, with instructions to examine all the crossings within reach. Those from below reported a ford at Wades,

Wades's Ford. It was the work of a very few minutes to mount and make for this ford, which was crossed late in the afternoon, and the Federal commanders were disappointed in bagging their game, as we learned from a prisoner taken next morning, who was a clerk at Logan's headquarters, that they expected to do.

"After passing Lancaster C. H., where the home guard had been disbanded by Gen. Garlington the day before, we moved east or southeast. On the old Hanging Rock battle ground of the Revolution the Cobb Legion, of Young's Brigade, had an encounter with a regiment of Sherman's bummers, and drove it pellmell for some distance, killing and capturing quite a number. Thence we marched toward Cantey's plantation, on Little Lynch's Creek. We were constantly engaged with flankers and bummers of the enemy, and the night before we reached Cantey's I had intended to make a night attack on the Fifteenth Corps, but a terrific rain storm came up before we could get in striking distance. The night was the darkest and the rain the hardest that I have ever known before or since, and so interfered with our plans as to make an attack at daylight impossible.

"When we reached Cantey's, about nine o'clock next morning, we discovered the enemy loading eight or ten wagons from Mr. Cantey's barns. I sent Col. Rutledge forward with the Fourth South Carolina Regiment to charge and take the wagons and escort. This was done in handsome style, capturing the loaded wagons and several prisoners. We hurried them to the bridge near by over Little Lynch's Creek, and just as our rear, the Phillips Legion, of Young's Brigade, was clearing the bridge a regiment or brigade of Federal infantry swung suddenly out and opened fire, but they were too late to do much damage. Here it was that Sherman's troops captured and carried off Mr. Thomas Puryear's celebrated race horse, Censor, and others. They were racing them below Cantey's farm, as we learned when we came upon them.

"The swamp on the east or north side of Lynch's Creek was covered with water from the heavy rains, in some places up to the saddle skirts. As we were moving into the water necessarily at a slow pace a squad of mounted bummers followed us and fired on our rear. The audacity of the thing took us somewhat by surprise, but the rear guard, the Phillips Legion, always prepared for any emergency, turned upon them and killed, captured, or wounded the entire party, seventeen in number, before they could retrace their steps to the bridge.

"We moved into the pine woods to Big Lynch's Creek (now Lynch's River), and crossed at Pierce's Bridge, turned down the stream to Kellytown, a hamlet near Tiller's Ferry. As Sherman appeared to have halted on the south side of the river, it occurred to me he might determine to turn the head of his column toward Georgetown on account of the scarcity of supplies, but it turned out that he was delayed by high water. I halted for two days at Kellytown, and sent Col. Hugh Aiken with a strong detachment down the river on a reconnoitering expedition, and Maj. Brown, of the Cobb Legion, up the stream on a similar errand. Late on the afternoon of the second day I heard from Maj. Brown that Blair's Corps, the Seventeenth, had crossed at Pierce's Bridge, where we had crossed, and from the detachment under Col. Aiken that the enemy

had crossed below. The gallant officer was killed the night before in a fight with a detachment of Sherman's army near Mt. Eron Church. This detachment had been sent toward Florence to release the Federal prisoners there. Aiken's encounter turned them back.

"Becoming satisfied from these reports that Sherman was moving on Cheraw, we started about dark for that point, marching all that night, and next day reached the Confederate outposts just before sunset. I reported to Gen. Hardee, who had moved the garrison from Charleston, consisting of about fourteen thousand men, as reported at the time. The advance of Blair's Corps reached within a few miles of Cheraw the same evening that we did. In informed Gen. Hardee that Blair's Corps, consisting, as I was informed, of seventeen thousand or twenty thousand men, must have been at least a twelve hours' march ahead of the other corps of Sherman's army, and suggested that he attack Blair next morning with his fourteen thousand men, reinforced by my division, and that if he would do so I was satisfied we could administer a severe blow and check Sherman's advance; but he did not appear to think it advisable, and perhaps he was right. Gen. Hardee directed me to picket Thompson's Creek, and to go in person to Chesterfield C. H., with such of my command as I could spare, and watch the movements of the enemy from that direction. He ordered a brigade of infantry on duty on the Chesterfield road to report to me with this small force. We retired, fighting at every point, from Chesterfield C. H. toward Kershaw. At nightfall the enemy had not crossed Thompson's Creek, which is about eight miles distant from Cheraw by the Chesterfield road, and four miles by the road to Camden. We had to guard the crossings of the creek, covering the entire front of Cheraw.

"A short time after dark a courier brought me a message from Gen. Hardee directing me to report to him at once. I reached his headquarters about 9 P.M.; and, as there have been a great many romances about what occurred that night and next day, I shall ask you to excuse me for entering rather minutely into the details of what I know of the incidents, and shall only speak of what comes within my own knowledge.

"I found at Gen. Hardee's headquarters Gen. McLaws, Gen. Rause Wright, Gen. Talliaferro, and Gen. Stephen Elliott. They had evidently been holding a council of war, for soon after I entered and exchanged salutations Gen. Hardee said to me in substance the following: 'General, after your experience in to-day's operations, what do you advise in regard to the evacuation of Cheraw?' My prompt reply was that he ought to get his army across the Pee Dee at the earliest possible moment. Some of the other officers, notably Gen. McLaws, advanced the opinion that there was no occasion for haste. I said: 'Well, gentlemen, you have asked my opinion, and I have given it frankly, and have heard nothing to induce me to change it.' I had no intimation of what had been discussed before my arrival, but my opinion appeared to settle whatever doubt existed in Gen. Hardee's mind, as he at once began to dictate aloud an order to his adjutant general, Maj. Roy, for the withdrawal of the troops. The first paragraph directed the chiefs of the quartermaster, ordnance, and subsistence departments to begin the moving of their trains next morning at daylight. When the paragraph was finished I sug-

gested that the order be changed to take effect at once that night, and the change was accordingly made. The last paragraph of the order directed that my division should bring up the rear, destroy what public stores might be left, and burn the covered bridge over the Pee Dee. My reason for suggesting the change in Gen. Hardee's order was based on the fact that great quantities of stores, public and private, had been sent up from the low country to Cheraw for safety, and I felt quite sure it would require more time for their removal in view of the rapid advance of the enemy, and the event proved the correctness of this opinion.

"By daylight next morning the infantry, artillery, and wagon trains had been pretty well cleared out of the town, leaving only my division. I had scarcely time to get in one of my brigades from up the Chesterfield road before the enemy reached the outskirts of Cheraw on the Camden road. I halted a Georgia battalion of infantry at the forks of the two roads to hold the enemy in check until Young's could get in on the Chesterfield road. As it was, forty-six men were cut off, but they managed to make their way across the river higher up, and escaped. As soon as the brigade got in I relieved the infantry battalion, which, in the meantime, had had rather a fierce skirmish with the advance of the enemy at the fork of the roads.

"I then deployed everything I had across the different streets and retired to the bridge in the face of a sharp fire, returning shot for shot, except that we had no artillery, while the enemy brought a battery and fired down the main street. The horse of one of my couriers, Edward Wells, of the Charleston Light Dragoons, was killed under him before reaching the bridge.

"So close was the call at the bridge that as my rear guard passed out at the east end the enemy was entering the west end. The rear guard consisted of a squadron from Young's Brigade, commanded by Capt. Baugh. Happening to be with the rear guard, I directed Capt. Baugh to dismount his men, send his horses behind the abutment of the bridge, drive the enemy out, and set fire to the bridge. As horse flesh was very valuable at that time, I sent my own out of danger, and together we drove the enemy out and set fire to the piles of rosin deposited at intervals long the floor of the bridge by Gen. Hardee's engineer officers. We soon had it in flames, and gave Gen. Hardee time to start his heavy trains.

"Col. Alfred Rhett was ordered that evening to report to me for duty, with his brigade as a part of the rear guard. The brigade consisted of the First South Carolina regular infantry, commanded by Col. William Butler; the First South Carolina regular artillery, commanded by Lieut. Col. Joe Yates; and the South Carolina heavy artillery, whose commander I do not now recall. This brigade was deployed along the east bank of the river, and kept up a lively sharpshooting with the enemy until nine or ten o'clock. During the firing Lieut. Col. Warren Adams, First South Carolina Infantry, was wounded near me by a shot in the chest, which I supposed would be fatal, but the force of the bullet had been broken in some way, and only inflicted a slight wound. Col. Rhett was soon afterwards taken a prisoner at AVERYSBORO, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. William Butler.

"In this narrative I have not attempted as much as a reference to the almost daily conflicts we had with

some portion of Sherman's army. With only a handful of men we could only get an occasional blow at detachments foraging and plundering the helpless inhabitants.

"Soon after the evacuation of Cheraw Gen. Joseph E. Johnston assumed command of the army. Gen. Hardee, however, commanded in person at the battle of Averysboro, in which my division did not participate. Gen. E. M. Law was assigned to the temporary command of Butler's Brigade, and before the battle of Bentonville was relieved by Brig. Gen. T. M. Logan, who had recently been promoted to the vacancy occasioned by the death of Brig. Gen. John Dunovant. This gallant and distinguished officer led the brigade at the fight at McDowell's farm, below Petersburg, and was killed on the fighting line the first day of October, 1864. I rejoined Gen. Hampton, who had been with Wheeler's Division near the old fair grounds in North Carolina, after a separation of two weeks or more, operating on my own hook. Just before we reached the junction we had a tilt with Kilpatrick's Cavalry, the first time we had met, and recaptured some Catawba wine he had sent out to seize from a citizen and took a number of prisoners. We had also had quite a heavy engagement with a portion of the Seventeenth Corps at the crossing of Black River, where we killed and captured a number of prisoners loaded down with plunder.

"I wish time permitted and your patience could further endure a description of the attack on Kilpatrick's Camp at daylight, his flight in his night clothes, Wheeler's inability to carry out his part of the programme because of an unforeseen obstacle in a boggy swamp, and the severe losses we sustained by reason of the same. Among others killed on that eventful morning was Lieut. Col. King, of the Cobb Legion, while gallantly leading a dismounted charge; also my friend and college classmate, Serg. Sam Cothran, of the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, who was shot down and instantly killed near me, with sixty others in an inconceivably short space of time. It was a sad fate so near the end, after so many years of such splendid service. I am not sure, however, that they were not more fortunate than those of us who survived to suffer the humiliation of defeat and the terrors of reconstruction. They died as all gallant soldiers prefer to die, fighting on the front line of battle for their convictions and love of country.

"Our fight on the streets of Fayetteville, the battle of Bentonville, the armistice, the final terms of surrender, were the ringing down of the curtain after the last acts of one of the most gigantic struggles in the annals of war. It may interest you to learn something, as I draw my remarks to a close, of the closing scene which led to the surrender and disbanding of Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C. With scarce twenty-eight thousand men he had met Sherman's eighty thousand or ninety thousand at Bentonville and fought one of the fiercest battles of the war.

"Lee having surrendered soon afterwards at Appomattox, Va., a cessation of hostilities was arranged between Gens. Johnston and Sherman, as I now remember, for thirty days. Before the expiration of the armistice Gens. Hampton and Wheeler had left Johnston's army to proceed, as it was understood at the time, to the Trans-Mississippi Department, to join that army and continue the war. This left me the

ranking cavalry officer of Johnston's army, with headquarters at Hillsboro, N. C. Gen. Kilpatrick covered Sherman's front, and through his and my headquarters all messages between Johnston and Sherman passed. The day before the termination of the armistice Gen. Johnston telegraphed me from Greensboro to meet him at the railroad with an escort and led horse and accompany him to Gen. Sherman's headquarters. Accordingly we were at the railroad to meet him on the down train with a squadron of cavalry and an extra horse. When we were within a mile or so of Sherman's headquarters we were met by a detachment of Kilpatrick's Cavalry and escorted to the small farmhouse where Gen. Sherman was awaiting us. He and Gen. Johnston entered the house, while I, accompanied by Gen. T. M. Logan, Maj. John S. Preston, and Capt. James N. Lipscomb, of my staff, remained in the yard. In a short time we were joined by Gen. O. O. Howard, and later by Gens. Schofield, Blair, and Kilpatrick, with whom we engaged in conversation until invited into the house to join the two commanding generals, after they had made their final terms of capitulation. It is conceded, I believe, that these terms were drawn up by Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield. Gen. Johnston concentrated his army at Greensboro, where it was paroled. Maj. Gen. Hartsuff, of Sherman's army, and I, representing Johnston's army, were appointed a joint commission to sign the muster rolls of the Confederate cavalry. When my signature was attached to those rolls I performed one of the most painful duties of my life, and I never recur to it without a feeling of sadness and gloom.

"Gen. Johnston directed me that before discharging the division I should superintend the distribution of about \$17,000 in silver to the officers and men. This was done, and my share of the fund was \$1.75, which was about the amount of my worldly assets with which to begin life anew.

"We separated about the first day of May, 1865, and marched to our homes with the full consciousness of duty well performed. We made no apologies, and have made none since. The only regrets felt or expressed were that we had not triumphed in our cause and won the final victory, after so much hard fighting and so many sacrifices.

"In parting after this reunion who knows to how many it will be the last? I greet you, my old Confederate friends, with the sincere affection of a devoted comrade who has shared with you the glories of successful battle under the starry cross and the sorrows and gloom of undeserved defeat. And to the Sons of Veterans, worthy sons of worthy sires, I congratulate you on the heritage you have in the prestige of your fathers, and commend to your jealous guardianship their splendid records as soldiers and citizens. A few years more and there will be nothing of them left except the sacred memories of their lives and the lofty example of their unselfish patriotism."

Comrade Reed, Commander of the camp, writes:

We had rains incessant for both days, and there was no street parade on account of it, though large preparation was made. Rates of hotels and boarding houses were reduced; liverymen and hackmen also gave reduced prices. Warnings were given to watch pickpockets, bunco men, and all suspicious characters.

Every poor Confederate present had attention. The committee did not rest at night until every one had a good home, plenty to eat, and his bills all paid. All enjoyed themselves and had a splendid time. The Sons of Veterans gave a magnificent ball to the visiting sponsors and maids of honor. They had an excellent time, despite bad weather.

In a letter to the widow of Gen. Robert Hatton, Hal Manson, of Rockwall, Tex., commenting upon the sketch in the *VETERAN* for last month, states:

At Seven Pines he received his baptism of fire with the Tennessee Brigade. His horse, "Old Ball," was first to fall, and in a few minutes his master went down to rise no more. Buford was killed instantly at my side. Joe Beard was killed there, too. John C. Lewis, now of Louisville, Ky., was wounded, and Bob Taylor was maimed for life. Rev. C. G. Scofield, who officiated at the funeral of the late Dwight L. Moody, was also in that bloody engagement—all in the space of an ordinary room.

[Comrade Manson does not state that Dr. Scofield was on the Confederate side. The widow of Rev. W. G. Brownlow secured the liberty of Knoxville for some days for a brother of the noted evangelist (Moody) and her brother, who were Confederates.—ED. *VETERAN*.]

Miss Sue M. Monroe, of Wellington, Va., is the only person who has a full list of soldiers buried on the battlefield of Manassas, with number of graves. She began this work during the war, and completed the list afterwards. Any inquiries in regard to the dead of this battlefield should be addressed to her, and she will take pleasure in giving all information possible.

At a regular meeting of Frierson Bivouac, Shelbyville, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Capt. Will J. Muse, President; Joe A. Hastings and W. C. Cates, Vice Presidents; John M. Hastings, Secretary and Treasurer; F. S. Landers, Chaplain; John W. Woodward, Chairman of Arrangements; W. F. Buchanan, Joe A. Thompson, T. J. Jones, Trustees.

Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, now of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission, sends \$5 for the Sam Davis Monument Fund concerning the "Game of Confederate Heroes," and states:

The game is an interesting one, either for the young or the old, and is well calculated to aid the young in gaining some correct knowledge of the events of the Confederate war and of those who took part in it on the Confederate side. I understand that the profits from the proceeds of the sale of the game are designed for the Sam Davis monument fund. This fact and the real merit of the game should commend it to all who appreciate the unsurpassed heroism of Sam Davis and are desirous of seeing an appropriate monument erected to his memory. Every Confederate veteran and every Southern man who appreciates the character of Sam Davis and who desires that his children should learn correctly the history of the Confederate war should buy one.

Charles C. Allen, Galveston, Tex., December 27:

The Game of Confederate Heroes reached me in good condition. It is a splendid game and worth twice the amount that it sells for.

PREPARATION FOR LOUISVILLE REUNION.

W. M. Marriner, Secretary of the Executive Committee, Louisville, writes December 11, 1899:

You may say to your thousands of readers that preparations for the Confederate reunion in Louisville on May 30, 31, and June 1, 2, 3 are being made on an elaborate scale. Citizens of all ranks and shades of political opinions are lending ready hands to sustain the proverbial hospitality of old Kentucky. Committees, nineteen in number, are made up of active and interesting workers, among whom not the least efficient are the ladies. The Executive Committee has already had nine busy meetings, and the Reunion Committee meets every two weeks to receive and compare reports of progress made.

Our citizens realize that the encampment is expected to be the event of 1900, and predictions, based upon letters daily received and reports from traveling men, give assurance that more than one hundred thousand visitors will be in Louisville during the five days of the reunion.

The outhanging latchstring is a thing of the past, and the City of Falls will be wide open and well prepared for the entertainment, comfort, and amusement of all old Confederates, even if they come, as the Virginians say, "to the very last man."

OFFICERS OF THE KENTUCKY DIVISION.

J. M. Poyntz, Major General Commanding the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., sends the *VETERAN* a full list of his staff:

Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Colonel, Adjutant General, and Chief of Staff.

James R. Rogers, Paris, Lieutenant Colonel, Assistant Adjutant General.

Henry George Wingo, Lieutenant Colonel, Inspector General.

George B. Taylor, Nicholasville, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Quartermaster.

John W. Green, Louisville, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Commissary.

James H. Hazelrigg, Frankfort, Lieutenant Colonel, Judge Advocate.

John A. Lewis, M.D., Georgetown, Colonel, Chief Surgeon.

Charles Mann, M.D., Nicholasville, Lieutenant Colonel, Surgeon.

R. M. Collier, Cynthiana, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief of Artillery.

Leeland Hathaway, Winchester, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief of Ordnance.

Rev. Thomas S. Major, Frankfort, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Chaplain.

C. D. Pattie, Richmond, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Paymaster.

Thomas M. Baker, Hopkinsville, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Engineer.

Horace M. Taylor, Carlisle, Major, Aid-de-Camp.

J. D. Bryant, Harrodsburg, Major, Aid-de-Camp.

A gentleman writing from Streator, Ill., states that at a G. A. R. sociable held at his house he spoke to some of the comrades about the *VETERAN*, and they expressed a desire for copies. He says: "I wish you success, good health, and trust that you may be successful in the lawsuit."



GEORGE A. ELLSWORTH.

George A. Ellsworth, famous as John Morgan's telegraph operator in war times, has joined the "silent majority." He died recently, with his finger on the key, at his post in Antonio, La. The VETERAN for November, 1897, contained an interesting sketch by Comrade Ellsworth, recounting his part in the capture of Gallatin, Tenn., etc.

During Morgan's celebrated raids Ellsworth was the chief's right-hand man, and many of the effective surprises made by Morgan were due to the ready tact and wit of his operator, who would send bogus messages to the Union operators, and place them at sea as to the movements of Morgan. In the same school with Ellsworth, and his equal in skill, tact, and daring, was Charles A. Gaston, confidential operator to Robert E. Lee. The latter is credited with having executed the most successful piece of wire tapping of the whole war. So perfectly was the scheme conceived and so splendidly executed that for six weeks all Grant's messages fell into the hands of Lee. Ellsworth executed a similar feat on one occasion when he was sent by Morgan with a guard of fifteen men on a wire-tapping expedition. He opened his office, after tapping a wire near Horse Cave, in Kentucky, and by use of a ground wire cut off all Southern towns on the line, so that when they were called he answered for them. Of course the deception was discovered, but he succeeded in fooling the enemy long enough to get all the information he wanted and to cover up the movements of Morgan.

Comrade Ellsworth remained with Gen. Morgan until the close of the war, since which time he has been with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The R. E. Lee Camp at Fort Worth, Tex., passed resolutions concerning Comrade Ellsworth, from which the following is copied:

"Found dead at his post" is the last record in the grand, faithful life of him whose demise we are called to lament. Comrade George A. Ellsworth was of sturdy Welch descent. His father settled in Canada in the latter part of the last century. During the war he was the telegraph operator for that chivalrous soldier, John Morgan, and followed his country's colors through those perilous, dashing campaigns as led by his intrepid commander, ever faithful to all intrusted to him, while sharing with his comrades the pleasures, perils, or hardships of camp, bivouac, charge, or retreat. In all of these he bore himself the gallant soldier, boon companion, and gentleman. He came from Canada to Washington, D. C., when a boy, and served under that great telegrapher, Morse. In 1860 he came to Houston, Tex., and was an operator there when called to serve under Gen. Morgan, who knew him in Kentucky. Resigning a lucrative position, he went to Chattanooga, where his soldier life began. Captured in Kentucky, he made his escape into Canada, where he assisted Breckinridge in the attempt to liber-

ate the prisoners confined in Camp Douglass, but was betrayed. Again he escaped to Canada, whence he sailed on a blockade runner once more to arrive in his beloved Southland. As the active, trusted head of one of the most important and responsible positions in the army, we are proud to hear the last declaration of his fidelity to duty at the time of his capitulation to the grim monster, death. His life and death is a splendid example to all mankind and a cheering comfort to his old comrades, friends, and relatives. The faithful performance of all trusts and duties is a noble record, and the life and death of our comrade is an example worthy the emulation of the most exalted character, be he citizen or soldier; for in his life and death we have the record of duties faithfully performed. As a soldier he was brave, and as a citizen governed by that high ideal that enables one to face and conquer all difficulties. He was ever on duty, present or accounted for. Con-



GEORGE A. ELLSWORTH.

scious of the peril to human life by one slight neglect of his, he remained faithful to the post assigned to him, and the last bugle call found all that was mortal of George A. Ellsworth where every true soldier prefers to die: "dead at his post." And let us who survive him profit by such an ennobling example, and with pride point the present generation to the splendid life and grand death of this noble man as an example worthy of their imitation and love, because he was of that incomparable manhood of which the Confederate soldier was made. But "there comes a time of parting unto all, and the rude world will buffet all alike; yet all shall not be similar." How evidently true is this of our dead comrade! and we humbly bow to the divine decree. Yet our sad hearts are encouraged and find relief in the knowledge that he was true to every trust

and faithful even in the hour of death to the performance of every duty. Noble soldier, rest in peace!

A. P. Brown, B. H. Shipp, S. J. Darcy, Committee.

D. A. Campbell, of Memphis, Tenn., writes of Ellsworth: "He was always a game and gallant soldier, always ready to head a charge or cover a retreat. He and I swam the Ohio River together, fourteen miles below Parkersburg, W. Va., making our escape from Ohio. We parted in Greenbrier County, Va., and I did not see him again until the Nashville reunion, 1897, and then it was through Col. Dick Morgan, of Kentucky, that we met. Thirty-four years had wrought great changes in us both. He was known as 'Morgan's Lightning.' On our first raid into Kentucky, in July, he was given a detail of men to go and tap the telegraph line near Cave City, Ky. It was raining hard, and serried lightning was playing when the wire was pulled down and attached to his instrument. Lightning struck the wire several times, and it would cause his instrument to snap. The boys were not used to that kind of fire, and got away; but Ellsworth stuck to his post, and would have died at it, as he did only a few weeks ago, with his finger on the key. It was then that Ben Drake or Tom Yancey gave him the name of 'Lightning.' I received a letter from him only a few days before his death, saying he had an easy position at Antonio, La., and drawing his salary was like drawing a pension. He looked forward to the reunion at Louisville, Ky., with pleasure, and said that we should meet many of the old comrades whom we had not seen for years. He said that the only pleasure of living was to attend the reunions and meet his old comrades. Noble old soldier, you have answered your last roll call and died at your post of duty. Peace to your ashes."

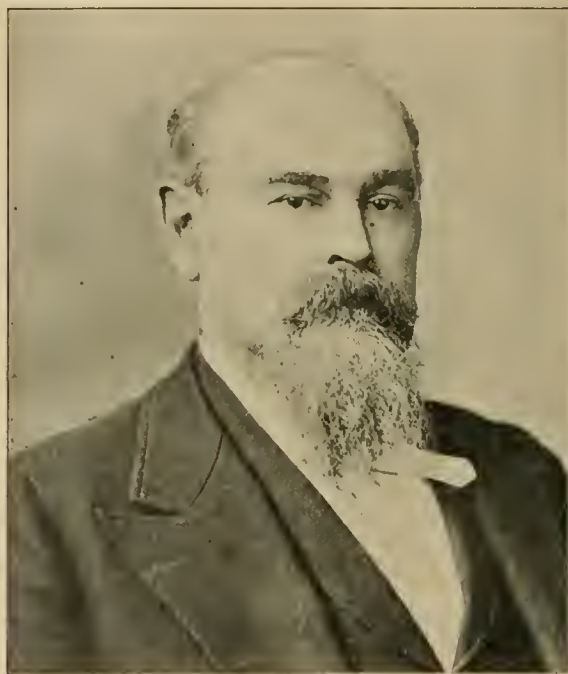
Mr. John J. Johnson, of Fluvanna County, an aged and honored Confederate veteran, whose name is linked in history with that of Stonewall Jackson, passed away October 26, 1899. He was a member of Company H, Twenty-Second Virginia Battalion, and was in his seventy-seventh year. Mr. Johnson was one of the litter bearers who removed Gen. Jackson when he was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863. He then lost an arm.

Mr. H. W. Sadler, a member of the same company, states: "A few minutes after Jackson was wounded an officer dashed up to our lines and ordered Johnson to take his litter and follow him. Comrade Johnson refused, saying he could not leave his battalion without orders from his own officers. The officer then turned to the major of the battalion, who was near, and said, in a low voice: 'Let him go with me, for an important officer has fallen, badly wounded.' The major told him to go and help get a wounded officer off the field. A few minutes after getting the General on the litter, and as they were moving down the road toward our lines, he and another of the bearers were severely wounded and fell, throwing the General to the ground. Other bearers were obtained. Comrade Johnson was sent from the field, and his arm was taken off near the shoulder the next day. He always said to the members of his company when going into a fight: 'Boys, if any of you are hurt, I will take care of you and take you off the field.' And he always did. He was a tried and true soldier, a man of sterling integrity."

COL. R. F. LOONEY.

Col. Robert Fain Looney, Thirty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment, has answered the "last roll." He "crossed over the river," November 18, 1899, at his residence in Memphis. There was ever so much of exuberance of spirit with Col. Looney that many will be surprised to learn that he was in his seventy-fifth year. He had been in ill health for several months, but his death, from heart failure, was a great shock to family and friends. His was a model family. They were happy within themselves. Mrs. Looney was Louise M., daughter of Col. James T. Crofford, who fought with Old Hickory. He and his wife were ever as sweethearts in more than half a century of married life.

Col. Looney was a native of Middle Tennessee. He read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He married in Maury, his native county, and lived there principally until after the great war. As characteris-



COL. R. F. LOONEY.

tic of his party (Whig) associates, he was opposed to secession, but went into the war in 1861, and commanded the Thirty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment for two years, campaigning in Tennessee and Georgia. He won distinction at Shiloh and in other battles. He was for a time a prisoner, but was afterwards exchanged, and surrendered at Oxford, Miss., in 1865.

After the war he allied himself with the Democratic party, and was a delegate to the convention in 1884 that nominated Mr. Cleveland for President.

Not congenial with the practice of law, Col. Looney abandoned it in a sense and engaged in various business enterprises, often with remarkable success. At the time of his death he was a member of the Shiloh Battlefield Park Commission. His associates were Gen. Buell, who died previously, and Col. Cadle.

Col. Looney was of Irish ancestry. His great-grandfather, David Looney, located in Maryland, and afterwards in Virginia, and then came to Tennessee. He

was one of the framers of the constitution of the last-named State.

In the December VETERAN, page 556, James A. Jones expresses ignorance of what command it was that did such valiant service in the capture of Prentiss at Shiloh. The answer appears in a sketch of Col. Looney, wherein his official report states: "I received an order to charge the battery under cover of the woods to the right of Maj. Gen. Polk. I quickly examined the route, and saw that the order could be carried out with but little more risk by moving rapidly through the open field. I ordered the charge, which was successfully executed, and I suppose at least one thousand prisoners were taken." In concluding his report Col. Looney says: "I delivered the last volley at the enemy on Monday."

Of Col. Looney in this battle the captains of the Thirty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment, in a published account under date of April 8, 1862, state: "During the whole engagement our colonel was at his post, riding up and down the line encouraging and urging his men on. On Monday, the 7th, it became necessary to drive back the enemy and hold a position for a certain time. Our regiment was ordered to the charge. Col. Looney's men were encouraged by his boldness and fearless conduct. Sometimes the line would stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. Then our leader, as if despising danger and contemning death, with one hand pointing to the colors still flying in the breeze, would shout: 'Forward! Press on!'"

J. M. WILSON.

The Shackelford-Fulton Bivouac, at its regular meeting, January 6, 1900, passed the following:

Resolved, That Shackelford-Fulton Bivouac has heard with sorrow of the death of Comrade J. M. Wilson at his home December 4, 1899; and while we know that in life we are in the midst of death, and it hath been appointed unto us all once to die, yet we cannot see the golden link of the chain that was forged in times of peril, hardship, and suffering, and bind so closely the hearts of the Confederate soldiers, thus drop out without sadness of heart, for we realize

That as the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

We lament his death, and sympathize with his loved ones, trusting his virtues may be magnified in his son.

Comrade Wilson, at the age of seventeen years, enlisted in the First Tennessee Cavalry, and surrendered with it in 1865. He was one of the "beardless boys in gray" who helped to make the Confederate soldier famous throughout the world for chivalry, endurance, and courageous action in times of war and peace.

His record is: A brave soldier, a devoted husband, an indulgent father, a true friend, an honest man. In humble submission we bow to the inevitable. We all do fade as a leaf.

Signed: T. C. Little, John T. Goodrich, F. M. Kelso, Committee.

JOHN W. CALDWELL.

John W. Caldwell died at his late home north of Columbia, Tenn., October 3, 1899. He was a devoted

member of Leonidas Polk Bivouac, and was sixty-four years old. He enlisted in the Confederate army June 7, 1861, as a private in Capt. Deen's Company, of Hindman's Legion. He was captured in January, 1863, and paroled in May, 1865. He was a private. Resolutions of respect were adopted by Leonidas Polk Bivouac and Henry Trousdale Camp of Confederate Veterans. The committee on resolutions were W. A. Smith, J. J. Wilson, and W. B. Gordon.

GEN. ROBERT B. VANCE.

Julian S. Carr, Major General Commanding the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., announces the deaths of Comrades W. C. McDuffie, Joshua T. James, and Robert Brank Vance.

Gen. Robert Brank Vance, late brigadier general in the Confederate army, died at his home at Alexander, near Asheville, N. C., November 28, 1899. He was born in Buncombe County April 28, 1828.

At the breaking out of the war he raised a company in Buncombe County, which was assigned to the Twenty-Ninth North Carolina Regiment, of which Capt. Vance was elected colonel. He commanded his regiment in several engagements, and at the great battle of Murfreesboro (December 31, 1862), acted with such conspicuous gallantry as to receive the commendations of his commanding officers.

He was promoted brigadier general and assigned to duty in Western North Carolina. Subsequently he was captured in Tennessee, and was detained as a prisoner until the war ended. Part of this time he was on parole, and permitted to make a trip North to solicit money and clothing for his suffering comrades in prison. In this he was very successful.

Elected to Congress in 1872, he served continuously until 1884, when he declined a renomination. In April, 1885, he was appointed by President Cleveland Assistant Commissioner of Patents. At the expiration of this term of office he was elected to his State Legislature, and in 1893 retired to private life and devoted himself to his farm and books.

Gen. Robert B. Vance was twice elected Grand Master of the Masons in North Carolina, was many times a delegate to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, and was a delegate to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference which met in London in 1881.

The life of Comrade Robert B. Vance was full of labor for his fellow-man and abounded in honors. He was a brave soldier, a useful citizen, and a good man. He was one of the purest and best public officials the State has known, capable and incorruptible.

The editor of the VETERAN, who was a commissioner for Tennessee to the centennial celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, recalls the honor of being called upon by Gen. Vance. He was a brother of the eminent Zebulon B. Vance.

MAJ. GEORGE A. HOWARD.

Capt. F. S. Harris, his comrade, writes of him:

The death of Maj. George A. Howard, of Dixon Springs, Smith County, Tenn., January 3, 1900, is the occasion of sorrow to every survivor of the old Archer Brigade who followed Stonewall Jackson and A. P. Hill the entire war. Maj. Howard was born in Greeneville, Tenn., about sixty years ago, a son of the la-

nented Jacob Howard, of Lebanon, Tenn., whose tragic death occurred near Philadelphia in 1858, and his mother died soon afterwards. His brother, Lieut. Col. John K. Howard, was mortally wounded at the head of his regiment (the Seventh Tennessee) in the sanguinary charge of A. P. Hill against Fitz-John Porter at Gaines's Mill.

Maj. Howard's young life was spent at Lebanon. He graduated from Cumberland University there, and was appointed by the late Charles Ready, M. C., a cadet to the naval academy at Annapolis. Graduating with distinction, he made one cruise, when the sectional war began. He promptly resigned, returned to his native State, and joined Company H, Seventh Tennessee Regiment, of which his brother was captain. He was appointed by Gen. Hatton adjutant of that regiment, and was in all of its battles from the beginning to Gettysburg, where he was taken prisoner (in Pickett's charge). He was held on Johnson's Island for the remainder of the war.

Maj. Howard was a typical Southern soldier, full of dash, and would invariably lead the charge. It was a high compliment to a soldier to say that he "crossed the works with Howard." He was a well drilled and disciplined soldier—the best in the brigade. In camp of instruction with raw recruits he was unpopular; but after the first battle the men were devoted to him.

Aside from his gallantry and fine judgment on the field, he was one of the best business men in the brigade, and no military document was ever turned down after passing through his hands. He had been selected by Gen. Archer to be appointed a brigadier general, and but for his unfortunate capture would have had that rank before the close of the war.

On his release from Johnson's Island, after Appomattox, he studied law and graduated; but the law was not to his liking, and for a time he engaged in banking in Nashville. He was for several terms clerk of the Tennessee Senate. He made the celebrated race for Secretary of State against the late Trim Brown, the vote between the two being a tie longer, perhaps, than any deadlock that ever existed in Tennessee, and which was only finally broken by the taking up of an outsider.

Maj. Howard was for several years a clerk in the Post Office Department at Washington, and rose to the rank of chief clerk. He was also Sixth Auditor of the Treasury under Secretary Vilas. On Cleveland's second term his Postmaster General was advised by Secretary Vilas to look up Howard, "for," said he, "his methods are the best known in the Post Office Department." The Postmaster General sought Senator Harris to find the whereabouts of Howard, and found him cashier of a bank in Carthage, Tenn., and he was again made chief clerk of the Post Office Department. The Postmaster General told Ex-Gov. James D. Porter that Howard was the best business man he ever saw and "would make a better Postmaster General than any man in the United States"—that his judgment was infallible and his knowledge of every detail, from the smallest to the greatest, was without a flaw.

Becoming tired of official duties, he retired and went into business at Dixon Springs, in which he was engaged at the time of his death. He was never married. He had one brother, Maj. John K. Howard, killed at Gaines's Mill, and four sisters: Mrs. Judge Milligan, Mrs. Safford, Mrs. Sample, and Miss Mary Howard.

CAPT. J. P. MURPHEY.

Another comrade of Camp No. 7, U. C. V., Ruston, La., has gone to his reward. Capt. J. P. Murphey died October 14, after a short illness, in his sixty-fifth year. In April, 1861, Capt. Murphey joined a military company known as the Pelican Grays, of Ouachita Parish, which was afterwards Company C of the Second Louisiana Regiment. It was organized in New Orleans, and was sent immediately to Richmond, thence to Yorktown, arriving there about the 1st of May, 1861. It participated in the following battles: Bethel, June 10, 1861; in numerous skirmishes and ambuscades during the summer and fall of 1861; all the engagements during the siege of Yorktown, Dam 1, Williamsburg, Drury's Bluff, Seven Pines; seven days' fight around Richmond. At Malvern Hill this regiment lost two-thirds of its officers and men in killed and wounded. At Rich Mountain, second Manassas, Winchester, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Front Royal, Hamilton's Crossing, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Pa., and all the battles from then until the end of the war the Second Louisiana participated. Capt. Murphey served as a private in the ranks until the year 1863, when he was appointed commissary of the regiment, with the rank of captain, and when Gen. Lee surrendered at Appomattox he was at his post of duty. He never faltered in courage and loyalty to the South.

DR. J. H. WILLIAMS.

Dr. J. H. Williams, member of Leonidas Polk Bivouac and Henry Trousdale Camp of Confederate Veterans, died at his home in Columbia, Tenn., October 19, 1899. He was born March 10, 1833, in Blount County, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate army September 1, 1862, with rank of surgeon. He was captured at Mossy Creek in 1863, and was paroled in June, 1865, with rank of surgeon. The committee on resolutions was W. A. Smith, J. T. Williamson, and Robert D. Smith.

CAPT. J. L. KNOX.

A sad break comes at last to the six Knox brothers, an account of whom appeared on page 250 in the *VETERAN* for 1897. Capt. J. L. Knox, the oldest brother, died at his home, Batesville, Miss., December 21, 1899, in his sixty-sixth year. Besides his faithful service as a Confederate soldier, he served another four years in the Mississippi Legislature. Three of his sons are in business at Pine Bluff, Ark.

Dr. R. C. Bains writes this melancholy note from Vaiden, Miss.: "Frank Liddell Camp, Vaiden, Miss., has disbanded, and the Commandant, S. C. Bains, died May 28, 1899."

H. H. Hayley, Robert Lee, Tex.: "If Comrade John Browles, who inquires about Watt Spears, killed in Byhalia, Miss., soon after the war in a street fight, will write me, I will give him a full statement of the affair."

D. B. Freeman, of Cartersville, Ga., wishes to procure a copy of the old war time song, with music, "The Captain with His Whiskers," which can be sent to him direct.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Daughters of the Confederacy have lost in the death of Miss Mary Lamar a more than ordinary member. A woman of great simplicity of character—the simplicity which is nobility—she worshiped the memory of her father, the late C. A. L. Lamar, of Savannah, Ga., and because he lost his life in defense of a principle she took that principle to her heart, devoting time, zeal, and love to the cause. She was a charter member of the Savannah Chapter, and historian up to March, 1899, when ill health forced her to resign.

Miss Lamar was a cultivated woman. She was educated at Miss Porter's famous school at Farmington, and she kept up her literary tastes in a gentle, secluded life. She was greatly beloved in an extended circle of friends, and valued by the societies of which she was a member. She died in Baltimore June 21, 1899. Savannah, her native city, mourns her loss.

An unfortunate error occurred in the report of the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Richmond regarding the custodian of the Cross of Honor for veterans, which, however, was traced to the newspaper account from which the VETERAN report was made, in stating that Mrs. Goodlett, of Nashville, was made custodian. Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, No. 62 Crew Street, Atlanta, Ga., is the originator of this undertaking and is custodian of the Cross of Honor. She is also chairman of that committee, and Presidents of chapters will apply to her for the number of crosses they may require. She states that great precautions are being taken to guard the inviolability of the Cross of Honor. None can be bestowed without a certified statement from each camp indorsing the character of the one on whom it is to be bestowed. At the State reunion in Savannah, Ga., a resolution was passed to memorialize the Legislature to make the wearing of the cross by any person unauthorized to do so a penal offense, also to request such action by the Legislature of each State concerned making the wearing or manufacturing of these crosses by persons unauthorized a penal offense.

At the convention in Richmond Mrs. Gabbett, Custodian, was authorized to draw upon the Treasurer for the amount necessary to pay for twenty-five hundred crosses at once as first installment, the U. D. C. Treasury to be reimbursed by chapters ordering crosses.

The Custodian has received many orders already, and much enthusiasm has been shown by the veterans in their desire for this token of love and veneration from the Daughters.

Miss L. E. Durant, Secretary Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., writes from McAlester, Ind. T.:

For the past two years the little band of twenty members of the U. D. C. of McAlester, Ind. T., has been striving to raise funds to preserve the memories of five

Texas soldiers who are interred near here. We have made a beginning on the monument; yet the end seems a long way off. We are endeavoring to complete our work as nearly as possible during this year. Our town is small, but we are pressing bravely forward, little at a time. Will not some one lend us a helping hand, and aid us with our sacred trust? We hope they will.

HENRIETTA HUNT MORGAN CHAPTER.

After several preliminary meetings, called by Miss Anna Berry at her home in Newport, Ky., the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy—named for the mother of Gen. John H. Morgan—was organized. A Committee on Credentials was appointed. The attendance at meetings includes prominent people of Newport, Covington, and Cincinnati. The charter was received, and the following list of officers was elected:

Miss Anna Elizabeth Berry, President; Mrs. Louisa Gibson and Mrs. James Arnold, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Hannah P. B. Thornton, Recording Secretary; Miss Nazzie Webster Bigstaff, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth Eastham Botts, Treasurer; Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson, Historian.

The charter members are: Mrs. Anna Shaler Berry, Mrs. Alice Webster Bigstaff, Mrs. Georgia Hodge Bailey, Mrs. Maria Hawes Ellis (Covington), Mrs. Jane Todd Washington, Mrs. Eliza Powell Taylor, Mrs. Hannah P. B. Thornton, Mrs. B. P. Casey (Covington), Mrs. Mary Wilson Lockhart, Mrs. Elizabeth Eastham Botts, Mrs. Eleanor Hart Arnold, Mrs. Louisa Gibson, Mrs. Mary Patton Hudson (Cincinnati), Miss Alice Kellogg (Cincinnati), Miss Bettie Mackey (Covington), Mrs. Reba Lockhart, Miss Anna Elizabeth Berry, Miss Anna Lee Washington, Miss Nazzie Webster Bigstaff.

The last Thursday in the month was appointed for regular meeting. The chapter is increasing its membership rapidly.

Miss Annie E. Shelton, Vicksburg, Miss., writes: "Four years ago a devoted Confederate woman, Miss Ann Andrews, organized in Vicksburg an order known as the United Daughters of Confederate Veterans, the only one of its kind in existence. Meetings are held once each month, and the present membership is thirty-seven. The object is to give aid to worthy Confederate veterans and their widows and orphans. Sons and daughters of Confederate veterans everywhere are requested to become interested and to form other chapters. Resolutions were recently unanimously adopted pledging the aid of the order to the movement for the purchase of Beauvoir, to be used as a home for disabled Confederates and a Southern museum.

A very pretty compliment was paid Southern talent in Eatonton, Ga., by the Confederate veterans assembled in council before going to the hall for memorial exercises. When the oil portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee, painted by Miss Maude M. Reed, was brought in the room the rebel yell went up from every throat. Then there was a profound silence, and tears trickled down wrinkled cheeks, while the face of the beloved chieftain gazed with benevolence upon his boys. "It is the best likeness of him I ever saw," said one in a husky voice as he turned away to hide his misty eyes.

ALABAMA WAR RECORDS.

The General Assembly of Alabama, at its last session, created the Alabama History Commission, to consist of five members. It is charged with the duty in a general way "to make a full, detailed, and exhaustive examination of all of the sources and materials, manuscript, documentary, and record of the history of Alabama from the earliest times." It is also charged with the duty of reporting on "the records of the Alabama troops in all wars in which they have participated." The last-named duty is exceedingly important, and it is hoped that when the report of the Commission is made the Legislature will provide for the publication of the records of her Confederate soldiers. The Commission finds these records principally in the offices of the Adjutant General of Alabama and of the War Department at Washington, but these are incomplete in many particulars. An examination of the "Official Records of the War," now being published, discloses amazing gaps in the reports of battles, casualties, etc.

It is the desire of the Commission to supplement these records, and it appeals earnestly to every survivor among Alabama troops for information as to data in their hands. Those who have company or regimental rolls of any date or of any character, reports of engagements, or copies of orders, lists of casualties, or diaries or journals of campaigns or of camp life, or incidents, are requested to communicate the fact to the Commission. No matter how apparently unimportant the paper or document, an account should be given. The survivors owe it to themselves and to the history of the most momentous struggle of all time to respond promptly to this appeal. Address Thomas M. Owen, Esq., Carrollton, Ala. It may not be amiss to say that Mr. Owen, the Chairman of the Commission, is the Commander of the Alabama Division of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. The other members of the Commission are: Dr. W. S. Wyman, University; Col. S. W. John, Birmingham; P. J. Hamilton, Mobile; and Prof. C. C. Thack, Auburn.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE TO GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

T. W. Sydnor, Chairman of the Education Committee, sends this circular letter from Richmond, Va.:

To the Surviving Members of the Cavalry and Horse Artillery and All Other Soldiers and Citizens Who Admire the Splendid Career of a Great Soldier.

It was unanimously decided, at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Veteran Cavalry Association recently held in the city of Richmond, to proceed with the erection of an equestrian statue to Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

Years ago the preliminary steps were taken for this purpose, but further action was postponed on account of the financial depression then prevailing.

The substitution of the command, "Forward!" for that of "Mark Time," then given, is because the dark days of the past have been succeeded by a more prosperous period. In consequence, the resolve has been taken to press promptly to a successful completion the erection of a monument to the great cavalry chieftain who fell at the gates of Richmond.

We earnestly request all soldiers, whatever the arm of service, and all citizens who sympathize with or are

willing to coöperate with the Veteran Cavalry Association in their noble purpose to send at once their names and post office addresses to Mr. W. Ben Palmer, Secretary of Veteran Cavalry Association, Richmond.

President, Fitzhugh Lee; Vice Presidents, Wade Hampton, L. L. Lomax, M. C. Butler, W. H. Payne, W. P. Roberts, T. T. Munford, H. B. McClellan.

The Stief Jewelry Company, of Nashville, is an enterprise that merits the good will of all friends of the VETERAN, and this complimentary notice is volunteered.

Away back in 1857 a Mr. Goltz engaged the services of a young man through whose industry, frugality, and politeness a splendid jewelry business was established. This young gentleman was Mr. B. H. Stief. Mr. Stief's success amazed the business public. His plan was to supply the trade with first-class goods and do it



MR. JAMES B. CARR.

promptly. Then in his manufacturing department all work was first-class.

Mr. Stief's business was so well established that his sudden death, while a shock to the community, hardly retarded its growth. Mr. J. B. Carr, who had practically grown up in the business with Mr. Stief, became its manager, and the organization known as the B. H. Stief Jewelry Company has continued with unabated success. It is an enterprise of much benefit, and is a credit to Nashville.

The engraving on back page is from souvenir volume of First Tennessee Regiment, a superbly illustrated pamphlet, described on cover page of December VETERAN. This handsome volume of sixty-four pages is supplied by Maj. E. C. Lewis, Chairman of Finance Committee for the Home-Coming Reception. It will be sent to you free if you will ask it when sending a new subscriber to the VETERAN.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 230 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

AN OFFICER LIKE R. E. LEE.

Gen. Sir George White, whose command met the first important disaster in battle with the Boers, acted so nobly, so like Gen. R. E. Lee concerning the battle of Gettysburg, that record in the VETERAN is appropriate. He states in connection with the disaster: "I formed the plan in the carrying out of which the disaster occurred, and I am alone responsible for it. No blame attaches to the troops."

M. Valfrey, in the *Figaro*, states: "Gen. White speaks and writes like a hero of ancient Greece. In any case, he does not in the least resemble the generals of other European countries, who, when fortune frowns upon them, denounce their comrades as traitors, and have only one preoccupation—namely, to shirk the responsibility they have incurred."

In commenting upon this manly acknowledgment the press of different nations has been quoted, and, strange to relate, no reference is made to the striking similarity to the position taken by Gen. Lee on the occasion above quoted. This fact should be utilized as a desperate appeal to Southern people for eternal diligence to write their own history, and to circulate it far and wide.

HE GOT THE PASS.

The following amusing story is told at the expense of Col. B. W. Wrenn, manager of the Traffic Department of the big Plant System, by a well-known newspaper man of New Orleans:

"Some years ago I was broke in New

York," he says, "and hearing that B. W. Wrenn, passenger traffic manager of the Plant System, was in town, I called on him and asked for a pass to Jacksonville. It was a pretty cheeky request, considering that Wrenn did not know me from Adam, and he very properly turned me down. However, I had to have that pass, so I kept on tackling him, each time presenting some new reason why the road should carry me to Jacksonville. The last time I called the clerk wouldn't let me in, and handed me one of my cards on which Col. Wrenn had written: 'Keep this fellow out. If he bothers me any more, I'll go crazy.' That gave me an idea, and I made a bee line for Mr. Plant's private office. 'Mr. Plant,' I said, 'I want a pass to Jacksonville, Fla.' The old gentleman looked at me in amazement. 'On what grounds?' he asked. 'In exchange for treating Col. Wrenn for threatened mental trouble,' I replied. Mr. Plant's face clouded. 'What kind of a game is this, sir?' he demanded sternly. 'Col. Wrenn is perfectly sane, sir, and I won't permit'—'Pardon me,' I interrupted, 'but Col. Wrenn is at this moment apprehensive of lunacy, and believes firmly that it rests entirely with me to avert the attack. I have his written statement to that effect in my pocket.' 'Let me see it!' Mr. Plant fairly shrieked. I handed him the card, and got ready to run. As he read the inscription his face relaxed. His piercing gray eyes began to twinkle. Finally he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter. 'Here, Mr. Smith,' he called to a clerk, 'give this young man transportation to Jacksonville and charge it to medical treatment for Col. Wrenn.'—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

"THAT OLD-TIME CHILD, ROBERTA."

"THAT OLD-TIME CHILD, ROBERTA: HER HOME LIFE ON THE FARM." By Sophie Fox Sea. Printed by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Though written as a story for children, it is a book which adults may read with interest, especially those who had the misfortune to be born after the war—those who never had a "mammy" in whose lap they might "coddle down" while she crooned away their troubles to the tune of "honey dahlin' black mammy's little chile!"

In detail is given the freedom, the prosperity, the happiness on a Kentucky farm before the sixties. The story runs through the days of the great conflict, emphasizing the heroism of the women and children as well as the unwonted courtesy and hospitality the intruding enemy received at their hands. We enjoy the granted glimpse of the magnanimity and bravery of the intrepid John Morgan.

The little heroine, Roberta, is a child of unusual attractiveness, finally, through her genuineness and ingenuousness reuniting, their hearts aflame with the old love, the father and mother, whom the slave question had for long years estranged.

We thank Mrs. Sea for adding this little volume to the history of the South.

SENT FREE.

Bottle of B. B. B.—Cures All Blood Troubles.

CANCER, BLOOD POISON,

Aches and Pains, Run Down, Pale, Bloodless Skin,

RHEUMATISM, AND CATARRH.

Is your blood poor? Is it thin? Nose bleeding and headache? Pricking pains in the skin? Skin pale? Skin feels hot and swollen? All run down? Blood bad? Have you pimples? Eruptions? Scrofula? Eating Sores? Itching, burning Eczema? Boils, Sealy Eruptions? Skin or scalpitch? Cancer? Blood, Hair, or Skin Humors? Tired out, with Aches and Pains in Bones or Joints? As tired in the morning as when you went to bed? Hereditary or contracted Blood Poison? Ulcers in throat or mouth? Swollen glands? Rheumatism? Catarrh? Have they resisted medical treatment? If you have any of the above blood troubles, B. B. B. (Biotanic Blood Balm) should be taken at once. B. B. B. is different from any other Blood Remedy, because it drains from the blood and entire system the Humors and Poisons which cause all the above-named troubles, and thus makes a permanent cure and heals every sore, giving the rich glow of health to the skin.

The following two pictures (from photo) show the remarkable effect of B. B. B. in healing eruptions.



Calvin W. Robinson, 814 Hopkins street, Augusta, Ga., writes

"Not long ago my face was a mass of sores and eruptions, but now, owing to B. B. B., it is as smooth as any one's, and my blood is getting pure and rich."

Every one says that B. B. B. is the most wonderful Blood Purifier of the age, for it has cured the most deep-seated, obstinate cases (even the most deadly cancer) after doctors and patent medicines had failed.

If any sufferer has not tried B. B. B., we shall be glad to send them a trial bottle absolutely free.

Large bottles are sold at the drug store for \$1; six large bottles, full treatment, \$5. Full directions with each bottle.

For free trial bottles, address Blood Balm Company, 77 Mitchell street, Atlanta, Ga., and bottle a medical pamphlet will be sent, all charges prepaid. Describe your trouble, and we will include free personal medical advice. Write to-day.

Cigarette Habit Cured.

An Inveterate Smoker Wonders How It Happened.

Secret Method Used by His Mother a Great Success.

Mrs. J. C. Lee, of Atlanta, Ga., is elated over her success in completely redeeming her son from the destructive cigarette habit. He was smoking himself to death when she learned of a remedy that could be given in his coffee or food, so she tried the plan.

In a few days he became suspicious of the deadly torch, said they made him dizzy, and was so thoroughly disgusted that he broke away from the habit completely. It is a very simple remedy—an odorless and tasteless powder that cannot be detected when mixed with liquids or soft foods. Its effect is to drive nicotine out of the system and so fortify the nerves that they rebel against tobacco. It is called Tobacco-Specific, and any one can have a free trial package of the remedy by merely sending name and address to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 627 Fifth and Race Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you have a son or brother or know of any young man who is ruining his health by cigarettes, do not hesitate a moment to try this remedy. It is safe and harmless and will completely cure any form of tobacco-using, cigar, pipe, chewing, or cigarettes.

THE OLD FLAG.

BY CHARLES HANFORD, JR.

Furl the old flag gently, comrades,
Put it by with loving care;
It will flutter no more, comrades,
O'er the land we love so dear!
Cherished in its gory splendor,
Hallowed every woven thread;
Mid the music low and tender
Bury it among the dead.
Lay it down beside the valiant,
O'er whose heads it once did wave;
Touch it gently, for 'tis holy,
Mutely yield it to the grave!

Furl it, fold it, O my comrades;
For the last time touch it, then
Wrap it round the bleeding, broken
Hearts of valiant Southern men!
Though it never won the glory
It aspired to in the strife,
It is covered with the gory
Drops of Southern soldiers' life!
It is steeped within the ocean
Of the briny tears which flood
The eyes of soldiers' wives, and mingle
With the dying soldiers' blood!

Furl the dear, defeated banner,
Shield it e'er from scenes of woe,
For the hand that once upheld it
Now is lying cold and low!
Touch it softly—aye, and sadly,
For 'tis dead, my comrades, dead;
Heroes bore it bravely, madly,
Who no more this earth shall tread.
Then furl it, comrades—valiant soldiers—
Mutely, meekly, for 'tis best;
With the Southern heroes, calmly,
Let that flag forever rest!
Jacksonville, Fla.

SHOPPING A SCIENCE.

With ten years successful experience in the Metropolis of fashion, I can offer my services to all desirous of purchasing latest styles in everything pertaining to the household and wardrobe.

References from every State in the South. Correspondence solicited.

Miss Annie Lawson Trant (formerly of Virginia), 218 West Twenty-Second Street, New York City.

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The Book of the Century. Handsomely Illustrated by 32 of the World's Greatest Artists.

greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.

The fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Bookstores.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to sent postage, inclose 10c.

Mention VETERAN, as this adv. is inserted as our contribution.

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to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscribe any amount desired. Subscriptions as low as \$1 will entitle donor to this dainty artistic volume.

"Field Flowers"

(cloth bound, 8x11), as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works, and is ready for delivery.

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Wanted!

Persons by name of ELWELL, send me family history. Readers of VETERAN knowing of the name, send me address. Parties South having town or country property for sale, send particulars. Address

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Neperan, N. Y.

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It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

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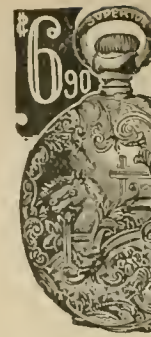
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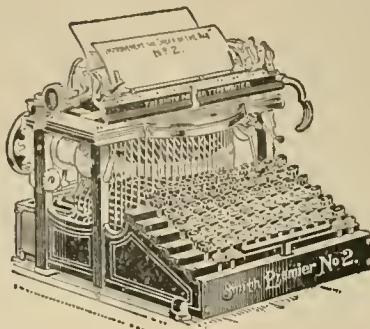
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Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date of a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

Price, \$1.00 PER YEAR, (VOL. VIII.
FOR COPY, 10 CENTS.)

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 2. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

COLOR GUARD OF NORFLEET CAMP.

Members of the Norfleet Camp, U. C. V., Winston, N. C. The group comprises the color bearer and guard. See their flag.



1. John M. Weimer, Company K, Forty-Eighth North Carolina Troops, wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., losing left arm and leg, December 13, 1862.

2. Charles J. Ogburn, Company D, Fifty-Seventh North Carolina Troops, wounded at Chancellorsville, Va., losing a leg, May 4, 1863.

3. George L. Beck, Company D, Fifty-Seventh North Carolina Troops, wounded at Petersburg, Va., losing a leg, March 20, 1865.

4. D. P. Mast, Company D, First North Carolina Cavalry, wounded at Chamberlain Run, near Dinwiddie C. H., Va., losing an arm, March 31, 1865.

Maj. R. E. Wilson, First Battalion, North Carolina Sharpshooters, wounded, losing a leg, April 2, 1865.

The Sam Davis Monument Committee is procuring estimates for a heroic figure of bronze eight feet high, and will ere long determine upon the dimensions of the granite pedestal. It will issue an address next month. Meantime friends who wish to be contributors to this noble tribute and would like to do so through the VETERAN will please report as early as practicable.

J. B. Gordon, General Commanding U. C. V., has appointed as Major General in command of the Virginia Division Brig. Gen. Theodore S. Garnet, of the First Brigade, to succeed the late Gen. Thomas A. Brander. This appointment is to continue until the next regular election of the Virginia Division.

Comrade A. B. Hill, of Memphis, Tenn., corrects an error in the January VETERAN, page 14, wherein H. H. Smith states that Bragg was succeeded by J. E. Johnston in command of the army at Shelbyville, Tenn., when it should have been Dalton, Ga., December 23, 1863, the order of Secretary of War having been issued on the 18th. Comrade Sam B. Lee, Jr., of Duplex, Tenn., is surprised that this error was not detected in office of publication. It should have been. Mr. Lee criticises the article in which Capt. Smith refers to an engagement at Triune in June, 1863, wherein the Federals were much more numerous, and states: "We made good our escape after killing and wounding as many as we had in our entire command." Capt. Smith's reply to this is to the effect that there were closely engaged in this fight only Forrest's escort, although many regiments were "close around." Comrade Lee was detailed to wait upon Lieut. Gould, and did so, staying with him until his death. Lieut. Gould's version of the unhappy event is promised for the VETERAN. Dr. J. B. Cowan and other prominent men of Forrest's command have written about it.

Let all contributors be assured that absolute accuracy is very desirable in all that is submitted for publication in the VETERAN.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.

The Confederate Veteran camp of New York City has led in celebrating the anniversaries of Gen. R. E. Lee's birthday. The most noted of these events may be regarded as the last one, in a dinner at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

There were about three hundred present at the dinner, equally divided between ladies and gentlemen. In the boxes were about one hundred more, who went later to hear the speeches, songs, etc.

It was a beautiful sight. The guests were seated at round tables, with eight or ten persons at each. Each table was profusely decked with flowers, a contribution of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boldt from their private conservatory. Mr. Boldt is proprietor of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

This is the second dinner this camp has held with ladies. Both were great successes. The one last year was at the Windsor Hotel.

The songs were sung by Southerners. Miss Carrie Bridewell, contralto, was formerly from New Orleans. She has a fine, well-trained voice—a "beautiful" singer; while another, Miss Bessie Clay, is from Alabama. In illustration of how the ladies enjoyed the event one of the managers says they "kept their seats and were silent to the end, at midnight." The recitation of Mrs. H. J. Gielow, formerly of Alabama, created great amusement. She is a most gifted woman in her dialect recitations.

After the dinner and speeches the younger element had a dance in the "Astor" room.

Among the best known present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Deshon, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Buck, Mrs. Edward Owen, Miss M. M. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gale, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh R. Garden, Mr. and Mrs. Eton S. Hobbs, Prof. Thomas R. Price, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Black.



MRS. V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Hon. John W. Kellar, formerly of Kentucky, President of the Democratic club of New York City, was very humorous in his speech, and it was heartily received. The speeches of John Temple Graves and Thomas Nelson Page were listened to with great interest.

Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis wrote Maj. Owen her appreciation of the occasion as follows:

My dear Ned: I write to thank you for the pleasure conferred upon me by the invitation the camp extended to me and to my niece. In all my long life I think I never saw so beautiful a coup d'oeil as the dining room presented with the lovely flowers and fruits with which the tables were laden and the more lovely women in full dress sitting at ease and all bright with the expectation, which was fully realized, of another feast—one of reason, which followed.

I cannot be reconciled to those eloquent and witty addresses not being reported. The speeches were all entirely different in tone, and all so far above the mediocrity which generally obtains on occasions of this kind that I consider myself very fortunate in having heard them.

Mr. Page's plea for the University of Virginia was in perfect taste, and I felt very grateful to him for putting the case before a meeting to each individual of whom the University must be an object of affection and pride. The fact is that with the good fare physically and intellectually, and the beautiful music, you devised a privilege and pleasure for us all, which no one present will be able or desire to forget.

In this connection it is due to mention Major Edward Owen, Commander of the New York Camp. He was one of the originators of the camp, in 1890, and worked hard in its interests ever, keeping himself for a long while, however, in the background. The camp has done great good helping old veterans. It has sent many comrades who were stranded in New York to their homes.

The commandership was offered him years ago and each year after, but he always gave way to others. In 1898, however, he accepted it, and was reëlected in 1899. Many testimonials for his labors in behalf of the camp has been given. Of them he has an elaborately engrossed set of resolutions handsomely bound, which were presented to him.

Maj. Owen is a member of the executive committee of the Southern Society in New York, and was recently reëlected for a three years' term.

His diligence in procuring some four hundred dollars for the Winnie Davis Monument Fund by small sums from many friends illustrates his patriotic zeal in a practical way.

Maj. Owen was born in Cincinnati, O., of Southern parents. He entered the first company of the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans. He was promoted to a lieutenantancy for gallantry in the first battle of Manassas. He was in the Second Manassas, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, and many other battles. He was wounded in the leg at Sharpsburg (Antietam), and he was again wounded in the head at Drury's Bluff. In that engagement he fought a Federal battery at fifty yards, and captured its commander, Capt. Belcher, and destroyed the guns. In compliment to Capt. Owen for this heroic

service Gen. Beauregard ordered that these guns be inscribed and presented to him as a testimonial. After the war he entered the cotton business in New Or-



MAJ. EDWARD OWEN.

leans with Gen. Longstreet and his brother, Gen. W. Miller Owen. Subsequently he became a member of the New York Cotton Exchange, making his residence there. He is now and has been for several years Commissioner of Accounts for New York City.

At the late annual meeting of the Tampa, Fla., Chapter, U. D. C., the following officers were chosen for the current year: Mrs. D. B. Givens, President; Mrs. B. K. Dermott, Vice President; Mrs. Stebbins, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Janie Givens, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. Aveilhe, Treasurer. A vote of thanks was tendered Col. F. W. Merrin, of Plant City, the venerable commander of Hillsboro (Fla.) Camp, No. 36, U. C. V., for a splendid set of war maps which he had donated to the library of the Daughters' organization for the county. Col. Merrin had previously donated a full and complete set of the War Records to the library.

Old "Uncle" Elias Forbes is anxious to locate his old master, Calvin Cantrell, who lived near McMinnville, Tenn., and, he thinks, commanded a company in the Confederate army. He had three sons: Isaac, Charles, and William. Reply to this may be sent the VETERAN.

AFLOAT—AFIELD—AFLOAT.

Some Notable Events of the Civil War.

BY GEORGE S. WATERMAN.

[This report is condensed from the original.—ED.]

Behind the breastworks, dense with men, hung the ever-changing, fluttering battle flags, floating from every point. The illumination by the mortars was beautiful, but of course dangerous as by day. After the siege gun's last report came the crack of the sharpshooters in our redoubts and the enemy's musketry poured in. B—— and I soon sunk to sleep with wearied comrades of Redoubt No. 3.

Our artillery was served under galling fire. Wooden embrasures and iron screens were imperatively demanded. When the guns were ready to run out the "curtain" was withdrawn for an aperture to let our cannon speak. At each opening the enemy's riflemen improved their opportunities, but we plied our guns while the enemy's sharpshooters were within three hundred yards. On the sixth day of the siege (Saturday, April 1) there was a superb spectacle in the arrival of Gen. James T. Holtzclaw's Brigade to relieve the Alabama Reserves. He transported his forces aboard the ex-blockade runners Mary and Red Gauntlet, under cover of night, taking position on the left center. Holtzclaw's heroes fought at Shiloh in April, 1862; they endured throughout that fearful night, the two Federal gunboats Tyler and Lexington, shelling the woods every fifteen minutes; they were survivors of the more fearful battle of Nashville at the close of 1864—pale but intrepid, sad but unsubdued, even though they must have known that the end was not far off. We proudly welcomed these men, still dauntless and loyal through four years of almost constant fighting.

Sunday, April 2, opened clear and was bland. By sunrise cannonading was heard in the direction of Blakely. Soon the boom of heavy guns and screeching shells blended with continuous musketry. It was a peculiar sort of Sunday. The sky was rimmed with fire. Strains of music from brass bands of the enemy were borne in at times by the wind. "The heavens were rimmed with fire and the earth was banded with brass." Much of this band music was unfamiliar to us. The enemy was concentrating against McDermott. Bertram's and Marshall's Brigades and Benton's Division were pushing the advance day and night. This advance was a continuous line of rifle pits up to within two hundred yards of the guns of the fort. Between the attacking Eighteenth New York twenty-pounder battery in Granger's front and the fort it was but four hundred and fifty yards. Capt. Barnes, of the fort, worked his artillery handsomely, throwing shot and shell persistently and with precision. Just as the Massachusetts light guns and First Indiana eight-inch mortars came to the support of the left and rear of these New Yorkers Capt. Slocomb opened up from "No. 3" at 11 A.M., just the hour of service in the churches. We enfiladed the Eighteenth New York Battery, First Indiana, and Sixth Michigan, and until 1 P.M. a deadly fire was maintained.

During the day our works were struck thirty-eight

times, five being killed and twenty wounded. Fort McDermett suffered severely. Its parapets were badly damaged, and the carriage of a Brooke's rifle was disabled by an eight-inch mortar shell, and a twenty-four pound howitzer was dismounted. The firing on this formidable line was general, and we all had a share in the pernicious activity of this shell game. One battery—the First Indiana Heavy Artillery—paid us special attention. It was located in the rear of Carr's Division, and had our left under enfilading fire while we were nine hundred yards distant.

After our long, long day at the guns we heard continuous firing against Huger and Tracy, and exulted as we distinguished the gallant resistance made by these forts. The night was passed in repairing damages, and our men "resumed business" at daylight. [Here the author gives a full list of Federal batteries.]

With all their fearful three-minute rounds with ninety guns the enemy were steadily building batteries on the right, center, and left. They were constantly adding to their equipment from the affluence of invention and production—waxing stronger almost hourly.

It was good for us that our bombproofs were well constructed, and we had some surcease; human nature otherwise could not have stood the strain. Relays and reinforcements and the prestige of victory, after striking a balance of four years of war, animated the enemy every hour. We awaited from day to day the final assault. The enemy's fire grew in weight and execution, while there was a failing fire from our relays and reinforcements. Mortar shells were thrown into our garrison throughout the night with perfect periodicity. A ten-inch mortar shell is a fraction under ten inches in diameter, and weighs very near ninety pounds. An eight-inch shell is nearly eight inches in diameter, and weighs about fifty pounds. Some idea can be formed of the noise they produce in exploding and their fatal effect when they chanced to strike near troops. On this day a ten-inch shell from the Sixth Michigan struck inside Redoubt No. 5 (Phillips's battery) and penetrated six feet of earth and three layers of pine logs, literally burying twenty-six men, of whom one was killed and five wounded. It was marvelous, we thought, that while this man was hurled twenty feet in air and every bone was broken when he fell he sustained no mangling whatever.

This last Monday of the siege, as it proved (April 3), we awoke feeling as though heavily pounded. All night long the hideous shells had kept up their din and glare with musketry interspersed to give the mortar men a chance to rest. Such digging as our enemy accomplished! We had fighting all day and digging all night. Gen. Liddell records on the 29th of March: "The enemy's skirmish line of yesterday is a line of battle to-day."

A remarkable feat of the Washington Artillery Saturday, April 1, is worthy of record. The Fourteenth Indiana Light Artillery was worrying over our columbiad with its fifty-pound shells. About 10 A.M. one of the shells struck a limber of this Hoosier Battery, and as it carried eighty pounds of powder ignition was instantaneous, and the limber chest flew to pieces, killing one and wounding five. My schoolmate, Corporal Charles W. Fox, sighted this columbiad ("Lady Slocomb").

The enemy had in position against us thirty-eight siege guns, including six twenty-pounder rifles and sixteen mortars, and thirty-seven field guns, and in all ninety. Each gun was ordered to fire every three minutes. The enemy bears witness to the earth's actual trembling from the effect of the mighty firing. In the skirmish trenches or pits the sharpshooters kept up constant firing at two hundred yards.

The strength of the two armies he gives as follows: Confederate, 6,397; Federal, 45,400.

On Monday I carried a letter from Gen. Gibson to Col. Isaac W. Patton, of the Twenty-Second Louisiana Artillery, in command of Spanish Fort, McDermett, Huger, and Tracy. I walked over to McDermett, sheltered by artificial ravines from the besiegers. There I was favored with glimpses of the Federal ships in the river, and I met my colleague Baker, who had been in the fort several hours plying his pencil for news to Mobile. We saw the Federal flagship Stockdale (tin-clad) signaling the vessels at their work of sweeping or netting for torpedoes. I named to Baker the Metacomet and Octorara, for only the summer before I addressed them a few "remarks" from the guns of the forward division of the Gaines. The Albatross was here also. I could hardly recognize her, for she had "aged" much since I saw her pull the Hartford off the shoal at Port Hudson in March, 1863. Baker and I watched the monitors Chickasaw and Winnebago throw some very heavy shots (eleven-inch and fifteen-inch) against Fort McDermett. These two monitors were reminders too of Mobile Bay. On turning back for Redoubt No. 3 Col. Patton showed through his field glass the sunken Milwaukee and Rodolph, tributes to the work of the torpedo. Phillips's Tennessee battery (Redoubts Nos. 4 and 5) had suffered so severely from the mortar shells that it was reinforced by Capt. James Garrity's Mobile battery (seventy effective men), who had participated in the grand battles in the southwest from Shiloh to Nashville, from the spring of 1862 on into January, 1865.

Spanish Fort (No. 1 of the eastern shore fortifications) was armed with fifteen heavy guns, and was inclosed by a continuous line of breastworks and redoubts. The right of this line commenced four hundred yards down the shore, on the highest and most prominent bluff, upward of one hundred feet above the water, with a strong inclosed fort called McDermett (No. 2) and armed with ten heavy guns. The slope of the bluff toward the bay is precipitous, and from its base to the water is a swamp and marsh two hundred yards wide, on which the timber had been felled. To the north and left the descent was gradual, along which extended a line of rifle pits crossing a ravine and stream of water and then up the slope of another bluff, on which was a strong redoubt, designated as No. 3. From here the line of works continued six hundred yards in a northerly direction, and then turned toward the river, striking the marsh on Bay Minette at a point about a mile above old Spanish Fort. This outer line of works was upward of two miles in length, and the batteries were all upon high, commanding ground. The surface was covered with open pine timber, but in front of the outer line of works the trees were felled for three hundred yards.

Every ravine had borne a heavy growth of hard wood which, having been slashed, made, with the underbrush and vines, an almost impassable obstruction. The ditch in front of the breastworks was five feet deep and eight feet wide, but in front of Fort McDermett it was deeper and wider. In front of the batteries were also detached rifle pits for sharpshooters, and along the entire front was a line of abatis fifteen feet wide. On the extreme left the works were unfinished. Toward the interior the surface continued undulating and wooded, but no spot was so commanding as the bare crest of McDermett.

After reporting to Gen. Gibson I returned to Redoubt No. 3. The enemy's artillery had not slackened, and the casualties of April 3 were eight killed and sixteen wounded. Just as I began telling my comrades my experiences a shrapnel struck the calf of my right leg. The boys rushed out and brought me under shelter. While lying on the ground I noted the awe inspired by the hissing trajectories athwart the dark sky, and the ground itself quivered. Amid the flashes I caught sight of several silk flags of Holtzelaw's Brigade with their torn edges and blackened folds still fraying as they flew. Had not they floated out upon the breeze at Shiloh and Atlanta with three years of unbroken service and survived that tornado, Nashville?

Fort Huger (Maj. Washington Marks, Twenty-Second Louisiana) was armed with eleven guns. In the center was a bombproof twenty-five feet high, on which were mounted on pintles two splendid ten-inch columbiads (smoothbore) having, of course, a wide range. Fort Tracy was an inclosed bastion work, garrisoned by Companies G, H, and I of the Twenty-Second Louisiana—one hundred and twenty men, under the immediate command of Capt. A. A. Patsmier (Company I) and armed with five seven-inch rifle guns. These twin forts, Huger and Tracy, fought nobly for two days after Spanish Fort was evacuated, and the fall of Mobile, conceded on April 11, made no difference in their ball-and-shell game. Having all the ammunition they wanted, they were bound to have their fun out and show a defiant front to all the guns of Spanish Fort and McDermett turned against them, as well as Bay Minette Batteries and those of the old double-ender Octorara. They had the real thing to stand up to now. So long as the obstructions at Huger held good—the ten rows of piles across Apalachee and seven rows crossing Blakely—the Blakely River was barred to Uncle Samuel's navy. It was their last chance at the big guns, though they didn't know it, not only in the siege of Mobile, but the last grand bombardment of the civil war. Two hundred and fifty shells were hurled April 9-11 at forts and fleet by Huger and Tracy. Wasn't that "great guns" work? The two hundred shotted guns poured into Huger and Tracy on the 11th in token of the fall of Richmond (April 2) and Gen. Lee's surrender (April 9) only made the twin forts fight the harder. On the 11th the heroes of the latter made good their escape by night, thus ending the siege in a blaze of glory, for they had to have a "blaze" to light them through the darkness, to get out of the wilderness.

The Fifth Company has, it is true, no "dates" in Virginia, but then they say it has "all the West and South, and Joe Johnston was our leader. We are

now cooped up in Spanish Fort (for thirteen days all told), and we have thirty-four days at Atlanta siege to our credit. We had all the fair field and no favor at the hottest battle of Shiloh, three years this spring. The terrible days at Franklin and Nashville showed our endurance. We figure it out: One hundred and twenty-one days and seventy-seven nights in battle or under fire (and this covers twenty-three regular battles and more than fifteen engagements); thirty-one killed in battle; and twelve died from wounds received in action."

Gen. Gibson reported at the close of the siege of Spanish Fort ninety-three killed, three hundred and ninety-five wounded, and two hundred and fifty missing out of a force of twenty-eight hundred men contending two weeks against a full-equipped enemy flushed with daily increasing prestige—two army corps and an active fleet. Among the incidents dwelt upon by Gen. Gibson was the sortie by Capt. Clement L. Watson, his inspector general. The latter, with Lieut. A. C. Newton, of Company E, Fourth Louisiana, and thirty picked men and volunteers, captured Capt. Stearns and twenty-one men of the Seventh Vermont. In this sortie the victorious party remembered the gallant chief of the Gulf District Artillery, Col. William E. Burnett, of Texas, who fell in the forenoon of March 31. Gen. Gibson rendered a feeling tribute to the heroes of this sortie, going beyond a daily report of events of the siege telegraphed to Gen. Liddell: "These brave comrades deserve the thanks and have entitled themselves to the admiration of this army." The General proudly refers to "the story of these rugged days" in his farewell to his brigade. The colors had waved in twenty battles and were never lowered save at the bier of a comrade in honor of the brave.

[Concluded in another number.]

W. R. King writes from the Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C., January 22, to Dr. O. C. Brothers, at West Point, Miss.:

While located in Kentucky in 1897, as special examiner for this Bureau I became acquainted with Col. Mark Finnicum, of the Seventh Wisconsin Infantry, who had a sword captured from Col. Edward C. Council, of the Sixteenth Mississippi Infantry, C. S. A., during an attempt made by the Confederates to recapture the Weldon railroad from the Union forces about fifteen miles southeast of Petersburg, Va. Col. Finnicum desired to return the sword to Col. Council or a member of his family, and I made an effort to locate them, but without success. If you can do so, I shall be pleased to assist in returning the valuable relic.

L. G. Williams, of Stonington, Ill., desires the address of Thomas Hayes, if living; if he is dead, Mr. Williams desires the address of either of his sons, Richard, Overton, Daniel, or Thomas Hayes, Jr.

The address of James A. Jones, who served in Company B, Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, is desired at this office.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE editorial in January VETERAN, page 16, created with many friends the desired impression. Eminent men and women have expressed their deep concern and determination to exercise diligence for continued success. They realize that the inroads by death among veterans requires new friends to take their places. In this Sons and Daughters are beginning to realize the important coöperation due from them. Such had been the depletion that only eighteen thousand copies for January were printed. That number was insufficient, however, and nineteen thousand copies of this number are to be issued. If friends will be diligent, the twenty thousand mark will be restored by the March number. The April issue is to be twenty-five thousand copies, the Louisville Reunion Committee having ordered five thousand extra copies of that number. Absolute candor is due subscribers, and they may expect to know fully of their VETERAN in all important respects.

So much interest and solicitude are manifested in regard to the libel suit that the fact is here restated that it is set for the April term of the Federal Court at Nashville, but may not be reached before some time in May. Some pathetic incidents might be related in connection with this interest. An old, old woman who has known the writer from his infancy sent a check for a larger sum than she could afford to aid him in the suit. Others have tendered contributions to the fund, but all such sums have been returned except to a noble comrade in Arkansas whose ten dollars (for that purpose) is held in the comfort of being devoutly indebted to such a good friend.

In connection with the January editorial the most distinguished of Southern women, to whom the VETERAN has been sent complimentary, inclosed a five-dollar check, stating: "I cannot read the VETERAN free when you need the money." The managing partner of one of the most successful daily papers in the South will not accept the VETERAN on exchange account, but pays for it, and then he has reviewed its every issue. The VETERAN is the most important periodical in existence. It can do, and is doing, more than any other for establishing correct history, in paying tribute to the most self-sacrificing people on the earth and by so reviving patriotic fires that the South will ever respond to calls upon her young men in behalf of liberty and independence. Don't fail of attention to its every appeal. Don't forget, in ordering your own

renewal, to ask some one or two or three to join you, as your post office order or check including another or several would not cost any more than the one dollar by itself. You can accomplish as much good in no other way as in supporting the VETERAN. If our people continue of one mind in its support, years hence the cause will be maintained in untarnished honor.

Since writing the above the eminent lady referred to in the beginning of the foregoing paragraph resends her check, and writes: "I feel that every one who can pay should do so, and you *must* let my subscription attest the value I set upon your labors to keep the memory of our gallant dead in the minds of coming generations of heroes' sons."

The unprecedented devotion of the Southern people to the VETERAN is the cause of its success. It is their *united and constant coöperation* that enables its management to keep it larger and better than any like periodical for Union veterans, whose numbers exceed the Confederates many times, and among whom a prodigious sum is distributed annually in pensions.

Gen. Granville M. Dodge, of New York, in renewing subscription to the VETERAN, states: "I read with a good deal of interest the reports of the officers and enlisted men on the Confederate side. Often they were opposite my command, so I see both sides of the story."

Gen. Dodge, it will be remembered, was in command at Pulaski, Tenn., and ordered the court-martial which tried and convicted Sam Davis. The VETERAN for July, 1897, contained a tribute to Davis from him, and a report of his subscription of \$10 to the monument fund. His recent letter has this postscript:

"I read your statement [in December VETERAN] relative to Davis. I notice you do not place Shaw ('Coleman') in prison in Pulaski with Davis, while Joshua Brown, if I recollect, in his account says that he was, and stood in great fear while Davis was at my headquarters."

Thanks to Gen. Dodge for this correction or suggestion. Joshua Brown, in the VETERAN for June, 1895, stated: "Davis had continuance of life and liberty offered him, and a full pardon and a pass through the lines if he would only reveal where he got the information and the papers that were found upon his person and in his saddle seat, but he knew that the man who gave them to him was at that moment in jail with him." That man was Col. Shaw, chief of Gen. Bragg's scouts, who had charge of the secret service of the Army of Tennessee.

In the article about Col. John Thompson Brown, in January VETERAN, the address of Capt. S. H. Pendleton was given as Baltimore, Md., when it should have been Elizabeth, N. J., where he has been since 1867. Minor errors in the article are noted in 1662 for 1862; battery for batteries, under Col. Brown; and Bryan for Brown.

BRAGG'S ARMY SAVED BY A FAITHFUL SCOUT.

Gen. J. M. Harrell writes from Hot Springs, Ark.:

Gen. Rosecrans, commanding the Federals moving down from Nashville and Murfreesboro to Stevenson, Ala., on September 6 or 7, 1863, crossed the Tennessee River at Caperton's Ferry, which is due west from Dalton, Ga. Bragg was at Chattanooga with about forty thousand Confederates, and desirous of remaining there for the protection of East Tennessee south of Knoxville, and from the movements of Rosecrans's army. S. Disheroon was in command of cavalry scouts sent out by Bragg to inform him of the movements of Rosecrans's army, and to establish posts of communication in the Federal front, where he could receive and send dispatches by lines of couriers.

When Rosecrans reached Sand Mountain, he made a feint with his whole army of advancing north on Chattanooga, and took position for two days on both sides on Raccoon Mountain. Disheroon saw and learned enough from a "friend," who was in communication with Rosecrans, to believe that the purpose of Rosecrans was to penetrate into Georgia to Dalton and Rome, and cut off Bragg's base of supplies in Georgia. This "friend" had a son killed in the Confederate army, but was opposed to the continuation of the war, regarded the Confederate cause as lost, and was willing to see Bragg's army captured, believing it would end the war. He was induced by Disheroon to express himself freely, and disclosed the fact that a commander of Bragg's scouts had been bribed by the Federals to give false information as to the movements of Rosecrans.

Disheroon had his headquarters at Valley Head, at the foot of the west side of Lookout Mountain, and learned at once of the retirement of the Federal army from its advance on Chattanooga. He also learned that the proposed march of Rosecrans was in the direction of Dalton or Rome, railroad centers and strategic points of much importance. While the Federals were massed in the valley Disheroon left his horse at the house of the aforesaid "friend," and went on foot across the mountain in the night, where he could see and estimate the enemy's strength. While he was on his pedestrian scout the enemy's cavalry made a reconnaissance toward the south, and drove his scouts and couriers from their posts and lines, as he learned from a note left by one of his scouts where his horse was. He soon found this to be a fact.

On his return to the house of his "friend," the latter informed him that a commander of Federal cavalry had been to his house and confided to him that the Federal commander was sending to Bragg, through Bragg's Confederate scouts, false information, and would pay liberally if Disheroon could be induced to send like dispatches. Disheroon, finding himself a prisoner, did not discourage the scheme, and was accordingly taken to the officer commanding the Federal cavalry. He was escorted through the lines or columns of a large cavalry command to within twelve miles of the head of McLemore's Cove. There the officer told him he would pay him a handsome reward if he would conceal information of their [the Federal] movements from Bragg. Disheroon told him that he could overtake his couriers, whose pur-

pose was evidently to report the facts strictly, if given about six hours, and if the Federal cavalry should make no further advance. In that time he could stop the reports already sent. He stipulated that the cavalry should wait where it was six hours for his return. Disheroon was permitted to take his own horse for the purpose of overtaking his scouts, and return in six hours. He overtook his scouts, but did not return. He proceeded to Chattanooga, and reported to Bragg the foregoing facts. Bragg was incredulous, saying his reports direct from Braxton H— were just the reverse. Disheroon asked where the latter was, and said he wished to confront him. Gen. Bragg sent for Braxton H—, who was then within a few hundred yards of Bragg's headquarters; but the false scout, fearing to meet Disheroon, immediately fled to the enemy. He was afterwards killed by Texans who captured him. Bragg lost no time in marching out of Chattanooga and taking position to protect Dalton. He fought Rosecrans at Chickamauga within a fortnight.

In a personal note Gen. Harrell states of the author:

An old Confederate and U. C. V. member of my camp gives me the account. He was formerly a surveyor of the road from Chattanooga to Dalton, then from Dalton to Atlanta, and knew every foot of the country he described; moreover, he was perfectly reliable.

IMPORTANCE OF CARING FOR GRAVES FIRST.

T. J. Young, of Austin, Ark., makes suggestions in regard to the care of Confederate graves, saying: "While most attention is paid to the erection of monuments to our fallen heroes, which is all right in its place, it seems to me not appropriate or right to erect monuments until all the graves of our comrades are well cared for. When the last grave of those who fell upon Arkansas soil is cared for, then I, for one, am willing to aid in erecting a monument to their memory and in remembrance of the cause for which they laid down their lives. To erect monuments to the memory of comrades who are buried in woods and fields, their graves without protection and all grown up with briars and bushes, is a reflection on the fair name of our State. We old veterans and those who cherish our cause should use every effort to have these uncared-for graves attended to at once, and we should not delay, for our time to answer the 'last roll' is not far off. At old Camp Nelson, near Austin, there are about a thousand graves uncared for, and in the vicinity of Austin over five hundred more, and it seems to me that our first duty is to care for these graves. Let us put them in condition as soon as possible, and then erect monuments. It does seem that every community could care for the graves of soldiers buried in its vicinity. A lot could be secured at small cost and the bodies reinterred in an orderly way; and then it would be the pride of each community to see that the place was well cared for. Where all work together the cost is but little to each, and those who could not give money could give of their time and labor, and in this way much could be accomplished with small outlay."

BATTLE AT MARSHALL, MO.

T. A. G. Scott, of Millsap, Tex., writes of it:

Thirty-six years ago to-day, October 13, 1863! I use the pronoun "I" because circumstances on that day required that I attend strictly to my own business, and I could hardly see what the other boys were doing, though most of the time I could hear them.

Col. (afterwards Gen.) J. O. Shelby was up in Central Missouri with eight hundred men. I did not know that he was in the State until the morning of the 12th. I had been playing citizen, and was tired of being surrounded by the Federal militia. I had sought others to go in vain, but going home I told my father I would leave that evening. He tried to dissuade me, as he thought the risk of capture was too great. About 2 P.M., Will Ray, an acquaintance of the family, rode up in full Federal uniform. To my delight, he told us that he belonged to Shelby's Brigade. He said Shelby had left Boonville, intending to go to Marshall, in Saline County.

When we left my father's we were in sound of the guns, as Shelby had been attacked. After evading the Federals, we got into camp about 11 P.M., and I joined Company E, of Gordon's Regiment, some of whom had been in prison with me at St. Louis and Alton. The morning of the 13th of October (Tuesday) was cold and cheerless. It was a gloomy day throughout. About 8 A.M. our advance guard encountered the Federal picket nearly a mile east of Marshall. Lieut. Haney gave me his gun, a Richmond rifle, and his belt and cartridge box filled.

Soon we heard "Left front into line, steady, halt, count off by fours, dismount!" All this time the music was increasing in volume at the front. Every man, in addition to his cartridge box of forty rounds, put twenty more in his pockets, making sixty shots. Some of the men had revolvers. Marshall is situated on the prairie near the timber, from which we had just emerged when the firing commenced. We went double-quick a half mile to our left, after dismounting, to a skirt of timber. We were well "blown" when we got there, but immediately engaged the enemy in front, at from two hundred to three hundred yards. They got closer after a while, then we held the branch as a line until about noon, when we were ordered to fall back to the battery near where we dismounted, which had been engaged from the commencement of the battle.

The Federals outnumbered us largely. Our extended line was very thin. We had been under fire for several hours. Sometimes a man laid his gun on the ground to cool it. This retreat was across an open prairie, and hopes ran down several degrees. Maj. Gen. Gordon commanded our regiment, and displayed a courage that was never surpassed. He led his horse, and would speak to the men with as little show of excitement as if we were on drill. "Steady, men; make every shot count." We kept our line formed, each man loading in retreat wheel and fire, some of them kneeling so as to shoot more accurately. Finally we were lined up near the battery—two guns, twelve-pounders, I believe—where we remained half an hour or more. There I learned my first lesson in "dodging bullets." The grass was high enough to partly conceal us if we lay close. As we were about leaving I spied my gray mare, and called to the man leading her to let me

have her, but he did not know me, and replied: "This is Scott's horse." "All right; I am Scott." Before I got fairly in the saddle I heard the command, "Charge!" Instantly there was wild excitement all around, and dire confusion in the Federal lines. I was into it so quick that I did not know how I got there. A tall Yankee on a high horse passed by yelling "Halt! halt!" Watson, on my right, roared to him, "Go to h—!" My gun was empty, so I thought I could club him as he passed. I missed, and was nearly jerked out of the saddle by the force of the blow I intended for my fine-looking Yankee. He was indeed a splendid specimen of manhood. I had lost my saddle blanket. Luckily I had a fine Mackinaw tied on the saddle, with which I replaced the one I had lost. We were out of their lines, but it did not take them long to reform and come thundering after us. Our command was cut in two, whether intentionally or not I do not know, one part going south and ours going north, one gun with either party. In crossing a gully soon after passing through the Federal lines, the limber hook of our gun broke. I was close to it at the time, and stopped long enough to see a short-legged man dismount, go up to the piece, take a rat-tail file and hammer and quickly spike the gun. By this time we had lots of company; the blue-coats were all about us. They called upon the captain to surrender. He grasped the pommel of his saddle and horse's mane, and, springing into his saddle, replied: "Surrender yourself!" There was not another Confederate anywhere near as the gallant Irishman darted off. I followed him.

"STONEWALL'S" FIRST RECORDED VICTORY.

By Judge H. C. McWhorter, of West Virginia.

The following incident in the life of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, which, I believe, has never been given to the public, but which I had several times from the lips of my venerable uncle, Mr. Conrad Kester, who lived at Weston, in Lewis County, Va. (now West Virginia), some three miles above the "Old Cummins Jackson Mills," where young Jackson lived with his uncle, will serve to show that those sterling qualities of head and heart which so characterized his life in after years were innate in the boy, and even at the early age of ten years his high sense of honor and keen perception of the right fixed in his mind so high a standard of morality that he could not easily be induced to lower it. At the time mentioned the West Fork River, on whose banks stood the old mill, was well stocked with fish, among which none was sought after so eagerly as that noble game fish called the "pike." "Tom," as he was familiarly called, partially supplied the demands of the limited fish market at the little village of Weston. One day Tom proposed to Mr. Kester that he would let him have all the pike he caught a foot in length or over at the price of fifty cents each. Mr. Kester accepted the proposition, so the solemn compact was concluded.

Tom continued to perform his contract faithfully, and sold Kester every pike he caught of the "regulation length" until one day he was seen by Col. Talbott going through town, making straight for Kester's, bending under the weight of a pike thirty-eight inches in length, when the following colloquy took place:

"Hello, Tom. That's a fine fish you have. I want to buy it."

Tom, without apparent interest in what the Colonel was saying, and without halting, laconically replied: "Sold to Mr. Kester."

"That can't be. You have not yet seen Mr. Kester. I will give you a dollar for it."

"I tell you it is sold, and is not mine to sell."

"What is Mr. Kester to give you for it?"

"Fifty cents."

"I'll give you a dollar and a quarter for it."

Tom cast upon him an indignant look and remarked: "If you get any of this pike, you will get it from Mr. Kester."

On presenting the fish to Mr. Kester, that gentleman said: "Tom, this is a splendid pike. I think I shall have to give you a dollar for it; fifty cents is not enough."

Tom replied: "No, sir; that is your pike at fifty cents, and I will not take more for it. Besides, you have bought a good many from me that were pretty short."

Thus the transaction closed, and Tom was doubtless thereby made stronger for the fierce struggles which awaited him in his future eventful career.

In a letter from the author to Maj. Thomas L. Brown, both of whom are members of the West Virginia Historical and Antiquarian Society, he states that he intended this for the most prominent of all youth's publications in this country, but, upon the suggestion of Maj. Brown, wrote it for the VETERAN.

REMINISCENCES OF FIGHTING IN KENTUCKY.

L. S. Ferrell, Number One, Tenn., writes them:

A short time before the battle of Perryville our brigade (Wharton's) camped for a day or two at Mt. Washington, a small hamlet a dozen miles or more southwest of Louisville, Ky. Our company (K), afterwards a part of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, composed mostly of boys who had never been under fire, was serving as escort to Gen. Wharton, and occupied the village. Our commissary sergeant had purchased a wooden bucketful of nice yellow butter, and we were getting ready for a "good time," when the bugle call, "You'd better saddle up, you'd better saddle up, you'd better saddle up your hor-ses!" brought every man with his "quippages" to the side of his horse. Soon there was mounting in hot haste, and a dash was made to the front. Some Federal cavalry had driven in our pickets and retired. On our way to the front we met one of the Eighth Texas, who had a bullet hole in his forehead from which the blood flowed freely. He presented a ghastly sight to beginners. As he passed us, he pointed exultingly to his wound and wanted to know of Capt. (afterwards Col.) Paul Anderson if that would not entitle him to a furlough? It was only a scalp wound. We advanced some distance beyond our picket line and to a large brick house on the left of the pike. A splendid-looking old gentleman—I understood his name was Preston—and Gen. Wharton had a lengthy consultation. I overheard this remark distinctly: "I have just received this morning a note from my niece in Louisville saying that Buell will move early to-morrow morning with nearly a hundred thousand men."

As we started on the return I observed that my comrade and blanket mate, John Seawell, was suf-

fering excruciating pains in his back, and that his rough-riding small horse, "Bald Hornet," did not help the situation. The sight of the wounded Texan, Gen. Wharton's interview revealing the vast horde that would soon be upon us, and John Seawell's sufferings all impressed me very seriously with the probabilities of the near future.

The "ball" opened next morning, and we began our retrograde movement. The usual tactics were observed—skirmishing, planting our guns in every available position to check the enemy. When within a mile or two of Bardstown a rumor reached us that a heavy force of Federal cavalry had slipped in between us and the town. Of citizens who passed us, some said there were no Federals between us and the town; and others reported "a Yankee line of battle across the pike at the fair grounds." To settle the question, Gen. Wharton directed Capt. Anderson to take his company and ascertain the facts. We went at a gallop, and soon found them in line and "ready for business." Sending a courier hurriedly back to Gen. Wharton, Capt. Anderson called at the top of his voice: "Form fours, my brave boys!" This was to mislead the enemy and gain a few precious moments of time. Meanwhile the Yankees began firing. They shot over our heads at first, but soon secured good range. The captain, knowing our threatened annihilation, ordered the fence on our right pulled down so we could pass into a growth of timber. I sprang from my horse and lowered the fence. As the boys rushed through one rode between me and my horse, and I was forced to turn him loose. The company kept right on and left me, striking the enemy's flank. Just then I wished that horse was somewhere else, and I honorably with my wife and babies. Forty kingdoms would I have given for a horse—for my own little roan. I secured him with nerve, and just as I caught him I heard the hoof beat and muttering roar of Wharton's column as it advanced down the pike in a headlong charge. "Rough riders" they were, sure enough.

Standing in his stirrups, bare-headed, his hair streaming behind, and whipping his gray mare, Fanny, across the withers with his hat, Gen. Wharton led the charge, shouting: "Charge 'em, boys!" I fell in with the Texans.

When the head of our column struck the enemy the rail fence on our left went down in a moment, and we charged through an open woodland. Capturing a prisoner, Col. (afterwards Gen.) Tom Harrison ordered me to take him up behind me, and carry him to headquarters. As we had to retrace our steps and get on the pike to find headquarters, and as our forces had moved on and the Yankees were expected every minute, I thought it foolhardy to risk my prisoner with the advantage he would have behind me, and for once disobeyed orders and made my prisoner double-quick. We had not proceeded very far when we encountered another Reb having charge of a prisoner. He asked me what I was going to do with my Yank. "Take him to headquarters," I replied. "Yes, and we will both be captured. I'm going to kill mine right here," he rejoined. At this the prisoner began begging for his life. I told Johnnie not to do so cowardly a deed as that, and requested him to turn his man over to me. "Take him, and go to h— with him!" he shouted, and, putting spurs to his horse, was quickly out of sight,

leaving me with both prisoners, who readily ran until we were out of danger.

By this headlong charge of Wharton's the Federals were scattered like chaff, and I think they lost about fifteen in killed and wounded, and perhaps twenty-five or thirty prisoners. We had but one man wounded, and that was slight.

These and succeeding movements culminated in the bloody battle of Perryville, after which we moved on through Harrodsburg, and swinging to the east one day we rode into Stanford. As we drew up in front of the hotel there were a group of paroled Federals on the verandah. Soon one of them sprang up, exclaiming: "Yonder's my man!" He ran to me and, seizing my hand, seemed as glad as if he had found a long-lost brother. He was one of the Bardstown prisoners.

The appearance of the old gentleman at the brick house, the wounded Texan, John Seawell humped up on Bald Hornet, Gen. Wharton leading that charge, and the greeting of that Yank at Stanford form a series of pictures that will hang upon the walls of memory while life lasts.

VALUE OF CONFEDERATE CURRENCY.

The Legislature of North Carolina having appointed a joint select committee to determine upon the proper rate of gold as compared with Confederate currency during the war, the committee made the following report:

It reported upon each month for the years 1861-65:

It was par with gold until May, 1861; then to October it was \$1.10, when it advanced in October, November, and December respectively to \$1.12, \$1.15, and \$1.20.

In January, 1862, it was \$1.20; February, \$1.30, advancing for six months (including August) to \$1.50. In September and October it was \$2; November and December, \$2.50.

For 1863 it was in January and February \$3; March, \$4; April and May, \$5; June, \$6.50; July, \$9; August, September, and October, \$14; November, \$15; December, \$20.

During 1864, January and February, \$21; March, \$23. In April it dropped back to \$20; May, to \$19; June, to \$18. In July it was \$21; August, \$23; September, \$25; October, \$26; November, \$30. From December 1 to 10 it averaged \$35; 10 to 20, \$42; 20 to 30, \$49. In 1865 through January and February it averaged \$50; in March it was \$60, and in April \$100.

WHY GEN. BUELL RETIRED FROM THE ARMY.

The following resurrected letter is of historic value:

BEDFORD SPRINGS, July 10, 1864.

Dear Sir: The public have seen no official announcement of the fact, though it is no doubt by this time very generally known, that I have resigned my commission in the army. I have several times since been assured that my personal friends, and many who without any claim of personal acquaintance have taken an interest in my official career, feel that some explanation of the circumstances and motives of my action is due to them.

It is perhaps unnecessary to enter into an exposition of the circumstances of my supersedure in Ten-

nessee in the fall of 1862, since the particulars, though not without a certain value, involve interests of my own with which it is not my wish to weary you. As far as the facts are concerned, it will suffice for the present to say that after the adjournment, about the 1st of May, 1863, of the "commission" which investigated my campaign, my correspondence with the department was confined to a monthly report made to the Adjutant General that I was waiting the action of the War Department on the proceedings of that commission; that about the first week of April last I was offered command under Gen. Sherman, my junior, which I declined; that a month later I was again offered command under Gen. Canby, also my junior, which I declined; that about three weeks later I received notification that I was mustered out of my rank as Major General of Volunteers, and that on the same day I sent in my resignation as Colonel in the Adjutant General's Department of the regular army.

The impulses of most men would approve my course in this matter, if it even rested on no other ground than a determination not to acquiesce in any other measure that would degrade me; but I had a higher motive than that. I believed that the policy and means with which the war was being prosecuted were discreditable to the nation and a stain upon civilization; and that they would not only fail to restore the Union, if indeed they had not already rendered its restoration impossible, but that their tendency was to subvert the institutions under which the country had realized unexampled prosperity and happiness; and to such a work I could not lend my hand.

While there may have been more or less of personal ambition mixed up in the movement of secession, as there must generally be in the management of political affairs, yet I do not doubt that it was mainly determined by an honest conviction in the minds of those who engaged in it, that the control of the government had passed permanently into the hands of a sectional party which would soon trample on the political rights of the South. This apprehension was shared in by a very large portion of the people who did not favor secession, and who were so anxious for the preservation of the Union that even coercive measures, if tempered by justice and mercy, would not have estranged them. Under these circumstances the use of military force to put down armed resistance was not incompatible with a restoration of the Union with its former glories and affections, provided the means were employed in such a manner as to convince the people that their constitutional rights would be respected. Such a policy, therefore, in the use of force, if force must be resorted to, had the manifest advantage of weakening the power of the rebellion and strengthening the government, independently of the moral force which dignity and justice always lend to authority.

A policy which recognized these principles was wisely declared by Congress in the beginning of the war, and from a fervent desire for the preservation of the Union, in which pride of country and all my interests as a citizen centered, not less than from a natural impulse, I gave that policy my earnest support. Unfortunately it was too often cheated of its due effect by the intrusion of sectional rancor, and the injudicious or unfaithful acts of agents of the government

and when, at the expiration of a year, a system of spoliation and disfranchisement was inaugurated, the cause was robbed of its sanctity, and success rendered more difficult of attainment.

You have in these few lines an explanation of the motives of my conduct while I was in command, as well as of the step which, after twenty-three years of service, has closed my career as a soldier, and broken up the professional habits and associations to which I was educated and in which I have passed the larger portion of my life. I am very far from casting unfavorable reflections upon the thousands who are in the service who, perhaps, with views similar to my own, have not chosen my course. Few of them have been similarly situated, and I rather commend the patience with which they have struggled on in positions which must otherwise have been filled by less scrupulous men, and in which they might mitigate some of the calamities which they yet could not wholly prevent. Very truly yours, D. C. BUELL.

HEROIC DEED OF SAM MOSS.

J. M. Dunn, who served in Company F, Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Regiment, writes from Bolivar, Tex., to the *San Antonio Express* about the heroism of Sam Moss. After paying tribute to Col. Gen., and United States Senator Walthall, he states of Walthall:

We followed him as colonel, as brigadier general, and as major general to the close of the civil strife. A braver man, a truer man to his command never wore the honors of colonel or general. As an illustration of his true character: After the war was over, when he would meet with any of his old regiment, he would say to them: "You boys served me faithfully during the war, and in return if any of you ever need the services of an attorney, I am yours to command without charge."

But this is incidental to the story I wish to record. Among those comprising the company above referred to was a young man by the name of Sam Moss, a Tennessean, who had been in Mississippi only for a year or so. Sam was a genial, social companion, always full of droll fun, but quiet and unobtrusive. No duty was too hard for him to perform, and no privation too hard for him to endure, without murmur or complaint. On the battlefield he was as cool and self-possessed as on dress parade. The characteristics here given were fully illustrated in the battle of Murfreesboro. At one time in the fight there was confusion in the ranks on both sides and a general entanglement of troops of different commands. Sam Moss got separated from his company, and being near Stone's River, he went for water. Upon reaching the bank he saw six Federal soldiers down at the water filling their canteens, while their guns were lying at his feet. He at once presented his gun and ordered them to march out. Seeing he had the drop on them, they meekly obeyed, but just as they reached the top of the bank and fell in line to march before him, a Federal colonel rode up and commenced cursing them for surrendering to that d— little rebel. Sam turned his gun on him and ordered him to dismount at once and fall into line, or he would take him down. The colonel soon decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and promptly obeyed. So, headed by their colonel, leading his horse, Sam marched them into the Confederate lines

and surrendered them to Col. Walthall. For this act of bravery he was given a position among the sharpshooters—a small meed of praise for such a daring act. But even that was more than he asked for or seemed to expect. From then on only occasionally did we have the pleasure of seeing him. Later on he asked to be transferred to a Tennessee regiment where his brother (who is now my neighbor) was serving. He continued in that command to the close of the war, and was severely wounded in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., shot through the body, but he recovered from his wound, and after the war came to Texas and was killed about two years ago by being thrown from a mule and dragged to death, a rope having fastened around his wrist. He never married, and true to his original characteristics, he never told his brother or sister of his daring exploit on Stone's River.

POEMS BY COL. WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

Col. Johnston compiled a book of his poems calling it "My Garden Walk." From it is the following:

They call to the Southrons from the North:

"Come, take your dead away,
Or we'll plow the sod
And break the clod
That covers the rebel clay."

The loyal hands that carried the flag,

The men who wore the blue,
On whatever earth
They had their birth,
They are counted good and true.

They raise for their own the sodded graves,

And range them row by row;
And the billowy grounds
Lift up in mounds—
The furrows of death and woe.

And thus with proud acclaim is filled

The cemetery wide,
While high o'er the graves
Splendidly waves
The banner for which they died.

Our dead died, too, for the dear, loved land

Whose soil hath given them birth,
And where'er they fell
It served them well—
A handful of mother earth.

No pious hands have lifted the dust

Of men who nobly died;
But they sleep a sleep
As sweet and deep
As if urned in marble pride.

A voice by the ear of faith is heard:

"My people keep your trust;
Behold with your eyes
Beyond the skies
That your heroes are not dust."

Their home is with those who fought for truth,

For God, for fatherland;
With the blest they dwell,
And not where swell
These battle-scarred mounds of sand.

They live on the lips of seraphim,

And on the tongues of men;
In the unheeded grave,
Or 'neath the wave,
Their glory will bloom again.

Then, tender mother, weep not thy boy,

Though no stone record his name;
In brave hearts he'll dwell
When minstrels tell
His story of deathless fame.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

T. M. Page, St. Louis, Mo.:

Much ill feeling has been harbored, North and South, because prisoners of war suffered and died cruelly behind both armies. That ulcer of war is not peculiar to this conflict or age. All warfare has left its aftermath of recrimination over cruel suffering of its prisoners. And so history will repeat itself until nations have become wise and humane enough to apply a simple and sure preventive.

The problem is one of human nature. In time of war the brave, who are also proverbially generous, and often gentle to helplessness, go to the front and there satiate natural hostility by killing and capturing at fairly equal hazard to themselves. Few and exceptional, even in ancient records, are instances of cruelty to prisoners from civilized men who captured them. And in modern times there would be no cruelty to captives if they were guarded by their captors. But as prisoners pass to the rear they fall into custody of inferior men, those who let others do the fighting and who have no opportunity to exercise the natural impulse of hostility to a foe, except upon the captives. And, as long as such refuse guard prisoners, the evil of prison cruelty—an evil as old as the war prison itself—will persist, causing innocent combatants to misunderstand and hate each other after the fight is ended.

What is true of the mass which shuns the battlefield is true of the Senate and Cabinet. Excepting only the few who perform higher and imperative duty in difficult places because of exceptional fitness, no man of courage and military age is in the rear in an emergent time of war. The simple remedy, therefore, for the ancient evil of cruelty to prisoners of war is to make guarding them a duty more important to the State and honor to the guard than service at the front. This duty should be intrusted to picked men.

The reader must understand that what follows does not refer to or concern the men who held the front and captured prisoners. It is not in the least degree censorious or critical of them. It refers only to the other breed of men—the shirkers and skulkers, high and low, who, in or out of uniform, kept far in the rear and satiated their natural impulse of hostility to foemen by making things unpleasant to the only foes within their reach.

As North and South have united honestly in the large effort to make and maintain this the greatest, freest, and most exemplary country on earth, it is very important that the subject here in hand should be freed from the error, misunderstanding, and ignorance which have so long been stumbling-blocks in the path of sincere reconciliation. For until facts which have for almost a generation been unknown to many become familiar to all, by candid acceptance of official record as law to every American, candid coöperation must, in the nature of things, continue imperfect.

September 19, 1863, about one thousand veterans, most of them Longstreet's, fell into the hands of their enemies, on the front, near the spot where Gen. Preston Smith fell. "Take them to the rear!" shouted the man in authority, while the artilleryman with the bandaged head went into convulsions of enjoyment.

About noon the next day we reached the Chattanooga railway building, and lay at rest on its planked floor

until disturbed by approaching din of battle and tokens of panic all around us. Our guards loaded and put us to bed again, commanding us to lie flat and be still. This displeased us, but did not stop the approaching tumult or stay its surrounding consequences, which by sunset became a dense multitude of stragglers and men on artillery horses in cut harness, all hurrying toward the pontoon bridges. It was to us a novel experience which partly soothed the first gnawings of a hunger that was to riot in us yet many other days. We crossed the Tennessee River nine meals behind our usual menu, and marched, unfed, to Stevenson, Ala., toward Forrest, who was behind the Federal army negotiating famine for Chattanooga. At Stevenson we got one light lunch of hard-tack and a parole covenanting that we would be exchanged within ten days. It was a faithless device to bind us if rescued by Forrest. As we did not meet him, we went to prison, and there pondered on that puny faith for weary months.

One of these paroles was sent to Attorney-General Bates, of President Lincoln's Cabinet, who handed it to Mr. Lincoln, who in turn sent the order to the prison for my immediate release, according to its stipulations. I was sought out, catechised, and told by the executive officer of the prison while he filled up my descriptive list that I would soon be a paroled prisoner en route to Dixie.

From Stevenson we were taken to the penitentiary in Nashville, and there fed so meagerly as to make it a saying that if ever age or ailing impaired our appetites we would return to Nashville and gaze over that stone wall. Thence we were sent to Louisville, where prisoners of war were being shot in retaliation for devilment of Kentucky bushwhackers. What more immediately interested us was the inexperience of the home guards who sentined the barrack in which we ate and could be "flanked" by foragers of average experience.

During roll call for departure our blankets were taken from us on the plea that they were United States property stolen by us, red-handed, on the battlefield, from virtuous foemen. Many of these blankets had never been in Federal hands before. Mine were English, a blockade pair, extra heavy, and then urgently needed because I had stripped for battle to one cotton shirt, and the northwest wind was spitting sleet. They were taken, and that blizzard so upset me that three days after my arrival in prison the surgeon took my bunk mate aside and told him to telegraph any friends within reach that I could not live forty-eight hours. I overheard, and answered: "You are mistaken. I will capture another pair of blankets on the battlefield." For many years the surgeon who prophesied told it as a war item that by all the science of his profession I was then a dying man, saved only by the luck of overhearing him and mulish resolve to upset the diagnosis.

Camp Douglas then contained the most of Morgan's Command, the Chickamauga and Cumberland Gap prisoners, and a few score Missourians; the morning report of October 31, 1863, accounted for 5,625 present. The total number present October 4 was 6,204. The roll compiled a few days before October 4 called for 6,291. These official figures reveal that in the month of October about ten per cent of the prisoners disappeared. Some escaped; but most of that 539 missing

died in that month of exposure, hardship, and debility resulting from hunger.

Col. C. V. DeLand was commandant and Capt. L. C. Rhines executive officer. The latter saw fit to establish a medical corps of ten Confederates who had left home and practice of medicine to fight in line for Dixie; and these gentlemen were put in charge of the prison sick, first in the barracks and later in a hospital established for the prisoners. It chanced that chief control of both appointments was assigned to the one who had given me over to the grave, and although a new acquaintance, perhaps in apology for his prophecy, he chose me as his secretary in both positions. It thus became my daily duty to fill out reports of sick, tickets of admission to the "dead house," requisitions for hospital rations, and superintend all writing in the office of the prison hospital. This involved familiarity with matters then and afterwards known to very few, most of whom are now dead. Understanding at the time the importance and exceptional nature of the insight into what was happening, I preserved records which are yet in my possession, and do not trust to memory.

Most efficient among the ten surgeons were Drs. Brunson, Holloway, and Cook, of Eddyville, Lexington, and Henderson, Ky. The second yet lives, and, in common with all other survivors of that imprisonment, can verify the careful accuracy of this digest of a contemporary record.

The exceptional duty began October 23, from which time, being on parole as Surgeon Brunson's private secretary, I had free access to all prison records not only of the prison hospital but also of the Federal headquarters office. During that winter the death rate did not vary much from that of October, but in the following summer bowel disorders culminating in flux increased the average to twenty deaths each day, and scurvy became virulent. Mrs. Morris and other ladies of Chicago sent in seed, and prevailed on the commandant to allow the prisoners to cultivate vegetables in the ground between the fence and the dead line as an antidote to the latter scourge. When this crop was ripening, almost ready for harvest, it was confiscated as contraband of war and eaten by the Federal officers and guards. The prisoners, rotting with scurvy, could not even raid and rob their own garden.

Throughout that summer there were no drugs remedial to bowel disorders accessible to the prison surgeons; consequently simple diarrhea, in the reduced stamina of the prisoners, ran quickly into dysentery, flux, and death. After many applications for medicine, the ten surgeons signed a memorial and delivered it to the commandant. As secretary the writer prepared all these applications, the last of which briefly and simply prayed for permission to write one letter to a single person, either in Baltimore, Louisville, or St. Louis, this letter to be read and mailed by the commandant, same to be a brief request to buy and forward certain drugs. This petition guaranteed receipt, within ten days, of supply sufficient to last the prisoners one year, prepaid, involving the Government in no expense of any kind. This memorial was returned by Dr. Whitehill, the post surgeon, indorsed: "Respectfully disapproved, as all medicine is strictly contraband of war, excepting only such as is supplied by and through these headquarters."

To the helpless agony of this situation smallpox added its own horror. The victim was removed to an isolated hospital miles away out in a sandy waste, a removal which was a bleak, fatal journey to many men when the phenomenally cold winter of 1863-64 came on. Those who survived both this journey and the pestilence were brought back into the prison while yet infections, imperiled by the exposure of the transfer.

When the time comes for the critical historian to impartially use his materials he will place the annals of Camp Douglas side by side with those of Andersonville, and immortalize the eloquent contrast. In the first men died of pestilence and famine in a land of plenty, refused the succor of friends at hand eager to supply everything; in the last, according to their own sworn evidence, men sickened upon the same corn meal and bit of other food on which the Confederate soldier then marched and fought; and for the same reason—because the war policy at Washington was one of starvation to all, whether foe or friend, in that beleaguered Southland. When that day of posterity's judgment dawns the world will know that noncombatants of the stronger people blocked exchange of prisoners because they preferred that their defenders should die in prison rather than be exchanged for difficult enemies full of fight, and so elected at the same time when the weaker sent the forsaken sick to their homes without cartel or equivalent, a free gift of pity to misfortune. This fact is of record in the files at Washington, and has been printed history for almost a generation. But how many Northern men know it? And there also, in the archives at Washington, must be the books of record of Camp Douglas, in the two principal volumes of which the hand that now writes this page recorded the daily annals of that prison.

When prisoners who had been stripped of their blankets soon after capture were freezing to death in their bunks every cold night, it was a serious question with the ten surgeons how to fill dead admits. The safest and usual diagnosis was "debilitas." But when a boyhood friend of Dr. Brunson so perished that surgeon resolved to report truly once, regardless of consequences. At his dictation his secretary wrote, in his roundest, plainest hand: "Frozen to death." It fell like dynamite in the headquarters office. The assistant post surgeon came down in heat and asked what that meant. Brunson, a reliable Confederate soldier, was prepared to answer. He said it meant that the man, reduced by hunger and hardship until his stamina was low, had frozen in his bunk for lack of blankets and fire—it meant that the truth was written for once. The official stormed; but Brunson, well known to friend and foe as an able surgeon, challenged him to summon an inquest of reputable Chicago surgeons to meet him in a post-mortem investigation and show any other cause of death. This made the Federal surgeon more calm. He presently retired to his quarters, and there was no post-mortem investigation. But an order was issued permitting fires to burn in the barrack stoves on the coldest nights, which more than compensated Brunson for the ordeal he gallantly met.

The new generation of this republic should know two facts about its greatest war, which were concealed for years by political policy, exactly as the same policy concealed the proposal of the Confederacy to send cotton to New York to Federal commissioners, who

should sell it, buy food and medicine, take them to the Southern prisons, and issue them to Federal prisoners. This proposal, suppressed at the time, was made public soon after the war; yet how many Northern people to this day know of the offer?

The two facts referred to are: First, that Benjamin F. Butler, in the heat of party dissension, made public his orders from superiors to prevent exchange of prisoners when posing as commissioner for exchange. Secondly, that the official records on file in Washington testify that out of each thousand prisoners fewer died in the South, notwithstanding the blockade and impoverishment which overwhelmed both its army and inhabitants, than perished in the North, where all things necessary to health and survival existed abundantly. These two facts will one day be familiar to the world, and balance the scale of humanity in prison treatment justly between the two sections. For that day the Southern people can afford to wait. Their present duty is to collect and preserve the evidence.

Space here remains for only a few glimpses of the less gloomy side of experience in Camp Douglas. The prison sutler was a brother-in-law of Gen. Sweet, the second commandant. When food became so scant that all the cats and all the rats and one stray dog had been eaten this sutler began to smuggle in eatables and sell them to the prisoners. The camp guards were then smuggling in five-cent baker's loaves and selling them for fifty cents greenback. The sutler sold flour costing \$6 for \$20 by the barrel. One of Morgan's men then wrote: "My Dear Dad: Please send at once \$100 or a coffin." This letter came back to its writer, indorsed by the examiner: "Do you think we are all d—fools up here?"

To test this very question crucially, a Kentucky gentleman called on Gen. DeLand with two boxes. They contained cigars, and the Colonel was asked to smoke one box and send the other to the son of the visitor. On examining, the Colonel found one box contained prime Havanas, and the other a much inferior domestic smoke. To officially settle the question as to profane folly, he wisely smiled and kept the first and sent the other to the son of a Solomon—for the son found a greenback bill inside each wrapper of the lower layer of his "stogies," and bribed a guard to let him out of prison with one of them.

Several escaped in empty barrels. More burrowed out under the fence in tunnels. Others organized parties, attacked the sentinels on the parapet of the fence with missiles, and so fought their way out. A dungeon was constructed for escapers who were retaken. One sunset it contained nine such. Next morning it was empty and ventilated by a tunnel.

The stray dog above mentioned was the subject of festive invitations to a chosen few. Next day its owner posted a reward for it. During the night an unknown poet wrote, large, under the notice:

For want of meat
That dog was eat.

A large volume could be filled with incidents and inflictions experienced in Camp Douglas. The survivors of that imprisonment will identify the incidents at sight and with thrills of unwonted emotion. Some of them may wonder why these details are so incomplete. Nothing is here written about the severe punishment of the men because they were so hungry

that they ate cats, rats, and dog with zest—of the many murders and brutalities wrought by guards of the rank and file—not even of the midnight frolic of the drunken, dastardly brutes who dragged a score of prisoners from bed and flogged them with cartridge belts. Against the urgent warning of many comrades that it would be certain death to so enrage such creatures, I laid the facts before the commandant in such shape as to compel official investigation. All such incidents are omitted, because relating to men of no authority or responsibility.

The survivors of that imprisonment ought to arrange for a general meeting in some Confederate reunion, for no body of men was ever more tried in any ordeal which tests human nature and proves it creditable to mankind.

PRAYER FOR SUBMISSION IN PRISON.

Dr. B. F. Duke writes from Scranton, Miss.:

Not long since I met an old friend who belonged to the First Mississippi Regiment and was captured at Nashville at the time of the Hood disaster and sent to Camp Chase in February, 1865. He gave, from memory, the following beautiful and touching lines which, he said, were composed by the lamented Joel P. Walker, of Meridian, Miss. Capt. Walker was captured at the same time, and they occupied adjoining cells in the same building during that most distressful period. I hope you will publish the poem, as I have no doubt some heart will "throb higher at its sway." The veteran who recited it for me did so with trembling voice, while the hot tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks:

Almighty God, Eternal Sire and King!
Ruler supreme, who all things did create;
Whose everlasting praise the angels sing;
Whose thought is mercy, and whose word is fate.

Trembling before thy awful throne I kneel,
Beseeching mercy at thy gracious hand;
Praying that in compassion thou wilt heal
The bleeding wounds of this most suffering land.

We know our sins are manifold, O God!
And that thy anger 'gainst us is but right;
For we have wandered widely from thy Word,
And things committed wrongful in thy sight.

But thou, O God, art powerful to save!
Full of love and full of mercy art thou;
Else had I not the courage thus to brave
Thy righteous wrath, and at thy feet to bow.

O'er all our land where late the genial air
Struck rustling music from the waving grain;
Now the sad earth lies stark and bare,
And groans beneath the burden of our slain.

O'er all our hearths where late the genial fires
Beamed bright on scenes of innocent delight,
Now little children vainly call their sires,
And fly their burning homes with sad affright.

But as thou leddest thy chosen people forth
From Egypt's sullen wrath, O King of kings,
So smite the armies of the cruel North,
And bear us to our hopes on eagles' wings.

But if thy wisdom still defer the day—
The wished-for day when freedom shall be won—
Grant us the humility to say:
"Not human will, but thine, O God, be done!"

BRIG. GEN. JAMES T. ARCHER.

At the outbreak of the Mexican war Gen. James J. Archer raised a company and went to Mexico as a captain in the Voltiguer Regiment commanded by Col. Timothy P. Andrews, and at the storming of Chapultepec was in command of one of the companies of that regiment, detached with a section of Capt. John Bankhead Magruder's Battery under command of Lieut. Thomas J. Jackson (afterwards Stonewall Jackson), all under command of Lieut. Col. Joseph E. Johnston, to make a diversion on a heavy battery to aid the storming party, which they did so effectually, though at a heavy loss of men, that Col. Johnston, Capt. Archer, and Lieut. Jackson, with other officers and men, after silencing the battery, all entered Chapultepec ahead of the storming party and were all breveted for the same. He was subsequently seriously wounded in a duel with Capt. Andrew Porter, then said to be the best shot in the United States army.



BRIG. GEN. JAMES J. ARCHER.

Appointed into the regular army in 1855 as captain in the Ninth Infantry, he served until June, 1861, when he resigned and left his station at Fort Walla Walla, in Washington Territory, to cast his fate with his own people in the Southern Confederacy. On reporting to Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, in August, 1861, the Governor informed him that he would appoint him colonel of the Fifty-Fifth Virginia Regiment; but, going to the Secretary to tell him to issue the commission, he found that it had just been made to Col. Frank Mallory, of Virginia, who had served in the Fourth Infantry with Archer and was then present. Gov. Letcher said, "I can appoint you lieutenant colonel," and Mallory said: "No; appoint Archer colonel and me lieutenant colonel." Archer refused, saying he would accept the lieutenant colonelcy and serve under Mallory. Later in the day President Davis told Capt. Archer that he would appoint him colonel of the ten companies of Texans who had just arrived in Richmond without field officers or regimental organization, and he thus became colonel of the Fifth Texas, the other ten companies being organized into the Fourth Texas, with J. B. Hood as colonel.

After organizing and a short stay at Burke Station, the Texans were marched to the neighborhood of Dumfries and brigaded under the command of Brig. Gen. Louis T. Wigfall. Here the winter of 1861 and early spring of 1862 were spent. Col. Archer was in command as senior colonel, Gen. Wigfall having been



elected to the Confederate Senate. On the promotion of Col. J. B. Hood to be brigadier and command the Texas Brigade, Gen. Whiting, commanding the right wing of Johnston's army, offered Archer to take the Fifth Texas from Hood's Command, and, adding a regiment from his own brigade and one from Hampton's, give him a brigade command. Archer, hearing that Hood had said he "could not object, though it took his best regiment," replied: "No. Hood has served under me; I will serve under him." No warmer friends or more congenial officers existed in the Army of Northern Virginia.

The Texas Brigade—First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas and Eighteenth Georgia Regiments—marched to the peninsula in the spring and had their first action in falling back from there, when they attacked and routed the Federal troops landed near West Point to flank Johnston's army.

At the battle of Seven Pines Hood's Brigade was not engaged, having been stopped in their advance on the left of the railroad by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in person, in consequence of the firing having ceased on the right wing of the army, and ordered to cross the railroad and find out what the matter was. Four brigades of D. H. Hill's Command were found at rest near the junction of seven and nine mile roads, and while Gen. Hood ordered an immediate movement to the left to get into action, Whiting's old Brigade (also thrown across the railroad like Hood's) intervened, and night fell without the Texans having been engaged. The next day, June 1, the brigade did only some slight skirmishing, and fell back that night with the rest of the army.

On the 3d of June Col. Archer was appointed brigadier general and ordered to take charge of the Tennessee Brigade, to succeed Gen. Hatton, killed on May 31. Gen. Archer, in a few days, was moved from the neighborhood of the nine mile road to Mrs. Christian's farm, near the Mechanicsville pike, and placed in the division of Maj. Gen. A. P. Hill, commanding the left division of Gen. Lee's army, he having been placed in command on the 1st of June in place of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was badly wounded late in the afternoon of May 31. After remaining there until the 25th of June, on the evening of that day the division marched out on the Meadow Bridge road, and before daylight were close to Meadow Bridge, where they waited until after 2 P.M. of the 26th, hoping to hear the guns of Jackson's Corps, which was to advance from Hanover Junction to take the Federal army in flank and rear. Gen. Hill ordered an advance without waiting longer, and, the Federal videttes being swept away, the bridge was crossed and the division marched to the right on the road to Mechanicsville, where they faced to the left and attacked the enemy, strongly intrenched behind Beaver Dam Creek. Archer obeyed his orders to rest his left upon the Mechanicsville road, and drove the enemy across the creek, but could not cross it in face of their heavy guns and fortifications. His command consisted of the First, Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee and the Nineteenth Georgia Regiments, with the Fifth Alabama Battalion. His loss was heavy from his small brigade (1,228 men), but men and general were mutually pleased with the first experience of each other under fire.

After laying on arms all night, and some little skir-

mishing in the morning, the enemy evacuated their fortifications and the division took up its march for Gaines's Mill, Longstreet and D. H. Hill having crossed their divisions during the night over the Mechanicsville bridge, opened by A. P. Hill's advance from Meadow Bridge to Mechanicsville.

Friday afternoon (27th) Archer got up with the more advanced brigades of the division, which had driven the enemy, with slight resistance, beyond Gaines's Mill and were then facing him in three lines heavily intrenched with logs behind a dry ditch about six feet deep and equally as wide, with supporting intrenchments behind them and artillery on the hill above them making it very warm for the Confederates. Here Archer was ordered to support Pender, who, with his left resting upon a skirt of undergrowth and hoop poles, was in the open, one-half to three-quarters of a mile from the enemy's fortifications, on a rise of ground separated from the Mechanicsville and Cold Harbor road by a narrow but deep ditch fringed with a border of trees on each side, the ground sloping in front of him to a ravine traversing all the open field, then descending into a meadow and extending to the wide ditch immediately in front of the fortifications of Fitz John Porter's Corps. Archer reported that he had been sent to support Gen. Pender, and Pender asked him to relieve him, as his men had been so fearfully demoralized by heavy losses the day before at Mechanicsville that he could not rely upon them. Archer assented at once, the First Maryland Battery, attached to Pender's Brigade, having, on seeing him come into the field, already asked him to throw out skirmishers to protect them, as Pender's men were not doing it, and the enemy's skirmishers were shooting them down at their guns.

Archer took Pender's place, having already thrown out skirmishers to protect the guns of the First Maryland Battery, commanded by Capt. R. Snowden Andrews, and a few minutes afterwards received orders to charge. Leaving the Nineteenth Georgia as a reserve, he advanced across the open, and he and his staff, consisting of George Lemmon, acting assistant adjutant general, and Mr. Crittenden, volunteer aid (wounded in the arm the day before), advanced as far as the ravine on horseback, where they dismounted, and, leaving their horses with his couriers, went on on foot to within twenty paces of the breastworks, where, his left falling back, he ordered the writer (Capt. Lemmon) to draw the men in order. Here Mr. Howell Trezevant, of the Hampton Legion, corporal of his couriers, was conspicuous by his gallantry. Having got across the ravine on horseback, he galloped along the line, cheering them on, until Capt. Lemmon told him the orders were to fall back. After getting back to his starting point, and finding the troops on his left falling back, he sent Capt. Lemmon to ask Gen. A. P. Hill if he should fall back farther or hold his brigade there to be killed or overrun by the enemy. Capt. Lemmon did not find Gen. Hill, but saw Gen. Jackson's Corps coming up at a double-quick to support us, and at once returned to Gen. Archer with the information. In the meantime three brigades had come into the field to the right of us, and Gen. Archer sent Capt. Lemmon to tell Gen. George Pickett, whom he recognized on the right of us, what was before him. A few minutes later an order came to advance again, and Gen. Archer

went forward with his brigade, including the Nineteenth Georgia, which was a comparatively fresh regiment, as it had not been in the former charge. There was a heavy line behind Archer and the three brigades or more on his right, and on reaching the ravine he and the writer again dismounted, after telling Mr. Trezevant to remain with the horses and to bring them up when needed. The advance from that position was slow but steady, moving forward by rushes about thirty yards and lying down until the supports came up, and then advancing again, until when about thirty paces from the ditch, Gen. Archer said, "Do not let the supports lie down;" and as they came up he ordered: "Forward, everybody! We are going through!" The writer waited a few moments, and then ran forward as Archer and the mingled troops disappeared into the ditch. When the writer got there he had some trouble to get up on the other side of the ditch, and, in crossing the logs beyond, struck against and shook hands with Gen. Hood, crossing at the same moment, and for the first time knew that it was the Texas Brigade supporting Archer's Command. Over three lines of logs and forward, and when the fourteen guns were captured Archer, with a few of his men, was in the midst of the Texas Brigade. The only horse left unwounded was cut out by the Fifth Texas, his old regiment, and brought to him. The writer sprained his ankle at the third breastworks, and after going a little beyond returned and found Howard Trezevant mortally wounded where left with the horses by a shell which had gone far over the charging Confederates.

The next morning Archer found himself with four fragments of regiments under the command of captains and a battalion commanded by a lieutenant.

Pickett's men got into the breastworks in front of them very close to, but not as soon, in the writer's opinion, as Archer and Hood; and one fact not noted in any history or account of the battle the writer has read is that the Federal troops were posted in the bottom, and the smoke of their own guns hung in their faces and obscured the charging brigade, so that they mostly overshot them, or the place could not have been taken.

The next day (Saturday) A. P. Hill's Division rested, and, after being rationed Saturday night, crossed the Chickahominy early Sunday morning.

Monday, June 30, Hill's Division was in reserve at Frazier's farm, and when ordered to advance to the support of Longstreet's Corps Archer was met by Capt. Stewart Lymington, of Gen. Pickett's staff (wounded at Gaines's Mill), and asked to advance to help that brigade, which he did, capturing a few prisoners and keeping on the front of the battlefield, but not being engaged.

The next day was fought the battle of Malvern Hill. The Light Division (A. P. Hill's) was in reserve until night, when ordered forward to take the place of Magruder's Division and support others in their ranks.

After camp life near Richmond until July 25, Archer was ordered to take his and Pender's Brigades that afternoon to Gordonsville by rail to join Gen. Jackson as the advance to Gen. A. P. Hill's Division, the remaining four brigades to follow. The next morning, an hour after disembarking from the cars, Gen. Jackson rode up and shook hands with Gen. Archer, who remarked: "A different scene. General, from our last

meeting." "I recollect it," answered Gen Jackson. Gen. Archer afterwards said that their last previous meeting had been on a dueling field, where he was an invited spectator and Jackson a second (in Mexico). Jackson had instructed the principals as if he were drilling an awkward squad.

The battle of Slaughter's Mountain was the result of Hill's reinforcement of Jackson, and, though Jackson complained that Hill was late in coming up, the men under him thought that he marched too fast for the weather. It was a small battle, but a brilliant victory for the Confederates. The cavalry attempted to make a charge on Archer as he was advancing against the infantry, but he ordered an oblique fire against the cavalry and drove them back without stopping his advance or changing his front.

ABOUT A MISSISSIPPI FLAG.

The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* of November 18, 1899, from Lebanon, Ind.:

In a charge of the Confederates at the battle of Mill Springs Daniel Neil, of this county, captured a flag belonging to a Mississippi regiment. Mr. Neil died of typhoid fever shortly after the battle, and the body was brought home for interment. The captured flag remained in his possession until his death, when it became the property of his half-brother, C. F. S. Neil, of this city. Mr. Neil has consented to have the flag returned, and a committee of the Tenth Indiana Volunteers are making the arrangements.

The committee has written to Josie Frazee Capleman, of Okolona, Miss., historian of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Through her they expect to ascertain the identity of the original possessors, and when this is done the banner will be sent to them. The flag was owned by a company recruited near Holly Springs.

In commenting upon this matter editorially the *Indianapolis News* says:

Indiana has done a great thing in returning old Confederate flags. The act of the State as to the Texas Rangers, which was noted and approved abroad as well as at home, and which has reflected so much credit on us, is to be followed again in the return of a flag captured at Mill Springs, Miss. The regiment to which it belonged is not known. But it is believed to be the property of a company recruited near Holly Springs, and those to whom the flag belonged are thus sought. Some time ago the Tenth Indiana Regiment returned to Grenada, Miss., the flag captured from the Rifles of that place. Thus the good work goes on, pleasant and honorable alike to all concerned in it.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS AT INDIANAPOLIS.

The return of the flag to Terry's Texas Rangers, as reported in the last *VETERAN*, suggests the propriety of returning other Confederate flags in the archives at Indianapolis. Their records report the following:

Flag captured by Thirty-Seventh Indiana Volunteers, 1862.

Captured by Augustine Guards, 1864, by Seventeenth Indiana, flag of First Kentucky Cavalry.

Colors of Third Georgia Cavalry, captured by Second Indiana Cavalry in 1862.

Confederate flag captured at Fort Donelson. Presented to Gov. Morton by Forty-Fourth Regiment.

Confederate flag captured at Vicksburg by the Rising Sun boys in July, 1863.

Confederate flag captured by Eleventh Regiment, under Col. Lew Wallace, in June, 1861.

Confederate flag captured at Tulip, Ark., 1863, from Arkansas Volunteers, by the First Regiment of Indiana Volunteers.

Gen. Morgan's flag, captured by Fourth Indiana Cavalry in 1864.

Confederate flag captured by Company B, Forty-Ninth Indiana Volunteers, at Big Creek Gap.

Battle flag of Terry's Texas Rangers, captured by two companies of the Eleventh Indiana.

Four unidentified Confederate flags; seven unidentified infantry guidons; twenty-four unidentified camp markers; two white markers; Third Brigade flag; thirty-three unidentified flags.

BATTLE OF MILLICAN'S BEND.

B. G. Goodrich, who was of the Sixteenth Texas Infantry, writes:

I have seen no record of the battle of Millican's Bend, La., hence will give you a short account of it.

H. E. McCullough's Brigade, J. G. Walker's Division, Texas Volunteer Infantry, consisting of Sixteenth Dismounted Cavalry (Col. William Fitzhugh), Sixteenth Infantry (Col. George Flournoy), Seventeenth Infantry (Col. R. T. P. Allen), and Nineteenth Infantry (Col. Richard Waterhouse), some 1,500 strong, were engaged on our side. We never knew the strength of the Federals. The greater part of them were negroes. With their usual disregard of truth, the Yankees accused us of shouting "No quarter," but the Sixteenth Infantry captured an entire company of negroes.

About daybreak on the 7th of June, 1863, we charged the levee behind which the Federals were posted. After some hard fighting, they were driven to the water's edge, where some gunboats protected them. As they crowded on their transports many fell into the river and were drowned. They reported their loss at 600, but we estimated it at fully 1,000. They cared very little as to how many negroes were killed. We lost 175 or 180. Among our wounded were Col. Allen, Lieut. Col. Gregg, and Maj. Dimond.

Lieut. Ben R. High, who was of the Eighth Tennessee Regiment, Donalson's Brigade, C. S. A., makes inquiry concerning Comrade — York, who was wounded in the battle of Cheat Mountain. He writes that early one morning, on the third day out, some of the Fourteenth Indiana Regiment got mixed up with his command. It had rained heavily, and the soldiers were in the bushes in much confusion. The water streamed down the mountain side, so they could not lie down to rest. "I heard some one say, in low tone, near us: 'By the right flank.' Then I heard a gun fire, and supposed it was an accident; but soon it seemed that every soldier in Col. Savage's regiment fired. I called Co. E to fall in. On moving down the hill soon afterwards we saw a Yank with a broken leg, and some of the boys put him in a depression where a tree had uprooted for safety. It was such a lonely place we could do nothing for him, and I have often wondered about him."

CONFEDERATE GRAVES NEAR TYNER'S, TENN.

Comrade J. W. Willingham, of N. B. Forrest Camp: At the regular meeting of N. B. Forrest Camp No. 4, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., January 2, a communication was read from William Standifer, of Silverdale, this county, to Comrade H. M. Middleton in reference to a neglected Confederate graveyard near that place. The commander appointed a committee of five comrades, of which Comrade J. F. Shipp is chairman, to look after the matter and report back to the camp at the next meeting, February 6.

In the discharge of this duty Gen. Shipp and I yesterday went out to Silverdale to investigate. Silverdale is about one and a half miles east of Tyner's Station, on the Southern railway, known during the war as the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia railroad, and eleven miles east of Chattanooga. We learned that while Gen. Bragg was mobilizing his army here, in August, 1862, preparatory to the expedition into Kentucky, the troops were encamped at these grounds. The army camped on lands of Mrs. E. W. Carper, widow of W. F. Carper, and a hospital was established for the sick. It was maintained for several months. Between seventy-five and one hundred of these sick soldiers died and were buried on a slightly elevated piece of land near the hospital tents. They were decently buried in government coffins, the graves being made in parallel rows in nice order. The land being in woods and inclosed, the graves were fairly well preserved until a few years ago. The wooden boards, however, are entirely destroyed, and there is no mark by which to identify any grave, except that one has a head and foot stone, and on the head stone the initials "H. E." are carved, and, underneath, the figure "8."

Mr. Standifer states that he did not know of any Confederate organization to which to report the matter sooner. He is a son-in-law of Mrs. Carper, and the land in which the dead are buried belongs to him. He is sixty-four years old, and for fifteen years has been almost blind. While the troops were there he was frequently at the camps and hospitals and remembers a number of incidents that occurred. One was a disagreement between Lieut. Cunningham, of Company B, Cobb's Louisiana Battery, and another lieutenant, name not remembered, about a watch. A duel resulted, and at the first fire Lieut. Cunningham was shot dead. He was buried in a citizens' graveyard near by. Another incident remembered is a conflict of authority that occurred between Col. Day, of the Fifth Georgia, and Dr. Reese, surgeon in charge of the hospital. Many citizens of different Southern States visited them to look after sick relatives.

Perhaps the description of the camps and hospitals here given and the incidents mentioned may meet the eye of comrades yet living, who can give us information as to what troops were there and the names of some of those who died and are buried in this neglected graveyard. Any one who can give any information on these points will please write as soon as practicable to Quartermaster General U. C. V. J. F. Shipp, Chattanooga, Tenn. We desire to get the names and commands of these dead comrades, if possible, to purchase the ground and care for them hereafter as a sacred resting place for our Confederate dead. To this end we solicit information at the earliest moment possible.

Mr. J. P. Smartt, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes as follows under date of January 5:

In a letter recently received from an officer of a Federal regiment that fought near the Brotherton house and field and east of the Lafayette road at Chickamauga, Ga., on Saturday, September 19, 1863, about 4 o'clock p.m., the writer says a Confederate regiment, dressed in gray roundabouts, with white hats, and hair extending to their shoulders, moved by the left flank in column of fours, halted, and commenced firing, etc. Does any one remember a regiment uniformed as described in Gen. A. P. Stewart's Division, Laws's Alabama Brigade, or Fulton's Tennessee Brigade? No other Confederate troops were there. Soon after 4 p.m., when the Federal line at this point was overlapped on the right and was giving away, a Federal soldier, in retreating, stumbled and was captured. An officer in going to the rear lost his gum blanket by being caught in the limbs of a fallen tree, but the officer escaped. Does any one remember this incident? Any information on either of these points will be thankfully received by J. P. Smartt, Chattanooga, Tenn.

FRANKLIN BUCHANAN.

Charles Doran writes of an incident in the life of one of the rear admirals in the Confederate States Navy:

When but a midshipman in the Federal navy, Franklin Buchanan won the coveted honor of being considered fearless. When the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Dobbins, visited the Norfolk Naval Station in 1849 he asked to see young Buchanan, then on duty there, of whom he had heard.

Upon being presented to the Secretary the lad was asked what he preferred most to do. He replied: "Fight." When his resignation from the Federal navy reached the department at Washington it was admitted that the service had met with a great loss.

Of Buchanan's career as a Confederate officer history records his valor and his patriotism, so that his name is justly classed with the distinguished naval men of this continent.

In 1858 Buchanan arrived at Gosport, Va., in the man-of-war Wabash, from a cruise in the West Indies, the ship going out of commission. After arrival at the navy yard the crew were paid off and discharged, and Buchanan was ordered to Washington to report to the Secretary of the Navy the result of the cruise. The ship had been in low latitudes and delayed several months, and there was general dissatisfaction among its crew, many of whom had been punished by Buchanan for disobedience and insolence. These men had sworn to get even with him, and were waiting for their discharge, when they would be no longer under naval discipline, to carry out their threat. Buchanan knew of this, and had been advised to be on his guard. It was while the men were under these conditions the lieutenant prepared for his trip to Washington, and when about to embark on the steamer he was warned not to go, as a dozen of the discontented men from the Wabash had engaged passage on the same boat. Buchanan disregarded this, went on board the steamer, and started for his stateroom, when the captain of the vessel requested him to make the passage in the pilot house, where he said he had provided protection for him, should an attempt at vengeance be made. The

Lieutenant consented, went to the pilot house, and the steamer started upon her trip about dark. The night was dark and windy, and when Old Point Comfort was passed quite a heavy gale blew, which drove the packet off her course. After eleven o'clock, when the passengers generally had retired and Buchanan was preparing to do so, the steamer crashed into some unknown object, and soon her bow and forward rails were torn away and her deck abaft the wheel house strewn with wreckage. The excitement on board was at once intense. Officers and passengers rushed on deck, women shrieked, and the men ran for the boats. Buchanan had his coat on instantly, ran forward, and, ascertaining that the steamer had sustained no serious injury, he directed the officers and men to assure the passengers there was no danger and to restore order. This done, he hailed the ship with which the steamer had collided, and, learning that she was fast sinking, ran to the nearest boat, jumped on the steamer's rail, and began to unloosen the davit ropes, shouting as he did so for volunteers to launch and man her and row to the rescue of those on the sinking vessel. The gale, now at its worst, tossed the steamer about, threatening quick destruction. Failing to receive any response to his request for volunteers from any of the steamer's crew or passengers, Buchanan shouted: "Wabash ahoy! Who mans this boat with me?" In an instant the twelve men-of-war's men were at Buchanan's side and working hard to lower the boat. Very soon the boat disappeared from her davits, splashed in the water, and was started upon her errand. Anxiety upon the part of officers and passengers became painful as no report was heard when the eastern dawn appeared and the calm following the storm was manifest. A searching party was sent out for Lieut. Buchanan and the men who the day before were his pronounced enemies. At 5 A.M. Lieut. Buchanan and his party arrived in their boat, bringing three men and a woman whom they had rescued from the ill-fated vessel.

When on deck Buchanan went quietly to his stateroom, where he prepared for breakfast as though nothing had happened. But he was not permitted to remain there long. Soon the stateroom and passageways leading to it were crowded with his enthusiastic admirers. Congratulations came from all the noble Jack Tars of the Wabash for their recent executive officer.

When the steamer arrived at her destination Buchanan was going down the gang plank when a hearty cheer greeted him and a dozen as brave men as ever walked the deck of a man-of-war hastened to shake the hand of Buchanan and beg his forgiveness for the many threats they had made against him.

HINDMAN'S REPLY TO HOOD.

J. C. Higdon, Brace, Tenn.:

On page 407, September number, Comrade W. G. Bell corrects Comrade B. M. Thomas in May VETERAN in regard to Maj. Gen. Withers, which was very well. Then Mr. Bell makes some mistakes in regard to J. Patton Anderson. I do not now remember the composition of Anderson's Brigade up to the battle of Murfreesboro; but after that fight Chalmers was transferred to cavalry and J. P. Anderson was given this old brigade (Bragg's old brigade), with the Forty-First Mississippi Infantry added. Gen. Anderson was at

times in command of the division as senior brigadier, but never permanently. As Comrade Bell says, Withers was succeeded by Hindman, who retained command of this division not only through the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge but through the Georgia campaign up to the 23d of June, 1864, when he was removed for dissatisfaction, which happened in this wise: On June 22 a portion of Hood's Corps (Stephenson's Division mainly, part of Hindman's) had a sharp engagement with the enemy, in which we accomplished nothing and lost several good men. This was termed by Gen. Johnston "Hood's erratic move." After we had returned to something near our original line, Gen. Hood, with part of his staff, rode up and saluted Gen. Hindman, and, pointing to a hill somewhat to our left front, said: "Gen. Hindman, when you see the enemy crown that eminence, take your division and charge them off. Hindman replied: "Let me take my division and post them there, and the enemy will not crown that eminence." Hood replied: "Gen. Hindman, why is it that I can never give an order but that you have some suggestion to make?" Hindman replied: "Because you never give me an order with any sense to it."

This ended Hindman's career with the Army of Tennessee. His old division regretted to lose him very much.

J. Patton Anderson was transferred to some point on the coast soon after the fall back to Dalton, and he had no further connection with the Army of Tennessee.

W. F. Tucker, of the Forty-First Mississippi Infantry, was promoted to brigadier and assigned command of the old brigade. John C. Brown succeeded Hindman.

OFFICERS IN BATTLES ABOUT ATLANTA.

T. H. Martin, Secretary of the Business Men's League, Atlanta, Ga., desires knowledge as to present whereabouts, if living, of the following officials who were in the battles about Atlanta:

Gen. T. M. Scott, Scott's Brigade; Brig. Gen. William H. Young, Ector's Brigade; Brig. Gen. C. W. Sears, Sears's Brigade; Brig. Gen. D. H. Reynolds, Reynolds's Brigade; Brig. Gen. John C. Carter, Cheatham's Division; Brig. Gen. D. C. Govan, Govan's Brigade; Brig. Gen. J. A. Smith, Granbury's Brigade; Maj. Gen. G. L. Stevenson, Stevenson's Division; Maj. Gen. T. C. Hindman, Hindman's Division; Maj. Gen. Patton Anderson, Hindman's Division; Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson, Hindman's Division; Brig. Gen. Z. C. Deas, Deas's Brigade; Brig. Gen. W. F. Tucker, Tucker's Brigade; Brig. Gen. W. F. Brantly, Walthall's Brigade; Brig. Gen. J. H. Kelly, Kelly's Division; Brig. Gen. William W. Allen, Allen's Brigade; Brig. Gen. W. Y. C. Hume, Hume's Division; Brig. Gen. John S. Williams, Grigsby's Brigade; Gen. Lucius E. Polk, Polk's Brigade; Gen. C. H. Stevens, Stevens's Brigade.

Col. W. Boyles, Ferguson's Brigade; Col. John McQuirk, Gholson's Brigade; Col. V. S. Murphy, Cantey's Brigade; Col. John Weir, Lowery's Brigade; Col. W. Barkuloo, Mercer's Brigade; Col. R. C. Trigg, Reynolds's Brigade; Col. Bushrod Jones, Clayton's Brigade; Col. Melancthon Smith, Hardee's Corps (Artillery); Col. R. F. Beckham, Hood's Corps (Artillery); Col. M. W. Hannon, Hannon's Brigade; Col. J. T. Wheeler, Hume's Division.

Lieut. Col. Felix H. Robertson, Artillery Cavalry Corps; Lieut. Col. S. W. Prestman, Engineer Corps.

Maj. J. W. Eldridge, Eldridge's Battalion; Maj. George S. Storrs, Storrs's Battalion; Maj. W. C. Preston, Preston's Battalion; Maj. J. D. Myrick, Myrick's Battalion; Maj. J. O. Shaw, Hamilton's Battalion; Maj. L. Hoxton, Hoxton's Battalion; Maj. T. R. Hotchkiss, Hotchkiss's Battalion.

Capt. T. M. Merritt, Escort Cheatham's Division.

Comrade John C. McCauley, of Searcy, Ark., whose article appeared on page 406 of the September VETERAN, asks correction of the error in his name and address. "Another error: The article reads, 'Including Gen. E. Kirby Smith,' which would leave the inference that Gen. Smith was killed. It should be: 'Including Gen. E. Kirby Smith's Division.'"

Andrew Jackson Snodgrass was born in Jonesboro, Tenn., July 6, 1843, and in childhood removed with his parents to West Tennessee, living a quiet country life until the beginning of the civil war, in 1861. He volunteered May 20, 1861, joining Company H, Fifth Tennessee Regiment, Stewart's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, in which command he served through the war. He now lives in Little Rock, Ark., and is a member of Omer Weaver Camp, ranking as Major on Gen. V. Y. Cook's staff. As he grows older he loses no love for the gray, but is active in every movement



MAJ. A. J. SNODGRASS, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

which tends to perpetuate the memory of the heroism of our Southern army.

Dr. J. B. Neil, President of Cheatham Bivouac, is a native of Marshall County, Tenn., and was born in 1837. His ancestors were soldiers in the Continental army and in the war of 1812. They emigrated from

North Carolina in the early part of the present century, being among the first to cross the mountains and locate



DR. J. B. NEIL.

in what is now Middle Tennessee. Dr. Neil entered the Confederate army April 16, 1861, and surrendered with his regiment at Appomattox C. H., Va. As a member of Company F, Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, he took part in every battle in which his regiment was engaged from the beginning until the close of the war. His regiment belonged to Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, which participated in many severe battles. When not on "the firing line" he served as hospital steward of his regiment. At the close of the war Dr. Neil's father and mother were both dead. Their property had been swept away by the war, and, like his comrades, he was penniless. Before he was thirty years of age he had graduated from two medical colleges, among the best in the United States. He practiced his profession in his native county successfully until 1890, when he was elected to the State Senate. Immediately upon his election to the Senate he went to work for his Confederate comrades who were crippled and living in penury. His heart was set on a bill to pension the disabled Confederate soldiers of the State, and through the efforts of R. Y. Johnson and others in the House the bill became a law, which has been approved biennially ever since. Early after the war Dr. Neil was married to Miss Talitha McCord, and they have reared a large and worthy family. His son, Dr. D. R. Neil, is practicing medicine with his father in Nashville, while Hon. A. B. Neil is a member of the Lewisburg bar, and represented his county (Marshall) in the last Legislature. Dr. Neil is a typical Southerner, and a member of the Christian Church. He is now the physician at the State prison.

SOME CLOSING EVENTS AT APPOMATTOX.

Julius L. Schwab, First Sergeant Company B, Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment, Lagrange, Ga.:

As one of the survivors of Cox's (previously Ramscur's) Brigade of North Carolina troops, and as a participant in that last charge, I add my testimony to the accuracy of the article of Capt. Metts in the last February VETERAN.

Comrade Kaigler said "there must be some mistake in the claim that the last charge was made by a North Carolina brigade led by Gen. Bryan Grimes, while it is claimed to have been made by Gen. W. R. Cox." I explain that Cox's Brigade was part of Grimes's Division (formerly Rodes's), and, further, that Gen. Evans was in command of Early's old division, of which his brigade was a part. Gen. Longstreet, with his command, was protecting the rear, as he explains in his book; had not reached the courthouse, was not an eyewitness, and does not pretend to give particulars not relating to his corps. Nor is Derry's History good authority.

About two o'clock on the morning of April 9 we were aroused from our sleep in bivouac near the roadside and marched to the courthouse, part of the corps through the village; but Cox's Brigade rested in the main street through the town, shivering in the cold until daybreak. When the troops in front moved on out of the way, we followed and formed a line on the left of the road, the other troops having formed on the right of the road. We soon advanced, as Gen. Cox describes, with Cox's Brigade on the extreme left of the division, and I saw no troops on our left, though Gen. Cox says that Wise's Brigade was there—a mere skeleton (all of the brigades were mere skeletons at that time). While advancing through a field our brigade came in full view of a Federal battery, away over to our left front on a hill, which opened on us with shrapnel, the first one thrown striking right in Companies B and G, of the Fourteenth Regiment, killing and wounding several men. This raised in the Yankee battery a cheer which we plainly heard. Continuing to advance, we seemed to swing more and more to the left, and had left the road a long way to our right when ordered to halt. While lying there on our arms for some time Gen. Bryan Grimes passed alone in front of our brigade. At this time we could see no Yankees, but a dense woods about a hundred yards in our front was "full of them." When the order came to retire, and the brigade started in execution of the movement, a Federal line of battle charged out of the woods toward us, hoping to stampede or capture us. Then it was that Gen. Cox gave the command to right-about face and charge. We stopped at an old rail fence and poured a volley into the enemy; then quickly retired on the division over a ridge. When the division reached its original forming ground, just out of the village, the Fourteenth Regiment was deployed as skirmishers, and Capt. Joe Jones, in command of the regiment, and Lieut. McGregor, of Company F, will so testify, if still living, though Gen. Cox says he had parts of the First and Third and Second Regiments thus deployed. This I do not deny, as the First and Third were then mere fragments and did not belong to Ramscur's Brigade (composed of the Second, Fourth, Fourteenth, and Thirtieth Regiments), but

were consolidated with our brigade after the disastrous Valley campaign of 1864, and may have been deployed on our right.

The Fourteenth Regiment was so deployed, its left resting at a barn, the last building on the outskirts of the town, on the main street we had been in part of the previous night. I was standing at the corner of this barn when I heard horses feet in rapid motion up the street behind me, and, looking around, saw our Adjutant General of Division, Maj. Peyton, with another staff officer whose name I cannot recall, and between the two was a Federal officer (we understood it was the Federal cavalry general—Gregg—who was captured a few nights previous by riding into our rear), all riding at full tilt. I partly heard from their words and saw by their excited actions that something unusual was up. The Federal asked the others for something to use as a flag, when the officer on his right (not Maj. Peyton) pulled out of his pocket a handkerchief, or white piece of cloth which might have been a towel, and handed it to him. By this time they had reached our line. Dashing through it, they turned to the left, directly toward the Yankee line of sharpshooters, who had come up fronting us in full view. After passing through our line some twenty or thirty yards the Federal officer, holding the white cloth in his hand above his head, turned his face back toward us and commanded, "Cease firing!" and, still at full speed, they rode into and beyond the Yankee skirmishers, out of sight. Everybody, on both lines, stood up and looked in amazement at what was going on. Soon it was rumored along our line that Gen. Lee had surrendered. This was the first we in the line knew of anything being done or contemplated toward surrender.

Then followed a scene no pen can describe. Ragged and dirty, gaunt with hunger, and physically exhausted, men went into paroxysms of grief or rage, tears running down grizzly old faces of some, while others broke up their guns, swords, or drums. We knew not what was to become of us, the terms not being then known.

There has been some controversy about that flag of truce. This is what I know about this flag of truce, but of course others passed back and forth between Lee and Grant.

ACCOUNT OF ESCAPES FROM CAMP MORTON.

J. T. Branch writes from McKinney, Tex.:

A year ago, in the January VETERAN, 1899, J. J. Montgomery, of Louisville, Ky., wrote of an episode of the great war. I submit corrections to some mistakes in the same.

I enlisted in the Third Tennessee Regiment at seventeen years in Culleoka, made the campaign into Kentucky under Gen. Buckner, and thence to Fort Donelson. After the surrender of Donelson Tuesday morning, as Mr. Montgomery says, we took "deck passage," not knowing our destination. We went to Cairo; then up the river to Alton, Ill. There we were loaded into box cars and run to Springfield, where we were taken to Camp Douglas, Chicago, where I remained for some three months at the expense of Uncle Sam. On the night of June 1 W. P. Renfro, of my company, and I decided we would go to Dixie. We paid the guard \$7.50 to "look the other way" while we

went over the fence. We made it on foot back to Middle Tennessee, which we reached about the 1st of July. My regiment still being in prison, I enlisted in Company G, Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, and served with it until November 9, 1863, when I was again captured. This time I was taken to Camp Morton, arriving there on the 6th day of December. The next morning I met J. J. Montgomery. Both having made our escape from Camp Douglas, we pledged each other our assistance in getting out of Morton.

In the latter part of January, 1865, ten of us conceived the idea of digging a tunnel to make our escape. Our party was: J. B. Morgan, Columbus Gillian, Jim Gillian, Reuben Branch, and myself, of Tennessee; a Mr. Hill and Tom Moore, of Mississippi; Sebastian Schwartz, of Louisiana; Mr. Kilgore and Mr. Burnett, of Texas. We together planned the scheme and dug the tunnel, and we only had to do with it. We began in the north end of Division 5, in the bunk occupied by J. B. Morgan, commencing on the night of February 8, and completed it in three nights. The first night we packed the dirt taken from the tunnel in our bunk, preparations for which had previously been made by boxing up the front side of the bunk, so the dirt would not be observed. Our excuse to the guard for planking this up was that the men occupying the bunks directly over ours—the bunks being made three tiers high—were continually getting our blankets muddy in climbing to their bunks. The second night we piled the dirt in the topmost bunk, just across the hall from ours, and the third night, having made our calculations to get through in time to leave that night, we scattered it anywhere. Between 3 and 4 o'clock on the morning of the 11th we dug through to the outside, a distance of thirty-three feet from the mouth. In compliance with my promise to Montgomery, I notified him on the night we commenced the tunnel to be ready at any hour. He wanted to know how we were going out, and persisted in my telling him; but as we ten had solemnly pledged ourselves to reveal the plan to no one, I of course refused; but the others had given their consent to bringing Montgomery out with us when the tunnel should be completed. Montgomery was located in another division at the far end of the prison from us and across a little stream running through the grounds, which we had named the "Potomac."

On the evening of the 10th I went to Montgomery and told him I was going to leave that night. He again wanted to know how we were going out—whether over the wall or under it. I again refused to tell him, as I was obligated not to do so, but simply said to him: "I am going, so be ready." I told him to come to our barracks and remain, but not to come to my end of the division, and to let me know just where to find him at the proper time, and he said he would be at the first bunk below stove No. 3 in Division No. 5. He then told me he had a friend and bunk mate named Bell whom he wished to bring out with him, to which I assented. About half past four o'clock I went for Montgomery, and found him and Bell waiting at the appointed place. Montgomery here again asked me how I was going out, and I told him to come on and I would show him the way. When we reached the mouth of the tunnel I said to him, "John, here's the hole!" and this was the first he knew of how we were going out.

I started through, with Montgomery and Bell following. The rest of my crowd, except Burnett, who backed out at the last moment, had already gone through.

Mr. Montgomery is again mistaken about my telling him I was going to Canada, for I had no money and no clothes, except the regulation suit of gray jeans. I did, sometime afterwards, in September, when the big draft was called for, go over to Canada, and remained there until April, 1865.

The ten who planned and dug the tunnel—all except Burnett—made their escape, the majority of them coming South, and most of them reentered the army. Two of them—Schwartz and Tom Gillian—were killed just before the surrender. So far as I know, all but three of them are now dead—J. B. Morgan, of Whitney, Tex.; Jim Gillian, of Columbia, Tenn.; and myself, J. T. Branch, of McKinney, Tex.

My reason for writing this is that justice may be done to the brave dead who did this work. Should any of the statements herein be doubted, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Gillian will both confirm what I have written.

HEROISM AT THE RIGHT TIME.

Rev. Jesse Wood, D.D., writes of an incident in California, which occurred in San Francisco in 1870:

The Superintendent of Public Instruction for California was a Southern gentleman. There came a young schoolmaster from Georgia and secured a situation as subprincipal of one of the leading public schools of the city. By the rules of the department it was the duty of this subprincipal to do the whipping for the twelve or fifteen lady teachers employed in the building. In the discharge of such duties it fell to the lot of this stout young Georgian to handle a particularly bad boy, who not only resisted his teacher, but the subprincipal himself, so that it became necessary to administer a severe chastisement. The parents of the boy instituted suit against the subprincipal, and had him arraigned before the police court. The city papers made all possible sensation out of the case, and the fact that the subprincipal was a Southerner was made use of to his prejudice. Excitement became intense. Political, social, and sectional prejudices were aroused. The State Superintendent might have excused himself from taking a special interest in the case, but he understood too well the animus of the case. When it was called in court the State Superintendent took his seat beside the prisoner. The judge scowled, but to no avail. After the usual preliminaries, when the time came for the prisoner to give bond for his appearance at a future day for trial, there were numerous well-known and wealthy citizens in the court room ready to sign the bond, so that there was no necessity for the prisoner to be taken to the jail. But the judge, bitterly prejudiced against the young Georgian, peremptorily ordered the officer to take him to prison, and it was done, and he remained there until the bond was made and accepted by the court, which proceeding was delayed as much as possible. That Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of California was O. P. Fitzgerald, now a bishop. He locked arms with Billy Robertson, the young Georgian, and marched with him into the cell, and was locked therein, and there remained until Robertson was released.

REMINISCENCES FROM MISSOURI.

John M. Berry, Sedalia, Mo.:

There is so little furnished the VETERAN from this quarter that I give a brief sketch of my experiences in the army and in prison. Articles from several of your correspondents are about events with which I myself am familiar.

My services in the army were mainly in Tennessee. Driven from my home in Missouri by the bluecoats, in September, 1861, I went to Batesville, Ark., where, in October, I joined Capt. Cullen's Company of Deshea's Battalion (the Seventh Arkansas Infantry). Our first quarters were at Pocohontas, where many of our comrades died with measles.

February 2, 1862, we took a small boat—one company at a time—and went down Black River to Jacksonport, where we took a larger vessel down White River and up the Mississippi to Memphis. Thence by rail we went to Tuscumbia, Ala., where we remained until just before the battle of Shiloh, when we were sent to Corinth, Miss. After the terrible battle of Shiloh the Eighth Arkansas Regiment (Churchill's) and the Seventh Battalion (Deshea's) were consolidated. Lieut. W. F. Gibson was elected captain of my company (I). Maj. John H. Kelly, a brilliant young officer, was made colonel of the consolidated regiment.

A few weeks later we moved to Tupelo, Miss., and in July left, via Mobile and Montgomery, for Chattanooga, Tenn. Then, on August 25, our part of the army—Hardee's Corps, Cleburne's Division—commenced its march into Kentucky, going by Sparta to Glasgow, where we halted a day or two. We then moved on to Mumfordsville, on Green River, where we captured the Federal garrison of five or six thousand men. Thence we went to Bardstown, where we remained a few days, and from that point we were hurried to Perryville, where on the 8th of October we had the bloody battle. I participated in the closing part of that terrible little conflict. Gen. St. John R. Liddell's Brigade, of which the Eighth Arkansas Regiment was a part, had been moved from place to place during the day until nearly night, when we were ordered hastily forward. On approaching the struggling lines we opened fire. Soon the smoke of the battle and the approach of night made it difficult to tell foe from friend. We were soon ordered to cease firing, as it was feared our own men were in our front. Just then the gallant Col. Kelly darted forward and demanded of an officer he met just in front of our lines: "What regiment is this, sir?" The answer was: "The Forty-Fourth Ohio." Col. Kelly, with his pistol drawn, arrested him (he proved to be their colonel) and marched him away from his men, and on reaching the rear of our lines his shrill voice rang out, "It's the enemy, boys; give it to them!" and such a roar of musketry was seldom ever heard. It was estimated that five hundred Federals were slain in five minutes in front of two or three of the regiments of our brigade.

After the battle of Perryville we took up our march, via Camp Dick Robinson, where a large supply of army stores were captured and destroyed. Thence, through the bushwhacking, wild-cat mountains, we reached Knoxville, Tenn., about the 4th of November, almost destitute of clothing and shoes. We had hardly anything to eat except parched corn. After a few days'

rest, with better food and clothing, the spirit of the army returned, and we were again ready for duty.

Next we were sent by railroad, via Chattanooga, to Shelbyville. Remaining there a few days, we marched through a snow storm to Beech Grove, where we remained until just before the battle of Murfreesboro. We reached that place the night before the battle began. We moved around to our left, crossing Stone's River on wagons standing in the water with boards reaching from one to another. It was a bitter cold night. The morning of December 30 we rushed into the conflict. Passing through the yard of a nice farmhouse, we captured some of the Federal outposts, who pleaded for mercy. Gen. Liddell swore at them, telling them they were fine fellows, invading our country and then asking pardon. Old Jake, the bugler, whacked one of them over the head with his saber, saying, with an oath: "You youst get home, den." On we went, and in an open field we found ourselves face to face with the Federal force stationed behind a rail fence. I thought they would kill us all. We laid down upon our breasts, and, firing as best we could, we would roll over on our backs and load, then turn back and fire. I remember shooting right over Dick Jones's head. He looked back at me and said: "John, you'll shoot me." I said: "No, I'll not. You keep your head down." I loaded, and bang went my gun again, right at his ear. It so deafened and alarmed him that he turned again, used some very rough words, and declared I would kill him yet. Soon after this a Texas brigade came up, swung into line, and charged the Federals. Those in our front gave way, and we were relieved from our perilous attitude. We drove them across fields, through the woods, and into a cedar mountain. In the edge of some woods I came upon a wounded Federal. He had been shot in the knee. I stopped and asked him if he was dangerously wounded. He said: "Badly in the knee." At his request I placed a piece of wood under his leg, so as to give him an easier position. I told him I was nearly dead for water. He offered me a drink from his canteen. I declined to take it, telling him he would need all he had himself. He insisted, and I took a few swallows of the best water, it seemed, that I ever drank. If that man is alive, I should like to hear from him.

After the battle we camped at Wartrace, and later at Bell Buckle, where we had a most glorious revival of religion among the soldiers. In June Gen. Bragg fell back before the Federal army to Chickamauga, remaining there until the great battle September 19, 20. Our brigade (Liddell's), then commanded by Col. Givan, and Gen. Walthall's Mississippi Brigade, under Gen. Walker, opened that battle early Saturday morning. What a rout! If our whole force had rushed into action at that hour, as these two brigades did, we would have gained an easy and glorious victory. On Sunday evening, just before sundown, by a sudden dash on our right wing of a Federal force, about a thousand of us were captured. We were taken to that miserable Camp Douglas, where we remained till the close of the war.

I had the privilege of meeting my old captain, W. F. Gibson, at his home near Austin, Ark., a few years ago. Having returned to my home in Missouri, I have never had the privilege of meeting any others of the boys with whom I suffered, either in the army or in prison, save two cousins who lived here.

MOSBY'S MEN—CHARLES B. WILTSHIRE.

Dr. J. G. Wiltshire, who was lieutenant of the Forty-Third Virginia Battalion, writes of Charles B. Wiltshire and other rangers under Col. John S. Mosby. He tells particularly of his brother:

After serving one year in Company G, Second Virginia Infantry, "Stonewall Brigade," and two in Company A, Twelfth Virginia (Ashby's) Cavalry, afterwards Rosser's Brigade, and receiving as many wounds, Charles B. Wiltshire, of Jefferson County, Va., was retired from the service of the C. S. A. because of disability from a wound received while storming the enemy's stronghold at Greenland Gap, W. Va.

Though disabled, inactivity in the face of the enemy to a soldier accustomed to the clash of arms and to victory is unbearable. Although still on his crutches, Wiltshire rode from Luray to "Mosby's Confederacy" and offered his services to the chieftain of that department, who at that period of the war had attained the zenith of his glory.

The enemy, in moving on Richmond, had so disposed his forces so as to form a semicircle to Mosby's Confederacy, with its convexity looking southward, thus seemingly to contract the latter's field of operations, but in reality the converse obtained. Wiltshire exhibited his soldierly qualities in the many hotly contested engagements in which he took part, and it was not long before he attracted the attention of his great captain and was sent out in charge of small expeditions against the enemy. Two of these I shall mention. On the 20th of March, 1865, Col. Marcus Reno, commanding the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with headquarters at Charlestown, W. Va., was sent by the War Department on an expedition with his regiment and a regiment of infantry under Col. Bird, concealed in wagons, against Col. Mosby. Col. Reno was scarcely out of sight of the Potomac, his base of operations, when he realized that the pursuer was being pursued, for Mosby was on his flank, front, and rear. Reno guarded himself by disposing his cavalry in parallelograms on his flanks, with his infantry in the center. In war there are many ways to equalize the strength of opposing forces. To overcome the difference between his force and that of Col. Reno, Col. Mosby artfully drew his cavalry off from the infantry into ambuscade near Hamilton, Va. To execute this plan Wiltshire was selected to make a feint with twenty-five men on Reno's right flank, while Col. Mosby, with Companies A and D, lay concealed in the woods a few hundred yards from the road. The plan was carried out so admirably, and the bait thrown out seized so eagerly by the enemy, that Wiltshire had scarcely shown himself when Lieut. Black, of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was ordered, with a detachment of men, to charge the Confederates. The former retired, as instructed, before the gallant lieutenant in the direction of the main body in concealment and without casualty. In the retreat Wiltshire was active in his efforts to save his men, thus exposing himself to great danger. When Wiltshire got to a point in the road opposite the ambuscade, he "wheeled like lightning," and killed the foremost of his pursuers (Robert Chew). Then, turning upon Lieut. Black, he forced his drawn sword from him and felled him to the ground badly stunned. (Capt. Bob Walker, William Biedler's account.) At

this juncture Company D, led by Capt. Alfred Glasscock, with John and Bob Chew (two most gallant brothers), Robertson, Joe Bryan, John Orrick, Charles Deer, and others, in no order, abreast with him, joined by Wiltshire in the road, charged with awful intrepidity. So well directed was this charge that the enemy fled in confusion by a lane in the direction of the infantry, followed closely by this Company (D). Indeed, the foremost men of the charging column mingled with the fleeing host. The route became a jam by a closed gate or a pair of bars across the lane, and many of the enemy were killed or wounded. Capt. Robert Walker, Joe Bryan, John and Bob Chew, John Orrick, Charles Deer, McGinnis, Towney Van Deventer, Keath, and Wiltshire pierced the very ranks of the enemy, John Chew going so far that he was wounded in the back by a Federal just behind him. From this wound he did not recover, though he lived nearly twenty-five years, bearing his affliction with Christian fortitude.

In the jam referred to there occurred the only instance in the war of a horse actually fighting in battle. Capt. Walker, Charles Deer, and Robert Chew state that Wiltshire's horse "reared upon the backs of the enemy's horses, walking upon his hind feet," and seemed to enjoy the part he took in the fight.

Lieut. Black was conducted to Richmond the next morning a prisoner of war. Col. Mosby, who witnessed the capture of Black, expressed his admiration for the soldierly qualities of Wiltshire, and promised him a lieutenancy.

The next day he ordered him, with a detachment of the command, to scout in the vicinity of Winchester, Va., for information concerning movements of the enemy. In pursuance of this order, Wiltshire selected John Orrick, George Murray Gill, Bartlett Bowling, and Bob Eastham, and crossed the Shenandoah River, going by Col. David Bonham's as the most direct secret way open to him. Within speaking distance of the latter's house two Federals, a Lieut. Ferris and orderly, were seen passing from the residence to the stable, where their horses were being fed. Quick as a flash the party charged in the yard up to the door of the stable and ordered the Federals to surrender, Wiltshire and Gill making the first set of twos. At once the Federals opened fire upon the Confederates through the interspaces of the stable logs, wounding Wiltshire in the left breast and Gill in the neck. Wiltshire, from the loss of blood, dismounted and sank to the ground, resting on his left hand with his pistol in his right ready for action. At this moment Ferris ran from his place of concealment, mounted Wiltshire's horse, and made a dash for liberty through a low place in the yard fence, followed by the orderly mounted on his own horse. As they passed Wiltshire they exchanged shots, both missing their aim. Now the fight between the three remaining Confederates and the two Federals grew fierce. Shot after shot was fired on each side, resulting in a slight wound across Bowling's breast. Eastham, Bowling, and Orrick continued the chase of the Federal officer to within a short distance of his camp without further casualty. On their return the Confederates captured the orderly in the woods, he having left his commander before the chase ended. Col. Bonham kindly took Wiltshire into his home, made him as comfortable as could be under the

circumstances, and dispatched a messenger for Dr. Neal, of Berryville, who responded promptly, and remained with his patient as long as he was allowed.

That evening Ferris returned, supported by a detachment of infantry, with orders to take Wiltshire into camp; but, finding him so badly wounded, he magnanimously declined to execute the order. Ferris was too brave to be unkind to a prisoner of war. This, however, did not suit his commander, his order being paramount to the life of a wounded man. He now ordered the major of the regiment to proceed and bring Wiltshire to camp, dead or alive. This order was obeyed, and he was hauled in an army wagon five miles, more dead than alive. On his arrival at camp Miss Lizzie Gilbert, who lived within the enemy's lines, asked the commandant's permission to take the wounded Confederate to her home. This request was granted, and well did this angel of mercy nurse and otherwise comfort her charge until his death, which occurred on the 6th of April. Both mother and father were just outside the camp, and begged to be allowed to see their dying boy and care for him to the last; but the mother only was granted that privilege.

Returning to Gill, we find him, notwithstanding his wound, on the top of the Blue Ridge Mountain, ten miles from where he was wounded, en route for his quarters at Middleburg, Va.; but, from the loss of blood, he was compelled to stop, and was at the house of one of its citizens, where he was made the recipient of many kindnesses. He was also joined by his cousin, John Gill, of Roanoke, who aided in every way the efforts of the physician in charge to save the young life; but, alas! the decree had gone forth, and George Gill surrendered his life upon the altar of his adopted country. George Gill served as a private in Capt. George Gaither's Company of the C. S. A. with conspicuous gallantry, as the wounds he received attested—one at Chantilly, one at the second battle of Bull Run, the third his fatal wound. He was with Gen. J. E. B. Stewart in all his raids and fights until after his second wound, when he was transferred to Mosby's Battalion, where he was always active in the performance of duty until his death.

TRICK TO LEARN POSITION OF THE ENEMY.

Col. R. H. Lindsay, of the Sixteenth Louisiana Volunteers, Shreveport:

A few days after the battle of Franklin my regiment was in position with right resting at Dr. Berry's (new) residence, just outside the city limits of Nashville. One morning Gen. R. L. Gibson, our brigade commander, asked me if I knew the position of the Federal troops on Brown's Creek. I was ignorant of any creek by that name, even although it was close by us. One of Dr. Berry's boys (now President of the American National Bank in Nashville) said to me, pointing with his finger: "Colonel, that's Brown's Creek where the railroad bridge crosses." The bridge was about halfway between the lines. I gave orders to cease firing on our side, and without any side arms I waved a handkerchief, which was promptly answered by the Federals. I made my way toward the small bridge, and got ahead of the Federal officer and two men, and took advantage of the time to carefully take in the position of the enemy. On their approach the officer asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted "a ball

of shoe thread to make a pair of boots" (this was true). He replied: "That is a queer thing for a flag of truce." I thought so myself, but I did not know anything better to say. I promised to pay them in tobacco. The officer said he did not believe that the general would allow him to do that. "Well, let me know to-morrow at noon." We shook hands, and I asked the two cavalrymen what command they belonged to. They replied, "Second Kentucky." I said: "Ah, boys, you should be on my side." They smiled, and we returned to our respective lines. The information obtained seemed to be sufficient, as Gen. Hood ordered an advance that afternoon and drove the enemy back some distance. The next morning Capt. Samuel Haden, now of Dallas, Tex., asked me if he might reconnoiter and get a newspaper and see what they thought of the "shoe thread trick." I said, "Go ahead," and he approached their lines. I saw them point their rifles at him and force him to enter their lines, and I thus lost one of my most gallant and skillful captains, who had been in many tight places with me. The next time I saw Capt. Haden was eighteen years after the war. He was then a minister of the gospel, and came to Shreveport to assist in the dedication of the Baptist church.

Comrade Ferrell furnishes his friend Hal Manson, of the *Rockwall* (Tex.) *Success* some incidents from which the following notes are taken:

During Gen. Paine's "age of terror," when he was stationed at Gallatin, Tenn., to make "treason odious," and for other reasons, it was customary to send out foraging parties to prey upon the "disloyal." It having been reported by a "brother in black" that my father was a Rebel sympathizer, a train of wagons were sent for provisions and provender. After filling the wagons the bluecoats concluded to stock up their poultry department, and began to catch chickens. They pressed into service the little negroes, requiring them to crawl under the dwelling, where some choice ones had taken refuge. A game young rooster kept well concealed under the house until forced out, when a soldier ordered: "Catch that rooster, you little black r—!"

"No, sir; can't ketch 'im; dat's Miss Manda's rooster; dat's John Morgan."

"The h— you say! Well, I'll have him if I leave all the others."

"John Morgan" was captured, and I suppose in due time found his way into a camp kettle.

"Bill" Anderson, who cut the last fuse for the last Confederate gun at Appomattox, vouches for the following:

Gens. Benning and Anderson were very approachable, fond of the social canteen, and often took a game of "old sledge" together in quiet times. The boys had dubbed Gen. Benning "Old Bull," and Gen. Anderson, "Old Tige." Both generals were aware of these names. One morning when Anderson's brigade was on duty a heavy Federal cavalry force struck him, and he sent to Gen. Benning for assistance. The courier galloped to Benning's headquarters, and forgetting himself, said: "Bull, Tige's treed, and wants help." It was sent immediately.

WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, CHARLESTON.

When the news of the Leopard firing on the Chesapeake, in June, 1807, reached Charleston war with England was deemed certain, and among the companies formed in that "City by the Sea" was the Washington Light Infantry. The first captain was William Lowndes, who, with Calhoun and Cleves, urged the declaration of war in Congress in 1812. The corps did duty in the war of 1812; in 1832 was a pronounced Union corps; in 1837 went to the relief of St. Augustine, in the Seminole war. Some of the most distinguished men of South Carolina commanded it in the 1807-60 period. On the 19th of April, 1827, the widow of Col. William Washington, of the Revolution, presented her husband's battle flag to the corps, borne at Cowpens, Guilford, Holkirk's Hill, and Eutaw, and still preserved by the corps and used on large occasions.

President Lincoln was elected on the 6th of November, 1860. The first military order issued previous to the open war between the States was one by the Governor of South Carolina to the general commanding the Fourth Brigade, S. C. M., specially detailing the Washington Light Infantry to guard the U. S. Arsenal in Charleston, where twenty-two thousand muskets and many military stores were held, and on the 12th of November a detail from the company went on this duty and remained in sole charge of the arsenal for five weeks, when it was transferred to duty in the harbor. In April, 1861, during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the Washington Light Infantry, one hundred and eighty men for duty, occupied Fort William Washington, east end of Sullivan's Island, mounting four guns. The company was alone in charge of this outpost, acting as artillerists and infantry support.

In the war between the States, having large numbers, it sent Company A to the Hampton Legion, and subsequently enrolled two other companies for the war, which were incorporated in the Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Infantry as Companies A and B, Capts. Lloyd and Carson. These two companies served in Charleston Harbor. While garrisoning Fort Sumter a single shell from the enemy exploded and killed eleven men of Company A. In 1864 they were transferred to Virginia, and in 1865 were at and near Fort Fisher, N. C., and the remnants of both companies were there captured. In the great inter-State struggle one hundred and fourteen dead were recorded in the three companies. Upon the return of the survivors to Charleston, in 1865, they came together and formed a charitable association, the first Confederate founding of this kind. South Carolina, from 1865 to 1876, was "the prostrate State"—for three years a military district, for eight years overrun with carpetbaggers, scalawags, and ignorant negroes, and by 1870 things were in a desperate public condition. The young men of Charleston formed "rifle clubs," in preparation for an early emergency. Capt. William A. Courtenay had been an enthusiastic member of the Washington Light Infantry for ten years, before and during the first year of the war; when he became separated from the corps, and served elsewhere in the Confederate army during the four years. In 1872 his old comrades called him back, and he accepted the command of the Rifle Club. He revived the old anniversary celebration of Washington's birthday, and on the 22d of February, 1873, all the rifle clubs paraded as an escort and made a "white

man's demonstration" in the streets of Charleston, which spread over the whole State. The famous "red shirts" made a cheap and significant uniform, and the preparation for the great struggle of 1876, under Gen. Wade Hampton, soon took shape. In that memorable campaign the Washington Light Infantry did guard duty in Charleston before, during, and after the election for one hundred consecutive days and nights. Upon the recognition of Gen. Hampton as Governor, the Washington Light Infantry became enrolled and commissioned as State volunteer troops, and it maintains still an influential position in the city military.

Fidelity to the memory of the "flag that is furled" has marked the post-bellum life of the Washington Light Infantry. The corps, in June, 1870, erected a monument costing \$3,000 to their one hundred and fourteen dead comrades. It was the first Confederate monument built in the South. Twenty-five years later they took down the already decayed monument and replaced it with one of gray granite with bronze panels, forty-five feet high and costing nearly \$5,000, which is seen in the City Hall Park. The Monument Committee worked nearly eleven years to accomplish this task. By early and able efforts there was founded a charity fund, said to be the only permanent Confederate benefaction in Dixie. They hold \$15,000 in seven per cent bonds, and have distributed in annuities over \$20,000 since 1865.

It is a public-spirited corps, and, actuated by patriotic motives, accepted invitations to attend the Bunker Hill Centennial, in June, 1875. The presence in Boston of a South Carolina military corps, with the crimson flag of Col. William Washington, of the Revolution, created a profound sensation throughout the North. It is needless to say that the sixty South Carolinians had an ovation in New England. Since 1875 the corps has been present at the Fourth of July Centennial in Philadelphia, in 1876; brought the Old Guard of New York and Boston Light Infantry to Charleston for the Centennial of Fort Moultrie, June 28, 1876; Gen. Hampton was the guest of the corps April, 1877, on his reception in Charleston as Governor of South Carolina; it projected the grand monument to the heroes of the Cowpens at Spartanburg, S. C., May, 1881; went to Yorktown Centennial, October, 1881; visited New Haven and Hartford, in 1883; New York, in 1889, at the Centennial of Washington's inauguration; Richmond, in 1890, at the unveiling of the Lee monument, etc.

Before and since the close of the war Capt. Courtenay has been prominent and influential in Washington Light Infantry circles. He has uniformly declined higher command in the military, and says he wants the Washington Light Infantry to bury him when he dies. He hopes to have a gay and festive time with "the boys" for a wind-up at the Centennial, February 22, 1907.

Capt. Courtenay was Mayor of Charleston 1879-1887—two terms—and is now President of the Courtenay Manufacturing Company at Newry, S. C.

The VETERAN is indebted to Capt. Courtenay for a copy of Henry Timrod's poems, to which reference is made elsewhere. Our South Carolina comrades have done themselves much credit for their enterprise and zeal in perpetuating the memory of his beautiful life in this Memorial edition.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES BY COL. J. L. RAPIER.

An Account of His Escape from Prison in New Orleans.

From the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* of January 31, 1894, we take the following interview by a reporter of that paper with Col. John L. Rapier, of the *Mobile Register*, one of the most gallant officers who served in the Confederate army. Concerning the swamp and everglades adjacent to Camp Parapet and Carrollton, out toward Kenner and Butte, he said:

I know much about that country, for it was through that portion that I made my escape from a Yankee prison in New Orleans in 1864. I had been ordered from Virginia to Mobile, and I was sent down to Fort Gaines as adjutant of the reinforcing battalion. Fort Gaines surrendered to Admiral Farragut's fleet on August 5, and the garrison was sent to New Orleans by sea. We were first put in the Picayune Press, way down in the third district, but a few days afterwards a large portion of the prisoners were transferred from the Picayune to the Union Press, way up town. During my first night at the Union Press I had quite an amusing experience. There had been an escape from that prison, and at the very hour that we were transferred to it the Yankee guard was doubled. Twice during the early part of the night, while roaming around the prison, I was mistaken by one of the Yankee sentinels for one of the guards, a member of the old guard mistaking me for one of the new guard, and the new guard taking me for one of the old guard. This twice-repeated mistake suggested to me that maybe the sentinel at the gate would also mistake me for a Yankee soldier, and I immediately determined to try my escape by the direct route through the front door.

I walked past all the guards and reached the post at the gate and passed the sentry. I sauntered slowly out on the sidewalk, and was marching off down the street when the sentry hailed me and asked where I was going. I replied that I was going to St. Mary's Market to get a cup of coffee. "Well," said he, "I can't let you do it. The orders are that none of the guard can leave without the lieutenant's permission."

I said: "Where's the lieutenant?"

"He's asleep. You can wake him up and ask him, if you want to."

"No," I said, "I don't want to wake him; for if you wake a man up and ask his permission he will be sure to be disagreeable and refuse."

He then said: "Well, you can ask the corporal."

"Where's the corporal?" I replied.

The corporal answered for himself: "Here I am!"

I then asked for his permission to go and get a cup of coffee, but he declined, and said: "Ask the sergeant."

I stood there talking a few moments, and the sergeant came up, and I then asked his permission; but he declined to give it, and said the lieutenant was the only one who could grant leave. I still objected to waking the lieutenant, and I then took a camp stool and sat down near the curb. The sergeant took another stool and the corporal a box, and in a short time we were busy discussing the war and telling anecdotes of various generals. The Federals proved to be good conversationalists, and after we had fully discussed the merits of the various Federal generals the corporal

said: "But the Rebels have got one man that tops them all."

"Who do you mean?" I asked.

"Gen. Lee," he replied.

"You are mighty right!" said I; and we warmly lauded the great general for some moments. Then I asked: "How about Stonewall Jackson?"

"Well," said the corporal, "there's no use discussing him; he was a genius. He was too slick for any of our fellows; and as for fighting, why he could whip the devil."

I never knew just how it was. I don't believe I grew too enthusiastic over old Stonewall. The other fellows admired him as much as I did, evidently, and showed it, too; but, any way, our eulogies were brought to a sudden stop, for the sergeant, seizing his lantern, quickly crossed the sidewalk, and, holding it up to my face, looked intently at me, and cried: "Why, damn it! you are a Rebel officer. What are you doing out here?"

"I did want to get a cup of coffee," I said, "but you fellows wouldn't let me do it."

"Well, you had better get along in there where you belong, for you have been sitting out here an hour; and if you didn't get coffee, you got enough fresh air. You get along back in there, right away!" and, following me, as I reëntered the prison gate he said, "I say, partner, don't mention this little thing to anybody, will you, please?" and I promised him that I wouldn't.

If I remember correctly, we remained about three weeks in the Union Press. At that time all cartels for the exchange of prisoners had been suspended; and, as the Federals had many men and the whole world to draw from, it became a mathematical calculation only as to how long it would take for them to exhaust the resources of the Confederacy in regard to supplying the places of those taken from its army either by death or imprisonment. However, there was at that time in one of the Confederate prisons a son of a distinguished admiral of the Federal service, and a special cartel was entered into for the exchange of this man and several of his brother officers. The prisons of New Orleans were gone over and eighteen men selected from them to exchange, rank for rank and man for man, for these Federals. I was one of the number, and I was removed with my seventeen comrades to the office formerly occupied by Hewitt, Norton & Co., on Common Street. Here we were placed under a special guard of the United States regulars.

While it seemed certain that we should be exchanged in a very few days, it was my idea of my duty to the Confederacy, a sense of duty shared equally by my companions, that we should escape, and thus, as far as we were concerned, keep the Federals in the Confederate prisons. To accomplish this end several of us began to plan for our escape. This was rendered very difficult, because we were so few, and the roll was called as often as eight or ten times a day. Work at boring a hole through the brick wall was impracticable night or day on account of the stillness and for the reason that with such a small number of men we would have been discovered immediately.

We resolved upon a plan, therefore, to ask permission to scrub out the prison every day for exercise. The lieutenant of the guard granted us this permission, and as we could make as much noise as we pleased

while doing it, we would pass a couple of hours daily pretending to scrub, while really one of us be at work at the wall all the time. We made several attempts to complete the work, but each time after we had progressed somewhat the Yankee lieutenant would appear and introduce a brick mason, and calmly walk up to the point of operation, no matter how well concealed it was, and order the mason to close up the gap.

Being found out so frequently excited our suspicions that all was not fair in that prison. About this time I noticed that one of the sentinels, every time I passed him, would say something to me, but what it was I never could catch; and when I would ask him to repeat he would decline to do it or make some remark about the weather. Finally, however, I caught the words: "Ye have a spy amongst ye's." When I caught these words the mystery was explained, and the alertness of the lieutenant of the guard no longer a surprise. We found who the traitor was, but I won't name this wretch. He lives here in New Orleans now.

We were not long in fastening his guilt upon him, and it was the unanimous decision of the younger prisoners that he should die by strangulation. This undoubtedly would have been his fate had it not been for Paymaster Richardson, of the Confederate States navy, who was the oldest man among us and the one to whom we naturally looked for counsel and advice. He was a most excellent Christian gentleman, and, learning what was our intention, he argued with each of us quietly and separately that such action would be murder, and he promised to work it so that the traitor would be removed from our midst. He agreed to call him out and tax him with his treachery and to defy him to clear himself of the charge that was brought against him; he would make him sign a confession, and forward it to Gen. Canby, and ask that he be removed from among us. Mr. Richardson exacted from us that we should remain silent and let him do the talking. That afternoon about three o'clock we assembled in the front room, our Judas alone being out on the gallery. He was summoned to appear before us. He declined to come, evidently suspecting that something was up, and we went out to him. Mr. Richardson accused him of being a spy, and showed him a copy of a letter which he had written to the Federal authorities, asking to be taken out of the prison, as he was suspected by his comrades, and reminding the authorities that he had really not been captured, but had deserted the Confederate cause, and that he had taken the oath of allegiance, and that the position that was forced upon him now was one of great danger to him, and that he soon would be useless, for he could no longer be an effective spy, as he was suspected by his comrades. The rascal blanched as these charges were brought out against him. In reply he began: "I pledge my word of honor as a gentleman"—He got no farther, for one of our young hot-heads cried out excitedly, "Don't trifle with what don't belong to you!" and, springing forward, seized him by the throat, and was about hurling him over the balcony into the street below, when the cry, "Look out!" made him conscious of the presence of Lient. Dougherty, of the First Regulars, who commanded us to desist; and, as he was backed by twenty-one muskets, pointed right at us, we had to desist.

We were then taken and shut up in the back room of the prison, while Judas had the whole front part to him-

self. His first act was to send out for a mint julep; and, placing himself where we could all see him, but not reach him, he drank it off leisurely, defying us as he drank. But the matter was soon settled. An appeal to the Federal commander, telling him that we thought it very unfair to have a spy put in among us, asserting our right as prisoners to attempt to escape, and the right of his sentinels to shoot us in case we were caught in the attempt, soon brought an order to remove the obnoxious individual from the prison.

Very soon after this things began to go our way—that is, as far as favoring our escape. Within a week the guard of the First Regulars was removed, and the guard detail for our prison was taken from one regiment and another, new men and new officers each day.

We soon found that they had not been apprised of our numerous efforts to dig holes, and were totally unaware of our intense desire to go. One among the various places where we had begun boring was in a small closet under the stairs. The attempt had been discovered, but the hole in the brick work had not been built up. The door had simply been closed and nailed tightly. This door we now pried open, breaking the points of the nails, and when the door was closed it had the appearance of being securely nailed. We now kept one man constantly in that closet during all of the daylight hours, working away at the bricks and mortar.

The progress of the work was necessarily slow, for we had been deprived of our pocketknives and everything with which such work could be done, and the only implements we had left were a chisel and an ear syringe. Cups of water were passed in to the operator, who passed hours moistening the mortar with the aid of the syringe. Then the next man would use the chisel. Whenever roll was called a quick signal would bring the workman out of the closet to answer to his name. Finally all of the bricks were taken out except the last row and the mortar fastening on the other side, and on the evening of the 13th of October, at 7 o'clock, all was ready for the attempt. Paymaster Richardson could not accompany us on account of a severe wound in the thigh, but he aided in our escape very materially. He performed on the flute beautifully, and, taking his instrument, he sat across the room from the sentinel who stood at the foot of the stairs on duty, scarce ten feet from the closet door, and there discoursed delicious music.

It was my lot to start first, and when the gallant paymaster saw me approach the closet door he began to play "Home, Sweet Home." The sentinel leaned upon his musket and drank in the music. He wasn't watching rebel prisoners then. His thoughts and his heart were way off in his Michigan home. Passing through the hole, we found ourselves in the medical purveyor's office, next door. Walking to the front part of the building and lighting a match, we soon undid the fastenings of the front windows and stepped out upon the balcony on Common Street. The Yankees had built a bulkhead to the front gallery of our prison to keep us from escaping by that route, and that very bulkhead served us in this juncture, as it kept the sentinel on the gallery of the prison from seeing us. Quickly passing along from balcony to balcony, we reached Baronne Street, and turned up that street and went as far as the balconies extended. Capt. Joe Walker followed me with a piece of improvised rope, it being his intention to lash it to the gallery for us to

slip down into the street; but just as we reached the last door of the last balcony I saw a staircase in the hall. I ran down the stairs to the street door, and found it locked; but luckily the key was on the inside. Quickly giving Capt. Joe the signal to follow, I unlocked the door and stepped out upon the sidewalk of Baronne Street—into freedom.

I had not proceeded ten feet before I heard two pistol shots in rapid succession, and saw a man fall not twenty paces from me, and another man run off up the street. I ran to the wounded man, and found him shot in the knee. I assisted him to get up, and by this time the street was crowded with people. I recognized in the crowd several of my escaped fellow-prisoners, and also some of our guards; but the excitement was so great that no particular attention was paid to us, and when the crowd dispersed we dispersed with it.

Feeling like a bird just out of a cage, I naturally made the most of my freedom. I walked round town, hither and thither, for a couple of hours before the thought struck me that it was time for me to seek cover. Having always intended to escape, I had made full preparations, as I thought, for a place of refuge not only for myself but for my friend, Lieut. Fendall. I had asked my mother, casually in conversation, for the present address of my boyhood friend, John T. Gibbons, and she made a mistake in the directions. When I sought the address given I found no such house as she described. Peering through the blind of a window, I saw two ladies sewing by a lamp, and it struck me that they would do to trust. I knocked, and they came to the door. I asked: "Do you know where Mr. Gibbons lives?" "Do you know the city well?" she asked; and I replied, "I was born and reared here, and know the city perfectly." "You will find Mr. Gibbons's house at the corner of Gasquet and Roman," she said; "and you can go in the back gate, on Roman Street. You need not ask any further questions; go right in the back gate, and you will be safe." The good lady's deliberate manner and her caution showed me that she knew what I was, and I acted upon her advice as soon as possible.

I went to the back gate on Roman Street, opened the gate, and stepped into the yard. Everything within was pitch dark, but as I stood for a moment a sound caught my ear which assured me of safety. That sound was the rattle of a rosary. That was the sweetest sound that I had ever heard; and, as much as I love all that pertains to the Church, at that moment I loved the rosary more than all the rest. It had been the custom of Mrs. Gibbons, before the days of battles and prisons, when we young folks were in the parlor amusing ourselves, to retire to the rear porch and say her beads in the dark; and this night, although I could not see her, as I stood listening I knew that it was the dear, good old lady saying her rosary as of old days, and that I was safe, for I really was under the protecting roof of my dear friend, John Gibbons.

To her query, "Who's there?" when she caught sound of my movement, I said, "Mrs. Gibbons, don't make any noise;" and I gave her my name. As soon as she heard the name her energetic exclamations, as she invoked all the blessings of heaven on me, brought the whole family in a rush out to the porch. They all embraced me, even, I believe, Mr. Swarbrick himself, and hurried me into the house.

After a few moments passed in congratulations and

rejoicing I remembered my friend Fendall, and recollected that the misdirection given him would certainly lead him astray, and, I feared, cause him to be recaptured. I quickly explained to Mr. Gibbons what had happened, and gave him a description of my friend, and he started out to find him. After an hour's delay he reentered the house and showed me a hat, and said, "Is that all right?" and I told him, "Yes; bring him in." He had gone down to Claiborne and Custom-house Streets, and after a few moments a man came up to him and asked him if he knew where Mr. Gibbons lived. Gibbons's only reply was, "Follow me;" and in this way he brought him to within close proximity of the house, where he backed him up into a dark alley and exchanged hats with him, and brought Fendall's hat to me for identification. After rescuing Fendall, Gibbons went down to my mother's and apprised her of my escape, and she immediately came to see me, although it was then after midnight. No one in these days can realize the amount of caution which had to be exercised to avoid detection and the great risk incurred by those who helped prisoners. I do not believe that I realized it fully at that time myself, for I doubt if I would have placed my good friends in jeopardy as I did; for arrest, confiscation of property, and imprisonment on Dry Tortugas would certainly have been their reward had they been detected. We remained ten days as Mr. Gibbons's guests, enjoying the whole-souled hospitality of the family. Each night I took a long walk with my mother. The only disguise I used was, when we passed under a gas lamp, was to take out a large red handkerchief and wipe my nose and face vigorously, thus entirely concealing my features.

At that time there were parties in New Orleans who, for a compensation of \$60 each, would carry prisoners into the Confederate lines, across Lake Pontchartrain; but, as those parties were not Southerners, neither Fendall nor I wished to trust them, and we determined to go out by ourselves. The Prisoners' Relief Committee furnished us with a few greenbacks, which, in addition to the Confederate money we already had, would enable us to pay our way when necessity required it.

The evening of the 23d of October was cloudy and drizzly, and about half an hour before nightfall Fendall and I entered the family barouche, and the curtains were buttoned down securely. Mr. Gibbons and Mr. Swarbrick sat on the front seat, with lovely little Mamie Swarbrick, then a child of five or six years, sitting between her father and her uncle. Gibbons drove to the new shell road and out toward the lake. We reached and passed the Halfway House just at dark, and three hundred yards beyond that point the side curtains of the carriage were unbuttoned, the horse was slackened up to a walk, and with a hasty good-by Fendall and I leaped from the carriage and plunged into the swamp.

We worked our way for about a mile to a house where we had a rendezvous with a gallant young Alabamian named Scott, who was a Confederate spy. We found Scott on the ground already waiting for us, and we were not long in starting on our tramp. Taking the edge of the swamp, we plowed along all that night around the lines of pickets, passing in some instances dreadfully near the negro sentinels. As soon as it was daylight we sought the densest jungle we could find, and, making a lair for ourselves, we passed the

day there. We suffered very much from thirst. Although wading in water, we knew that to drink the swamp water meant fever and possibly death. All the next night we kept steadily on through swamp and stubble fields, until about 2 o'clock in the morning we struck a sugar plantation, where the cane relieved our thirst very considerably.

We were under the impression that we had passed the last line of pickets, when suddenly, about three o'clock in the morning, we came upon an outpost of negro troops. The loud cursing between the sentinel on duty and the corporal of the guard apprised us of our proximity to the camp and our danger. We counted five stacks of muskets, and saw the sleeping forms of a score of negro soldiers. The sergeant, with two or three of the men, was seated at the camp fire, and the sentinel was walking his beat and loudly demanding that the relief should come, as he had been on duty over time. We were delayed here some fifteen minutes, and Fendall insisted upon capturing the whole gang. We had two revolvers and one Bowie knife, and I have no doubt but that we could have effected the capture; but what could we do with them after we had captured them? was the question in my mind. Fendall wanted to take them along with us as far as we could, and then, if we could not deliver them within the lines of the Confederacy, to kill them. It looked to me as if it would be almost impossible to take them to the Confederate lines after we captured them, and to capture them with the intent to kill them afterwards seemed to me, even in that desperate hour, too much like murder; so, with the aid of Mr. Scott, I persuaded my impulsive friend out of his notion, and, quietly crossing a deep ditch, we flanked the guard and went on our way.

At daylight we concealed ourselves among the cane at the edge of the swamp, and waited all day. While there we saw many Yankees — solitary individuals, squads of five and six, and groups. Some seemed to be wandering aimlessly about, some were driving cattle, none evidently apprehensive of danger; and it would have been an easy thing for us to have taken off ten or twenty of them during the day, as at times they passed within twenty feet of us.

Our third night we marched through sugar plantations until about midnight, when we struck a cotton plantation, where the hands had been picking cotton and had left wine casks at intervals along the plantation road. These casks contained water, and from these we had our first drink of water since leaving town. The casks were at intervals of about a hundred yards apart, and I don't think we skipped a single one, stopping at each as if it was a magnificent spring and gorging ourselves with pure Mississippi water.

Our road now became terrible. It had been raining, and the Louisiana mud clung to our shoes, and each step increased the amount we had to raise, so that we found ourselves compelled every thirty or forty yards to stop and scrape the mud off of our shoes. We reached the river bank about two o'clock in the morning, and started up the levee toward Bonnet Carre. At daylight we hid in the willow copse behind the levee, and here we watched the Yankees passing to and fro. The next night's march brought us, about two o'clock, to Bonnet Carre proper. Here we broke into the provost marshal's office and destroyed his blanks and lit-

erature, left our cards, and, quickly crossing the cultivated fields, which were not more than a mile or two wide, we started due north through the swamp toward Lake Maurepas. At daylight it was cloudy and drizzling rain. We had no compass, and marched due north, or as near as we could. That swamp was a frightful place. Enormous cypress logs lay prostrate in every direction, and we had to climb them continually. Toward evening we became so fatigued that we were not able to climb over them, but had to walk around them. Naturally, in doing this, we soon lost our course. We debouched on the banks of Lake Maurepas, and found that we had lost direction by some two miles. Having unconsciously borne to the eastward, we were within a few hundred yards of the Yankee pickets on Pass Manchac, and had to beat our way westward. Lake Maurepas has no beach; the water comes right up to the canebrake, and, though very shallow, is filled with stumps and cypress knees, which made wading almost impossible; so we had to take refuge in the canebrake for relief. We were compelled to crawl in many places on our hands and knees. A hundred yards or so of this kind of traveling and we would take to the water again. In this way, after about three hours' hard work, we had traversed two and a half or three miles, which brought us to the cabin of a German who was known to Scott as an ardent Union sympathizer. We told him that we were Rebel deserters trying to force our way into New Orleans and to freedom from military duty. We at once became heroes in his eyes, and he treated us very nicely, giving us a supper of turnips and Irish potatoes mashed and stewed together. We passed the night with him, and next morning he gave us breakfast with the same bill of fare as at supper. We then asked him for a boat, and he said that we did not need one; becoming suspicious, he asked where was the boat we came in. We then told him that we were escaped Confederate prisoners making our way to the Confederacy, and that he had to give us a boat or we would kill him and take his boat. The old man instantly concluded that he had warmed a set of vipers; and, because there was no help for it, he gave us a boat, exacting a solemn promise to return the boat if we could. He gave us a little pirogue, so small that when we three were seated in it the gun-whale was scarcely two inches above the water. We headed our course north for the mouth of Blind River, and as the wind was north the little wavelets struck us broadside and soon began to fill our boat. Fendall and Scott baled while I paddled, and I made a job of it, never having had a paddle in my hands before. I succeeded in paddling both legs of my breeches off during the day's run. To add to our discomfort, when we were within about two miles of the mouth of Blind River we discovered the Yankee gunboat *Commodore*, which was doing duty on the lakes, coming through Pass Manchac; but luckily for us, our insignificance saved us from discovery by her. But it had the effect of making me paddle more vigorously than ever.

After reaching Blind River and wending our way for two or three miles, we entered White Oak Bayou, where one bayou entered another, each succeeding one being smaller than the last. We passed our whole day in that canoe. The swamp grass was so thick in places that the canoe would become stalled in eight or ten feet of water; then, when we would pull at the grass, it

would come up by the roots. Hour after hour we lost in this way at intervals of the day.

Finally night fell upon us. We seemed to have reached the head of the bayou network, and were informed by a French squatter that we were on Bear Island. We made our way through to the woods about a mile, and took possession of a deserted log hut, where we passed the night. There were no roads on Bear Island; the forest trees were blazed, and the next day's march was through that country. We saw droves of wild turkeys and deer, quite tame, for they had never been hunted. Crossing the Amite River, our day's march brought us within a short distance of Ponchatoula, which port we reached the next afternoon about three o'clock—seven days and nights out from New Orleans, and having made fifty-one miles, I believe, as per the mileposts of the Illinois Central.

I had seen some hard marching in Virginia under old Stonewall, but this march was the hardest I ever made. From Ponchatoula we went by easy stages up the (now) Illinois Central to Jackson, Miss., then by rail to Meridian, and from Meridian to Mobile. I don't believe that bloodhounds even could track a man far in that swamp; everything smells the same, dank and fetid. What you eat and what you touch and what you tread on—all have the same odor; and I believe even the smell of a negro would be neutralized by the awful smell of that awful swamp.

Yes, the escape was a success. Thirteen out of the eighteen officers confined made good their escape; not one was recaptured, and the special exchange was therefore effectually broken off.



JOHN L. RAPIER.

John L. Rapier was born at Spring Hill, Mobile County, Ala. He lived in New Orleans from three years of age until the breaking out of the civil war, which he entered at the age of eighteen years and six months as a member of St. Paul's Company of Chasseurs à Pied. They left New Orleans April 21, 1861,

for the war. He served at Pensacola five months, when the command was transferred to Virginia, and he was appointed sergeant major of the battalion the day after the battle of Seven Pines, and adjutant during the seven days' battle. He received commission as second lieutenant in January, 1864. After service at Drury's Bluff, he was ordered to Mobile in March, 1864. He was captured by Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay. Admiral Watson, then Farragut's flag lieutenant, receiving his surrender. He was taken to New Orleans in August, 1864, and escaped in October, 1864. After the war he became a newspaper man—first as partner of Maj. Hy St. Paul, in publishing the *Times*, and then with John Forsyth as publisher of the *Register*. He has been President of the *Register* Company for over twenty years.

CHEATHAM'S AND CLEBURNE'S DIVISIONS.

Mr. W. H. Scales, of Macon, Miss., who gives his command as First Arkansas Regiment, Govan's Brigade. Cleburne's Division, in the battle of Franklin, construes the article on pages 11 and 12 in January *VETERAN* as a reflection upon Cleburne's Division. His letter is made the occasion for correcting an error as to the name of Loring. The writer has often wished he knew the name of the officer who rode to near where Gen. Hood examined the position of the Federals and decided to make battle. Hood said, addressing this officer, "General, we will make the fight;" and the two clasped hands as they sat on their horses. The writer thinks it was a brigadier under Cleburne, so it could not have been Maj. Gen. Loring. The article referred to was copied from the *New York Evangelist*, in which the phraseology had been somewhat changed. There was never a thought to create impression that Cleburne's men were less heroic than Cheatham's or any other men who ever went to battle. The men of Cheatham's Division were proud of their commander and of each other, but never assumed to themselves higher credit than they accorded to Cleburne. They never wanted a better support or a more reliable comradeship than Cleburne's Division. Mr. Scales quotes from the article: "Cleburne's men dashed at the works, but their gallant leader was shot dead and they gave way." This language is not that of the writer. It should be known that while Cheatham's old division held the Federal main line of works and Cleburne's did not, especially about the cotton gin, conditions were different. The brave Federals under Opdyke rallied and rerallied in Cleburne's front, and the fire from the Federal fort across the Harpeth River could do much more damage to Cleburne's than to Cheatham's Division. The loss in the two commands—thirty-one per cent in Cheatham's Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. John C. Brown, and of fifty-two per cent in Cleburne's—show in as good proportion as can be estimated the relative peril in the two commands. The *VETERAN* would not willingly be the cause of disparity between the gallantry and the faithfulness of these two divisions, which ranked second to no others who fought for the Confederate side. During their long, hard service in many terrible battles there was never aught but pride and good will for each other.



MAJ. GEN. THOMAS A. BRANDER, OF VIRGINIA.

In the official account from U. C. V. Headquarters, New Orleans, La., January 29, 1900, Gen. Moorman states of Gen. Brander:

A noble old Virginian, Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Brander, commanding the Virginia Division of United Confederate Veterans, has been gathered into the harvest of death.

The great soul of this brave old soldier, patriotic citizen, and good man passed into the land of beauty, where he will again enjoy the companionship and enlist under the banner of glory which waves over Lee and Jackson and Stuart and Heth and Early and Pickett, and others of his immortal comrades who have preceded him into eternity.

The General Commanding joins with the Confederate survivors of the Old Dominion who mourn for the loss of the noble old Confederate soldier whom they so often honored as their beloved Division Commander.

Brave, modest, gentle, and chivalrous, his life work is ended, his name is inscribed upon the Roll of Honor, and his story is eloquently told in the annals of his State and of the Confederacy.

The following tribute is by his personal staff:

RICHMOND, VA., January 29, 1900.

Among those who to-day mourn the death of Gen. Thomas A. Brander, late Commander of the Virginia Division of the United Confederate Veterans, perhaps none will do so more sincerely, or feel his loss more keenly, than we, the members of his personal staff. All of us were his old comrades, his lifelong friends and companions, and thus linked to him by ties which could be broken only by the rude hand of death. Deeply im-



GEN. THOMAS A. BRANDER.

pressed with our sorrow, we cannot allow this occasion to pass without conveying to his family this imperfect testimonial of our appreciation of our chief, our comrade, and our friend, as well as of the loss sustained by us in his death. The old saying, "The bravest are

the tenderest," was rarely more perfectly exemplified than in the life and character of our dead friend.

At the outbreak of the late civil war he entered the ranks of the Confederate army, and on almost every field on which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged he bore a noble part. He returned from the war a major of artillery in Pegram's Battalion, a body conspicuous for gallantry even in that splendid army, and among all that host of patriot "braves" there was none accounted braver or truer than he whose loss we mourn to-day. We cannot here recount either the stirring and stormy scenes of war which shaped his military life, or those through which he passed as a citizen, so often checkered by experiences both of sunshine and of sorrow; but suffice it to say that throughout his eventful life he bore himself as only the brave, true man and Christian gentleman that he was could have done, and the epitaph of one of England's bravest and best soldiers might well be his: "He feared man less because he feared God more."

As the ranking officer of the United Confederate Veterans in this department, he was at the head of all the movements and of all the processions formed and led to do honor to the Confederate cause, and to the memory of those who died for that cause, and we cheerfully bear testimony to the fidelity and ability with which he performed every duty imposed by these oft-recurring and sometimes mournful events in our city.

In short, no man loved the Confederate cause or did more, as far as was able, to attest that love, both during and since the war, than he; therefore, be it

Resolved: 1. That in the death of Gen. Thomas A. Brander the survivors of the Confederate armies have lost a comrade as conspicuous for fidelity to duty and bravery in war as he was for fidelity to principle and manly bearing in times of peace; that our city has lost one of its best citizens, one who exemplified in all the walks of life that nobility of character which marks the true man and Christian gentleman; and that we, the members of his personal staff, feel with peculiar poignancy the grief now universal in our midst occasioned by his death.

2. That we hereby tender to his family our deepest sympathies, together with the assurance that in the sorrow which death has brought to the household of our comrade, friend, and chief we, and each of us, share a common grief, akin to that only of those who were "nearest and dearest" to him in life.

(Signed) George L. Christian, George J. Rogers, James H. Capers, Joseph V. Bidgood, J. Taylor Ellyson, William M. Evans, Joseph Bryan.

Among the recent deaths reported is that of Col. D. R. Hundley, of Huntsville, Ala., a man prominent among his people. When Alabama seceded from the Union Comrade Hundley enlisted in the army, and soon by his gallantry was made colonel of the Thirty-First Alabama Regiment. In that capacity he achieved marked success and was frequently commended for the excellent management of his troops. He was seriously wounded at Vicksburg, but kind nursing restored him after being confined for several months from this wound.

CAPT. CHARLES W. TROUSDALE.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, D.D., who was a Confederate chaplain, writes:

Sadly we continue to note the rapid passing away of those noble spirits who a generation ago glorified American manhood by their magnificent defense of the South against overwhelming forces.

Among that band of patriots true and tried none was more steadfast than Capt. Charles W. Trousdale, of Gallatin, Tenn.

Only a few short months since his brother, the gifted, the pure, the brave Julius Trousdale, was laid to his final rest, as reported in the VETERAN, and now another equally worthy of love and admiration is called to pass over the river by the voice of the Lord of all. His remaining comrades recall in kindly memory his grand personality, and honor him as a faithful soldier, a helpful friend, a true man.



CAPT. C. W. TROUSDALE.

Charles W. Trousdale was a son of Gov. William Trousdale, and was heir of the spirit and traditions of a line of brave and patriotic ancestors. The family were noted for their devotion to liberty from the beginning of our national history. They were staunch patriots in the war of the revolution, and Gov. Trousdale was distinguished for gallantry in three wars—the second war with England, the Florida campaign against the Indians, and in the Mexican war, in which last he won the rank of brigadier general, and was severely wounded at Chapultepec.

Charles Trousdale was thoroughly educated, and was always a student. His mind was cultivated and broadened by extensive travel, and he was familiar with the literary treasures of several languages. His rare modesty concealed the extent of his culture, except from those who knew him well.

Gov. Trousdale was appointed Minister to Brazil in 1853, and this son accompanied him. After a year or

two in that country he was appointed Secretary of the Legation. Afterwards he spent a considerable time in England, in Paris, and in traveling over Europe. On his return home he studied law and for a while practiced in Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Trousdale understood thoroughly the questions at issue between the States, and at the opening of the civil war he enlisted and was chosen lieutenant in Capt. Griffin's company, from Sumner County. When Capt. Griffin was captured Lieut. Trousdale became captain. He served with distinction until the battle of Chickamauga, where he was terribly wounded, losing a leg. After his recovery he served on staff and post duty to the close of the war.

In 1860 he was married to Miss Ellen Odom, daughter of Eli Odom, of Sumner County, a man of high character and of wealth. His wife died several years ago, leaving to his care one daughter, Miss Kate, to whom he was devoted with the intensity of a strong nature. He superintended her education, spending two years of the time with her in Paris. He was in ill health for some time, and on Sunday morning, January 14, 1900, he quietly entered into rest, being sixty-one years old.

His old comrades, who knew him in circumstances that tried men, well remember that with his large means he was always ready to help a true Confederate—indeed, he was noted for his abounding charity, seeking out those who were in need. He was quick to sympathize with those who were in distress.

His unbending integrity was one of his most marked characteristics. He sought to do right at any cost, and when he had once determined what was right he could not be turned from it by fear or favor.

His sense of honor was keen, and he loathed anything little or mean, a thoroughly magnanimous man. Quiet, modest, unobtrusive, he sought to do his full duty.

Those who knew him best will always cherish his memory as of a gentleman without fear and without reproach, as a friend true and sincere, as a man without guile, as a soldier courageous and patriotic. On Monday, January 15, he was buried by the Donelson Bivouac, of which he was a member.

DR. G. B. DOUGLAS, SURGEON C. S. A.

The scholar, gentleman, and patriot, Dr. George Baskerville Douglas, died September 7, 1899, at the advanced age of eighty-three. He was born in Mecklinburg County, Va., of good Virginia stock. His grandfather, Capt. Jesse Douglas, came from Scotland to America some years before the revolutionary war, and died about 1782 from injuries received in falling from the rigging of his own ship (he being owner and captain), at Hampton Roads, Va.

Dr. Douglas was educated in Virginia, at Patrick Henry Academy, in North Carolina, and then in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. He first began the practice of medicine in Salisbury, N. C., where he met and married Mary Ellis, a sister of the Confederate "war governor" of North Carolina.

One son, George Craighead Douglas, was the fruit of this union. The latter served valiantly in the Confederate war as sergeant in Kirk's Rangers, S. C. V., though a mere boy. He was captured late in the

war and confined for months in a damp cell at Fortress Monroe, Va. He was never well afterwards. He married, however, and left one son, Lieut. R. Spencer Douglas, who has already done brave service at Manila in the United States Navy. Thus Dr. Douglas is the progenitor of two heroes—son and grandson. The venerable Doctor lived to welcome his sailor grandson home from Manila after the perils of shot, sea, and hot climate, for which he was pathetically grateful.

Dr. Douglas, having lost his wife, moved to Georgia, and married the young Mrs. Rosa Lawton Livingston, who was reared at Lawtonville, S. C. Four daughters were born to Dr. Douglas by this second wife: Mrs. T. Maryon, of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. W. Moultrie Gourdin, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. T. W. Morrison, Waycross, Ga.; and Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis, of Seattle, Washington.

When Georgia seceded Dr. Douglas responded promptly to the call of his adopted State, and was commissioned assistant surgeon of the First Georgia Regulars March 20, 1861, and first served at Savannah and Fort Pulaski. When this regiment was transferred to the Confederate States service Dr. Douglas was commissioned surgeon on April 27, 1861, and re-assigned to duty with that command.

On July 17, 1861, his regiment was ordered to Virginia to reinforce Gens. Beauregard and Johnston.



DR. G. B. DOUGLAS.

He was on duty at Camp Toombs, on Bull Run, until September, 1861, as brigade surgeon of the Sixth Brigade, Georgia Regulars, Gen. Robert Toombs commanding. Dr. Douglas remained with this brigade until April, 1862, when he was sent home on furlough. Before this expired he hastened back to Virginia and reported for duty at Richmond, and the surgeon

general sent him to Danville to organize hospitals, Dr. J. L. Cabell being in charge. Large numbers of wounded soldiers from the battle of Seven Pines were sent there. He afterwards organized hospitals at Petersburg and at City Point. He was afterwards at Charleston, Macon, Augusta, and Columbus, Ga.

Rapid and heavy work was necessary at Columbus, but Dr. Douglas was equal to the demands. There were about one thousand sick and wounded soldiers there from Upper Georgia, Vicksburg, and other points.

Dr. Douglas continued in charge of these hospitals until the close of the war. The Federal forces under Gen. Wilson occupied Columbus on Easter Sunday, April 16, 1865. He escaped from the town the night of its fall, intending to meet the medical director at Macon, but was captured at Seven Bridges on the Flint River. The next day he was paroled.

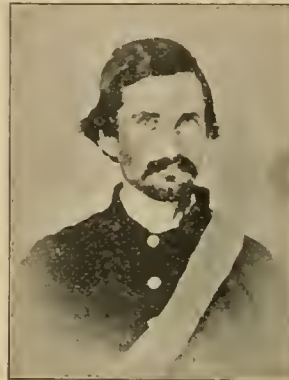
After the war he settled in Atlanta, Ga., but a de-

structive fire consumed his office with his fine library and much other valuable property in the building. This broke him up, and he moved to Screven County, where he practiced medicine until too feeble.

Dr. Douglas was beloved by all who knew him. His many years of reading and study, with excellent conversational gifts, made it a treat to hear him. He was a member of the Confederate Veterans' Association at Savannah, Ga.

DR. FIELDING POPE SLOAN.

Dr. Sloan was born April 7, 1833, in Polk County, Tenn., of Scotch-Irish parents. His early life was spent on the farm, with poor school advantages. He was educated at Maryville College, and took his degree in medicine in the University of Nashville in March, 1860. He immediately



DR. F. P. SLOAN.

started in practice at Spring Place, Ga. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Capt. Longhman's Company, Eleventh Georgia Infantry. The march from Winchester to Bull Run gave him rheumatism, which settled in his ankle and so disabled him that he was discharged. He at once assisted in raising a company of cavalry, and was elected third lieutenant, with Montgomery as captain, of Company D, Fifth Tennes-

see Cavalry. In passing through Knoxville, Tenn., he met Dr. Frank A. Ramsey, who told him that he had been hunting for him, as he was needed in the medical department, and at once had him transferred and assigned to the College Hill Hospital, at Knoxville. Some time afterwards Dr. Sloan was sent to Kingston, Tenn., to establish a hospital there. Upon the evacuation of East Tennessee he moved his hospital to Griffin, Ga. During the Dalton and Atlanta campaigns he was assigned to the Fiftieth Alabama Infantry, Col. John G. Coltart. In the bloody battle of Franklin all of his litter bearers having been shot down, he went on the line to look after the wounded, and was shot through the right elbow. Turning to leave the field, he was shot through the left lung, from the effects of which he died the following June. In the family Bible his father wrote this: "Dr. Fielding Pope Sloan died at Franklin, Tenn., on Monday morning, June 19, 1865, from wounds received at the battle of November 30, while engaged alone in the night administering to the wounded and dying. Age, thirty-two years, two months, and twelve days."

HON. JOSEPH REID RAMSAY.

The following sketch is by John A. Rogers:

When one whose life was eminently worthy of emulation has passed away it is fitting that some record should be made of the deeds that brought it honor—some account preserved of those attributes of mind and heart that endeared it to his associates.

For more than sixty years a resident of Sumter

County, Ala., no more well-rounded life was ever lived within its borders than that of Joseph Reid Ramsay. On the 14th of October, 1853, he was married to Sarah I. Wrenn. To them were born eleven children, seven of whom are living, residents of Sumter County, enjoying the heritage of a noble ancestry and honoring in their lives an unblemished family reputation.

He entered the service of the Confederacy with the Fifty-Sixth Alabama Regiment in September, 1862, serving with credit to the close of the war. When the war was over he took an active and capable part in the reconstruction of State and county politics. He was four times elected to the State Legislature, in which body he wielded a potent influence. Incorruptible, absolutely above the temptations of place or power, his career as a public citizen is without reproach. As a private citizen, in all of his relations as husband, father, and friend, his life was wholesome, sweet, and pure.



HON. JOSEPH REID RAMSAY.

He discharged his duty as a Christian citizen. He made companions of his boys and of their little friends. His heart was as young and as tender as their own, his sympathy for their grief as great as was their sorrows. It was to this fact, perhaps, as much as to his impartial decisions of their disputes that he exercised a wonderful influence upon the youth of his acquaintance. This influence is especially emphasized because of the difference in age.

He possessed the unbounded confidence of his associates of maturer years, acting often in the capacity of arbitrator in those disputes common to country neighborhoods.

As a business man he was a success, and his obligations needed no further guarantee than his promise to pay. A thing was either right or wrong, receiving his indorsement or his condemnation as soon as he could carefully consider the subject.

Mr. Ramsay was born in Pendleton District, near Pickens C. H., S. C., December 14, 1827, and died in

Birmingham, Ala., on the 27th day of June, 1899, to which place he had gone for treatment, having been in feeble health for years.

When told that the end was near, he accepted the fact with that courageous serenity born of supreme confidence in a life of rectitude.

With the love and respect growing out of an intimate knowledge of the life of my dead friend, this sketch of him is affectionately inscribed.

MAJ. GEN. DABNEY H. MAURY.

Gen. D. H. Maury died at Peoria, Ill., January 11, 1900, in his seventy-eighth year. He was buried at Fredericksburg, Va.

Dabney Herndon Maury was born at Fredericksburg May 20, 1822, the son of Capt. John Minor Maury, of the United States Navy, whose wife was the daughter of Fontaine Maury. He studied law at the University of Virginia, and afterwards graduated at the West Point Military Academy in 1846, as second lieutenant in the Mounted Rifles. In the Mexican war he was severely wounded at Vera Cruz, and was breveted first lieutenant for gallantry. He was presented with a sword by the citizens of Fredericksburg. Afterwards he served several years as professor at West Point. From 1852 to 1858 he was engaged in frontier duty in Texas. In 1858 he was made superintendent of the Cavalry School at Carlisle, Pa. From April, 1860, until the outbreak of the civil war he was assistant adjutant general in New Mexico.

He promptly acted with his State in 1861, and was commissioned captain in cavalry service, C. S. A. Subsequently he was promoted to colonel, and was appointed adjutant general of the army at Manassas. When Gen. Van Dorn was assigned to command the Trans-Mississippi Department he became his chief of staff and adjutant general. After the battle of Elkhorn Tavern, on the recommendation of Gen. Van Dorn, he was promoted to brigadier general.

At the battle of Tupelo he commanded a division and served as a rear guard, repelling pursuit. Later he commanded the center in the battle of Corinth, and drove the enemy from their intrenchments through the town. During the subsequent retirement he defended the rear, fighting spiritedly at Fletcher's Bridge. In November, 1862, he was promoted to major general and was assigned to the command of the right wing in the defense of Vicksburg, where he again distinguished himself.

In April, 1863, Gen. Maury was ordered to Knoxville, Tenn., to take command of East Tennessee. A month later he was transferred to the command of the district of the Gulf, where he continued to serve until the end of the war. In August, 1864, after a gallant struggle, the defenses of Mobile Bay were taken, and in March and April, 1865, Maury, with a garrison of about nine thousand men, defended the city against the assault of Canby's army of forty-five thousand, until, after heavy loss, he retired without molestation to Meridian. In May his forces were included in the general capitulation of Gen. Richard Taylor.

Subsequently he made his home at Richmond. He gave many valuable contributions to the history of the war period, and in 1869 he organized the Southern Historical Society, the collection of which he opened to the government record office, securing in return free

access to the department by ex-Confederates. In 1878 he was a leader in the movement for the reorganization of the volunteer troops of the nation, and until 1890 served as a member of the executive committee of the National Guard Association of the United States. In 1886 he was appointed United States Minister to Colombia, a position which he held until June, 1889. Afterwards he engaged in literary pursuits, being the author of a school history of Virginia and other works.

In 1852 Gen. Maury married Miss Nannie R. Mason, of King George County. She died some years ago. The only surviving members of his family are his son, Mr. Dabney H. Maury, and two daughters, Mrs. Robert Pollard, of Austin, Tex., and Mrs. James Halsey, of Philadelphia.

Gen. Maury was an honorary member of Maury Camp, Confederate Veterans, Fredericksburg, Va., and contributed generously to it in a pecuniary way. His remains were buried there. The pall bearers and escort were as follows: "Lieut. W. H. Hurkamp, W. E. Bradley, W. H. Merchant, A. P. Rowe, Jr., M. S. Chancellor, W. C. Warren, James A. Turner, J. B. Colbert, J. B. Cox, J. G. King, E. C. Bell, C. E. Layton, S. E. Foster. The honorary pall bearers were: Messrs. St. George R. Fitzhugh, Robert T. Knox, M. G. Willis, S. J. Quinn, E. D. Cole, C. W. Edrington, P. V. D. Conway, A. B. Botts, Judge A. W. Wallace, Hon. John L. Mayre, and Dr. S. W. Carmichael.

The R. S. Chew Camp and Maury Camp, Confederate Veterans, and other Confederates joined in a last tribute to their deceased comrade.

TRIBUTE TO LIEUT. COL. H. THOMPSON.

J. M. Arnold, Newport, Ky., Brigadier General of Kentucky Division, U. C. V., writes:

In 1861 the writer lived at Laconia, Desha County, Ark., and at the opening of the heroic conflict which then broke upon the country, he first knew Reginald H. Thompson, one of the bravest and most devoted actors on the side of the Southern cause. This patriotic, knightly character realized the danger to his beloved South while living in California, far removed from its scenes of action, where he might have pursued his peaceful avocations undisturbed, and hold aloof from the hazards and perils of the battlefield, the exposures of camp, and the weariness of the march.

At that time no iron horse with its breath of steam traversed the pathless plains of the West or pierced the craggy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and the long distance, with the perils of the journey, would have been an insuperable obstacle to one whose flame of patriotism burned low and flickering. But such was not the case with Col. Thompson; he loved the sunny South; his heart and soul were enlisted in the cause, and he crossed the rugged mountains and traversed the trackless plains, over many a weary mile, to unite with those who were willing to do or to die for her principles. This great sacrifice, independent of the risks and hardships he afterwards endured, entitle his memory to lasting record.

This intrepid man, equally renowned as a soldier, a citizen, and a Christian, was accompanied from California by a kindred spirit, Capt. R. C. Flournoy—a man animated with like zeal and inspired with the same courage. These two comrades, Flournoy and Thomp-

son, recruited a company of infantry, of which Flournoy was elected captain; Thompson, first lieutenant; Flournoy's brother, senior second lieutenant; and the writer junior second lieutenant. This company reported to Gen. Leonidas Polk at Columbus, Ky., and was assigned to the Seventh Kentucky Infantry, under the command of Col. C. A. Wickliffe, and served with that regiment until after the battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862. The two Flournoys having resigned on account of impaired health, Thompson became captain, and in May, 1862, the company was transferred to the Thirteenth Arkansas Infantry.

After the battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863, the Arkansas regiments were so depleted that several of them had to be consolidated to form one regiment. This relieved many officers of their commands, and a full complement of field and line officers were sent to Arkansas to recruit a new regiment.

This regiment was soon raised, with John E. Josey as colonel, R. A. Duncan as lieutenant colonel, C. H. Carlton as major, and Thompson as one of the captains. Col. Josey was soon after killed in battle, Col. Duncan retired from service, Maj. Carlton became colonel, and Thompson lieutenant colonel. This regiment served most gallantly in Slemmon's Brigade, Fagan's Division, until the end of the war. There was not in that heroic command a braver, truer, nobler soldier than Reginald H. Thompson. He was in the hottest of the battle around Shiloh's somber church, where men "became iron with nerves of steel;" he took part in the rout of the Federal forces at Richmond, Ky.; he was foremost in the bloody battle at Perryville, Ky.; he was present at the fierce onsets from each side as the tide of victory ebbed and flowed from lines of gray to lines of blue in the battle of Murfreesboro; he was among the bravest of the brave at the glorious victory at Chickamauga, where amid the shriek of shot and shell he was as unmoved by fear as the eternal hills which were about him. Amidst the flash of bayonets, the rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, and the shouts and groans of friends and foes he thought only of his cause and strove for its success.

Col. Thompson was not less noted for his kindness, courtesy, and many virtues in camp and on the march, than he was honored for his valor on the battlefield. It was the writer's good fortune to mess with him and sleep with him under the same blanket (when we had one) from the beginning to the end of the great conflict. He was one of the purest Christians that I ever knew, and one of the most generous-hearted men. I knew him to give his overcoat to a private soldier in the severe winter of 1863-64, when he himself was but thinly clad. For over three years I do not believe that he had one day of perfect health, but on the eve of battle, though in a hospital, sick, weak, and emaciated, he invariably responded in camp, and led his men to battle with a courage that knew no fear. In private he was a loveable character. He was respected and honored by all who knew him. He was honored with office for many years by his fellow-citizens in the city of Louisville, Ky. He was admired and loved by all classes.

A more touching scene I never witnessed than when his remains were brought out of his late residence to be laid in their final resting place. On the opposite side of the street, in vast but orderly assembly, were those he had loved and befriended when living. Or-

phans from the several homes, bootblacks and news-boys stood in solemn reverence, their hearts overflowing with a feeling of their loss, and singing with sympathetic harmony one of his favorite hymns.

I loved Col. Thompson as a brother; I cherish his memory as a comrade in arms; I admire his valor as a soldier, his virtue as a citizen, his zeal as a patriot, and his honor as a man.

With sympathy and sorrow for the bereaved partner of his life I add my feeble tribute to the character of her departed husband. His father was Robert A. Thompson, and his mother was Mary Smith Slaughter, both born in Culpepper County, Va. He was born October 31, 1836, and was educated at the University of Virginia. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Huvision Thompson on June 7, 1866. She was a daughter of William L. Thompson, of Jefferson County, Ky., and died in Louisville, Ky., April 10, 1899.

THE LATE COL. C. W. FRAZER.

Gen. G. W. Gordon, in a touching eulogy to the memory of President Frazer, said:

Mr. Chairman and Comrades: In addition to what has been so well and appropriately said in the memorial just read, I remark that it was my honor and pleasure to know our dear friend and comrade for twenty-five years, and, during the vicissitudes and trials of that eventful period, I ever found him true to those lofty and honorable instincts that exalt and ennoble the character of men. As a patriot and soldier he "did the State some service," and in the hour of his country's peril was one of her bravest and knightliest defenders. In that struggle he exemplified the virtues of the highest type of the Confederate soldier—fidelity and fortitude, constancy and courage.

Turning from his career as a patriot and soldier, I remark that he was a man of principle, culture, and capacity. His professional success and business sagacity are too well known to require comment. As a speaker and writer he was direct, incisive, and epigrammatic. You understood what he said, and he said what he meant. The drama of Johnson's Island, though a hasty but highly meritorious production, illustrates the vigor and terseness and clearness of his style. On public questions he boldly avowed his views, and did not measure his opinions by those of any man. In his course and conduct of life he illustrated that beautiful sentiment: "Live honorably, hurt no one, and give to each his own." Nay, more; he was a sympathetic and compassionate man, particularly so toward his old and unfortunate comrades in arms, for whom he ever manifested a considerate care and a helping solicitude.

He was among the founders of the Confederate Historical Association, and was ever an earnest and active member. He did much to maintain its honorable status, promote its purposes, and preserve its existence. For thirteen years he has been President of this body, and it is a notable coincidence that our first and last presiding officers, Senator Harris and Col. Frazer, should have died within a few days of each other.

Finally, our deceased friend, comrade, and President, Col. Frazer, was a gallant soldier, a true patriot, an able lawyer, and a good citizen. But, above all, he was a fond and tender father, a faithful and affectionate husband, and this last is the best and sweetest eulogy we can pronounce on the character of any man.

COL. A. J. LYTSGOE.

Augustus Jackson Lythgoe was born at Aiken, S. C., February 6, 1830. His father, George B. Lythgoe, came from Liverpool, England, and his mother was Nancy Randall, a native of South Carolina. He was educated at the Aiken and S. C. Military Academy. He chose civil engineering as his profession, and engaged in service with the South Carolina Railroad, then in the survey and construction of the Columbia and Greenville, and afterwards with the Blue Ridge Railroad. He married Miss Margaret Wier, and engaged in successful business with her brother at Abbeville. In 1861, responding to the call to arms, true to his training and patriotic nature, he left his young wife with three little children to serve his country as a soldier. He volunteered at Abbeville, and became a member of Capt. Joseph H. Cunningham's Company G, of the Nineteenth South Carolina Infantry Regiment. He was elected to a lieutenancy, and upon the resignation of Capt. Cunningham he was elected captain. At the organization of the regiment, near Columbia, S. C., in December, 1861, Capt. Lythgoe was elected lieutenant colonel, and M. C. Moragne was elected colonel. The health of Col. Moragne soon broke down in camp and he resigned his office, and Lieut. Col. Lythgoe became the colonel of the regiment.

During the month of March, 1862, the regiment was ordered to Corinth, Miss., where it was made a part of the brigade known afterwards as (Gen. A. M.) Manigault's Brigade, and served with distinction to the end of the war with the Army of Tennessee. It was but a few weeks after the regiment reached Corinth until it was under fire for the first time at the battle of Farmington, and here Col. Lythgoe distinguished himself as a gallant soldier and capable officer. His conduct was so much admired that when, shortly after this battle, a reorganization took place this young Carolinian was almost unanimously reelected colonel of the regiment. He was a soldier, and as such he was ever present and ready for duty. In the memorable campaign of Gen. Bragg Col. Lythgoe was constantly and conspicuously present in person and with his regiment.

Murfreesboro was one of the bloodiest battles of the war, and here again and for the last time Col. Lythgoe led his regiment with great skill and valor into the thickest of the fight, his brigade capturing a battery of four guns. This exploit was so daring and brilliant that the commanding general of the army by general order directed that the chief officers, Col. Lythgoe being one, should have their names inscribed upon the several pieces. The regiment went into action with two hundred and thirty men, and lost eighty-two. It was here that Col. Lythgoe received a mortal wound, from which he died in a few hours.

He was a talented, brave, and kind officer, as well as being a Christian gentleman, devoted father, and affectionate husband. His remains lie buried at Murfreesboro, and at his grave there were many of his command who wept as children because of their great loss. In his death South Carolina lost a noble son, and the South Carolina Military Academy an undergraduate that reflected undying honor upon his *Alma Mater*.

CAPT. JAMES BOATWRIGHT.

We record the death of Capt. James Boatwright, Company B, Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment, McGowan's Brigade, of Ridge Spring, Edgefield County, S. C. He was born in Columbia, S. C., January 18, 1833, and died September 13, 1896. His grandfather Boatwright, for whom he was named, was one of the earliest settlers of Columbia, and one of its wealthiest and most prominent citizens. To his mother's people were granted in colonial times most of the Ridge lands of Edgefield County, S. C. His great-grandfather Watson was an officer in the revolutionary war, and was buried with military honors.

An uncle of Capt. Boatwright's uniformed a company of Hampton's Legion, C. S. A. It was originally known as the Watson Guards.

Capt. Boatwright was well educated. He was a cadet at the South Carolina Military Academy at Charleston. At the age of twenty-seven years he left his wife and child on a lonely, isolated plantation and went as lieutenant.

In the battle of Ox Hill, Va., the captain was wounded and resigned, when Lieut. Boatwright became captain. He had many narrow escapes from death. His first service was on the coast of South Carolina. The Yankee gunboats were shelling Port Royal. He was standing in the road and saw the shell coming. Fully expecting to be killed, he

turned sidewise; the shell passed him, blackening and bruising his limbs and tearing off the skirt of his new jeans coat, the cloth of which had been woven on his mother's plantation. This shell killed four men.

Capt. Boatwright saw hard service in Virginia. At Spottsylvania during the battle a man was lying with his head against Capt. Boatwright's knee, when a cannonball took the man's head off, leaving Capt. Boatwright spattered with his blood and brains. Among the hard-fought battles he passed through were the Wilderness, Fredericksburg, Cedar Mountain, Bull Run, the second Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, at Petersburg on both sides of the James River, seven days' fight around Richmond, and the three days' battle at Gettysburg. At the battle of Gettysburg Capt. Boatwright's company went in with fifty-four men, and after the three days' battle reported eight men for duty. The company had sixteen men killed on the field of battle, and every officer wounded except Capt. Boatwright, who was in command of the regiment at the close of the battle. The gallant Gen. Abner Perrin, in his account of the battle of Gettysburg, says: "Capt.



CAPT. JAMES BOATWRIGHT.

James Boatwright was distinguished for uncommonly brave conduct in this battle, as I can testify from personal observation."

At the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox, Va., Capt. Boatwright stuck his sword up in an old stump and made his way home on a black horse which had been captured from the Federal army at Spottsylvania. It belonged then to Dr. Hugo, surgeon of the Fourteenth Regiment.

Cæsar, the faithful manservant of Capt. Boatwright, considered himself one of "the boys," for many a lark did he go on with them. He ever had an eye to the welfare of "Marse Jimmie."

This picture of Capt. Boatwright was taken several years after the war. He was twice married, and left seven sons and four daughters.

The home life of Capt. Boatwright was beautiful. He loved his home beyond all places on earth; his wife and children constituted his world. He was a man of few words, no pretenses, sincere, and unostentatious. He was to his children a companion and friend. In middle life he enlisted under the banner of the cross in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

MAGNANIMITY OF GEN. JOHN MORGAN.

W. A. Kendall, Dallas, Tex., writes January 5:

The December VETERAN, containing a description of the battle of Milton, Tenn., in which a number of familiar names are given as active participants in that battle, suggests that I might learn something of Rev. Robert Hunter, chaplain of Gano's Regiment, to whom I was much attached. He was my constant companion at the head of the regiment. If living, I should like to correspond with him.

And now, as I am in a reminiscent mood, I shall narrate an incident of the battle of Gallatin which I have never seen in print. Readers of the VETERAN are doubtless familiar with the details of Gen. Johnson's effort to annihilate Morgan's command, having been sent with an overwhelming force for that purpose, the result of which was his utter defeat, Johnson himself being made a prisoner. Being wounded, I, with other wounded, was privileged to make my way to Hartsville for treatment without interference by the advance guard, passing Gen. Morgan and his captive, who were halted on the pike. Johnson pleaded with Morgan to save him the humiliation of meeting the citizens of Hartsville, to whom he had boasted that he would return with Morgan, dead or alive, and had asked them to prepare supper for him. Morgan yielded to his entreaties, and took him to camp two or three miles from Hartsville, at which place he and his command were paroled. I give this as one of many instances showing the magnanimity of Gen. Morgan.

The current number of Watts's "Official Railway Guide," published at Atlanta, is one of the most complete numbers of this valuable publication yet received, containing two hundred and twenty pages, representing the local and through condensed schedules of railroads in the Southeastern States, with an up-to-date railway map covering the territory. It is an indispensable publication in the hands of the traveler, while the hotel information and other items of reference are of much importance to the tourist and in the business office.

"WITTICISMS OF CHILDREN."

QUOTATIONS FROM THE COMING BOOK BY MISS JULIA B. REED.

Louise Alliston, Rudden, Putnam County, Ga.—two years:
 Louise's grandmother looking very despondent, the little tot, laying her head against her, asked: "Danmudder, is oo sick?"
 "No, darling."
 "Does oo peel bad?"
 "Yes, dear?"
 "Den don't oo wants to say oo prayers?"

Edward Martin Brown, Greensboro, Ga.—five years:
 Before taking him calling, Edward's mamma had cautioned him not to ask for anything to eat. As the visit was prolonged, he grew restless, and, during one of the pauses, looked up at the ceiling and said in a loud voice: "I wonder if Mrs. Weaver has any biscuit in her safe?"
 Mrs. Weaver immediately demonstrated to Edward that she had biscuit in her safe, and he enjoyed them, regardless of his mother's glances of disapproval. To her reprimand, on their return home, he replied, with a sense of injustice done: "Why, mother, indeed you are mistaken. I didn't ask for a thing to eat. I was only wondering if Mrs. Weaver had any biscuit in her safe, like she always has."

Edward Martin Brown, Jr., Eatonton, Ga.—seven years:
 His aunt was in the parlor with her betrothed. Edward walked right up in front of the pair, and stood gazing at them in the most solicitous way.
 "Aunt Lucy," he began, sympathizingly, "ain't you and Mr. — mighty lonesome in here all by yourselves?"
 "No, Edward," replied Mr. —, quickly; "but I think your father is out there by himself on the piazza."
 "I 'spect so, too," consented Edward; "I'll go out and talk to him."

Margaret Lathrop Goodwin, Savannah, Chatham County, Ga.—nine years:
 Margie was being constantly reprimanded for this, that, and the other, and, being extremely independent in thought and action, had grown weary of the continuous reproofs. One day, again guilty of some inconventionality, her mother said to her: "Margie, you must not do such things."
 "But why?" she demanded.
 "Because it is not considered proper."
 "Well, I consider my own considers."

Margaret Lathrop Landrum, Savannah, Ga.—seven years:
 An unexpected guest have arrived just before dinner, Margie was told not to take any rice, of which she was extremely fond, lest there be not enough for the newcomer. The servant, not understanding the arrangement between Maggie and her mother, passed her the rice, and was much surprised at the negative shake of her head. In a few minutes she passed it again. The child, with all the strength of self-renunciation, exclaimed: "Take it away! Don't you know mamma said I couldn't have any rice?"
 The mother turned instantly to her guest with: "Do you think it will hurt her?"

Ruth —, Atlanta, Ga.—three years:
 The ground was covered with snow, and little Ruth, fearful as to its effect on her father's cold, added to her prayer that night: "O Lord, please melt all the snow, so that my papa will get well."
 The next morning she looked expectantly from the window; but, finding all as white as the day before, mystified turned to her mother: "Why, I asked God to melt it!"
 "Yes, darling," explained her mother: "it has begun to melt. God did not want to take it all away in one night."
 Ruth made no response; she only gazed thoughtfully at the snow banks. That night once more she prayed: "O Lord, please melt all the snow, so that my papa will get well." Then, after a pause, she added: "Now, God, don't fool me like you did last night."

Maude Martin Reed, Savannah, Ga.—three years:
 Her nurse brought in the report that she had been very naughty—had grown angry with a little playmate and pushed her down in the park.
 "Why, Maude!" said her mother. "I am so ashamed of you!"

Maude was untouched. She stood facing her mother with flashing eyes: "She hit me first, and the next time I'm going to tell her she's nothing but an old Jew."
 "If Camilla is a little Jewess, Maude, it is nothing to her dishonor. Besides, don't you know that Jesus was a Jew?"
 The child stood aghast for a moment. Then, with clenched fists, demanded: "Was Jesus a Jew?"
 "Yes," answered her mother, sure that she had made her point.
 "Well, then," said Maude, flinging back her head, "I'll never go to heaven, because he could have helped being a Jew."
 By the time Maude had reached her sixth year she had a pocketbook full of gold and silver pieces, in the repeated counting of which she took great delight. Her father suggested that she put her money in bank, that it might be drawing interest.
 "Interest?" said Maude. "No, indeed! I can just tell you, I take more interest in my money than anybody else."

Chicago, Ill.:
 The youngest cash boy engaged at Marshall Field's, dissatisfied with his salary of two dollars a month, asked of the bookkeeper an increase. No notice was taken of his request. He then appealed to the head of the department, with the same result. One day the great merchant passed through the store. The little fellow hailed him: "Mr. Field, won't you please raise my wages? I think I ought to get more than two dollars a month."
 Mr. Field looked at him kindly: "My lad, when I was your age I worked for fifty cents a week."
 "Yes, sir, but maybe you weren't worth any more."
 Back to the desk went an order signed by Marshall Field: "Pay this boy five dollars a month."

Ruth Cleveland, Gray Gables, Mass.—four years:
 The nurse had just bought her a balloon. After playing with it a short while, the string slipped from her fingers, and the balloon was soon out of her reach. She gazed longingly upward until it seemed to enter the blue sky; then turned away with a sigh: "O well, let God have it."

Katie Piazza, Vicksburg, Miss.—six years:
 Without noticing the presence of the child, the question was asked: "How many times has Mrs. — been married?"
 Katie answered promptly: "Three times, going on four."

Andrew Law, Spartanburg, S. C.—seven years:
 The oldest son was to be married, and the grandmother, deciding that the trip to Savannah would be too fatiguing, said that she would not be able to attend the wedding. Whereupon Andrew began to reason with her. "Grandmother," he said, "I think you ought to go with brother. Why, if I were going to be married and you were not there, I would not call it a marriage at all—I would just call it a copartner-ship."
 The grandmother went.

Frank Harrison Herbrick, Nashville, Tenn.—four years:
 A lady was lightly singing "Just One Girl." She turned to the child at her side and asked: "Frank, could you be happy forever with just one girl?"
 "Yes," he answered instantly.
 "And who is the girl?"
 "Mamma."

Robert Morton, Nashville, Tenn.—six years:
 "Grandmother," he said, "I'm not satisfied with the war. I want to fight it over again."
 His grandmother, thinking he had reference to the Spanish-American war, replied: "Why, my son, I think it was very satisfactory. We were victorious; we conquered Spain."
 "O, I'm not talking about that war. I mean the slave war. I want to fight it over again."

Frederick —:
 "Stephen," gave out teacher.
 "That's not in the lesson," sturdily answered Fred.
 "Yes, it is, my child; it's the very first word."
 "Well, I didn't see it."
 "Next."
 "S-t-e-p-h-e-n, Stephen."
 "Why, that doesn't spell Stephen," announced Fred, looking contemptuously at his teacher: "that spells step-hen."

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

The rain is plashing on my sill,
 But all the winds of heaven are still;
 And so it falls with that dull sound
 Which thrills us in the churchyard
 ground
 When the first spadeful drops like lead
 Upon the coffin of the dead.
 Beyond my streaming window pane
 I cannot see the neighboring vane;
 Yet from its old familiar tower
 The bell comes, muffled, through the
 shower.
 What strange and unsuspected link
 Of feeling touched has made me think—
 While with a vacant soul and eye
 I watch that gray and stony sky—
 Of nameless graves on battle plains,
 Washed by a single winter's rains,
 Where—some beneath Virginian hills,
 And some by green Atlantic rills,
 And some by the waters of the West—
 A myriad unknown heroes rest?
 Ah! not the chiefs who, dying, see
 Their flags in front of victory,
 Or at their life blood's noble cost
 Pay for a battle nobly lost,
 Claim from their monumental beds
 The bitterest tears a nation sheds.
 Beneath yon lonely mound—the spot
 By all save some fond few forgot—
 Lie the true martyrs of the fight
 Which strikes for freedom and the right.
 Of them, their patriot zeal and pride,
 The lofty faith that with them died,
 No grateful page shall further tell
 Than that so many bravely fell;
 And we can only dimly guess
 What worlds of all this world's distress,
 What utter woe, despair, and dearth,
 Their fate has brought to many a hearth.
 Just such a sky as this should weep
 Above them always as they sleep.
 Yet, haply, at this very hour
 Their graves are like a lover's bower,
 And Nature's self, with eyes unmet,
 Oblivious of the crimson debt
 To which she owes her April grace,
 Laughs gayly o'er their burial place.

THE TIMROD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association was chartered in South Carolina in November, 1898. Its purpose is to restore the charming poems of Henry Timrod, letting "his word renew and keep his own memory in his land's literature." The Timrod poems are sold in a beautiful volume at \$1.50. The small profit on each book is to be



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William A. Courtney, President of the Timrod Association, has issued a circular bearing date of February 8, 1900, in which he states that the poet has been dead thirty-two years, and that the small volume of his poems has been out of print twenty-five years. Of this enlarged memorial edition, four thousand copies were issued in May, 1899, and over three thousand copies have been sold already. President Courtney is diligent to get this volume into public li-

braries, that as many may see it as practicable.

The grandfather of Henry Timrod, a German by birth, settled in Charleston in 1765, and was the first signer of an agreement by German fusileers for the revolutionary war. The father of Henry Timrod commanded the company of fusileers in the Florida war, in 1836.

The story of the poet's life forms the introduction to this volume of his poems. He died October 6, 1865. There should be honor for the memory of Henry Timrod across all sectional lines. Henry W. Longfellow, in 1880, alluding to the city of Charleston, S. C., said: "To have been the birthplace of Henry Timrod is a distinct honor. The day will surely come when his poems will have a place in every cultivated home in the United States." The late Gen. D. C. Buel, U. S. A., in speaking of Timrod's poem, "A Cry to Arms," said: "In my judgment that is a battle strain throughout which deserves a place high up on the roll of American poems."

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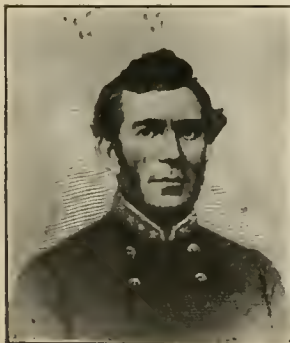
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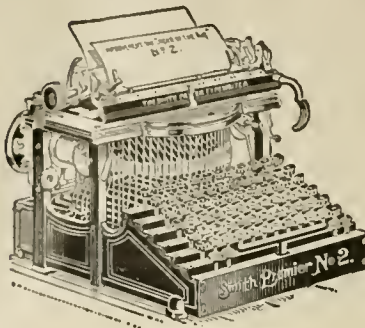
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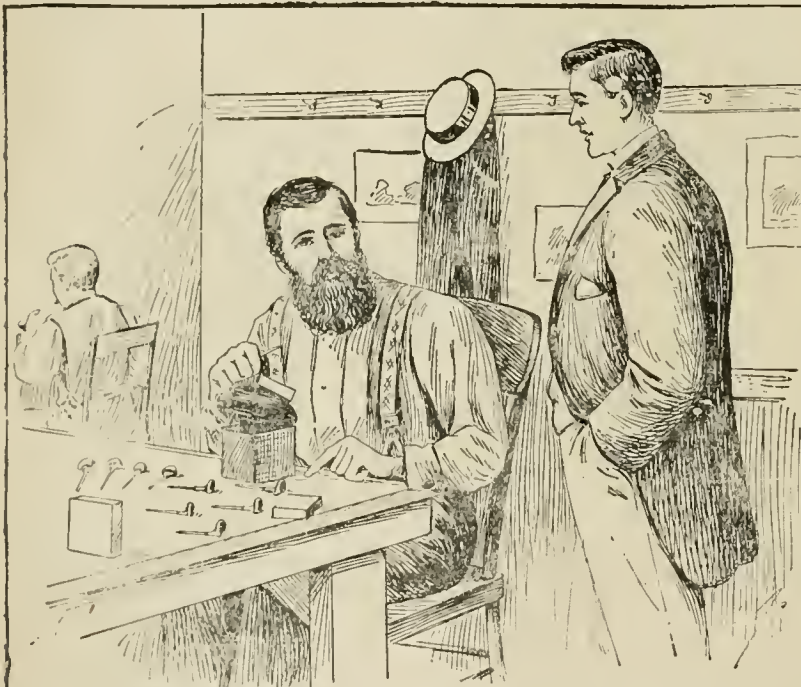


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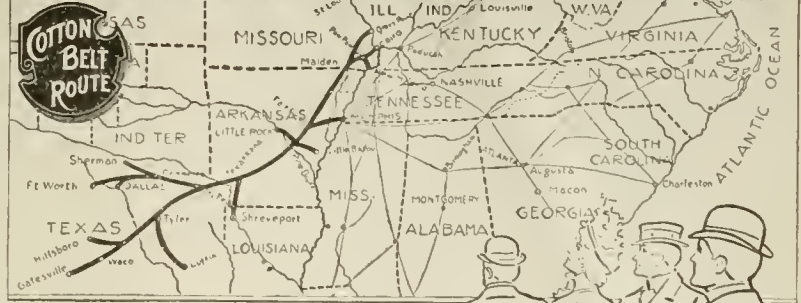
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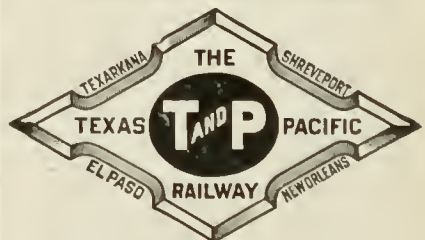
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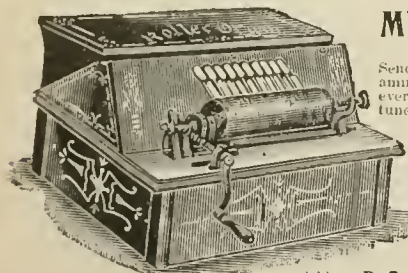
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ECHOES

By Governor
Robert L. Taylor

Cloth, with Ornamental Covers and Frontispiece \$1.00 | Paper, with Ornamental Covers and Frontispiece \$0.50

S. B. Williamson & Co., the publishers, announce Bob Taylor's new book, entitled "ECHOES." The book includes the celebrated addresses of welcome delivered by the Governor at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition on the following occasions:

On Opening Day.	On Memphis and Shelby County Day.
On Tennessee and Governor's Day.	On Irish-American Day.
To the Drummers.	On German-American Day.
On Ohio and McKinley Day.	On Bryan and Nebraska Day.
On Texas Day.	On Chicago and Illinois Day.
On Ex-Confederate Day.	To the Daughters of the American Revolution.
On Georgia Day.	On New York Day.
On New Orleans and Louisiana Day.	On Missouri Day.
On Nashville Day.	On Vermont Day.

The addresses are considered equal to any of the Presidential tours. They abound with history and humor.

The book also contains the following selected addresses:

On Governor's Day at Knoxville Carnival.
At I-sham G. Harris's Memorial Service at Memphis.
Pen Picture of Uncle Sam.
Address of Welcome to Lieutenant Hobson and Commander Maynard at Nashville.
To the School Children on Same Occasion.
At the State Industrial Exposition, Dallas, Tex.
At the Unveiling of the Zebulon B. Vance Monument at Asheville, N. C.
On Andrew Jackson at St. Louis, Mo.
Valedictory Address on Retiring from Office of Governor of Tennessee, January 16, 1893.

Also the following celebrated lectures:

The Fiddle and the Bow. Visions and Dreams.
The Paradise of Fools. Love, Laughter, and Song.

The volume contains an epitome of the eloquence, pathos, poetry, wit, humor, anecdotes, and sayings which have made the name of "Bob" Taylor known and loved throughout the country.

The book is in two editions, differing, however, only in the covers. One is a handsome edition in olive green cloth, ornamented with fiddles and bows, with an excellent likeness of the Governor and his autograph. The paper or leatherette cover is very pretty and substantial. It will be sent to any subscriber who will send a new subscription when remitting their own renewal. The cloth edition will be sent on same terms to subscribers who will secure three new ones.



Veteran Watch Premiums.

J B Tate

Feb 1900

The most popular premiums ever offered clubs of subscribers to the VETERAN are the

Beautiful Watches

with gold-filled cases. It seems incredible that such exquisite time pieces, with guaranteed movements, can be furnished for so small sums as are required in subscriptions to the VETERAN.

For 20 subscriptions we will send a Lady's Gold-Filled Watch, standard movement; and for 18 subscriptions, the Gentleman's Watch, of same quality and movement. It will be seen that the Ladies' Watches are the more expensive. For four additional subscriptions a neat chain will be supplied.

The Veteran watch premium has been sent to nearly every part of the country, and expressions of delight are usually returned. A still cheaper watch was offered, but it did not prove satisfactory.

Send for sample copies and secure one of these beautiful watches.

No premium is offered by the Veteran that is not believed to be as represented.



Confederate Veteran.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.



ROBERT EDWARD LEE.



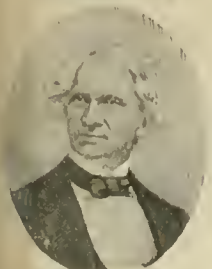
SAM DAVIS.



ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.



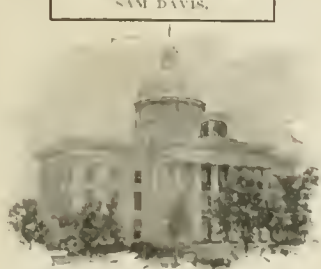
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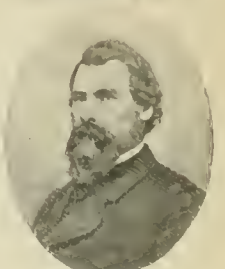
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JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.



JOHN B. REAGAN.



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CONFEDERATE HEROES.

Attention is called in this important way to the "Game of Confederate Heroes," and all of the illustrations on this page are from engravings made especially for it. The theme merits the unstinted labor given to its preparation and its practically faultless presentation. The author, after completing the Game, submitted the work to the best critic in our Southern country, and after a vigilant examination he wrote: . . . "I am thoroughly delighted with it. Aside from the laudable purpose to which the proceeds of its sale are to be devoted, it is worthy of generous encouragement throughout the South, not only because it is intrinsically interesting, but for the better and higher reason that it may be made the means of affording our boys and girls valuable instruction along lines which we have too long neglected. I think the selection of topics admirable, and see no particular in which improvement might be made in this direction."

Price, fifty cents, or it will be sent for two new subscriptions to the VETERAN. Contains fifty-two cards and rules for playing the game.



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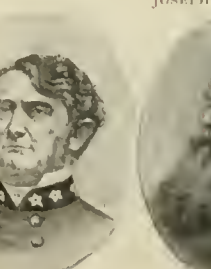
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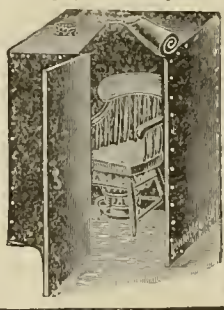
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. { VOL. VIII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1900.

No. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

SAM DAVIS, AN AMERICAN HERO.

An address by the Monument Committee:

The Legislature of the State of Tennessee by resolution authorized the location of a monument to Sam Davis within the capitol grounds, and a committee clothed with proper power was designated to carry out the provisions of this resolution.

This committee has selected the site on the most fitting and unique promontory of this magnificent area near the southwest entrance at Vine and Cedar Streets, and a marker now designates the spot.

The Zolnay bust of Davis, exhibited to a million people at the Tennessee Centennial, is the accepted personification of the hero, and the artist is designing the full figure of heroic size, clothed in his Confederate gray jacket, with trousers tucked in cavalry boots, just as worn by the martyr when he so heroically met his death.

All who are familiar with this sad story and have observed the pose, features, expression, and air of this conception of Sam Davis will be gratified to anticipate its perfection in complete heroic figure of bronze. It will give increased sympathy and admiration for the patriotic hero—awakening emotions akin to worship.

Sam Davis was a youth of Tennessee who, like many another of her boys, went to war in 1861 for home and friends, except that he was tried as never soldier was, and through his trial lives, and the wonderful story of his life will, regardless of sectional lines, stimulate men and women to sacrifice for truth and principle.

Young Davis belonged to Shaw's Scouts, who, under orders from Gen. Cheatham, were operating in Tennessee around their very homes, when they were nearly all, including Capt. Shaw himself, captured by the Federals of Gen. Dodge's command. Valuable papers were found on the person of Davis, clearly implicating him. Shaw was in the prison also at the time, but escaped detection through having been known by the name of Coleman.

Davis was tried by court-martial. The evidence being clear, he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The same death for the violation of the same

rule of war was met by Nathan Hale eighty years before, when acting under Gen. Washington's order, the difference, giving Davis the greater distinction, being that he was offered life and liberty under conditions which he, regarding as dishonorable, declined.

As Davis went to this death immunity was offered him if he would tell who gave him the papers found on his person. His captain, Shaw, had given them to him, and was then in the same prison at Pulaski. He refused to purchase his own life at the price of another's. The Son of Man says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends;" Sam Davis said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here and now before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer;" Nathan Hale said, "I regret I have but one life to give to my country." Monuments erected by the American people to Nathan Hale stand in numerous places, and now after thirty-seven years we, encouraged by nearly every State in the Union, have come to build a monument to Sam Davis's memory.

Let us make it so suitable, so beautiful, so suggestive, so true, that those living who knew him and his record for truth and honor, and those who may come after and read that story in this monument, will feel only pride in the consciousness that they are fellow-men of Sam Davis, of Tennessee.

By the Committee: JOS. W. ALLEN, J. M. LEA, JNO. W. THOMAS, J. W. CHILDRESS, R. H. DUDLEY, G. H. BASKETTE; J. C. KENNEDY, *Treasurer*; S. A. CUNNINGHAM, *Secretary*; E. C. LEWIS, *Chairman*.

The committee desires to raise a sufficient sum to complete in every respect the design for this monument and its environments, which it considers shall be eminently fitting to the subject and appropriate to the place. Of this amount there is now on hand \$2,100. Contributions are solicited to make the sum desired, and will be received by any member of the committee as well as by the Treasurer or by any bank in Nashville.

Mr. Shade Murray, of Nashville, a wholesale shoe merchant, sent the following note to the VETERAN:

I wish to remind you of our accidental meeting on the L. and N. train about February 1, and your kindly giving me a small Sam Davis calendar. Meeting Mr. H. B. Endicott, an acquaintance of mine, in Boston,



BUST OF SAM DAVIS.

it occurred to me that he would be interested in the story of the tragic death of the heroic Sam Davis. I gave him the calendar and imperfectly told him the story. It touched his noble heart, and he claimed the privilege of contributing to the monument fund. I hand you his check for \$100.

Mr. Endicott is President of one of the largest shoe factories in the world—the Lestershire Manufacturing Company, of Lestershire, N. Y. He is noted for his liberality and good feeling for his fellow-men. "May he live long and prosper!"

A note from Mr. Endicott sent with check states: "I am proud that he was a countryman of mine."

Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis writes of the Sam Davis calendar: "The little calendar is precious to me. The dear boy who died for his faith should be forever beloved and held in tender memory by us all."



MASTER LAFAYETTE WILBURN ROUTT.

Comrade J. J. Wilburn, in sending a list of subscriptions from Chapel Hill, Tex., "not for any commission or premium, but as a token of appreciation for what the VETERAN is doing in its noble cause," relates that his young nephew asked for a story; that he told him of Sam Davis, and read to him the soldier's letter to his mother. The little fellow burst into tears, and when I told him of the movement to build a monument to him at the capital of his State he took from his pocket a half dollar and asked that it be sent for the fund.

SAM DAVIS DISCUSSED IN ATLANTA PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mrs. E. G. McCabe, of Atlanta, ever diligent in noble, progressive enterprises, has created a fine sentiment in the schools of Atlanta and throughout Fulton County, Ga., concerning the Confederate hero, Sam Davis. Mrs. Rebecca Lowe, President of the Women's Club, of Atlanta, gave two prizes for the best essays on this subject. From a report in the *Constitution*, the following pertinent and commendatory notes are made:

The county school-teachers with the retiring commissioner, Mr. Guinn, and his successor, Mr. Brittain, met yesterday morning with the members of the Atlanta Woman's Club, and enjoyed a brilliantly interesting programme. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. E. G. McCabe, who has been the leader and continued inspiration of the work being done in the county schools by the club women.

The programme was not only entertaining from the standpoint of the papers read and the impromptu speeches made, but in it were brought out the facts that the club women have united with the teachers in developing the work in the county schools.

The first step taken by the club women in this direction was the establishment of a free circulating library in the county schools, making the schoolhouse the center for the books. To enliven the interest of the school children prizes have been offered from time to time for the best essays on various subjects, Mrs. Lowe giving the prizes that were awarded yesterday morning for the best essay on the subject of Sam Davis.

When the business matters were discussed, the committee of the club women appointed to act in the matter of awarding the prizes for the Sam Davis essay made their report, which is of interest to many young contestants:

"The subject given for discussion was 'The Idea of Duty as Illustrated in the Life of Sam Davis,' and the points we were requested to consider in making the awards were: First, intelligent expression of opinion on the subject of duty; second, historical accuracy; then style, penmanship, spelling, etc. We find, in pursuance of these instructions, the best general averages made by M. T. Gardiner, Ethel Street school. Alfred Kuettner, Bolton, Ga., is entitled to the second prize.

"In rendering the decisions as above mentioned the committee was compelled to sometimes regard the merest shades of difference, for all showed signs of careful study of the subject and much originality of thought. We found ourselves being sorry that there were only two prizes, when all had done so well.

"Alice Clay Cain, aged thirteen, from the R. L. Hope school, was the most happy in the additional illustrations she gave. Viola Magee, Hemphill School, was fine on historical part, bringing out some points not mentioned by others. Mary Hallman, Mary Sheats, and Allie Robinson, also of Hemphill school, showed good knowledge of the life of Davis, and were clear in their ideas of duty. Battle Hill was well represented by the compositions Nos. 20 and 22. They were well written and extremely neat. One of them stressed the thought that, while Sam Davis did his duty, the Federal soldier who sprung the trap was doing his duty against all personal preference, for he loved Davis devotedly. One of these compositions offers variety in a strong contrast between Davis and Benedict Arnold."

TOURNAMENT TO BE HELD AT LOUISVILLE.

W. W. Davies, Commander of Camp John A. Broadus, U. S. C. V., writes from Louisville:

In connection with various other entertainments to be offered during the reunion in Louisville, the Sons of Confederate Veterans have originated and propose carrying into execution the following plan.

They will revive a custom which, in days before the war, was recognized as peculiar to the habits and ideas of the Southern people. They propose that the State Commander of the organization of United Sons of Confederate Veterans of each State recognized as a Southern State shall appoint a champion of that State to compete with the champions of other States in a grand tournament. Under this plan there will be fifteen entries in the tournament, which will give representation to the States of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, West Virginia, and Kentucky. The tournament will be conducted in the usual way recognized by the youth of the South in the olden days. The entertainment will bring out a display of fine horsemanship and other manly qualities of the chivalrous Southern youth.

It is proposed that the successful knight shall have the privilege and honor of crowning the sponsor of his State as the queen of the grand ball of the reunion. It is proposed also that the beautiful forms and ceremonies of heraldry and chivalry shall be copied as much as possible, and the occasion offers great opportunities for intense interest and entertainment.

The Commander of the Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Louisville has already communicated with the Commander in Chief of his organization, and a circular has been issued to the different State Commanders of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, calling upon them to appoint their State champions as knights or riders in the tournament. The Confederate veterans of Louisville heartily approve the plan. It is expected that the tournament will be held at the time and place of the Kentucky barbecue, which will be given to the thousands of guests and veterans in the city. Under the rules proposed it is necessary that a champion or knight in the tournament shall be a son of a Confederate veteran and a regular member of some camp of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

THE FIFTH AND SIXTEENTH TENNESSEE.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Did you ever hear of the Lion of Lucerne? It is "hewn out of the living rock" close by Lake Lemon near the beautiful city of Lucerne, Switzerland, to perpetuate the memory of the nine hundred mountaineer Swiss guards who in 1791 defended Louis XVI. from the raging mob in the Palace of the Tuilleries. It is carved out of limestone on the side of a perpendicular cliff in the shape of a lion, and the present age considers it the chief attraction of the mountains, as setting before the eye the spirit, the determination, and the valor of the people. Did you ever liken the device to the memory of our mountain soldiers in the Confederate era, and note how upon every battlefield their deeds were parodied?

We have a beautiful city in our Cumberland range that I always think of as Lucerne. Instead of a lake, it is environed by the limpid waters of the Collins and Barren Fork Rivers, with their cascades and sparkling water falls. The beautiful mountain of Ben Lomond overlooks it, and that section of people are big-hearted and brave. I often think of the record made by two regiments in that country and of their commanders coming from that beautiful mountain town: the Fifth Tennessee, commanded by Col. (afterwards Gen.) Ben J. Hill, and the Sixteenth Tennessee, commanded by Col. John H. Savage, more familiarly known as the "Old Man of the Mountains." The Fifth Tennessee (changed later to the Thirty-Fifth) was made up from Warren, Grundy, Van Buren, Cannon, Bledsoe, and Sequatchie Counties; and the Sixteenth Tennessee, from Warren, White, Dekalb, Coffee, Van Buren, Putnam, and Grundy. Through curiosity take the records of the Federal and Confederate armies in the war



GEN. BEN J. HILL.

of the rebellion and follow the ramifications of those regiments until the surrender, and it will interest you. Col. Hill had led his regiment in forty-two skirmishes and battles before being made provost marshal general of Gen. Joe Johnston's army at Dalton. Afterwards he became brigadier general of cavalry. He claimed to his death that his was the last command to surrender on the east side of the Mississippi. Do you remember of having heard of that compliment paid Hill's Regiment at Corinth, Miss., in 1862, in the way of a general order issued to the army and read at dress parade to our soldiers throughout? Here it is:

"General Orders No. —. Headquarters Western Department, Corinth, Miss., May 29, 1862.—The general commanding mentions with great pleasure to the army the distinguished conduct of Col. B. J. Hill and his regiment, the Fifth Tennessee Volunteers, in an affair with the enemy yesterday. This order is issued with the greater satisfaction that the gallant officer and

his command have been before conspicuous for their action on the field. By command of Gen. Beauregard. George W. Brent, Acting Chief of Staff."

On May 28 Gen. Cleburne ordered Col. Hill to storm the Federal position at Shelton Hill, in front of Corinth. His regiment charged into a perfect gantlet of Federal columns cenealed behind a ridge of plum bushes, and before he was aware that the regiment ordered to support his flanks had failed to charge he rushed to the muzzles of the enemies' cannon and dislodged them. This prompted the order from Gen. Beauregard, and has ever been pointed to as one of the most daring achievements of the war. If I had been in that regiment, or even had a relation there, I would have that order written in letters of gold and hung up in my parlor for my family and friends to look upon.

Did you ever read the report of Gen. Daniel S. Donelson, of the battle of Murfreesboro (Stone's River)? Let me quote you what he says about Col. Savage's regiment, the Sixteenth. "This regiment, with three companies of Col. Chester's, held in my judgment the critical position of that part of the field (this was the advance on the Cowan house, Wednesday, December 31st, 1862). Col. Savage finding the line he had to defend entirely too long for the number of men under his command, finally threw out the greater part of his command as skirmishers to deceive the enemy as to his strength, and he held his position with characteristic and most commendable tenacity for over three hours. The point being held assured the winning of Wednesday evening's battle." Now, if I had such distinguished people to speak of my actions thus, the goal of my military ambition would be filled. After thirty-eight years, when I see the "Old Man of the Mountains" still living, Gen. Hill gone nineteen years ago, but his splendid wife in good health, and a few survivors of both the Fifth and Sixteenth Tennessee Regiments, I say, like Brother Shandy to Uncle Toby: "Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head."

The Tennessee Division of U. C. V. are to meet in McMinnville this year, and I am looking forward with so much pleasure to shake hands with those old veterans from the mountains that contributed so much to establish our Southland as among the valiant people of the world. I cannot forget McMinnville—the times, scenes, places, faces. They roll before me. On the 16th or 20th of April, 1863, Gen. Morgan had his headquarters there, while his command was guarding the right wing of the Army of Tennessee at Liberty. The enemy advanced upon the place with a strong force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The only cavalry force there was Morgan's escort, about fifty strong, and about ninety infantry under Maj. Wyckliffe, Ninth Kentucky. After skirmishing, the enemy dashed into the town eight abreast, driving out Gen. Morgan and several officers who had been there on sick leave. Among them were Col. Cluke, Lieut. Col. Martin, and Maj. Dick McCann. Gen. Duke says: "McCann's horse was shot in the mêlée, and fell, bringing him to the ground. He sprang to his feet, and, standing in front of the charging column, shouted, 'You have got the old chief at last!' seeking to produce the impression that he was Gen. Morgan, and so favor the latter's escape." He was ridden over, severely sabered, and captured; but, having been placed in an old stable and allowed a canteen of apple brandy,

he got the guard drunk and dug out under the logs during the night, effecting his escape. All the officers escaped uninjured. The infantry retreated in perfect order to the mountain, two or three miles away. "So McMinnville was in the wake of the armies and in the disputed territory of Bragg and Rosecrans. Had the



JOHN H. SAVAGE,
Lieutenant Colonel of the Eleventh U.
S. Infantry in the war with Mexico.

old Fifth and Sixteenth been there that day, instead of a stampede there would have been the rattling of musketry and "hot times in the old town." Gen. Hill, who died in the eighties, was in the practice of law there. If you want to see how his memory is revered and Col. John H. Savage is respected, strike one of those mountaineers, and he will tell you that Ben Hill was one of the boys and that the "Old Man of the Mountains" always did his duty. When Ben Hill went into a fight, instead of "Forward!" he always said, "Come on, boys! Recollect the mountains!"

He had a smile upon his face in battle that almost made one forget to dodge the bullets, and when the Fifth was called upon they always remembered what Beauregard said of them at Shelton Hill, Corinth, and Gen. Pat Cleburne at Shiloh.

I want to see a monument erected to the memory of the mountaineers of the Cumberland in the sixties, and McMinnville is the proper place. Let the statue of a typical Confederate soldier be placed on the shaft and the Lion of Ben Lomond be sleeping at his feet.

"A monument for the soldiers
Built of a people's love,
And brazened and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye build it of.
And see that ye build it stately,
In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate."

COUNTERFEIT CONFEDERATE CIRCULATION.

Samuel C. Upham writes of his having printed fifteen million dollars in Confederate facsimile notes during our great war:

I commenced printing them in the early part of March, 1862. I printed from March 12, 1862, to August 1, 1863, 1,564,050 facsimiles of these notes of denominations ranging from five cents to one hundred dollars, and presume the aggregate issue in dollars and cents would amount to the round number of \$15,000,000.

In 1862 I sold patent medicines, perfumery, stationery, and newspapers, foreign and domestic. In the early part of March of that year there was a great demand for a certain issue of the *Philadelphia Daily Inquirer*. The demand for the paper was so great that I had the curiosity to ask a customer what that par-

ticular issue of the *Inquirer* contained that caused so great a demand for it. He informed me that it contained a facsimile of a five-dollar Confederate note. I immediately purchased an electrolyte plate of the five-dollar note, and had three thousand copies printed on French letter paper. They sold like "hot cakes" at one cent each, and I supplied the trade at fifty cents per hundred notes. On the margin of each note was printed "Facsimile Confederate notes sold, wholesale and retail, by S. C. Upham, Philadelphia."

This five-dollar note was of the date of September 2, 1861. The next was the ten-dollar note, of the date of July 25, 1861. It was engraved by Frank Leslie, and printed in his illustrated newspaper in March, 1861. I purchased an electrolyte plate of this ten-dollar note, and struck off impressions on French letter paper, which I sold at the same price as the five-dollar note. I made no distinction in price in consequence of the high denomination of the note. A one-hundred-dollar facsimile note was the same price I charged for a five-cent shinplaster. I sold the notes as curiosities, and advertised them as such in several of the most widely circulated papers in the Union. I printed in all twenty-eight different varieties of notes and shinplasters and fifteen different postage stamps.

During the publication of these notes Senator Foote, in his speech before the Congress at Richmond, in 1862, said I had done more to injure the Confederate cause than Gen. McClellan and his army. Since the close of that war I have learned that President Davis, during the rebellion, offered a reward of \$10,000 for my "corpus, dead or alive."

ADVICE ABOUT SCHOOLBOOKS.

Lucius O. Wilson, Scott, Wood County, W. Va.:

I have a word to offer to the people of the eleven Southern States that formed the Confederacy. I have read the Committee's report on schoolbooks in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I agree with that committee. Northern histories or Northern text-books should not be used in Southern schools. I have good, logical reasons for this opinion. I can see ahead indications of the breaking down of the entire school system, and those most pronounced are in the Northern States.

My suggestions to the Southern people are these: Let each one of those eleven States compile and publish their own text-books for their schools. The State that has the power to furnish free education to make exemplary citizens of her infants has the power to furnish the tools to do it with. The tools not being satisfactory, the State has the power to make them itself. If the Southern people will keep watch of their school officers, and elect the best talent in their communities as well as to the Legislature, they can have everything their own way and text-books in their schools to suit their natural environments and public sentiment.

A very comprehensive plan would be for each State to call into counsel the best Southern schoolbook publishers and educators, and under State power compile and publish all text-books to be used in their public schools at cost to the counties, giving the counties the right to put in local facts of interest, environment, and history, and to furnish them free or at cost to the people of the county.

When the first Southern State gets ready to do this I want the opportunity to go before the compiling committee on readers, arithmetics, and language lessons and present my views fully to that committee. I have facts from long experience in the schoolroom that an intelligent committee would heed and be guided by. As to the histories, let the Confederate soldier bring in the truth about the war they waged for independence, and have that truth printed and given to the children of the Southern people.

BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, LA.

B. G. Goodrich writes from Clear Water, Cal.:

Sometime ago a comrade wrote you that the battle of Mansfield, La., was fought in the fall of 1864, and that the Confederates were under the command of Gen. Magruder. Gen. Magruder was not present, but Gen. Dick Taylor commanded our troops. Most of them were Texans. In Gen. Morton's Division there were Col. Gray's Brigade of Louisiana Infantry and Gen. Polignac's Texas Brigade; in Gen. John G. Walker's Texas Division, the brigades of Gens. Randall, Waul, Scurry and Tom Green's Texas Cavalry. We had also seventy-five to eighty pieces of artillery. The Federals were utterly routed. We captured twenty-five hundred or three thousand of them, twenty-three pieces of artillery, and three or four hundred wagons and ambulances. I do not know the Federal loss in killed and wounded, but it was greater than ours, and we lost at least two thousand. The Federals made a stand at Pleasant Hill the next day.

On the morning of the 9th two divisions of Missouri and Arkansas troops joined us, and we tried to capture the Federal position at Pleasant Hill, but did not succeed. About four hundred of us were captured. As the Federals left about 8 o'clock that night, and, except for an occasional few minutes' rest, made no halt until dark the next day, they must have been worse whipped than we were. As I marched with them, I know in what a hurry they were.

At Mansfield Gen. Morton was killed. A Federal regiment had a white flag flying, and he rode up to receive their surrender, and some of them shot him. They paid dearly for the dastardly act. I was told that the Louisiana Brigade killed about half of them, and that one of the regiments had seven color bearers shot down at Mansfield. Why don't some one who knows, from being present on our side, write you about it? At Pleasant Hill we lost no general, but Gen. Walker was wounded. Col. Burchel, of the First Texas Cavalry, was killed. Gen. Kirby Smith was on the field at Pleasant Hill, but did not take command.

A few days after that battle Gen. Tom Green was killed while fighting gunboats at Blair's Landing, on Red River. It was a sad loss for us. The Federals had about forty thousand men when they started on that campaign. At Mansfield we had about fifteen thousand; and at Pleasant Hill, twenty thousand.

Comrade Goodrich served in Company G, Sixteenth Texas Volunteer Infantry.

ECHOES.—Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor's new book (see back page February VETERAN) is offered postpaid for two new subscriptions in paper, or in cloth for four new subscriptions.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Association throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

This eighth year of the VETERAN begins auspiciously. Receipts for the past several weeks are the best in its history. Assurance of sincerest appreciation of its work is given each day, and it comes from every section. Occasionally some subscriber expresses disapproval. For instance, one person has taken exception to the publication of the inscription on the Kentucky monument in Chickamauga Park erected to the dead of both armies. However good or bad, it was simply recording a historic fact. Reference is made to this to illustrate that comrades and friends should not be too quick to condemn. The inscription is not what the VETERAN would have furnished.

There is too much of solemnity now, in the rapid falling out of line, for acrimony or a hypercritical exaction when it is known that the truest and most conscientious motives are at the helm. Ah, how our heroes are falling! The Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp at Nashville has buried five of its members in as many days. Notice cannot be given in this number, and yet so great a calamity as the death of Comrade Joseph B. O'Bryan, which occurred recently, must have mention. His death is not only a grievous loss to his camp, of which he was chaplain, and to the city in which he lived, but to the Confederates everywhere. It is to his honor more than any other that the success of the Nashville reunion is due. The dead reported to this office within thirty days must exceed that of any three months of our history. In this connection appeal is made as earnest and strong as it is possible to express for unanimity of sentiment and action for the VETERAN. Its owner and director has thought much about how it may be utilized to promote the highest cause on the earth save only that of the Christian religion, and of how it might be perpetuated in the event of his death. He has considered arranging to place it in the hands of committees from the Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons, to act jointly with a committee of our senior surviving generals and their subordinate commanders, in the hope that it be continued until the United States government recognizes that the men and women of the South in the sixties were as patriotic as those of the North, and that by the laws of the land and by inherent rights they were justified in their revolution during the sixties, also that by their sacrifices through those awful years they deserve to be recognized not only by their fellow-citizens but by the civilized world to be as worthy

of all honor and of all praise for their deeds as any people of any land or any time.

Let anybody refer to the record made in every issue of the VETERAN for the truth of history. It has never favored one class of its patriots in rank or sex over any other, and it has sought at all times to divide justly the honors between the men and the women of the several States as equally as practicable. It has never for pay given preference to any class or section. Whatever may be the fates of the future, its editor has succeeded upon the highest plane, and he is grateful that he has had the heart and the financial ability to treat all alike, and that he has had the courage to do his duty in these matters, regardless of consequences. And he appeals to every friend of the sacred cause so dear to the Southern people that they stand together and, as one man, unite in opposition to the hidden hands that may seek the destruction of his abilities to perpetuate these principles through their coöperation. His dependence upon such assistance is absolute.

See the list of post offices to which the VETERAN is sent, on pages 126-128, and endeavor to enlarge it.

The game of Confederate Heroes merits a place in every Southern home. Its author has performed a noble work gratuitously, and the cause to which its entire profit is donated is most worthy. In addition to the ability and research in preparing this historic game the same person has personally opened the boxes and examined to see that there is no fault in the make-up. This was a prodigious work. In addition the author guaranteed the fund against loss by the VETERAN to publish and put on the market. Get a half dollar's worth of stamps and put twenty-four two-cent stamps in a letter for it. Or get two new subscribers, and the game will be sent complimentary in return.



MAJ. FELIX G. BUCHANAN. (See page 109.)

MAGRUDER'S DEFENSE OF THE PENINSULA.

Col. R. G. Lowe addresses the Galveston Camp:

The subject to which I call the attention of the camp is one in which it feels a special interest—viz., the defense of Yorktown and the lines of the peninsula in the spring of 1862 by Gen. John Bankhead Magruder. History has not yet been fruitful enough in record of the important part which Magruder played in the defense of Richmond against McClellan's advance on the Confederate capital after the change of the Federal base from the Potomac to the York and the James Rivers. . . .

The defense of Richmond against the advance of McClellan by way of the peninsula in the spring of 1862 was one of the most remarkable achievements that occurred during the whole period of that remarkable war. It was in keeping with Magruder's style in every way. "Prince John" knew no such word as retreat, and I only wish I could place my hand upon a general order he addressed to the Louisiana troops under his command in front of Yorktown, which was worthy the knights of old in the best days of Spanish chivalry. Magruder swore by the Louisiana boys. The general order I refer to was to the effect that wherever a Louisiana command met the enemy they were to engage them at once and to stay there, no matter whether the Yankees were in proportion of fifty to one or any other number. Crazy as we were at that period regarding our ability to eat up such and such a number of live Yankees before breakfast, it began to dawn upon the intellects of most of us that fifty to one was slightly in excess of what we had calculated upon. Yet that was not much more than Magruder actually accomplished when he held McClellan in check, with the Army of the Potomac at his back, with less than seven thousand men. And in this act he defended for nine days a line of ten miles across the peninsula from the York to the James River.

I do not recall the component parts of Magruder's original force on the peninsula. In a general way it may be placed at about fifteen thousand men, composed of Virginians, North Carolinians, Georgians, and Louisianians. This original force of fifteen thousand men was depleted by fully one-half just before McClellan changed his base from the Potomac to the Peninsula, the troops from the peninsula crossing the James River to Norfolk, an attack on some point on the North Carolina coast being at that time expected. This movement away from the peninsula will be referred to again, as McClellan conceived that these troops were reinforcing the peninsula instead of being

withdrawn from it. This depletion left Magruder's command under rather than over seven thousand men, and with that force he had the temerity to dispute McClellan's advance at the head of one hundred thousand trained Federal troops.

The command to which I belonged was the First Louisiana Battalion, better known as the Dreux Battalion, named after its gallant and chivalrous first lieutenant colonel, who fell in a skirmish near Newport News on the morning of the 5th of July, 1861. We had served as independent companies at Pensacola, Fla., where the battalion was organized. It was composed of the first six companies of volunteers who were mustered in from the State of Louisiana. It served some six weeks filling sand bags at Pensacola, but things getting warm in Virginia, the battalion was ordered there. Arriving in Richmond in June, we were encamped at the fair grounds under orders for Manassas, when the affair at Big Bethel occurred, and the battalion was at once dispatched to the peninsula. Magruder had under him a number of Louisianians—the Dreux Battalion, Coppen's Zouave Battalion, the Second, Fifth, Tenth, and Fourteenth Louisiana Regiments—all of which organizations were heard from later on. It was thus we made the acquaintance of Prince John. We saw little real business for the greater part of a year, but Magruder kept the boys on the march pretty regularly, and we became well acquainted with the peninsula. It was not anticipated that there would be much trouble in that quarter, but the spring and early summer of the year 1862 told quite a different story.

There were two roads from the lower peninsula running parallel with the York and James Rivers, the Yorktown road and the Young's Mill road. The Young's Mill road crossed the Warwick at Lee's Mill. Upon this line Magruder concentrated his defense. The Warwick is a shallow, marshy stream running across the peninsula, but at full tide there is some depth of water in the body of the marshy flats. There are a series of mill dams strung along the stream. Yorktown had been well fortified during the year, and on the main road at Lee's Mill some considerable earthworks had been thrown up, but none of any consequence. The total of artillery that Magruder had at Lee's Mill were two or three guns of a light Virginia battery, the Richmond howitzers being on the left of the line. It took the Federal artillery but a few minutes to silence the Virginia battery after they obtained our range. I am thus specific because I desire to show that McClellan, by his "Own Story," was about the worst fooled individual that ever came up the peninsula on a warlike mission.

I have lately been reading "McClellan's Own Story," written by the General himself since the close of the civil war, and it was the perusal of this work that suggested to me the idea of specifically illustrating Magruder's services in the defense of Richmond in the spring of 1862. "McClellan's Own Story" is an elaborate defense of McClellan's military operations as commander in chief of the Federal forces. It is evident from this work that politics at one time played a conspicuous part in the organization of the Federal armies. With this branch of McClellan's story I shall not concern myself. I shall merely endeavor to illustrate the important service which Magruder performed



GEN. JOHN B. MAGRUDER.

in holding at bay on the line of the Warwick for a period of nine days the entire Federal force under McClellan, and "McClellan's Own Story" shall furnish the proof of Magruder's services. The strength of the forces invading the peninsula, according to a report made by the Federal Secretary of War on April 5, 1862, shows that there had been transported in thirty-seven days from the time the order had been received in Washington from the Federal lines on the Potomac to Fort Monroe "121,500 men, 14,592 animals, 1,150 wagons, 44 batteries, 74 ambulances, besides pontoon bridges, telegraph materials, and the enormous quantity of equipage required for an army of such magnitude." It was this force that Magruder was called upon to hold in check for nine days, upon lines extending across the peninsula from the York to the James Rivers, with a total force not exceeding 7,000.

The Federal forces moved expeditiously from their base on the Potomac to Fort Monroe, their new base of operations, having facilities of transportation by river and rail; while the Confederate army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, after discovering the Federal change of base, had to march across country from the Potomac to the lines at Yorktown on the peninsula. It was nine days after the Federals under McClellan made their appearance on the Warwick at Lee's Mill before a relieving force from Johnston's army reached our works. We were relieved by Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, and went to the rear for rest.

But I will allow Gen. McClellan to tell his own story in his own way:

I reached Fortress Monroe on the afternoon of the 2d, still under the delusion that I should have an active army of one hundred and forty-six thousand men and the full control of my base of operations, and that I should receive efficient support from the navy.

According to the best information in our possession in regard to the peninsula, our main road extended from Fortress Monroe, through Hampton and Big Bethel, to Yorktown; while another existed from Newport News, nearly parallel with the James River, and passing through Warwick Courthouse to the Halfway House, where it met the main road from Yorktown to Williamsburg. Both of these roads between Yorktown and the point of the peninsula were intersected by many streams, and we had information to the effect that many of these crossings—as, for example, Big Bethel, Young's Mill, Howard's Bridge, Cockle-town, etc.—were strongly intrenched and would be obstinately defended.

"Our information seemed also to be clear that the Warwick River ran alongside of the Newport News road, which crossed only an insignificant branch, and that it presented no obstacle to a march on the Halfway House in rear of Yorktown."

Mr. Stanton telegraphed Gen. McClellan April 3:

"I expect to move from here to-morrow morning on Yorktown, where a force of some fifteen thousand of the Rebels are in an intrenched position, and I think it quite probable they will attempt to resist us. No appearance of the Merrimac as yet. Commodore Goldsborough is quite confident he can sink her when she comes out."

Farther along Gen. McClellan's account states:

"On my arrival at Fortress Monroe I was informed

that the enemy had been very active for some days past in crossing troops over the James River on the line of communication between Yorktown and Norfolk. Reports were conflicting as to the direction of this movement, but in any event it seemed proper under the circumstances to move on Yorktown as promptly as possible with the troops in hand, in order to invest the place before further reinforcements and supplies should reach it."

Reference has already been made to this movement. The reinforcements referred to were going from the peninsula to strengthen a point on the Carolina coast, and consequently were depleting the strength under Magruder. The Federal commander inferred that Magruder had been reinforced, a point which Magruder was quite willing to let go uncontradicted. Magruder was great on beating drums and lung demonstrations, while McClellan was lying comparatively inactive on his front.

I quote again from Gen. McClellan's "Own Story:"

"The movement was made by the two roads already mentioned—the two divisions of the Fourth Corps from Newport News via Warwick C. H.; the two divisions of the Third, supported by Sedgwick's Division of the Second Corps, Sykes's Brigade, and the reserve artillery, by the road from Hampton and Big Bethel to Yorktown. The advance on Big Bethel would turn the works at Young's Mill and open the way for the Fourth Corps; while in turn the advance of the latter corps on Warwick C. H. would turn the works at Howard's Bridge and Ship Point and open the road of the right column to the immediate vicinity of Yorktown.

"Gen. Heintzelman learned during the evening that there were no batteries between Porter and Yorktown; that Yorktown was strongly fortified; that its garrison, until recently, consisted of 10,000 men, but was then increased to 20,000 or 25,000; that there were more troops at Williamsburg and batteries about two miles south of it, and that reinforcements were said to have come from Richmond. Gen. Heintzelman concluded that the enemy had no idea of abandoning Yorktown. During the same afternoon Gen. Keyes, commanding the left column, received information that from 5,000 to 8,000 of the enemy were strongly intrenched at Lee's Mill.

"In consequence of the heavy rains the roads were very bad and the troops moved with difficulty, so that little of Keyes's artillery and none of the ammunition, forage and provision trains could be brought up. Heintzelman early in the day came under the artillery fire of the works of Yorktown, and soon saw that an assault was impracticable. Keyes also found himself brought to a halt by the artillery fire of Lee's Mill works, and discovered that they were covered by the Warwick River, rendering any attempt at assault utterly out of the question."

On April 5 Gen. McClellan sent the following dispatch to the Secretary of War:

"The enemy are in large force along our front, and apparently intend making a determined resistance. A reconnoissance just made by Gen. Barnard shows that their line of works extends across the entire peninsula from Yorktown to Warwick River. Many of them are formidable. Deserters say that they are being reinforced daily from Richmond and from Norfolk. Un-

der the circumstances I beg that you will reconsider the order detaching the First Corps from my command."

Writing to the Secretary of War on the evening of April 5 General McClellan reported that the information obtained at Fortress Monroe in regard to the topography of the country and the position and strength of the enemy had been unreliable. "He is in strong force and very strong position," wrote General McClellan. At this very date and on this very day the enemy in front of General McClellan did not exceed 7,000 men all told on a line extending for ten miles. Would any general in the Confederate army, except Magruder, have thought for a moment of resisting the Federal Army of the Potomac with a handful of Confederate volunteers, who had up to this time scarcely heard the sound of an enemy's musket? Magruder had but one idea, and that was to get at them. His general order to the Louisiana volunteers he carried out in his own person, in his own way.

For further illustration certain correspondence between President Lincoln and Gen. McClellan is here introduced. On April 6 President Lincoln telegraphed thus to Gen. McClellan:

"Yours of 11 A.M. to-day received. Secretary of War informs me that the forwarding of transportation, ammunition, and Woodbury's Brigade, under your order, has not and will not be interfered with. You now have over 100,000 troops with you, independent of Gen. Wood's command. I think you had better break the enemy's line from Yorktown to Warwick River at once."

To this from President Lincoln Gen. McClellan replied:

"Your telegram of yesterday received. In reply I have the honor to state that my entire force for duty only amounts to about 85,000 men. Gen. Wood's command, as you will observe from the accompanying order, has been taken out of my control, although he has most cheerfully coöperated with me. The only use that can be made of his command is to protect my communications in rear of this point. At this time only 53,000 men have joined me, but they are coming up as rapidly as my means of transportation will permit. Please refer to my dispatch to the Secretary of War of to-night for the details of our present situation."

It is not the purpose of this paper to take a partisan view of the troubles which beset Gen. McClellan in his relation to the Federal authorities. It is quite possible that he was annoyed by the politicians. There are others in the same boat. But, taking his own story, it is shown that he had 85,000 men under him, 53,000 of which were up on the 7th of April, and the rest moving up as rapidly as possible. My purpose is not to belittle McClellan, who was deceived, but to magnify Magruder, the deceiver, for the relation of 53,000 to 7,000 men should have made the capture of Magruder and entire force a mere matter of military execution. But McClellan sat down and fortified. He was an engineer. To show how completely Gen. McClellan had been bamboozled, I quote from his dispatch to Secretary Stanton, dated April 7:

"Your telegram of yesterday arrived here while I was absent examining the enemy's right, which I did pretty closely. . . . The whole line of the Warwick, which really heads within a mile of Yorktown, is strongly defended by detached redoubts and other for-

tifications, armed with heavy and light guns. The approaches, except at Yorktown, are covered by the Warwick, over which there is but one or, at most, two passages, both of which are covered by strong batteries. It will be necessary to resort to the use of heavy guns and some siege operations before we can assault. All the prisoners state that Gen. J. E. Johnston arrived at Yorktown yesterday with strong reinforcements. It seems clear that I shall have the whole force of the enemy on my hands—probably not less than 100,000 men, and possibly more. In consequence of the loss of Blenker's Division of the First Corps, my force is possibly less than that of the enemy, while they will have the advantage of position."

Of course he was going to have the whole force of the enemy on his hands if he waited until Johnston could reach the lines! Gen. McClellan never attempted an assault upon any portion of the lines, except at what was known as Dam No. 2, a position on the Warwick between Yorktown and Lee's Mill. McClellan had organized during the previous winter months on the Potomac a very effective corps of sharpshooters, but beyond their operations and the work of his splendid field artillery, neither Yorktown nor Lee's Mill was assaulted. The great strength which McClellan dreaded at Lee's Mill consisted of the Drenx Battalion, the Fifteenth Virginia, the Tenth Louisiana, and a light battery of Virginia field artillery. Keyes was in front of Lee's Mill with two divisions. He had barely 2,000 Confederates to deal with.

I have alluded to the one point on our lines which McClellan attempted to take by assault. I quote from Gen. McClellan's own account of the operation:

"About three o'clock Gen. Smith had placed eighteen guns in position about five hundred yards from the works, supported on either flank by Brooks's Vermont Brigade, with Hancock in support. Our guns then opened, the enemy replying for some time with rapidity. When their fire slackened Smith ordered four companies of the Third Vermont to cross the dam and feel the enemy. On arriving at the crest of the work they were met by the enemy in force, who had lain secreted, and were forced to retire with a loss of about twenty killed and wounded, after having held the work for some minutes. Later in the day, after I had left the ground, another reconnoissance was made, under cover of the artillery fire, by the Fourth Vermont on the right, the Fifth and Sixth on the left, but it was found impracticable to push farther than to the dam, which ground was held. During the night strong entrenchments were thrown up, on the right for four guns, within three hundred yards of the work, on the left one with eight embrasures, and in the center one with four embrasures, the last two within five hundred yards' range. This reconnoissance was conducted with skill and great gallantry, the Vermont troops thus early giving earnest of the high qualities they so often displayed during all the war."

The attempt to minimize the losses in the assault above mentioned is in keeping with the methods pursued in the earlier stages of military operations. The position at Dam No. 2 was defended by a water battery, supported by the Second Louisiana, with the Fifth North Carolina in rifle pits along the front of the dam and the Tenth Georgia in reserve. The sharpshooters had been busy all day. Toward evening the Vermonters, concealed in the undergrowth on the op-

posite side of the dam, suddenly formed in line and boldly pushed across the dam, waste deep, with their cartridge boxes around their necks. It was a handsome movement, and so quickly and cleverly executed that the Vermonters were across the dam before either the Second Louisiana or the Fifth Carolina were well aware of their presence. The Tenth Georgia charged with the bayonet, and the Vermonters retreated across the dam under a heavy musket fire from three Confederate regiments. The dam was literally filled with dead and wounded Federals in this assault, which is greatly minimized by Gen. McClellan. This was the last of it, and after that the Federal commander went to work to throw up batteries and prepare for a military siege with heavy guns. Yorktown was well guarded with substantial works, but McClellan could certainly have penetrated Magruder's lines at any other point and captured the outfit, bag and baggage. Of course I am speaking of what could have been done before the arrival of Gen. Johnston. After Johnston's arrival the proposition was altogether different. Johnston finally vacated the lines which Magruder defended on the Warwick, because of the ultimate ability of the Federals to flank him by way of the York River.

Events subsequent to this time so overshadowed the defense made on the Warwick that Magruder's work has been lost sight of. The historian up to this time has passed it by with brief comment, yet he saved Richmond in the spring of 1862. But for his indomitable pluck in resisting McClellan's advance, the Federal general must have reached Richmond before Johnston could have been well prepared to defend it. And what then? But it is not my province to speculate.

Magruder, as it were, is the patron saint of our camp. Did time or space warrant, I could recall many pleasant incidents of intercourse with Prince John. He was fond of the Louisiana boys. Ned Phelps, a handsome fellow at that day, and a Texan born, I think, was a member of the Dreux Battalion. After a hard all-night march in the summer of 1861 Ned was foraging for breakfast. I can recall at this day the farmhouse in Virginia, with the blue smoke rising from the chimney, where the incident occurred. Magruder and staff had had breakfast prepared here and were seated in the dining room when Ned made his appearance. Observing a vacant chair at the table, Ned promptly took possession. Magruder eyed him. The General spoke with a lisp. "Young man," said he, "are you aware who you are breakfasting with?" "Well," responded Ned, "before I came soldiering I was somewhat particular, but now I don't care a d—, so the victuals are clean!" This was enough. Ned had the best the board afforded, and after that Magruder came near depleting the battalion by details for headquarters. Magruder died in this same Ned Phelps's arms.

In conclusion, I think it is meet that this camp should perpetuate the gallant work of the dead Confederate. Amid the desperate scenes of the seven days' fighting around Richmond the defense of the peninsula by Magruder has in a manner been overshadowed. But we will not lose sight of it. The hero that could dispute McClellan's host on the peninsula with a bare 7,000 men was afterwards capable of attacking a Federal fleet in Galveston Bay with a frail river boat protected by cotton bales and accomplishing his purpose. Prince John was equal to any emergency. A soldier by nature, he had the dash and bear-

ing of a Rupert with a Crichton combined. Peace and repose to the ashes of John Bankhead Magruder!



The photograph above, sent by request from the VETERAN, is of Comrade Lowe and his oldest son, taken last summer. In a note he states: "The whirligig of time rolls round, and you find there the picture of the boy under the stars and stripes, which his father attempted in a small way to get away from. My son is a first lieutenant in the Thirty-Third Regiment, United States Volunteers, now serving in the Philippine Islands, which regiment, composed very largely of Texans, has rendered good service in the Philippines. The last letter I had from the boy was after a detail of the regiment had rescued Lieut. Gilmore and a number of other prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos. Lieut. Lowe served as a private in the District of Columbia Volunteers at Santiago, the medals displayed upon his uniform being for service in that campaign. Being available, he was commissioned first lieutenant when additional regiments were required to go to the Philippines, and assigned to the Thirty-Third." See letter from Lieut. Lowe on page 136.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR LOUISVILLE REUNION.—Bennett H. Young, President; J. B. Castleman, First Vice President; B. W. Duke, Second Vice President; George Gaulbert, Third Vice President; S. H. Buchanan, Fourth Vice President; William M. Mariner, Secretary; J. B. Pirtle, Treasurer; John H. Leathers, President Confederate Association of Kentucky; Thomas D. Osborne, Secretary Confederate Association of Kentucky; James W. Bowles, William B. Haldeman.

CAMPAIGNS BY ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

In some reminiscences of Turney's First Tennessee by Capt. William P. Tolley, of Winchester, Tenn., the remarkable military career of Maj. Felix G. Buchanan is given prominence. He is yet of the survivors.

In the long list of patriots and heroes of the Confederate army who were conspicuous for devotion to a just and right cause few, if any, equal the records of Maj. Buchanan in such deeds of valor as made that army famous in the world's history. He began his career as second lieutenant of Company G (the Fayetteville Guards), First Tennessee Regiment, which regiment was organized at Winchester in April, 1861, and at the reorganization of the regiment the next April at Yorktown, Va., he was made captain of his company. For gallantry at Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, and Gaines's Mill in command of his company (as stated in his commission when promoted), he was made major of his regiment.

At Gaines's Mill he received the first of his many wounds in service. Soon recovering from this, he was with his regiment in that masterly campaign of Lee's, that began in the tilt between Stonewall Jackson and Pope at Cedar Mountain, and embracing Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, and ending in the fiercest and bloodiest open field engagement of the war, the great battle of Sharpsburg, Md. It was grand campaigning, with grand results, such as made the Army of Northern Virginia one of the grandest armies in modern history. In it all the Tennessee brigade (Archer's) played a conspicuous part. The First Tennessee Regiment was generally in the lead. True, Sharpsburg—Antietam, as called by the Federals—was rather a drawn battle; but Lee, after retreating leisurely back into Virginia, was soon on the aggressive again, and forced the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, which was a complete victory to our arms. Here Maj. Buchanan was again wounded by the explosion of a shell, the fragments of which inflicted five wounds on his head. Those near him thought he was killed; but he soon recovered, and commanded the regiment until a short time before the Pennsylvania campaign began.

The campaign and battles around Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville the next spring (1863) was the prelude to the Pennsylvania campaign, in which the genius of Stonewall Jackson gleamed above all else. After Jackson's fall at Chancellorsville, and after the Pennsylvania campaign, which received its impulse from his all-pervading genius, there was but little strategy, but little maneuvering of the army. Afterwards the burden of war fell largely upon the rank and file of the army, and no command carried its part more nobly than the Tennessee brigade. At Gettysburg it played the conspicuous part of bringing on the engagement on the first day, led by a detachment of the First Tennessee under Maj. Buchanan, which in its impetuous dash at the enemy killed Maj. Gen. Reynolds. No command penetrated the enemy's lines farther or stayed there longer on the third day than did this brigade. Notwithstanding it goes in nearly all popular reference as "Pickett's charge." In truth Heth's Division, of which the Tennessee brigade was a

part, played as conspicuous and faithful a part as Pickett's. Then on the retreat from this disastrous field the Tennesseans performed a most valuable service to the army.

This brigade was rear guard to the army, and had marched all night through rain and slush. Upon reaching the Potomac the men had thrown themselves upon the ground for much needed rest, and were lying around loose, when there occurred one of the most thrilling episodes of the war. They had stacked arms and were sleeping in fancied security under the impression that our cavalry was looking after that of the enemy. But just at day dawn a column of Federal cavalry was discovered making a grand ride for the bridge, to destroy which would have put the greater part of Lee's army, not yet crossed over, at the enemy's mercy. They were within a hundred yards in the early dawn before our peril was realized. Quickly Maj. Buchanan rallied his men and gave the command to fire. Only a very few of the guns would fire, as they were too wet. On rode the Federals, but the Tennesseans, nothing daunted, clubbed their pieces and stood ready to receive them. Some who could not get to their guns actually unhorsed their assailants with fence rails, while the enemy used their sabers. What a grim and unique spectacle! No sound of rattling musketry nor roaring artillery to warn the balance of the army! It was an every-man-for-himself affair. A Federal major, observing Maj. Buchanan, rushed his horse forward, ordering: "You d— rebel major, surrender!" but without waiting for response, began shooting at him with his pistol. The major got hold of it and held it to one side until all the shots were exhausted, when the Federal resorted to his saber. All the while Maj. Buchanan had hold of the bridle, walking backwards and leading the horse toward the fence, on which were his own sword and pistol, meanwhile warding off the saber thrusts with the horse's head, receiving, however, several cuts in his hat. Finally—it must have seemed almost an age to him—he reached the fence, and, seizing his own pistol, shot his assailant from his horse. Encouraged by this example, the men continued the fight until the enemy was driven off and the bridge and the army saved.

Had the Tennessee brigade been properly supported when they assailed and drove back the enemy's advance forces on the first day at Gettysburg, the Federals would have been forced beyond that line and compelled to fight on ground not nearly so favorable as a defensive position.

Maj. Buchanan was yet to receive several other wounds, but he commanded the regiment more than any other officer. While so unceasingly at his post in time of battle he was wounded oftener than almost any other survivor of the war. At Gettysburg he was struck the second day on the stomach, from which resulted excessive nausea and vomiting, but he never left the field. In Early's famous winter campaign of 1863 and 1864 in the valley of the Shenandoah he contracted rheumatism, on account of which he was laid up for a year after the war. He nevertheless continued at the head of his regiment in that renowned campaign between Lee and Grant. This campaign was more noted for the wonderful endurance, fidelity, and fighting capacity of the Army of Northern Virginia than for the

generalship that led it. Ah! the world will never see the equal of this army. At the First Manassas it received its christening in fire and blood.

Maj. Buchanan was again wounded in the first day's battle of the Wilderness, the beginning of the campaign of 1864, but was at the head of his regiment the next day, and thence till wounded again on the 18th of the following August. This time it seemed the fates had him. He was shot in two places—in the right cheek, which knocked out four teeth; and a painful flesh wound in the right hip, from which erysipelas attacked his face, and his recovery was for a long time of much doubt. He returned in December and commanded until the end at Appomattox.

During the whole four years he never saw his home nor his aged parents, nor was absent from his command more than five or six days except for wounds. In a letter to him Gen. Lee stated that he had commanded his regiment more than any other officer had commanded a regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Maj. Buchanan, descended from excellent Virginia stock, has been a prominent citizen of Lincoln County, Tenn., since the war. He married a noble woman, daughter of Col. Thomas McClellan, a noble man of Limestone County, Ala. They have five children, nearly all grown—three of them promising sons, and two amiable, intelligent daughters.

GEN. M. C. BUTLER AS A CONFEDERATE.

Mrs. A. I. Robertson, of Columbia, S. C., writes:

Matthew Calbraith Butler was born near Greenville, S. C., March 8, 1836. Descended from a distinguished family of heroes, soldiers, and statesmen, he was "born to military honors." The Butlers were among the pioneer settlers in Edgefield County, S. C., coming from Prince William County, Va. Gen. Butler's great-grandfather, Capt. James Butler, died fighting for his country in the Revolution; his grandfather, Gen. Wm. Butler, rose from a lieutenant to a major general; his father, Dr. Wm. Butler, was surgeon in the United States navy. He married Jane Tweedy Perry, sister of Commodore Matthew C. Perry. After his marriage he came South and settled near Greenville, S. C. His youth was passed with another uncle than for whom he was named—Judge A. P. Butler, near Edgefield. He was a leader even in his early youth—a captain in all outdoor sports. In 1854 he entered the South Carolina College, and afterwards studied under his uncle, Judge Butler, a leading lawyer. He began to practice law at Edgefield. He was married to Maria Calhoun Pickens, daughter of Gov. F. W. Pickens, soon after beginning the practice of his profession.

He served quietly in one term of the Legislature. When came the terrible time that tried the souls of men, he responded at once and with enthusiasm. He was elected captain of the Edgefield Hussars, and left home at once for Virginia.



GOV. PICKENS.

He rose through the regular grades from captain to major general of cavalry. In the desperate battle of Brantly Station he lost his leg. One of the most distinguished figures seen on that eventful occasion was Col. M. C. Butler at the head of his regiment, the Second South Carolina Cavalry. Only twenty-seven years old, the figure of an Apollo, he sat his horse like the typical South Carolina cavalier that he was. Gen-



GEN. M. C. BUTLER.

tle and amiable where comrades were assembled in social converse, he was fierce as a veteran grenadier when the foe was to be met face to face.

Returning to his command as quickly as his wound would permit, he was at once made brigadier general, and soon after major general. From that time to the end of the war his plume was always in the lead where either the dash of a knight ready to face any odds or the calm judgment of a soldier was needed.

The same cannon ball that maimed Gen. Butler for life cut off Capt. Farley's leg. Butler began to stanch the blood with his handkerchief, and showed Farley how to do the same. Capt. Chestnut, Lieut. Rhett, and other officers came running to Butler's aid, but at that moment he observed that Farley's dying horse was struggling and seemed likely to crush the rider. "Go at once to Farley," cried Butler; "he needs you more than I do." That evening Butler's leg was dressed in the hospital, just as poor Farley breathed his last.

Gen. Butler's devotion to his men was beautiful. One day he noticed a sick soldier on the battlefield and said to him: "Where will you sleep to-night?"

"On the wet ground, General," was the reply. "Why," he said, "without tent or other covering you will die. I am going to that house over yonder and engage a room, and you will sleep with me."

In the invasion of Pennsylvania under Lee his scrupulously honorable conduct toward the citizens of the country through which the Confederate army was passing drew from them the highest admiration, and since the war he has received their grateful thanks.

One of the coolest and most daring deeds of the war was done by Gen. Butler on March 9, 1865, when he rode up to Gen. Kilpatrick's picket post and told them that he was Gen. Butler, and that if they fired he would have them shot. They did not shoot, but surrendered. The next morning Hampton, Butler, and Wheeler rode over Kilpatrick's sleeping troopers, and made him fly for his life.

After the war Butler came home to the desolation and poverty that afflicted his country and people, and began again the practice of law. He had to begin with one dollar and seventy-five cents in his pocket, his untarnished honor, and brains. Just previous to his campaign with Tillman some of his enemies dared to speak disparagingly of his war record. His comrades and



GEN. M. C. BUTLER'S RESIDENCE.

fellow-soldiers in war promptly refuted that slander in public print. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee said: "I know Gen. Butler to have been a most excellent soldier, as well as a courteous, honorable, and conscientious gentleman." Gen. Rosser spoke of him as "one of the most capable officers in our army. Always ready, active, and vigilant, brave and dashing, he had few equals. I served with him and under him, and esteem him most highly as an officer, a gentleman, and a statesman." Lomax declared that he had "known him through his different grades from captain to major general, and never heard a word except in his praise;" while Gen. Hampton wrote, "Butler was one of the best soldiers with whom I served. He was with me during the whole war, and the fact that he won promotion from a captaincy to the rank of major general is a sufficient guarantee of his great ability."

The response by patrons to appeal for renewals sent out in March is unprecedented in the history of the VETERAN. Friends are assured of gratitude for it that cannot be expressed.

REMINISCENCES OF HARRIS AND HATTON.

H. T. Childs writes from Hughey, Tenn.:

Since reading in the December VETERAN the very interesting tribute by Rev. D. C. Kelley I feel impelled to add a few lines in memory of Gen. Hatton. I first saw Gen. Hatton in 1857, on my sixteenth birthday. A large concourse of Lincoln County people had assembled in the courtyard in Fayetteville to hear the discussion between the candidates for governor—Gen. Harris, the Democratic nominee, and Col. Hatton, the Whig nominee. Political discussion was very different from what it is to-day. There were no conferences by executive committees of opposing political factions with laudatory speeches of introduction. Gen. Harris appeared first, unattended, and took his seat upon the rostrum. After waiting a time, Col. Hatton appeared. There was cordial hand-shaking, and inquiries after each other's health, Col. Hatton explaining that he had been detained awaiting repairs on his buggy.

Without any ceremonies, Harris began to speak, and I think the discussion throughout was the ablest I ever heard, developing to my boyish fancy many funny incidents. I remember the question of distributing public lands among the several States, referred to by Dr. Kelley, that Hatton favored it, while Harris argued that it was unconstitutional. Hatton, in reply, quoted Harris's congressional record, showing that he had voted to cede to the State of Louisiana certain swamp lands, and said that Harris thought that because these swamps contained alligators and huge bullfrogs that made it constitutional. Everything moved smoothly until just before Hatton closed his last speech. Harris challenged some statement. I was sitting at Hatton's feet when Harris struck him, and both came to the ground in a scramble right under me. Friends snatched them apart. Hatton soon returned and finished his speech, and many said they never heard such a powerful and eloquent flow of language. Both men were Confederates, and both have lapsed into the beyond. Peace to their ashes!

The next time I saw Col. Hatton was in the political campaign of 1860 at a big barbecue at Petersburg, in the interest of the Bell and Everett ticket. He was the orator of the day, and well he played his part. I next saw him in the early spring of 1862 at Williamsburg, Va., at the head of his regiment. The Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee Regiments had been moved from the mountains of West Virginia and attached to Col. Peter Turney's First Tennessee Regiment, the three regiments constituting mainly the Tennessee Brigade in Virginia. Soon afterwards Col. Hatton was commissioned brigadier general and placed in command. The brigade experienced much hard service in the retreat from Yorktown through the peninsula and back to the fortifications around Richmond. On the evening of the 30th of May orders were given to cook rations. Just at dark Gen. Hatton formed the brigade in close column by battalions upon the road leading to Seven Pines. Sweeping round on his horse in front of the colors he made us a five minutes' speech. I wish I had that speech for the VETERAN. He said we were soon to engage the enemy in deadly conflict, and he appealed to our pride as Tennesseans, the only representatives of the Volunteer State upon the soil of Virginia. He said: "Just in our rear is our capital

city, invested by a vandal horde. Shall it be sacked and plundered?" The deep bass voice of Col. Turney rang out, "No, never!" and every boy in that command, snatching off his hat, caught up the refrain, shouting, "No, never!" That was the most eloquent, soul-stirring speech I ever heard.

The next day, the memorable 31st of May, both armies were maneuvering, and in the evening our brigade was resting with arms stacked in the middle of the road, with Gen. Hatton and Col. Turney at the head talking politics. Though a beardless boy, I was an attentive listener, and remember Col. Turney saying that upon the question of "Alien Suffrage," he had always been a Know-nothing. Just then a courier galloped up calling for Gen. Hatton. At one bound Hatton was in his saddle. He was informed that it was the order of Gen. Johnston that the Tennessee brigade or the Hampton legion should occupy a certain place in line. Hatton replied, "I'll beat Hampton;" and gave the command, "Forward, double-quick!" As we moved at rapid pace, President Davis passed us, and every boy saluted the chieftain of the Confederacy by making the welkin ring with the "Rebel yell." On we rushed, till we came to Gen. Johnston, who was sitting upon his horse with his glasses adjusted, looking at the enemy. Turning toward us, he asked: "What command is this?" Hatton replied: "Tennessee brigade." "Well, put them right in." Hatton, turning to his men, gave the command, "Load." When my gun was loaded I observed Gen. Johnston's horse, but his saddle was empty. A bomb had burst, and Gen. Johnston was wounded. Then Gen. Lee took command of the Confederate forces. The next command from Gen. Hatton was: "Fix bayonets! Forward, guide center!" Tennesseans began to move. I have always thought this was the grandest, sublimest sight I ever witnessed. On we moved in perfect line, our arms gleaming in the sunset glow. Gen. Hatton rode just in the rear of the center colors, with his hat off, waving us onward. And thus, as expressed so eloquently by Dr. Kelley "that devoted line of gallant Tennesseans, led by Gen. Hatton, passed from the view of our noble President and glorious chieftains—passed, many of them, from a soldier's life to a soldier's glorious grave. There Hatton fell," and in his fall Tennessee lost her grandest, noblest, purest patriot, statesman, and soldier, Gen. Robert Hatton.

THE CONFEDERATE ROLL OF HONOR.

An act of the Confederate Congress published to the army in a general order November 22, 1862, reads:

The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That the President be, and he is hereby authorized to bestow medals, with proper devices, upon such officers of the armies of the Confederate States as shall be conspicuous for courage and good conduct on the field of battle, and also to confer a badge of distinction upon one private or non-commissioned officer of each company after every signal victory it shall have assisted to achieve. The non-commissioned officers and privates of the company who may be present on the first dress parade thereafter may choose by a majority of their votes the soldier best entitled to receive such distinction, whose name shall be communicated to the President by commanding officers of the company;

and if the award fall upon a deceased soldier, the badge thus awarded shall be delivered to his widow, or if there be no widow, to any relative the President may adjudge entitled to receive it."

A subsequent order of the Confederate War Department directed that, on account of difficulties in procuring medals and badges, the names of those reported as worthy of such distinction be inscribed on a "Roll of Honor, to be preserved in the office of the Adjutant and Inspector General for reference in all future time for those who have deserved well of their country, as having displayed their courage and devotion on the field of battle."

Hiram S. Shreve, a lawyer of Louisville, Ky., a young man of 27 years of age, prides himself in his Confederate library. He writes of it as follows:

My father was a member of Forrest's calvary from Mississippi. After several years of research among second-hand stores, and with the assistance of my friend, Mr. John J. Montgomery, of this city, I have the CONFEDERATE VETERAN from its first number, and have the work complete, bound, from the first copy printed, in 1893, to January, 1900. I also have bound with them the souvenir, of which there were very few printed. They make a very fine library in themselves, of which I am exceedingly proud, and no money could buy them. I am still a subscriber to the VETERAN, and shall continue to have the volumes bound as they come out each year. In addition, I have the *Southern Bivouac*, complete from the first copy to the time of its discontinuance, both the old and new series, and I have these bound also. Then I have the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," published a few years ago by the Century Publishing Company, of New York, comprising four bound volumes. I have some fifty other books on the Southern side of the civil war, comprising a library of which any man might well be proud. About a year ago I got one of the Southern soldiers' diplomas from you. I then obtained my father's official record in the civil war from Lieut. Gen. F. C. Ainsworth, Chief of the War Record Office at Washington, D. C. This I arranged in the form of an affidavit, and had it properly sworn to by my father's old commander, who is still living in Mississippi. I pasted this affidavit in the place on the diploma for it, and just below that the official record just as received from the War Department at Washington over the official signature of Gen. Ainsworth. Having thus completed my father's record of services in the Confederate army, certified to officially by the proper United States officer, I had the diploma framed.

I trust that I have not bored you any by this long letter; but my excuse for having written it is that I am so proud of having this that I am a little inclined to brag about my possessions. My principal reason for desiring to have you mention this fact in your magazine is that I intend to subscribe for it as long as it is published and have each volume bound as completed, and I would like to see in its pages some mention of my being in possession of the entire set, as well as the other Southern literature.

Mr. Shreve was more successful than many others in procuring the first half dozen issues of the VETERAN, although the six copies cost him five dollars.

THE "BARBARA FRIETCHIE" MYTH.

BY J. WILLIAM JONES, RICHMOND, VA.

The myth upon which Whittier founded his beautiful poem which represents Stonewall Jackson as ordering his soldiers to fire on Dame Barbara Frietchie as his column passed through Frederick City during the Maryland campaign of September, 1862, has been so often refuted that it would seem useless to do so again. But inasmuch as it has gone into the school readers which even Southern teachers are unwise enough to introduce into their schools, and Southern parents careless enough to allow their children to use, and inasmuch as the story, with varying details, appears at intervals in the papers, I think that it would be well to preserve in the VETERAN the facts which so fully brand with falsehood this vile slander on the reputation of Stonewall Jackson, who was as tender and kind to helpless women as he was fierce and terrible to armed enemies in the field.

While Secretary of the Southern Historical Society and editor of "Southern Historical Society Papers" I published an article from the facile, painstaking, and accurate pen of Gen. Jubal A. Early, in which he triumphantly showed:

1. That no United States flag was waved in the face of the Confederate column as it passed through Frederick City.

2. That no troops passed the house of Dame Frietchie at all.

3. That Stonewall Jackson, with his staff and couriers, rode some distance ahead of his column, and along a street fully three hundred yards from the dame's residence, and so completely obscured by the conformation of the ground and other buildings that she could not possibly have seen him even from an "attic window."

4. Barbara Frietchie, on the testimony of her nephew and other members of the family, was at that time ninety-six years old, bedridden, and paralyzed, unable to get to "the attic" or the window of her own room without being carried, and unable to wave a flag even if she had been carried there.

5. It was morally impossible that Stonewall Jackson could have ordered his men to fire on a woman, old or young, even if she had "flaunted the Union flag in his face."

This article of Gen. Early's, which was published in "Southern Historical Society Papers" (Vol. VII., pp. 435-439), I sent to Mr. Whittier, who was then living, with a courteous letter, in which I called his attention to the overwhelming proof that he had been imposed upon by the parties who gave him the incident, and asking him for a note acknowledging his mistake. But he did not deign a reply to my letter. No doubt "the great American poet," who used his genius so generally in misrepresenting and slandering the South and her people, thought that "the Rebel Jackson" deserved no better treatment, and that "poetic license" justified him in thus slandering and branding with infamy "the traitor against the Union."

But I send you the following letter to the *New York Sun* from the graceful pen of Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, which clearly treats several phases of this story:

"The 'Barbara Frietchie' lie dies hard. It has been nailed' time and again, but at intervals of every five

years or so it 'bobs' up again serene and cheerful, finds 'patriotic' champions from Brooklyn (generous asylum ever of exploded war myths) to Waterbury, Conn. But some of the later champions take the very soul out of the myth and the point out of the poem by allowing that the aged Barbara waved her little flag in welcome to the Union forces, and not in defiance of Stonewall Jackson and his ragged 'Rebels.' Mr. J. C. Houghton, in your issue of January 24, says: 'I am glad to see that you have rescued Barbara Frietchie from the realm of myth. . . . Mr. Whittier took a poet's license in making her defy with her flag the Rebel general in a previous march through Frederick.' No one, so far as I know, has ever contended that Barbara Frietchie never existed. She was the wife of a citizen of Frederick, who was said to be descended from one of the Hessians brought over to subdue the American colonists. It is a perfectly well-known fact that Stonewall Jackson did not pass through Frederick along with his corps, but rode rapidly through the town with a small cavalry escort about an hour before his troops marched through the streets. Neither he nor his troops passed Barbara Frietchie's house. There is not one single incident in Whittier's poem that has a historical foundation. It is pure poetic myth from start to finish.

"The following letter from Barbara Frietchie's own nephew, which appeared in the *Baltimore Sun* in August, 1874, will give the doughty champions of the myth pause for reflection. It will be seen that twenty-five years ago the bottom was knocked out of the 'patriotic episode' by one who could 'speak with authority.'

"*Sir:* I have just read a communication in the *Sun* purporting to set forth certain facts in relation to the life and character of the late Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of Whittier's celebrated war poem. I am the nephew of "Dame Barbara," and had the settling up of her husband's estate in the capacity of administrator. This necessarily threw me into frequent communication with the ancient and venerable dame. Barbara Frietchie, my venerable aunt, was not a lady of twenty-two summers, as your correspondent alleges, but an ancient dame of ninety-six winters when she departed this life; and it is but truth to add that she never saw the inside of the Federal hospital in this city. She died on December 18, 1862. None of the Federal soldiers from the hospital attended the old lady's remains to their last resting place. This, to my certain knowledge, was a fact, no orders to that effect having been given. Therefore none of those convalescing invalid soldiers were at my old aunt's funeral.

"Now, a word as to the waving of the Federal flag in the face of the rebels by Dame Barbara on the occasion of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick. Stonewall Jackson with his troops did not pass Barbara Frietchie's residence at all, but passed up what is popularly called the "Mill Alley," about three hundred yards above her residence, then passed due west to Antietam, and thus out of the city. But another and stranger fact with regard to this matter may be here presented—viz., the poem by Whittier represents our venerable relative (then ninety-six years of age) as nimbly ascending to her attic window and waving her small Federal flag defiantly in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Now what are the facts at this point? Dame Barbara was, at the moment of the pass-

ing of that distinguished general and his forces through Frederick, bedridden and helpless, and had lost the power of locomotion. She could at this period only move, as she was moved, by the help of her attendants. These are the true and stern facts, proving that Whittier's poem upon this subject is fiction, pure fiction, and nothing else, without even the remotest semblance or resemblance of fact.

VALERIUS EBERT.

"Frederick City, Md., August 27."

"So the deed of 'derring do' that challenges a place for Barbara Frietchie alongside of Roman Cloelia or Scottish Katherine Douglas vanishes into thin air. The utmost that can be contended for is that she may have waved a Union flag to welcome Union troops. Even this is highly improbable—well-nigh impossible, indeed, for a poor old bedridden dame of ninety-six; but granting it to be true, wherein consists the extraordinary heroism of the act? As this myth is an exceedingly tough one to kill, because of its stirring setting, it might be well for 'the curious' interested in such matters to cut out Mr. Ebert's letter and paste it in their scrapbooks. The myth is sure to 'bob up' again.

W. GORDON McCABE.

"Richmond, Va., January 27, 1900."

Many, even among our Southern people, will think that this "beautiful poem" ought not to be spoiled by too nice an examination of its truthfulness; but we cannot afford to allow this base slander of our great chieftain to be perpetuated.

Mr. Whittier states: "The poem was written in strict conformity to the account I had of it from respectable and trustworthy sources. It has since been the subject of conflicting testimony, and the story was probably incorrect in some of its details. . . . It is admitted that Barbara Frietchie was no myth—that she was intensely loyal and a hater of the Slavery Rebellion," etc.

The following stanzas are from this poem:

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the Rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced. The old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.
It shivered the window pane and glass;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out the window sill
And shook it forth with a royal will.

TO CELEBRATE THE BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.—At a meeting held on the 23d of February the Executive Committee of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, Washington, D. C., determined to celebrate the one hundred and fifty-seventh anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson by a dinner, to be given in Washington on Tuesday night, April 17. As the birthday anniversary, April 13, falls on Good Friday, it was decided to celebrate the event on the 17th. Gov. Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, is President, and Wm. S. Keenan, of New Jersey, Secretary. James L. Slayden, L. F. Livingston, Harry C. Roundtree compose the committee of arrangements.

ANSWER TO HISTORICAL CRITICISM.

Comrade Joseph T. Derry, of Atlanta, Ga., writes:

Comrade Julius L. Schaub, in a reply to Comrade Kaigler concerning the closing events at Appomattox, declares that Derry's history is not good authority. I suppose he refers to my "Story of the Confederate States." In reply I have this to say: My authority for the statement about the charge of the division led by Gen. Evans at Appomattox is that officer's official report, written on the battlefield the day after the battle, and now in the possession of Gen. Evans.

I wrote the "Story of the Confederate States" for the benefit of the young people of the South. I made a careful, conscientious effort to obtain from official sources an accurate, truthful account of all the events narrated in that book. I submitted the manuscript to Gen. Evans, who, after reading it through, indorsed it heartily. It also received the indorsement of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans' Association at the Richmond reunion in 1896. It had previously, upon its appearance in 1895, received the hearty commendations of leading papers in every State of the South. Not only Democratic but even some Republican journals spoke in terms of praise of the spirit of fairness in which the book is written. I have yet to see the work which, in its treatment of our great struggle, has satisfied everybody in all particulars; and I do not hope for my story of those thrilling days exemption from the common lot.

PROOF TO VALUE OF THE VETERAN.

The following extract from a letter from Miss Frank E. Buttles, 306 East Eighteenth Street, New York City, illustrates the importance of this publication:

Please accept my warmest thanks for the pleasant surprise which this morning greeted me at breakfast when the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was waiting for me. The article on "Prisoners of War" is so eloquently and dispassionately written that therein lies its value. I never before dreamed there was starving in Northern prisons; no one in the North knows it. I never even heard of Camp Douglas, and from the context only infer that it was in Louisville. Another astonishing discovery is that proposition to sell cotton in the North for food. No one knows that either, or I should have learned it somewhere. War is barbarous, and when one is conducted on such a gigantic scale as that between the States it requires to be a generation removed before all the facts can come to light. The three previous pamphlets I had intended laying away with my library collection for history in the next century, but that one article induced my common sense to file the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at once in the Astor Library Reading Room, where the present generation can learn from survivors what cannot be obtained fifty years hence. This course met the approval of the Library officials. . . . With each number I am more and more impressed by the nobility of character which can cherish as sacred the memories of four awful years, and yet show such unswerving loyalty to the flag that protects such freedom of thought and speech. In the whole range of history, from the time of the Assyrians down to the present, where has this condition of things a parallel or even a resemblance?

INVITED TO CHICKAMAUGA PARK IN OCTOBER.

Gen. H. V. Boynton, chairman of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park Commission, has sent out from Washington a circular stating:

In order to secure the greatest possible accuracy in its work, embracing historical text on tablets and monuments, landmarks designating lines of battle and important localities upon the seven battlefields included in the park project, the commission has selected Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, October 9, 10, and 11, 1900, for a general inspection of the work of the commission. As the substantial memorials erected on these fields will endure for centuries, all veterans and the States which sent them forth are interested in handing down a correct history of the deeds of valor which were there performed. As the history of every regiment and battery is briefly set forth either upon monuments erected by the government or the States, or the tablets prepared by the government, it will be seen that every soldier in the contending armies has a personal interest in correcting possible errors, to the end that only truth may be perpetuated in granite and bronze. The commission desires to secure the attendance of the various parties in interest—namely, the Congress, which will be asked to appoint a committee of examination; the Governors of all States which had soldiers engaged in the battles, through such officials as they may select; the State monument commissions which have cooperated with the National Commission in the establishment of the park; the veterans of the regimental and battery organizations engaged on either side, and the general and staff officers of the various armies engaged.

It is believed that the attendance of enough of each of the classes named can be relied upon to render certain the detection of any errors of moment in the monumental inscriptions or locations or the general historical tablets, and in the designations of the lines of battle. While the ranks of the veterans of these fields have sorrowfully diminished, enough remain to inspect and intelligently correct all errors, and thus assist, before it becomes impossible to secure such general and united effort, in insuring historical accuracy in the restoration of the notable fields of Chickamauga, Wauhatchie, Brown's Ferry, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold Gap—all of which are embraced in the park project, and upon each of which the lines of battle have been established and monuments and markers erected. There will then be between 1,300 and 1,400 tablets on these fields for inspection, over half of which are the large historical plates, and 228 of which are the historical plates on monuments. There will be 511 locality tablets for verification, 350 regimental markers of fighting positions besides those occupied by the regimental monuments, and 178 battery tablets, making, with 50 to be erected during the coming season, over 2,000 tablets for examination, besides several hundred battle positions of brigade lines. It is hoped that each brigade and division will have enough representatives present to insure the correction of any errors in which they may be directly interested, and by combined effort accomplish what, in the aggregate, will be a comprehensive inspection of all the work thus far accomplished in the establishment of the park.

This invitation, coupled with an urgent request to attend, is extended to the individual members of all army societies and posts interested in these battles, both Union and Confederate, and to the individuals of each of the armies engaged.

INFORMATION FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commanding General, U. C. V., sends out a circular, from which the following beautiful extracts are made:

The General Commanding directs the attention of those veterans of the South who participated in the great battles at and around Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold Gap, of all the members of the United Confederate Veteran Association, of all the soldiers who fought upon the Southern side in the great war between the States, and of the Southern people, to the very interesting and important circular, dated January 18, 1900, issued by Gen. H. V. Boynton, chairman of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park Commission, of which commission Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, who is beloved all over the South, is a member, as is also Col. Frank G. Smith, of the U. S. A., and he strongly urges compliance.

In Gen. Boynton's letter of January 17, to the Commanding General, he also makes the following patriotic statement on behalf of the soldiers of the South:

"We want to gather as many Confederate veterans as possible, to act with the Union veterans we expect to induce to visit the field in inspecting our work, with a view of detecting such errors as may have crept into it. This matter should not be delayed, since the ranks of the soldiers who fought in the great war are rapidly fading away. Will you please call attention to this matter in some official letter to your posts (camps)? We have tried in our tablets to be thoroughly impartial, and we want to have our efforts tested by the soldiers who made the history."

With the profound conviction that he is performing an imperative duty to his comrades and to his countrymen throughout our now reunited country, and that compliance will confer a lasting and far-reaching benefit upon the history of our country, the General Commanding appeals to the survivors of those battlefields, some of which rank among the greatest in the annals of the world, to make an effort to be present at the dates named by Gen. Boynton and see for themselves that the 2,500 tablets, markers, monuments, inscriptions, and battle positions of brigade lines are absolutely correct. The rapidly vanishing ranks of the brave men who there won immortal renown admonish that there should be no more delay, and that "ere the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken," the remnant of those heroic survivors should once again encamp upon those consecrated fields of battle and align themselves along the somber banks of the Chickamauga, upon the cloud-capped summit of Lookout Mountain, upon the battle-scarred slopes of Missionary Ridge, and around the rocky face of Ringgold Gap; this time not in battle array, nor in anger, for

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead."

ATTENTION, FORREST'S CAVALRY.

GENERAL ORDER No. 2.

HEADQUARTERS OF FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS,

MURFREESBORO, TENN., March 5, 1900.

1. The Major General Commanding hereby gives notice to Commanders of the three brigades constituting Forrest's Cavalry Corps, C. S. A., that a rendezvous of all Confederate veterans, either cavalry or Infantry, who at any time served under the command of Gen. Forrest will take place at Baldwin, Miss., June 10 next.

2. Brigade Commanders will report at once to these headquarters a roster of their full staff, mentioning also an officer especially detailed to go to Baldwin for the purpose of aiding all preparations necessary to make this reunion a success.

3. In addition to the anniversary celebration of the great victory at Tishomingo (Brice's X Roads), it is especially desired that Brigade Commanders will appoint an officer whose duty it shall be to devote himself to securing facts of history marking the career of our great commander; also to set on foot or aid in prosecuting plans for the erection of an equestrian statue to Gen. N. B. Forrest.

By order of Maj. Gen. D. C. Kelley, Commanding.
CHAS. W. ANDERSON, A. A. G.

THE SIX HUNDRED TO MEET IN LOUISVILLE.

Col. Lamar Fontaine writes from Lyon, Miss.:

"To all the survivors of the immortal six hundred Morris Island prisoners who remained true and loyal to the end, I appeal to you, my dear friends and companions, to meet me at the grand reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Louisville, Ky., on the 30th day of May, 1900, there to organize a camp to meet once a year and to give to the world the history of our treatment from August 20, 1864, until the end. My comrades, I wish you, each and every one, to be present. Lay aside all business for just one week, and let us meet again in the flesh. I know it is but sentiment that prompts this appeal to you, but it is coupled with love, and that love is sacred, for it was born on the fiery, crimson fields of death, where we battled for the most sacred cause ever bequeathed by sire to son and christened in the gloomy cells of Fort Delaware and in the foul hold of the Old Crescent City, and baptized on the sterile, sandy shore of Morris Island in her prison pen, beneath the hissing bombshells and humming shot, surrounded by black, cruel, savage negro guards, under the command of a Massachusetts tyrant, and cemented and crystallized by forty-one days of starvation on musty, rotten corn meal and spoiled pickles, where the barrack rats and old tomcats were our only luxuries in the rock-ribbed Fortress Pulaski. Thus born, thus christened, baptized, and crystallized, it can never die. No history with which I am familiar recites such sufferings as we were forced to endure; and now, after a lapse of thirty-five years, I think it behooves us to compile and give to our descendants a true history of that dark page in the annals of our common country. It will be but justice to us. Again I appeal to you to meet at Louisville, Ky., on May 30, 1900. The shadows of life are growing longer and the valleys darker. We are standing on the shores of the

narrow sea, whose waters splash the sandy beach of the hidden land of Beulah, and it behooves us to make ready to cross over. The time is short, and but few of that immortal band are on this waiting shore. The great majority have long since crossed over and are waiting for us under the shade of the trees in the eternal bivouac in the beautiful gardens of God, and it is meet and right that we should gather together ere the taps are sounded and emblazon the deeds and sufferings of the immortal six hundred upon the pages of our country's history, to shine like a glittering star above the dark cesspools of infamy and corruption that surround our people."

Comrade Fontaine makes the appeal "with a comrade's love and friendship here and in the great hereafter." Such a union and organization seems proper and desirable, and, as Comrade Fontaine indicates no particular place for the meeting, the VETERAN suggests its headquarters at No. 434 West Jefferson Street, next door to the general headquarters, and the meeting place can be indicated then.

RESOLUTION ON JEFFERSON DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY.

Whereas Jefferson Davis, President of the late Confederate States of America, was born on the 3d day of June, 1808, and in order to commemorate his distinguished services as a patriot, Christian, and champion of constitutional liberty, and at the earnest request of the Richmond Chapter, Richmond, the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment, Alexandria, and other chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the State; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the General Assembly of Virginia, as a mark of perpetual remembrance of the said Jefferson Davis, and of the distinguished services rendered by him, that the 3d day of June in each year be, and the same is hereby, set apart as a day of recreation in the public schools of the commonwealth, and that the public offices of the State be closed after twelve o'clock of each recurrence of said day, and that the flag of the State be hoisted over the capitol building.

Acts General Assembly of Virginia, Feb. 23, 1900.

CONCERNING CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.—A comrade writes from Louisville, Ky.: "I observe in the last number of the VETERAN an inquiry as to certain Confederate officers, and I give you the post office address of some of them. Maj. George S. Storrs lives at Dallas, Tex., 688 Commerce Street. Gen. D. H. Reynolds lives at Lake Village, Chicot County, Ark. Gen. Young, I believe, lives at San Antonio, Tex. Lieut. Col. Beckham, who commanded the artillery in Lee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, was killed on the pike between Mt. Pleasant and Columbia, Tenn., November 26, 1864. He was in command of the artillery of Lee's Corps when Hood's army moved into Tennessee, and marched on Columbia by way of the Mt. Pleasant pike. He is buried in the graveyard near the Episcopal Church, in the Polk and Pillow neighborhood, near Columbia, Tenn.

Maj. Hoxton succeeded Beckham in command of the artillery in Lee's Corps. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel. In 1885 I had a talk with him at the Episcopalian High School, a short distance from Alexandria, Va., where he was a teacher of mathematics. A few years ago he died.

THE VIRGINIA SOLDIER'S HOME.

Mr. N. V. Randolph, President Board of Visitors of Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, Virginia, makes on January 1, 1900, to Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, his annual report. In it he states:

During the year 1899 there were admitted to the Home 105 veterans; died during the year, 31; dismissed for cause, 8; sent to insane asylum, 3; dropped from the rolls for cause, 12; discharged at own request, 33; present December 31, 286; average number present during the year, 275.

We now have applications approved by the Board awaiting admission, 3; on file, not yet approved by the Board, 24, making a total of 27.

Out of 101 counties in the State, we have received veterans from 92, and from 18 cities and towns. We have 23 men on the rolls from other States than Virginia. Most of these men either served in Virginia regiments or are Virginians.

Our appropriation from the State under our contract is \$30,000 a year, which was intended for 200 men, but at the last session of the Legislature \$5,000 additional was granted the Home, so that the number could be increased to 250, which is the number specified in the bill. We have accommodated an average of 275, the increased number reducing the cost per capita. The expenses for the Home exceeded the appropriation from the State by \$3,206.50.

We expected by this time that the number of veterans applying for admission would decrease. In this we have been disappointed, as the number is steadily increasing, and, as far as we are now able to estimate, the number will remain about 300 for several years to come. If the State desires us to continue the present number of men, it is absolutely necessary that the additional appropriation of \$5,000 per year shall be made otherwise we must reduce the number of men to about 250 to 260. The excess number now being taken care of in the Home has been from private donations. This of course is an uncertain income. This matter must be considered by the present Legislature, as we cannot exceed our appropriation for any large amount. The city of Richmond appropriates to the Home \$750 per year.

The Home is fast becoming a large hospital. The men received are generally broken in health or suffering from wounds, which, with advanced age, render them incapable of caring for themselves. The average number of men in the hospital during the year was 58, and the average age 65 years. Our hospital is modern in every respect. We have a resident physician and two young lady trained nurses. While the cost of maintaining a man outside of the hospital is \$102.60, the cost of a man in the hospital is \$128.25.

Every economy has been exercised that was possible to maintain this institution in its present efficient manner. No member of the Board is allowed to receive compensation, neither is he allowed to contract for the furnishing of any material for the Home. They give their time to their unfortunate comrades in the hope that in their declining years they may have the few comforts it is possible for us to extend.

The total cost of the property, both real and per-

sonal, and the maintenance of the Home from the beginning (1884), has been \$466,262.96. Of this amount, we have received from the State in twelve years \$307,971.67, and from Lee Camp and private donations \$158,291.29. The private donations for the year 1899 amounted to \$1,853.57.

The number of veterans cared for in this Home from other States are as follows: Alabama, 11; Arkansas, 1; Florida, 2; Georgia, 6; Kentucky, 4; Louisiana, 6; Maryland, 11; Mississippi, 4; New Jersey, 2; New York, 2; North Carolina, 6; South Carolina, 10; Pennsylvania, 1; Ohio, 4; Tennessee, 2; Texas, 3; West Virginia, 27; District of Columbia, 10; Oklahoma, 1; Utah, 1; total, 114. The total number of admissions from December, 1884, are 1,328.

GEN. ADAM R. JOHNSON.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republic* tells this story of the remarkable qualities and achievements of a blind Confederate:

Kentucky has produced many remarkable characters, but few of them, however, will be found more worthy of honorable mention than Gen. Adam Rankin Johnson. He was a distinguished brigadier, and doubtless many old Kentuckians who knew of the fearful wound he sustained will be surprised to learn that he is still alive. Gen. Johnson lost his sight from a wound received in battle during the Confederate war, and for more than thirty years night and day have been alike to him. During all these years of darkness he has been alive to every impulse that moves an active citizen and a restless, energetic business man. He resides in the town of Marble Falls, Tex., a little city of his own making. He selected the location, and the town had its conception in a brain that can only picture its streets and public buildings and its picturesque beauty in imagination. He was the prime mover and energetic central figure of the great enterprise which resulted in the erection of a gigantic cotton mill building at the great falls of the Colorado. (This building is three stories high and 300x100 feet, and grew in the brain of this blind man long before a dollar had ever been raised to pay for its construction.) He is the father of the town, and through his untiring energy and the donation of grading the road (which cost \$40,000) he induced the Austin and Northwestern Railway Company to construct a branch from Burnet.

Gen. Johnson can be seen upon the streets almost every day during business hours. He walks with his head erect, much faster than many younger men who possess all their faculties, and no one would ever dream that the man was pushing along in darkness were it not that he is usually accompanied by a little boy who holds one of his hands. He seems to be perfectly familiar with the step and voice of every human being in the town, and seldom makes a mistake in calling the names of persons who pass or address him. He has recently been engaged in constructing a mill and harnessing a water power to furnish the city with water. Everything has been done according to his plans and under his direct supervision. He closely examines every piece of machinery, every rock, and every wall.

Gen. Johnson is one of the pioneers of Texas. He went there in 1854, and settled on the extreme frontier, where people herded their stock and cultivated their

fields with weapons at their belts. He was personally acquainted with many noted Indian fighters, and he participated in many of the battles and stirring scenes that are now regarded with thrilling interest by the rising generation.

During the civil war he was one of the confidential scouts of Gen. Forrest until after the evacuation of Corinth. He was ordered into Kentucky on the night of the evacuation on secret service, and with only one tried friend he flanked the great Federal armies and reached safely his destination in Kentucky, and there, isolated from any aid from the Confederacy, raised, mounted, and equipped over two thousand men, drawing his arms and ammunition from the enemy. With the aid of only two men, Col. R. M. Martin, now of Louisville, and Capt. F. A. Owen, of Evansville, Ind., he attacked the provost guard in the town of Henderson, killing and wounding the captain and lieutenant and eight or nine soldiers. With twenty-seven men he crossed the Ohio River and made the first capture during the war north of the Mason and Dixon line (Newburg, Ind.) carrying off over five hundred stands of arms and paroling one hundred and seventy men. This gave him the sobriquet of "Stovepipe Johnson," as he used stovepipes to imitate cannon, and threatened to shell the town, thus causing the surrender. The capture of Henderson, Hopkinsville, Clarksville, and Uniontown, with their garrisons, and many other desperate engagements of his, are worthy of record. He commanded one of Morgan's brigades on the Ohio raid, and afterwards reorganized that command and commanded it during the battle of Chickamauga. Later, on his second expedition, which was a forlorn hope, he entered Kentucky with fifty-five men and officers, issuing his conscript order that caused Burbridge and Hobson to suspend their secret expedition into Virginia and turn their forces against him. This has been considered one of the most daring and successful feats of the war, and President Davis himself said that it did as much to prolong the war as any other movement. It was in this expedition that he lost his sight, August 20, 1864. He was the only blind man on either side that was confined in prison, and when solicited by Attorney-General Speed and Gov. Powell, of Kentucky, to release him, Lincoln replied "that he thought he was worth swapping," and he was exchanged. When he returned to Texas he took his place on the frontier, which was then being harassed by Comanche Indians, and did much to check them.

THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

BY REV. W. A. CROCKER, CHAPLAIN OF THE
FOURTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

In compliance with the request of many friends I furnish the VETERAN an account of the Army Intelligence Office, which I had the honor of organizing and superintending during the war of the States. I was chaplain of the Fourteenth Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade.

In May, 1862, just before the battle of Seven Pines, our command was ordered from Suffolk, Va., to Richmond to assist in meeting McClellan's advance. I had not fully recovered from a severe attack of fever contracted the fall before while in camp on the Peninsula, and the fatigue and exposure incident to an active

campaign brought on a relapse. I was confined for about two weeks at the home of an old friend in Richmond—Rev. J. M. Haines. On my convalescence, I visited the hospitals in search of the sick and wounded soldiers of our command. I had great difficulty in finding them, as they were scattered over the city in various tobacco factories which were used as hospitals. I found that other chaplains, as well as a great many relatives and friends of the soldiers, were laboring under the same difficulties.

The concentration of the army around Richmond, the battles incident to the retreat of our forces from Yorktown, and the recent battle of Seven Pines had placed a multitude of sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. The great seven days' battle around Richmond was hourly expected, and there was universal anxiety. Thousands from all parts of the Confederacy were assembled there to look after their wounded boys.

It occurred to me that some provision should be made to relieve this anxiety, and put the relatives of these citizen soldiers in more direct and prompt communication with them. This suggested the idea of an intelligence office or bureau, where the necessary information could be readily obtained. I drew up a plan for such an office, and submitted it to Mr. Randolph, Secretary of War. He cordially approved it, and at once detailed me, and directed me to proceed to organize and take charge of it. He gave me authority to procure, among the disabled soldiers, the requisite number of clerks, and orders on the several departments of the government, and officers of the army to afford me every help and facility which I might need.

When I presented my orders at the quartermaster department for office, stationery, etc., the old army officers in charge looked at them askance, and asked: "What new thing is this?" They had been in the army all their lives, and never heard of such a thing before. But they honored my requisition.

I next called on Surgeon General Moore, as my work laid chiefly within the scope of his department. He was a gruff and stern old officer, with thick bushy hair and long, shaggy eyebrows, but withal, as I soon learned, a noble and kind-hearted old Southern gentleman. He asked me to explain my object. I told him I proposed to obtain a complete list of all the soldiers then present in the hospitals, and to keep a daily account of all received, removed, discharged, and who had died, so that I might put their friends in communication with them. "Utopian, utopian!" he exclaimed; "do you know how many there are now in the hospitals in the city?" I told him I had no idea, but knew there were a great many. He said there were thirty thousand; and how was I to get all these names, and keep the run of them? I told him I should ask him to order the hospital clerks to furnish me a daily report. This he said could not be done—that they had more to do now than they could attend to. I told him that I would send around my reporters to copy the books. He thought I would find this impracticable, as the books would be in constant use. However, he said: "You can try;" and also that I must let him know how I got along. He soon became greatly interested in the office, and took pleasure in rendering me every assistance in his power, and it was not long until I received daily reports from every hospital in the city.

We had great difficulty in starting our office. To procure accurately the names and respective commands of the thirty thousand then present, and record them on our books for convenient reference was not an easy job. To add to our difficulty, our temporary office soon proved entirely too small. The battles around Richmond had commenced, and thousands of wounded men were being brought in. Anxious inquirers rushed in upon us before we were ready to begin. We were compelled to close our doors. I went around to the Y. M. C. A. and implored them to procure a dozen or more of the most expert clerks in the city and send them to our help. This was promptly done, and there within our closed doors we labored all night while our reporters were toiling in the hospitals. By morning our books were ready. The Bank of Virginia having tendered us their commodious rooms, we transferred our quarters, and announced through city papers that we were ready for business.

Streams of visitors poured into our office during all these anxious days, and continued to do so during the war. Great packages of letters also were received from all parts of the Confederacy every day from mothers, wives, and other anxious friends, which it afforded us great pleasure to answer.

Our plan was to open a book for each State, over which a special clerk was placed. As our reports came in they were passed around, and each clerk checked off and recorded the names belonging to his State. The name, command, number and ward of hospital, when admitted, discharged, removed, or died, was carefully entered, so that when inquiry was made the information could be promptly given. This proved a source of unspeakable comfort to thousands of our people, and many were the thanks, verbal and written, we received.

Soldiers going home on furlough would call to inquire about their sick and wounded comrades, and on their return would call to inquire where they would find their commands. We were thus kept in close and daily touch with the army. If any change was made in its organization or location, or any battle was imminent, we were at once informed.

One important part of our work was to report the casualties of battle. This duty I attended to in person. I held myself in readiness, and the next day after the battle had occurred I was on the ground. I reported to the commanding general, who immediately issued orders to the generals of divisions or brigades to have the lists of casualties sent in. That evening or next day I returned with the lists, which were at once given to the press. All such reports from the Army of Northern Virginia published during the war came through our office.

We were in constant receipt of official inquiries. The President would receive requests from foreign countries concerning their subjects who were in our army. These requests were sent to us, and answers indorsed. Officers of the army would make demand for the return of their absent men. These orders would come down through the regular channels to the provost marshal, and be sent to us for information.

It often occurred that no clue could be found with regard to certain soldiers inquired for. Concluding that they must have died within the enemy's lines, we

caused a list to be made out of all Federal soldiers who had died within our lines, and forwarded it by flag of truce to the Surgeon General of the Federal army at Washington, with request that a similar list of our dead should be furnished us. This was highly appreciated, and soon we received very full lists in return. Such lists were regularly exchanged during the war.

But perhaps the most important record of our office was that of all the dead of every branch of the Confederate service during the war. This record was compiled from quarterly reports of field and hospital surgeons filed in the Surgeon General's office. We had large and substantial ledgers prepared, one for each State, in which, under the head of each regiment, battalion, and independent command, both of the army and navy, was recorded the names of the members of such command who had died during the war, with place, date, and cause of death. These records were brought down to the last quarter reported. Could



REV. W. A. CROCKER.

these records have been preserved, they would have been greatly prized by every surviving soldier of our armies, and by the States and counties where these commands were raised. But unfortunately, on the fall of Richmond, these, with other records of the government, were burned.

I was not in charge of the office at the time. On account of my health, I had to resign the office in 1863, and was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Latewood. I do not know that it was possible, under the hurry and excitement of the occasion, to save these records, but it has been a source of deep regret to me that they were lost.

I look back with pleasure to the work of the army intelligence office, and feel grateful that in the midst of so much of havoc and distress occasioned by that terrible conflict I was permitted, in the good providence of God, to alleviate in any degree the sorrow that came to the homes of our beloved Southland.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

Who takes for his motto "I'll do what I can"

Shall better the world as he goes down life's hill.

The willing young heart makes the capable man,

And who does what he can oft can do what he will.

There's strength in the impulse to help things along,

And forces undreamed of will come to the aid

Of the one who, though weak, yet believes he is strong,

And offers himself to the task unafraid.

"I'll do what I can" is a challenge to fate,

And fate must succumb when it's put to the test.

A heart that is willing to labor and wait

In its tussle with life ever comes out the best.

It puts the blue imps of depression to rout

And makes many difficult problems seem plain;

It mounts over obstacles, dissipates doubt,

And unravels kinks in life's curious chain.

"I'll do what I can" keeps the progress machine

In good working order as centuries roll;

And civilization would perish, I do ween,

Were those words not written on many a soul.

They fell the great forests, they furrow the soil,

They seek new inventions to benefit man,

They fear no exertion, make pastime of toil.

O, great is earth's debt to "I'll do what I can!"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TO BUILD A MONUMENT.

Comrade T. C. Little, Fayetteville, Tenn.:

Shackleford - Fulton Bivouac, Fayetteville, Tenn., decided some months since to make an effort to erect a monument in Fayetteville, Tenn., to the memory of the Confederate soldiers. They called upon the Sons and Daughters in Lincoln County to take up the work. They at once consented, and have already undertaken it. The Daughters will have an entertainment soon, the proceeds to go that way. The Sons at a recent meeting pledged \$500 to the fund. The old Veterans are at work also, and will do their duty. So we are sure to succeed. We are proud of our Sons and Daughters. I think these monuments should each bear inscription in honor of our brave and heroic Southern women, who are fully entitled to it. When the Confederate soldier was writing his name on the pinnacle of fame our brave, patriotic, Confederate women wrote their names by the side of their heroic fathers, brothers, sons, and sweethearts. Hand to hand and heart to heart we went through those days of peril, hardship, and suffering; and now, when the world would do the Confederate soldier honor, let him always insist that at least half of it belongs to our Southern women.

The following list of Confederate dead in the National Cemetery at Annapolis, Md., comes to the VETERAN, for which thanks are tendered to the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Eugene Worthington, of that city:

Lewis Vanhooze, private, Company C, First Alabama Cavalry, December 12, 1864.

J. Jones, teamster, Alabama, April 23, 1864.

Louis Barnett, private, Company E, First Alabama Cavalry, July 11, 1863.

John Hennessey, private, Company F, First Louisiana Cavalry, April 6, 1863.

John Frazier, private, Company A, First Alabama Cavalry, May 19, 1863.

Marmion Masch, private, Company C, First Louisiana Cavalry, September 5, 1863.

David D. Smith, captain, Company E, First Alabama Cavalry, April 18, 1865.

SWORD OF LIEUT. ADDISON.

Mr. W. J. Clement writes from Charleston, W. Va.:

Mr. F. S. Burrows, of Pittsburg, Pa., stated recently that he has in his possession a sword taken by him from Lieut. R. T. B. Aderson (or Addison), of the Twenty-Second Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., whom he captured near Mobile, Ala., in 1863, I think. His prisoner bunked with him after being captured until he got a parole for him, as there was no suitable place to confine him, and the only time he saw him after he got his parole was in a restaurant in Mobile, when Lieut. Addison put down one hundred dollars in gold, all he had, the price of his dinner being one dollar in gold or one hundred dollars in Confederate money.

Mr. Burrows desires to return the sword to Lieut. Addison, or will give it to any near relatives who will care for the sword. Mr. Clement writes this hoping some one interested may see the notice.

FRIENDLY GREETING FROM "BILL ARP."

Maj. Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp") is so widely known and so generally beloved throughout the South that the personal letter printed beneath will be appreciated. This generous-hearted patriot, philosopher, and Christian had dealings with the writer more than twenty years ago, wherein a mistake was made against the Major. Upon being notified he expressed in his generous nature sincere regret that it had been found:

CARTERSVILLE, GA., January 20, 1900.

My Dear Friend: If I were to write to you as often as I think of you, you would be besieged with letters. For all these years you have been so kind and thoughtful of our pleasure and of doing your full share of the sweet courtesies of life that I am reminded of what old Dr. Johnson said: "The saddest part of life is in being separated from our kindred and friends—one of the brightest and most comforting prospects of heaven is in being reunited and having perpetual communion with those we love."

We have a type of this in the annual reunions of families and of our army comrades, and when we meet we are happy, and when we part it is to hope for another. I think of this often as I near the goal, and this world seems to shrink and the next expands.

I am living for my grandchildren now. They are my greatest comfort, and especially for Jessie's two little girls, who live very near to us and are near to us by day and by night. They will not go to sleep until I sit by their bed and sing them one of my old lullaby songs or tell them a story about Jack the giant killer, or some other thrilling one that I make up. I am now impatiently waiting for the spring to come so that I can work in the garden and watch the bursting buds and the green grass and hear the little birds sing. I take great comfort in the flower garden. I do not read very much, for my old eyes are weak. The big headlines are enough on the newspapers, and the horrible murders and suicides make me sad. The world is growing worse and is growing better too. This is paradoxical, but it is true. The contention between good and evil grows more fierce as the years roll on, and my faith is that the good will triumph.

But what am I moralizing for? Why didn't I just write a good, kind, friendly letter? Well, I will next time.

STORIES OF PRISON LIFE.

W. C. Dodson (private Fifty-First Alabama Cavalry), Atlanta, Ga., writes of his experiences in prison:

I have often wondered why more has not been written in regard to the treatment of Southern men in Northern prisons, and have several times thought of writing the VETERAN a letter on the subject. It was, therefore, with much interest that I read the communication of Comrade Page in the February number. His letter is an able one, and his very conservative introduction, in which he shows that brave men capture and cowards guard prisoners of war, cannot be too highly commended. The men who had the courage of their convictions deserve and receive our sincere respect, and the nearest I ever came to embracing another man's wife was when, a few months ago, an old lady, the wife of a Union veteran, said to me: "I consider the old soldiers the salt of the earth, *I don't care which side they fought on.*"

The article of Brother Page had a peculiar significance to the writer, because he went over the same route, near the same date—from the battlefield of Chickamauga to Stevenson, to the penitentiary at Nashville, to Louisville, and landing in Camp Chase instead of Camp Douglas. Possibly a few incidents connected with my experience at this time would be of interest to your readers, especially as it illustrates the different treatment accorded a prisoner by brave men and by cowards. I was captured on the 9th of September, 1863, in McLemore's Cove, by Gen. Negley's escort, in what the General referred to in his official report as a "gallant charge against a superior force of the enemy." The "superior force," however, consisted of only three, two of whom rode safely out, carrying one of the escort with them. Naturally, I was a much disappointed chap when I was brought up, "all standing," but soon recovered myself sufficiently to remind my captors that everything they had captured, except my self, was only their own property recovered—horse, saddle, bridle, blanket, gun, cartridge box, and belt—being a part of what our command (Wheeler's) had captured at La Vergne a few months before. This fact was communicated to Gen. Negley when I was carried back to his august presence at a near-by cross roads. The General asked me the usual questions—viz., was I not conscripted, was I not half starved, was I not tired of fighting, etc. When I entered an emphatic negative to all these, he said he thought it would be good policy for "a rat to leave a sinking ship." I must have greatly disgusted him when I replied that I was one rat that was going down with the ship.

Leaving the General, I was carried back to my captor's quarters. Supper was over, but a bountiful meal was soon improvised for me, with apologies for it not being better and the explanation that had they known I was coming they "would have waited supper" for me. These were gentlemen, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to meet or hear from some of them again. One of them wanted one of my spurs (I had lost the other in the horse race so recently indulged in), and I very cheerfully handed it to him. But he refused to take it as a gift, and gave me the first green-back I ever possessed.

I remained with these people, or rather the rear

guard, for several days, and could not have been treated with more courteous consideration. I was at this time the only prisoner, with the exception of a creature who said he was a "deserter from the Sixth Georgia Regiment." In a cowardly effort to gain favor with the enemy, he claimed that he was conscripted, was starved, was forced to fight, etc. Naturally the Federals had no respect for such a man, and treated him with but little less contempt than I did: while they continued to call me "pet Rebel," and seemed glad to talk with me, notwithstanding we never agreed on a single proposition concerning the war.

There being for several days only two prisoners, we were naturally thrown together, but I persistently refused to associate with the deserter—to eat or sleep with him. The commissary respected my feelings, and issued my rations separately, remarking each time: "Now, Johnny, when you eat that up come back and get some more."

I had no blanket (having left mine under my saddle), and the first night I determined to sit up by the fire. A good-natured teamster asked me why I didn't go to bed. I told him that I had no blanket, and could not afford to sleep with that—deserter. "Well, Johnny," said the teamster, "durn him, you needn't sleep with him! Come here to my wagon, and I will lend you a blanket." And right here let me say that there is not living a Confederate comrade whom I had rather meet than this big-hearted teamster. After over thirty years the thought of his kindness brings tears to my eyes, and I sincerely trust that his life was spared and that God has blessed him according to his deserts.

I could mention many other pleasant incidents connected with my stay with these brave men on the front, and could enumerate many acts of kindness from officers and privates. I truly wish there was no other side to the picture, but there is. Soon other prisoners came in, and we were sent back to Stevenson. Here we received a bogus parole, as described by friend Page, and were sent back by rail and soon turned over to some home guards, who succeeded in making life almost a hell to us. At Louisville I got into an argument with one of this gentry, and for saying nothing more offensive to him than I had said to fighting men on the front I found a bayonet at my breast. I still have the man's name, and maybe it will be best for us both if we never meet again.

I remained six months at Camp Chase, but the policy of starvation did not commence until afterwards, though nearly every other species of petty tyranny was practiced. For some flagrant abuse (I forget now the circumstances) several of my mess addressed a protest to the commandant of the prison. It was drawn up and signed by gentlemen of intelligence and refinement, and contained not one word of disrespect. The response received was a squad of soldiers with handcuffs and a ball and chain for the entire party. The younger men made light of the punishment, but among the victims was a gentleman, Capt. S. F. Nunnellee (now of Center, Ala.), much older than the rest, and disabled by a wound in the hip. The shackles, of course, rendered him practically helpless, and we younger ones had to wait on him like he was a child. Here, to those of us who were nearest naked, were issued Federal uniforms which had probably been condemned. The tails of the coats were cut off, as were

the legs of the pants. Some were of light and some of dark blue cloth, and to those who drew light-blue garments dark-blue pieces were issued. To the credit of the men, he is said, they declined to patch the clothes so as to appear like convicts, as was intended.

From Camp Chase we were transferred to Rock Island. It was in the dead of winter, and, as many of us were without blankets, we suffered intensely. Here again we encountered the home guards, and they displayed their bravery by forcing us to lie flat on the bottom of box cars, threatening to shoot the first man who raised his hand or head. On this trip some of the boys escaped, but I had not the nerve to attempt it, for fear of freezing, as the snow was nearly two feet deep on a level.

At Rock Island the era of starvation was inaugurated, and for over twelve months my hunger was never appeased. Even in my dreams I was tantalized by visions of bountiful repasts of things good to eat. Rations for the day were issued each morning, and it was the custom to make but one meal and fast till the next morning. Saturday rations were issued for two days, and it was not uncommon for the men to eat all at once and do without until Monday. Here we were guarded by negroes—insolent and overbearing, as is characteristic of the race when clothed with authority over those who had once been their masters. Here two of our boys were shot by the guard, who had accepted a bribe to allow them to escape; and it was not unusual to see in the early morning the corpse of one of our comrades lying where he had been shot during the night. Here, as friend Page describes in Camp Douglas, smallpox broke out and aided chornic diarrhea to carry thousands to their graves. I suffered from both, and escaped death from the smallpox only because I determined not to die, though I know I saw others die who were not so ill as I. I escaped death from diarrhea by being sent to the hospital, where, it gives me pleasure to state, an honest effort was made, apparently at least, to alleviate suffering.

Our dog-eating experience was probably much the same as in other prisons; but I must confess that my stomach was not equal to a meal of this kind, though I did take a taste of a little yellow fice.

But it is useless to revive the horrors we endured. I am saying more on the subject in this article than I have expressed in thirty-five years, and the half has not been told. The wanton cruelties to our men in Northern prisons furnished one of the blackest pages in American history. Poor Wirz, of Andersonville, was a saint by the side of some higher in authority on the Union side. This man was hounded to death, as was Mrs. Surratt, in response to popular clamor for blood, but was promised pardon if he would implicate Mr. Davison in the treatment of prisoners under his charge. And as Hon. Benjamin H. Hill proclaimed in the United States Senate, "A man who would not tell a lie to save his own life was never a deliberate murderer."

GALLANT LIEUT. ROBERT POWEL

J. P. Coffin, of Batesville, Ark., corrects an error:

The VETERAN of February, 1899, contained a sketch of Col. Joel A. Battle, of the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry, by Dr. W. J. McMurray, which the writer hereof read with much interest and appreciation, and which

was a most worthy tribute to the memory of as gallant an officer and worthy a gentleman as wore the gray, and entitles Dr. McMurray to the gratitude of every admirer of the noble old man of whom he wrote. But there was one misstatement in the article, easily explained by the long lapse of time, which should be corrected—indeed, should have been corrected ere this.

In summing up the account of Col. Battle's expedition to Barbourville, Ky., occurs this sentence: "The only casualties on our side were one man wounded and one old white sow killed." A man named Johnson in the company to which the writer belonged was wounded, and doubtless the white sow was killed, but a brave and gallant man met his death from the first volley fired by the enemy. A part of Col. Battle's force was a squadron of cavalry from Branner's Battalion, commanded by Capt. John A. Rowan, and accompanying this squadron, as a volunteer merely, was Lieut. Robert Powel, of the Nineteenth Tennessee Infantry, who had obtained leave to join this expedition, although no part of his own regiment was going, and, having borrowed a horse, rode with the advance guard. The approach to the bridge of which Dr. McMurray speaks was through a lane with a high fence on either side, terminating at this bridge, which spanned a deep ravine, in which the enemy was posted under and on both sides of the bridge. When the front rank of the advance guard had gotten within about thirty steps of the bridge and saw in the early dawn that the floor had been taken up, they hesitated for a moment, and just then the enemy gave us their first volley, and Lieut. Powell, who was riding at my right, fell forward and to his left, striking the neck of my horse and falling to the ground. Capt. Rowan ordered one company to the right of the road and the other to the left, and while deploying under this order we heard Col. Battle's command to "clear the way for the artillery," and the enemy fled.

When I returned to where Lieut. Powel had fallen his body had been lifted to the side of the road, and the men who were with it said that he was dead when the first reached him. The body was taken back to Cumberland Gap, and I think removed to Rogersville, Tenn. (his home), for burial. I have always understood that Lieut. Powel was the first Confederate killed on the soil of Kentucky. He was the first lieutenant of the Hawkins County Company in the Nineteenth Tennessee Infantry, of which Judge C. W. Heiskell, now of Memphis, Tenn., was then captain, and was a brother of Col. Sam Powel, of the Twenty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry, who commanded a brigade and was wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., and who is now residing in honored old age at Hernando, Miss.

This correction is written in no critical or fault-finding spirit (for no Confederate who was at the Nashville reunion, as I was, and saw Dr. McMurray's magnificent work can be other than an admirer of him), but simply in the interest of the exact truth of history and in justice to the memory of a gallant officer and a noble man whose life was given as a sacrifice to our cause so early in the conflict.

To all who want to read and to preserve a great book and indispensable record of our war, the "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest," by Dr. J. A. Wyeth, is commended.

REMINISCENCES OF APPOMATTOX.

T. R. Lackie, of the Union army, Detroit, Mich. :

Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN: Although nearly thirty-five years have passed since Gen. R. E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox C. H., it has never been settled as to who presented the last flag of truce, with no end to claimants for receiving it. Whatever doubt may have existed as to the former, it can now be settled that Mrs. A. I. Robertson, of Columbia, S. C., has presented to the readers of the *VETERAN* the real bearer of the truce to the Union line, who was Col. R. M. Sims, whose picture is found in the *VETERAN* for September, 1899, page 398. As the *VETERAN* has presented the only hero and arbiter in this rivalry for distinction, I take up the question again to correct history in making clear the facts connected with that last flag of truce and Bartlett's First Division, Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac. Through the *National Tribune* I have maintained that Longstreet's adjutant general presented the last flag of truce in front of the Sixteenth Michigan, Third Brigade (Butterfield's) of the First Division, and was received by Gen. Joseph J. Bartlett. The Third Brigade was composed of nine regiments, the Sixteenth Michigan being the extreme left. As the Eighty-Third Pennsylvania was guarding the wagon train, only eight regiments were present April 9.

After the battle of Five Forks Brig. Gen. Charles Griffin was placed in command of the Fifth Corps; Brig. Gen. J. J. Bartlett, the First Division; Brevet Brig. Gen. A. L. Pearson, the Third Brigade. On the morning of April 8 the Fifth Corps started from Prince Edwards and marched to Prospect Station, thence along the Prospect road, preceded by the Twenty-Fourth Corps, and halted within three miles of the battle ground, about 2:30 A.M. April 9. It was in motion again about 4:30 A.M., and halted north of the Inge House, when Sheridan's cavalry skirmishers were being forced back east of the Lynchburg road under a heavy fire of Confederate skirmishers. Pearson massed the Third Brigade north of the old turnpike, made a two-minute speech, and put us in motion again along a narrow road which branched off from the old turnpike and formed a junction with Lynchburg and River roads. Its course was almost north and south, and was west of the courthouse. Turning west, we crossed the head of Plain Run, passed through some woods, and entered the open fields of Appomattox, and formed line of battle one hundred and fifty yards southeast of the Wright House. Now, as Chamberlain's First Brigade appears to be quite a factor in the question on hand, I will give the formation of our lines as we awaited the order to advance. Hoping the reader will be better enabled to understand how the First Division reached its final position, the formation of the Union line, as far as my observations went, was as follows: Reading from right to left in the order named: Devin's Division of Cavalry, Chamberlain's First Brigade of Infantry, east of the narrow road formerly mentioned; west of the road Bartlett's old Third Brigade (these two brigades formed the advance line of the Fifth Corps); then Turner's and Foster's Divisions of the Twenty-Fourth Corps. These lines ran east and west, having the appearance of being bent inward along the center. When

the order was given to advance we moved off at a quickstep, which was accelerated when the enemy's pickets opened fire from around the Wright House, and along a little ridge in our immediate front. Turner's people returned a few shots. Bartlett did not fire. It will be remembered that a piece of woods extended from this ridge to the Lynchburg road, west of the narrow road and the courthouse. As we advanced the enemy's pickets retreated into this wood, the Third Brigade taking ground to the right as we passed the Wright House, and then broke into a double-quick. Expecting to see the enemy's battle line break cover from this piece of wood, we made a right half wheel. While making this evolution we passed over the apex, and were advancing eastward and at right angles with the First Brigade, which was steadily advancing northward. A rail fence running along the west edge of the wood alluded to being somewhat in our way, Capt. W. T. Angerine and the writer ran ahead of our line to make an opening. Immediately on reaching the fence I discovered something white coming up the incline down which the woods extended, and instantly a Confederate officer riding a bay horse, with something white on the point of his sword and raised above his head. At the terrific speed in which he was coming he was unable to stop the horse before he had approached within thirty feet of where I stood. In the meantime he shouted "Halt!" and then in a very excited manner spoke as follows: "Where is the officer commanding these troops? Tell him to halt them. Gen. Lee desires hostilities suspended; he is going to surrender." Gen. Bartlett came dashing down from the right of Chamberlain's First Brigade, and met the officer where the latter first halted. After exchanging a few words they turned their horses around and headed off toward Appomattox. I noticed the Confederate officer take the truce from his sword and place the sword back in its scabbard. I did not see him give the truce to Bartlett. This Confederate officer was a medium-sized man of light-complexion and light beard. The mustache and chin part were long, but the sides of his face looked as if he had not shaven them for several months. The face of Col. R. M. Sims, in September *VETERAN*, is a perfect simile. Now the comrade belonging to the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, whose letter to Col. Sims appeared also on page 398 of September *VETERAN*, belonged to the Third Brigade, and undoubtedly saw the Confederate officer in question, but when he says that the officer halted in front of his regiment he is wrong. Only one Confederate officer appeared on the Third Brigade front, and directly in front of Companies E and H, the latter being the color company of the Sixteenth Michigan. Let us see what brought about the appearance of Col. Sims first on Custer's front and later on Bartlett's. It seems to be well established that Gen. Gordon did attempt to break through our lines that morning, although negotiations for surrender were going on at the time between Gens. Grant and Lee. Gen. Lee having gone out to meet Grant, Gen. Longstreet dispatched Col. Haskell on his blooded mare to find Gen. Lee and inform him of Gen. Gordon's intention of cutting a passage through the Union lines. Col. Haskell was too late. The two great chieftains had met. Gen. Gordon made his daring ad-

vance against vastly superior numbers, an attempt, under the conditions, unsurpassed in the history of warfare. Hewas checked. Custer and Devin's Cavalry Division closed in on his rear, north and south of the River road, and, isolated from the remainder of the Confederate army, he hastened Col. R. M. Sims, who was assigned to his staff that morning, with a truce for suspension of hostilities. It being refused to Custer under the conditions offered, the gallant Sims returned to Gen. Gordon. In the meantime an overwhelming force of Federal infantry is charging his front from the west, when for the second time Sims is dispatched in great haste to Griffin's front, hence the first and second and last flag of truce to the Federal front; and thus stands that little Spartan band, surrounded by many times their number. Soon the news went sounding through the sixteen Federal divisions, "We have conquered Lee's army at last;" but, unbiased reader, never was victory crowned with brighter jewels than those which bravery had bestowed upon Lee's advance guard. The noble, brave, and generous Gordon stood there worthy of Napoleon's encomium of Ney, "the bravest of the brave." The victors of Marathon, the Macedonian phalanx, and the Old Guard had in them a noble counterpart.

After the surrender the writer, in conversation with a number of the First North Carolina, was informed that the bearer of the truce to the Third Brigade front was Longstreet's adjutant general; and subsequently, by another Confederate, that he was Gen. John B. Gordon's chief of staff. Several years since I noticed a photo of Gen. Gordon in the VETERAN, and came to the conclusion that all had been mistaken, and that the bearer of the truce was none other than Gen. Gordon.

Another notable incident connected with this episode of Appomattox was the firing of a volley into the Union lines as the flag of truce was fluttering. It came from that part of Gen. Gordon's line which was refused to the left and faced south. Gen. Griffin, commander of the Fifth Corps, with his staff was standing southeast of Chamberlain's right flank, and the bullets flew past their heads. Gen. Griffin, according to one writer, said: "Do they mean to murder us after they had surrendered?" Who can say that volley was not fired by the First North Carolina, of Grimes's Command? It will also be seen that the last flag appeared in Pearson's front (Third Brigade). In view of the fact, Gen. Bartlett's aid, after delivering an order to the division supply train, returned to the field in search for his commander, and was informed that he (Bartlett) had met a Confederate officer with a flag of truce in a point of woods in Pearson's front, and they had ridden off toward the courthouse.

Gen. Chamberlain, commanding the First Brigade, First Division, also claims the distinction of receiving the last flag, presented to him by Gen. E. W. Whitaker, chief of Custer's staff, under the following circumstances. At a meeting of the Army of the Potomac, G. A. R., in Washington City April 9, 1896, Gen. Whitaker read before the society what was then considered a very valuable contribution to history. Among other things, he said he ignored the possibility of the infantry arm of the service receiving a flag of truce except the one presented to Custer's front and

conveyed through the Confederate lines by himself to Chamberlain's front. I replied to his paper through the *National Tribune* that undoubtedly a flag was presented to Custer's front and the news conveyed by him to Chamberlain, and undoubtedly gave the latter the impression that the First Brigade received the last flag, which was wrong, and in view of the fact that several flags had been presented on the Union front, that the Confederate lines had been almost simultaneously struck in several places and at various distances apart, and that no one man could have reached all points of attack in time to stay the bloody work which must have followed, and that none other than a Confederate officer riding at lightning speed to the point of Bartlett's bayonets, exclaiming "Halt!" had stopped the bloody work which must have followed a clash with Gordon's desperate fighters. Not even a truce to Chamberlain's front according to positions could have stopped the avalanche that was shooting down the incline where the Confederate officer ascended. Now when I think of that memorable charge and remember Jenkins old war horses were near there, I wonder if the Sixteenth Michigan would have lost another flag—one in its first battle, and one in its last? Capt. Smith and the writer might not have been on deck to-day.

A bugler of my company claimed the distinction of sounding the last bugle call at Appomattox, whereas we had a regimental bugler, and the Fifth Corps broke camp and marched to Prospect Station the morning of April 15. Gen. Gibbon remained with Foster's Division, Twenty-Fourth Corps, until the return of Turner's Division from Lynchburg, and broke camp at Appomattox on the morning of April 18, and took up his line of march for Washington.

Ever since the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic the clamor for individual distinction has been so prevalent that the meritorious deeds of the real heroes, worthy of their country's recognition, are too often forgotten. It is a notable fact that we have more heroes now than we had thirty-five years ago.

Now I will ask the readers of the VETERAN to take a short trip with me across the country from Germania Ford to Appomattox C. H.—one continuous battlefield. Heretofore the two great armies had fought many desperate battles, endured untold hardships, and buried many thousands of brave men. The Confederate army, though numerically smaller than the Federal, had by superior generalship beaten its antagonists. We cannot justly attribute the success of the Confederate army to a defensive position in all these battles, for in the most important and bloodiest battles of the war—viz., the Seven Days' Battles, Second Bull Run, Antietam, and Gettysburg, it took the offensive, and now for the final wind-up Grant advances with the flower of the Union army across the fords of the Rapidan. Lee, with his Little Giant, advances from Gordonsville. Some sparring takes place between the advance guards beyond Germania Ford, Va., and on the morning of May 5, 1864, these two desperate fighting powers are hurled against each other in the tangled wilderness south of the Rapidan. Grant, with 95,000, and Lee, with 48,000, grappling with each other like bulldogs, fight across the State to Appomattox C. H. Reduced in numbers, weakened by

hunger, suffering from cold, many in their bare feet, this valiant remnant of Lee's army succumbed to the ever-increasing army that surrounded it. Though the victors rejoiced when the battle was ended, there was visible sympathy for their gallant foemen. They stacked their loaded guns and laid down their shattered battle flags in compliance to the wishes of their illustrious chief, believing that whatever he ordered was for the best. Their mighty love for what they deemed their sacred birthright and for him who had led them in a hundred battles had given strength to their weakened limbs and animated that proud spirit which must have failed under any other conditions. Illustrative of the unsubdued spirit yet remaining, Capt. W. B. Smith, of the gallant Palmetto Sharpshooters, said to the writer when turning to march back to their last camp on a battlefield: "Good-by; it is not over yet. We hope to meet you again."

The Union army had suffered untold hardships. It had lost more men in its last campaign than was ever contained in the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia at any one time, from its first desperate contest around the Lacey clearing in the Wilderness to the battle of Cold Harbor. It had lost more men than Lee had when the campaign opened, yet its fighting courage never failed. It always admired the pluck and endurance of its opponent, and always treated its prisoners of war with the utmost kindness. Indeed, this is true on the Confederate side as well, and when the last flag of truce had brought peace at the battle front, and arms were put away forever, the happy greetings that followed can never adequately be told. Gen. Harry Heth was the guest of our Quartermaster General, Rufus Ingalls, who after a few days sent him home in an ambulance to his farm fifty miles distant, with provisions for a month or more. Union Gens. Griffin, Gibbon, Humphrey, Wright, and others extended very delicate considerations to their old classmates at West Point, such as Gens. Longstreet, Field, Wilcox, Pickett, Anderson, Ewell, Fitzhugh Lee, and many others.

In conclusion, let us square our accounts with each other honestly. Give to each side its just dues, and in the rush for personal emoluments forget not that after the lapse of thirty-five years only a few remain who are entitled to honors.

IN MEMORIAM—THE RAID, THE CHARGE, AT REST.

(To Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.)

BY CHARLES BOWER, M.D., TRENTON, N. J.

Forward's the watchword to-night, my men. New spurs are to be won,
For a blow must be struck with a will and with might ere the morrow's rising sun—
A blow for Virginia's heroes famed on history's honored page,
Who left to worthy scions here a princely heritage.
A blow for Virginia's hearthstones, round which her daughters sit
With hearts of love and hands of toil to fill the soldier's kit.
A blow for our fallen comrades, for liberty and right.
I'll lead, and who'd be near me must be foremost in the fight,
For 'twill be no long-drawn combat, with rifle range between,
But breast to breast and blow for blow with saber swift and keen.

Then on, my lads! No song to-night; no saber's noisy clank—
For a fettered tread must our squadrons lead to the invaders' watchful flank.

The Southron knight kept well his word when his bugle rang from afar.
And his troop charged down to the welcomed fray with a shout and wild huzza,
Like the storm down an Alpine gorge, with its blasting, blighting breath,
Leaving wild waste behind it and heaping the spoils of death.
At its head, with flashing falchion, rode a cavalier—to life—
A man of mirth for a merry mood, but a foe to be feared in strife.
When the beacon blaze of his watchful eye swept o'er the opposing field,
And the menace flashed from his lifted steel bade the foe to die or yield;
When a stubborn will and a fierce resolve the unstained gauntlet threw
To the countless host of the Northern brave from the peerless Southern few.
For he charged in the van of his cavaliers—this "Rupert of sable plume"—
And who measured his blade with "The Pearl of the Gray" but courted a soldier's doom,
Where the stroke of his trusty saber fell with the force of the vernal flood,
As the eagle swoops from his eyrie down when his young ones cry for food.

'Tis an envied thrill the statesman feels as he bends o'er the enraptured throng,
On the impetuous tide of his eloquence to his purpose borne along;
'Tis a cherished pride the mariner boasts as he curbs mad old ocean's sport
And pages his fame on each homestead hearth as his bark safely rides to port.
But give me the sense that courses his frame and wraps every nerve chord with fire
As the patriot leaps to his country's call in the glow of a sacred ire;
As he gauges each thrust of his trusty steel by the depth of his country's wrong;
Yields, drop by drop, a patriot's blood his country's foes among;
Reclaims with each blow from his lusty arm every footstep his childhood trod,
And offers his life for the land of his birth as a saint yields his soul to God.
So he brooked not to follow, who was born to lead, this Cavalier bold at their head.
Nor danger deterred nor death dismayed, where the still voice bade him tread;
For his soul's rich pride was the State's true weal, and his duty performed and well.
As he lived, so he died. As he fought, so he fell: at the front, freedom's faithful sentinel.

Now is hushed the neigh of his martial steed, and his bugle call is still;
Nor his guidon floats in the battle's van on the crest of each blood-bought hill;
And his saber rests by its master's side in the vale of peace and rest,
Where the arms to his own so tried and true lie folded across his breast.
But list! whilst a comrade stoops to drop a tear o'er his hero's grave.
Where the sweet white rose of his firstborn sleeps by the side of the parent brave,
From fair Richmond's spires steal the church bell chimes as they tell down the twilight air
Of Virginia's homes, now redeemed from the dust, and of rose wreaths clustering there;
While as long as Virginia's name shall last and her soil be trod by the free
Sire to son shall tell how bold Stuart fell and shall treasure his memory.

WHERE THE VETERAN GOES.

The following list of subscriptions will interest many friends. It names all offices where there are four or more subscribers. Such publication is unusual, but it is consistent with the policy of the VETERAN. Many who examine it will be surprised at the large number of offices in the different States with but one, two, and three subscribers. Will not the pride of those who fail to find their post offices named induce them to add the necessary subscriptions, so that their friends will realize that they are of the survivors who are active and want a place in the record?

Does your vicinity do its part in patronizing this most important of all periodicals? Have you not some friends who ought to subscribe and who would be delighted with the VETERAN? Have you not some veteran or deserving woman in your vicinity who could increase the list and who needs the commission given to agents? Don't you know of some community not reported in the list where sample copies might be advantageously distributed, and if so, won't you send the names to whom sample copies may be sent?

POST OFFICES IN STATES

Alabama	274
Arizona	7
Arkansas	217
California	46
Colorado	12
District of Columbia	1
Florida	87
Foreign	7
Georgia	177
Idaho	1
Illinois	56
Indiana	21
Indian Territory	40
Iowa	9
Kansas	23
Kentucky	311
Louisiana	171
Maine	4
Maryland	36
Massachusetts	4
Michigan	10
Minnesota	7
Mississippi	374
Missouri	265
Montana	6
Nebraska	4
Nevada	2
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	11
New Mexico	6
New York	10
North Carolina	173
Ohio	21
Oregon	7
Oklahoma Territory	21
Pennsylvania	14
South Carolina	153
Tennessee	583
Texas	744
Virginia	222
Washington	3
West Virginia	51
Wisconsin	4
Wyoming	7
Total new offices	294

FOREIGN.

Offices with one each 7

ALABAMA.

Anniston	23
Anslley	4
Athens	23
Auburn	7
Benton	4
Bessemer	4
Birmingham	74
Bridgeport	7
Camden	10
Carrollton	10
Center	4
Courtland	4
Decatur	6
Demopolis	13
East Lake	6
Elkton	4

Enfauila	5
Entaw	14
Eyette	4
Florence	12
Gadsden	8
Gainsville	6
Gurley	5
Havana	5
Haynesville	9
Huntsville	25
Ivey	4
Jacksonville	10
Jasper	9
Jeff	5
Lafayette	13
Leighton	13
Livingston	17
Lowndesboro	6
McBee	4
Mobile	20
Montgomery	50
Mooreville	4
Oxford	8
Pickensville	4
Piedmont	10
Pineapple	5
Pratt City	6
Reform	5
Scottsboro	9
Seale	7
Selma	7
Stone	5
Sullight	5
Talladega	4
Town Creek	9
Troy	7
Union	4
Union Springs	6
Woodlawn	4
Offices with three each	20
Offices with two each	38
Offices with one each	161

ARIZONA.

Payson	4
Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	5

ARKANSAS.

Arkadelphia	17
Arkansas City	7
Augusta	5
Austin	4
Batesville	22
Black Rock	4
Boonesboro	5
Brinkley	6
Camden	31
Clarksville	8
Conway	23
Dardanelle	6
De Witt	7
Elmo	4
Payetteville	21
Forest City	24
Port Smith	18
Gurdon	26

Helena	20
Hope	26
Hot Springs	32
Jonesboro	5
Little Rock	94
Locksburg	16
Lonoke	24
Magnolia	12
Marianna	11
Marion	5
McDaniel	5
Morrilton	14
Newport	24
Palestine	7
Paragould	33
Pine Bluff	48
Pocahontas	4
Portland	4
Prairie Grove	22
Prescott	11
Russellville	10
Sardis	7
Searcy	7
Springdale	4
Texarkana	23
Van Buren	4
Vaundale	11
Wynne	9
Offices with three each	17
Offices with two each	31
Offices with one each	123

CALIFORNIA.

Azusa	4
Fresno	18
Long Beach	4
Los Angeles	23
Oakland	5
Redlands	4
San Francisco	24
Santa Ana	5
Saugh	4
Selma	4
Visalia	13
Offices with three each	4
Offices with two each	4
Offices with one each	27

CANADA.

Offices with one each 2

COLORADO.

Berthoud	6
Canon City	13
Cotopaxi	4
Pueblo	4
Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	7

CONNECTICUT.

Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	3

CUBA.

Offices with one each 3

DAKOTA.

Offices with one each 1

DELAWARE.

Offices with one each 1

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington 60

FLORIDA.

Apalachicola	17
Bartow	9
Boardman	4
Brooksville	6
De Funiak Springs	4
Delta	4
Fort Myers	4
Gainesville	20
Inverness	6
Jacksonville	46
Key West	4
Lake City	9
Lakeland	7
Milton	6
Monticello	18
Ocala	11
Orlando	10
Palatka	29
Pensacola	29
Plant City	4
Sanford	8
St. Augustine	4
St. Petersburg	9
Tallahassee	5
Tampa	23
Offices with three each	5
Offices with two each	11

Offices with one each 46

GEORGIA.

Adairsville	5
Americus	20
Athens	32
Atlanta	114
Augusta	74
Bainbridge	5
Boston	6
Brunswick	11
Cairo	5
Cathoun	4
Camilla	11
Cartersville	18
Cassville	4
Chickamauga	5
Columbus	6
Covington	6
Dalton	17
Eatonton	9
Greensboro	5
Griffin	5
Hawkinsville	19
Hogansville	1
Lafayette	5
Lagrange	16
Macon	57
Madison	7
Marietta	4
Milledgeville	16
Newnan	4
Pelham	4
Quitman	22
Rome	27
Savannah	84
Sparta	4
Thomasville	71
Trion Factory	24
Valdosta	5
Washington	15
Waycross	15
Offices with three each	7
Offices with two each	34
Offices with one each	97

IDAHO.

Offices with one each 1

ILLINOIS.

Chicago	35
Offices with one each	18
Offices with two each	3

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ardmore	5
Chelsea	7
Davis	5
McAlester	7
Muscogee	20
Offices with three each	2
Offices with two each	10
Offices with one each	23

INDIANA.

Evansville	17
Offices with three each	2
Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	17

IOWA.

Offices with one each 9

KANSAS.

Offices with three each	3
Offices with two each	2
Offices with one each	18

KENTUCKY.

Anchorage	4
Augusta	10
Bardstown	12
Bordley	5
Bowling Green	44
Cadiz	49
Church Hill	4
Clinton	17
Covington	4
Cynthiana	6
Danville	18
Dixon	5
Eddyville	10
Elizabethtown	9
Elkton	12
Franklin	20
Fulton	25
Georgetown	10
Glasgow	17
Guthrie	9
Hanson	4
Hardin	4
Harrodsburg	4
Henderson	21

Henshaw	5
Hickman	11
Hopkinsville	30
Jordan	4
Kuttawa	6
Lancaster	9
Lewisburg	4
Lexington	37
Louisville	184
Madisonville	13
Marion	5
Mayfield	19
May's Lick	4
Midway	5
Morganfield	21
Mortin's Gap	4
Neha	5
New Concord	4
Niagara	4
Owensboro	24
Owingsville	5
Paducah	27
Paris	11
Pembroke	19
Pine Grove	4
Princeton	30
Providence	4
Richmond	6
Rumsey	4
Russellville	13
Shelbyville	8
Slaughtersville	6
Stamping Ground	5
Sturgis	7
Trenton	14
Uniontown	6
Versailles	5
Water Valley	5
Wickliffe	5
Winchester	22
Offices with three each	25
Offices with two each	39
Offices with one each	182

LOUISIANA.

Abbeville	4
Amite City	6
Aracadia	10
Baton Rouge	6
Benton	5
Blankston	4
Clinton	4
Columbia	16
Crowley	6
Grand Cane	6
Innis	6
Jackson	9
Jeanerette	8
Jonesville	5
Lake Charles	12
L'Argent	4
Mansfield	18
New Orleans	126
New Roads	9
Oscar	5
Parham's	4
Planchette	15
Plaquemine	5
Point Coupee	8
Ponchatoula	5
Racconci	5
Ruston	4
Shreveport	30
Smithland	16
St. Francisville	4
St. Joseph	8
St. Patrick	5
Thibodeaux	7
Vernon	4
Viva	4
Water Proof	4
Offices with three each	11
Offices with two each	28
Offices with one each	96

MAINE.

Offices with one each	4
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MARYLAND.

Annapolis	4
Baltimore	90
Cumberland	8
Frederick	6
Offices with three each	2
Offices with two each	3
Offices with one each	27

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston	6
Offices with one each	3

MEXICO.

Offices with one each	2
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MICHIGAN.

Offices with three each	1
Offices with one each	9

MINNESOTA.

St. Paul	4
Offices with two each	3

MISSISSIPPI.

Abbott	5
Aberdeen	27
Amory	7
Baldwyn	5
Batesville	5
Big Creek	4
Booneville	16
Bowling Green	4
Brookhaven	12
Byhalia	4
Cedar Bluff	4
Clarksdale	6
Cockrum	7
Coffeeville	7
Coldwater	8
Coles Creek	5
Columbus	31
Como	5
Cooksville	5
Corinth	20
Crystal Springs	27
Dow	7
Edwards	16
Evergreen	4
Fayette	4
Fulton	8
Giles	6
Gloster	4
Greenville	21
Greenwood	5
Grenada	4
Hazlehurst	11
Holladay	4
Holly Springs	11
Jacinto	7
Jackson	21
Kosciusko	8
Kossuth	6
Lexington	10
Louisville	6
McComb City	11
Macon	14
Magnolia	7
Mayhew's Station	6
Meridian	55
Morganston	4
Mt. Pleasant	5
Natchez	54
Nettleton	11
New Port	4
Okolona	7
Oxford	6
Pittsboro	5
Pontotoc	4
Port Gibson	5
Raymond	9
Rosedale	5
Sardis	4
Scobey	4
Seranton	4
Senatobia	4
Shuqualak	8
Slate Springs	4
Smithville	11
Starkville	5
Tupelo	20
Utica	10
Verona	7
Vicksburg	32
Water Valley	11
West Point	31
Winona	25
Woodville	12
Yazoo City	15
Offices with three each	31
Offices with two each	65
Offices with one each	207

MISSOURI.

Ash Grove	4
Butler	8
Cartersville	4
Carthage	5
Caruthersville	5
Clinton	8
Cooter	4
Cottonwood Point	4
Dover	4
East Prairie	7
Eldorado Springs	10
Excelsior Springs	4
Exeter	4

Fayette	36
Fredericktown	4
Glasgow	6
Harrisonville	4
Higginsville	15
Huffman	4
Holden	4
Holt	4
Independence	12
Kansas City	45
Kearney	14
Knobnoster	4
Lamar	9
Lawson	9
Lexington	17
Liberty	23
Linneus	4
Marshall	10
Mexico	5
Miami	8
Moberly	10
Morrisville	6
Neosho	8
Nevada	20
Oak Grove	8
Odessa	11
Pace City	4
Palmyra	16
Pilot Grove	7
Platte City	5
Plattsburg	8
Pleasant Hill	7
Richmond	5
Salem	5
Sadalla	5
Springfield	30
St. Joseph	48
St. Louis	57
Sweet Springs	6
Trenton	4
Warrensburg	20
Waverly	5
Webb City	12
Offices with three each	19
Offices with two each	41
Offices with one each	150

MONTANA.

Offices with three each	1
Offices with one each	5

NEBRASKA.

Offices with one each	4
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NEVADA.

Offices with one each	2
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NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Offices with one each	1
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NEW JERSEY.

Offices with two each	2
Offices with one each	9

NEW MEXICO.

Deming	4
Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	4

NEW YORK.

New York City	62
Brooklyn	8
Offices with one each	8

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville	55
Berea	4
Charlotte	31
Concord	8
Durham	16
Elizabeth City	8
Fayetteville	6
Goldsboro	13
Greensboro	14
Greenville	5
Huntersville	4
Lenoir	4
Marion	7
Mt. Airy	9
New Bern	4
Raleigh	23
Reldsville	4
Rocky Mount	4
Roper	10
Rutherfordton	8
Salem	4
Salisbury	29
Smithfield	4
Statesville	25
Sutherlands	5
Tarboro	4
Washington	22
Waynesville	4

Wilmington	61
Wilson	9
Winston	36
Offices with three each	7
Offices with two each	19
Offices with one each	116

OHIO.

Cincinnati	9
Columbus	7
Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	21

OKLAHOMA.

Mangum	15
Oklahoma City	5
Offices with three each	1
Offices with two each	4
Offices with one each	14

OREGON.

Roseburg	4
Offices with three each	1
Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	5

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia	6
Offices with two each	2
Offices with one each	11

RHODE ISLAND.

Offices with one each	1
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SOUTH CAROLINA.

Abbeville	6
Aiken	17
Anderson	15
Barnwell	5
Bennettsville	10
Blackville	6
Bradley	5
Camden	6
Charleston	136
Chester	15
Columbia	37
Darlington	18
Due West	4
Edgefield	14
Edisto Island	4
Enoree	4
Florence	19
Gaines	4
Greenville	19
Greenwood	39
Johnston	6
Kershaw	4
Kitching's Mills	5
Lancaster	9
Marion	9
Mt. Pleasant	4
Newberry	20
Ninety-Six	13
Orange C. H.	18
Pelzer	11
Quarry	5
Rock Hill	23
Santuck	5
Spartanburg	7
Sumter	14
Winnsboro	18
Yorkville	7
Offices with three each	5
Offices with two each	27
Offices with one each	84

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Offices with one each	1
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TENNESSEE.

Alamo	4
Alexandria	5
Arlington	5
Ashland City	4
Athens	5
Bakerville	4
Belfast	7
Bellbuckle	26
Brentwood	10
Bristol	5
Brownsville	11
Brunswick	6
Burns	6
Camden	4
Centerville	6
Chapel Hill	7
Chattanooga	64
Clarksville	47
Cleveland	5
Collierville	15
Columbia	50
Cookeville	10
Covington	30

Confederate Veteran.

Cowan	6			Kyle	7	Lynchburg	30
Culleoka	6			La Grange	8	Manassas	11
Cumberland City	6			Lampasas	17	Martinsville	13
Cyrustown	7			Lancaster	14	Milldale	4
Decatur	7			Laredo	8	Newbern	6
Decaturville	5			Lewisville	5	Norfolk	59
Decherd	4			Livingston	4	Petersburg	26
Dickson	15			Llano	4	Portsmouth	22
Dover	8			Lockhart	11	Pulaski	35
Dresden	11			Longview	5	Radford	6
Duck River	6			Lott	10	Richmond	77
Dyersburg	30			Lubbock	9	Roanoke	6
Erin	21			Luling	8	Staunton	8
Estill Springs	6			Manor	9	Strasburg	6
Farmington	4			Mansfield	5	Suffolk	7
Fayetteville	30			Marble Falls	5	Tazewell	4
Flat Rock	5			Marlin	20	Timberville	4
Florence	6			Marshall	18	Warm Springs	4
Franklin	40			Mason	7	Whitestone	5
Gallatin	45			McGregor	33	Winchester	23
Gibson	5			McKinney	19	Woodstock	19
Goodlettsville	9			Memphis	6	Wytheville	5
Hampshire	4			Meridian	7	Offices with three each	12
Hartsville	11			Mexia	25	Offices with two each	26
Henderson	8			Midland	6	Offices with one each	151
Hickory Wythe	4			Millford	18		
Hillsboro	5			Millsap	6		
Howell	9			Minden	15		
Humboldt	28			Mineola	14		
Huntingdon	12			Moffett	7		
Jackson	44			Montague	18		
Knoxville	65			Mt. Pleasant	8		
Lamar	6			Navasota	18		
LaVergne	4			New Boston	5		
Lebanon	34			Orange	20		
Lewisburg	27			Overton	5		
Lynchburg	7			Paint Rock	5		
Lynnville	11			Palestine	26		
Martin	18			Palmer	8		
Manchester	13			Paris	30		
McMinnville	11			Peoria	7		
McCall's	4			Plano	8		
McKenzie	24			Richmond	11		
Medina	4			Rising Star	5		
Memphis	111			Robert Lee	11		
Millan	8			Rockdale	21		
Morristown	10			Rockwall	8		
Mossy Creek	8			Rogers Prairie	7		
Mt. Pleasant	11			Rosston	10		
Murfreesboro	90			Rusk	8		
Nashville	353			San Antonio	43		
Newbern	15			San Augustine	5		
Newport	7			San Marcos	30		
Nolensville	12			Savoy	5		
Number One	4			Seguin	6		
Old Hickory	5			Sherman	41		
Paris	25			St. Jo	4		
Partlow	5			Stephenville	6		
Petersburg	9			Straws Mill	4		
Port Royal	6			Sulphur Springs	32		
Pikeville	5			Sunset	7		
Pulaski	43			Sweet Home	4		
Ripley	10			Sweet Water	4		
Rockvale	5			Taylor	16		
Rogersville	8			Tehuacana	8		
Rome	4			Temple	25		
Scivally	4			Terrell	27		
Sewanee	7			Tulip	9		
Sharon	7			Tyler	42		
Sparta	11			Van Alstyne	15		
Shelbyville	39			Vernon	9		
Shoal	11			Victoria	15		
Shonn's X Roads	5			Waco	44		
Smyrna	9			Waxahachie	34		
Somerville	8			Weatherford	27		
South Pittsburg	15			Wharton	6		
Springfield	19			Whitesboro	9		
St. Bethlehem	10			Whitewright	6		
Stanton	6			Wichita Falls	15		
Station Camp	8			Will's Point	22		
Sweet Water	10			Wrightsboro	9		
Tiptonville	5			Offices with three each	63		
Tracy City	17			Offices with two each	121		
Trenton	19			Offices with one each	379		
Trezevant	4						
Trimble	5						
Tullahoma	12						
Union City	42						
Unionville	4						
Vesta	8						
Wales Station	4						
Walter Hill	6						
Wartrace	14						
Watertown	8						
Waverly	13						
Whitaker	5						
Winchester	18						
Woodbury	9						
Woodland Mills	7						
Wrencoe	4						
Offices with three each	62						
Offices with two each	112						
Offices with one each	286						

TEXAS.

UTAH.

VERMONT.

VIRGINIA.

WASHINGTON.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WISCONSIN.

WYOMING.

Offices with one each	3
Charleston	10
Charlestown	6
Gap Mills	4
Huntington	11
Martinsburg	5
Parkersburg	5
Ripley	6
Union	12
Wheeling	31
Offices with three each	1
Offices with two each	9
Offices with one each	35
Alabama	853
Arizona	11
Arkansas	966
California	155
Canada	2
Cuba	3
Colorado	36
Connecticut	5
District of Columbia	60
Delaware	1
Florida	379
Georgia	961
Idaho	1
Illinois	59
Indian Territory	93
Indiana	42
Iowa	9
Kansas	33
Kentucky	1,215
Louisiana	583
Maine	4
Maryland	147
Massachusetts	9
Mexico	4
Michigan	12
Minnesota	10
Mississippi	1,235
Missouri	890
Montana	8
Nebraska	4
Nevada	2
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	13
New Mexico	10
North Carolina	617
North Dakota	1
Ohio	39
Oklahoma Territory	45
Oregon	10
Pennsylvania	21
Rhode Island	1
South Carolina	712
South Dakota	1
Tennessee	2,799
Texas	3,531
Utah	1
Virginia	715
Vermont	1
Washington	3
West Virginia	146
Wisconsin	5
Wyoming	7

OPERATIONS OF THE SIGNAL CORPS.

BY THE LATE W. N. MERCER OTEY, SAN FRANCISCO.

[Continued from December VETERAN.]

I remember one day at Tullahoma Gen. Bragg summoned a council of war of corps commanders for the object of having their views on the situation. Gen. Bragg was pacing up and down the piazza of his headquarters nervously twitching his beard. I could see that matters were critical, and his indecision was finally determined by the advice given by Gen. Polk to the effect that expediency required our retiring to Chattanooga, as to remain where we were would place us in the position of a rat in a barrel with the bung-hole closed, the bung in this case being the tunnels in our rear, through which our subsistence must necessarily be transported. With this condition confronting him, no prudent general like Rosecrans would attack when he could flank us and destroy the line of communication in our rear. Chattanooga, in an air line, was sixty miles away, with the Cumberland Mountains and Tennessee River to cross.

This decision determined upon, the army was put in motion, and soon we were climbing the western declivity of the mountain road which commences at Tracy City.

Attached to our headquarters was a very charming and elegant gentleman who represented the old nobility of France in the person of Prince de Polignac. I thought it quite a feather in any cap to be permitted to occasionally enter into conversation with a live prince. He enjoyed our hospitality for but a brief period, as his fancies permitted the freedom of choice of movement, and, being untrammelled by military orders, he could select his domicile at will—first with one army corps commander, then another. It was quite frequent that we enjoyed the visit of foreigners of distinction, who, representing their government unofficially, were pleased to note the conduct of the war as best suited their inclination. One of the most agreeable of all, I remember, was a Lieut. Col. Arthur Freemantle, of her majesty's service, the Coldstream Guards. He was a most pleasant companion and seemed to enjoy our table d'hôte with as much zest as any of us. Our gumbo fillet was quite *au fait*, and he could hardly credit our chef's remark that it was made from the tender twigs of the young sassafras bush that grows so lavishly in the South, with the photograph of a chicken that had done service in the days gone by. Our champagne was quite delectable on a hot and dusty march to wash down the dust that gathered in our gullets. It was made in an old molasses barrel and contained about three parts water to one part of corn and molasses sufficient to sweeten, when after a few days of fermentation it could be drawn and served minus the effervescence.

There was another who had cast his lot with us who deserves mention—Col. G. St. Leger Grenfel, volunteer aid-de-camp to Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, commanding the cavalry. If ever there was a soldier of fortune, a bold *sabreur*, a fearless knight-errant, it was he. His horsemanship was as skillful as his noted chief.

Poor fellow! What an untimely end, if true, as we had every reason to believe! It was told us two years later that poor Grenfel had been captured, sent to the Dry Tortugas, and, with ball and chain attached

to his legs, compelled to labor on government works until broken down. Freed from ball and chain, he resolved to attempt escape by swimming in the sea, hoping to be picked up by some friendly sail that would bear him from that "living hell;" but he was nevermore heard of.

Wearied and dispirited, we climbed the mountains; while the long train of wagons, loaded with all the necessary *impedimenta* necessary for it, stretched far down its steep sides like a huge anaconda, slow and serpentine in its movements to attain the summit.

When Gen. Polk reached the plateau he called his body servant, Altamont, to fetch his cane chair from the headquarters wagon, and had it placed at a point that had been cleared of surrounding trees, called "inspiration point," I think, commanding a full view of the great valley stretched at our feet. He then sent for Fairbanks, the keeper of the property of the University of the South, to inquire if he could supply us with any buttermilk. Here we rested for an hour or more on historic ground, and together talked of the hopes and plans that he and my father had entertained for the building of the great university that now adorns the spot. It was on this identical spot three or four years before they had delivered addresses to a large concourse of clergymen and laymen of the diocese and a host of prominent people, outlining the future of Sewanee. The three prelates—Polk of Louisiana, Elliott of Georgia, and Otey of Tennessee—had labored for years to consummate the plans so auspiciously inaugurated on that occasion. Little did either of them at that time dream of what the next few years would bring forth. No wonder the good general lingered and pondered on the scene before him.

Pushing onward across the beautiful Sequatchie Valley and its forest of waving corn, we reached and crossed the Tennessee River at Bridgeport. Here I planted a signal station, and hurrying forward soon made another on an advantageous peak of Sand Mountain and opened communication with Bridgeport. Again I rode rapidly for Lookout Mountain and selected a desirable eminence and found my Sand Mountain's flag "O. K." I next called up Bridgeport. I was flagging messages twenty-five miles away. There remained only one more station to establish, and that was at our rendezvous.

Leaving Lookout Point in charge of four trusty fellows, I soon clattered down the mountain side. On reaching Chattanooga it took but a few minutes to establish my last station. My line was well established and working well to Bridgeport, thirty miles away.

VETERAN readers may probably never have seen the signal corps in active operation, and a word of description may not be out of place. As previously stated, the alphabet consists of Morse's telegraph code, but instead of dots and dashes, the flag waves left and right are substituted in the daytime, and at night the torch takes the place of the flag. Each station is supplied with as powerful a field glass as can be procured, and generally a couple of forked stakes are set firmly in the ground at sufficient distance apart to properly support the telescope when focused for the distances desired. One man with his eye at the glass reads the flag or torch movement made at the station miles away, and calls out the signals, "Right, left, right! left, left, right! left, right, left!" and so on, which, if it

is a repeating or intermediate station, is immediately duplicated by the man standing next the reader with his flag or torch until the station of delivery is reached. The time of transmission is naturally rapid, as no time is consumed in the delay of calling off the flag movements, so that, taking as an illustration the three stations I had just completed, I got Bridgeport's message repeated through Sand Mountain and Lookout Mountain in Chattanooga almost as quick as if I had been reading the message direct from Bridgeport. The torches used at night, when the flags are of course not visible, are copper or tin cylinders of say fourteen to sixteen inches long and about two or two and one-half inches in diameter, filled with turpentine or other inflammable material, in which is contained a cotton wick, the whole adjusted firmly to a pole some ten or fifteen feet high. When darkness comes on these flashes can be read at greater distances than one would suppose, but woe to the unhappy signal man if his night supply of oil should give out, as once happened to me at the Lookout Mountain station a few weeks later. Truly he may be compared to one of the five foolish virgins of whom the Master tells.

A few weeks of rest at Chattanooga were given us by the enemy before they commenced their flanking game again. The Tennessee River makes a large bend at the base of Lookout Mountain, doubling on itself as it sweeps past another spur of the mountains called Raccoon Mountain. The shape of the river conforms more nearly to a horseshoe, with the toe or top of the shoe resting on Lookout Mountain as its base, the land embraced in the shoe and immediately opposite and across the river being called Moccasin Point. Across from Chattanooga and skirting the river runs another range of hills called Waldron's Ridge, which abuts on the river opposite Raccoon Mountain. A signal station I had established on Raccoon Mountain gave a full sweep of the Sequatchie Valley, enabling me to instantly detect any movement of the enemy made down that valley. A day had been appointed for thanksgiving, and most of the general officers and their staffs were in attendance at church. Suddenly from Raccoon Mountain was flagged the information that a brigade of Federal infantry and a battery of artillery were moving down the valley under cover of Waldron's Ridge. I immediately reported the fact to Gen. Bragg's headquarters, but the report was not credited, as no movement of any body of troops had been reported by the scouts. In the course of an hour or so came another message from Raccoon Station to the effect that the enemy were placing their guns in battery on the heights of Waldron's Ridge commanding Chattanooga. Again the message was dispatched to headquarters. Before a second doubt could be expressed the shells were flying through the streets of the city. "Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro, and gathering tears and tremblings of distress." There was nothing left for us but to skedaddle, and skedaddle we did. One of our brigades, commanded by Gen. Preston Smith, was in Wills' Valley, on the western spur of Lookout Mountain. I was instructed to immediately send a message to Smith ordering his brigade to withdraw, as we were evacuating Chattanooga, and effect a junction with the main army at or near Rossville, distant five miles from Chattanooga.

I received this order about 9 p.m., and at once commenced signaling Lookout Mountain. In vain

did the glaring torch at headquarters flash for a quarter of an hour, then another quarter of an hour sped by, but no responsive "O. K." was returned. What was the matter? Lookout Station was all right at nightfall; it couldn't be possible that my station had been captured. That brigade must be notified at all hazards, and I had to do it. There was only one course to pursue; so, mounting my mare, off I started for Lookout Mountain Station. Without loss of time I found on arriving there that the supply of turpentine for the torches had been lost by the breaking of the demijohn accidentally. The regular oil can, having been punctured the day before, had not been returned from the repair shop, and the men, having substituted the demijohn, were careless in handling it, hence the accident. I ordered the traps packed up, and, abandoning the station, we started along the plateau of the mountain till reaching the Nickajack trail that led us down into Wills' Valley near the little town of Trenton, when, my instructions being delivered, I retraced my steps across the mountain and down through the East Nickajack Gap, finally rejoining Gen. Polk near Rossville.

It is with regret I now have to report the one and only desertion that occurred during the time I had charge of the signal corps. Lieut. T——, of Virginia, had been in temporary charge of Lookout Mountain Station, and had always proven himself a brave and efficient officer; but an opportunity offering, he left our lines and sought security and seclusion, to be found only in the North. It became imperative to at once change our signal code, as I was satisfied the enemy's signal corps were interpreting our messages, and I was under the impression that the levitating lieutenant had given away the information, until a curious circumstance occurred in 1891, and twenty-eight years after I corrected the wrong I unintentionally did him. I was visiting the Alamo in Texas, and the guide appointed to conduct visitors through that historic spot proved to be an old Federal soldier who belonged to the troops operating in our immediate front at Chattanooga. As old soldiers generally do, our conversation drifted on to campaigns in which we had been opposing participants. I related the experience of my lost lieutenant and regretted that he had thoughtlessly (for I couldn't believe intentionally) given away our code signals, when my guide at once corrected me by stating that he had received the surrender of the lieutenant in question, and, though urged to disclose the code, he had persistently refused, saying: "Boys, you mustn't ask me to do that, for though I am tired of fighting, and don't believe the South can win, I will not betray my comrades. All I want is to be permitted to go North and follow my occupation for a living!"

I am glad to be able to make this amend for the injustice I had borne in my mind against him for so many years. Though the act of desertion in the face of the enemy can never be washed away, there is some consolation that he had the redeeming or palliating circumstance of refusing to make known the signal code.

(To Be Continued.)

R. Emmett Fay, a member of Forrest's escort, died at Shelbyville a few days ago. He was a good soldier, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., with Forrest.



Rev. J. Jasper Green's name is added to the last roll. He "crossed the river" from his home, Brookhaven, Miss., December 10, 1899. Comrade Green was born in Spaulding County March 5, 1837. In 1844 he joined the Church (Baptist) and studied for the ministry. In 1861, with lessons unfinished, he entered the Confederate service, and had fought in the battles of Manassas, at Yorktown, and at Ball's Bluff, when he was discharged because of ill health. He was soon in service again, however, as a lieutenant in the Thirty-Eighth Mississippi Regiment. In the sanguinary battle of Harrisburg every other field and line officer



REV. J. JASPER GREEN.

of Mabry's Brigade had received his death wound. Comrade Green reported the regiment out of ammunition, and said: "If you say so, we'll try it with empty guns." At Corinth and elsewhere he added increased glory to his military crown. He was no braver as a soldier and officer in battle than at all times devout and zealous as a Christian. In his ministry as chaplain and subsequent to the war he is said to have baptized more than two thousand persons. In 1863 he married Miss M. A. Ellis, who survives him, together with the only daughter, Mrs. T. C. Maxwell, and two sons, Prof. Edgar and Dr. C. L. Green.

MRS. T. LEIPER PATTERSON.

The death of Mrs. Louisa A. Patterson occurred November 6, 1899, in Cumberland, Md., after an illness of less than a week, but following a longer period of failing health.

She was the daughter of the Hon. Michael Cresap and Mary Lamar Sprigg. Her social position descended to her through an honorable and distinguished line of ancestors. Cresaps, Spriggs, Lamars, and Worthingtons for more than two hundred years have furnished warriors and statesmen. All were prominent in Maryland, while the Lamars are so in the more Southern States. Her parents on both sides were prominent in the history of Western Maryland, and were connected by close relationship with the chief actors during and following the war of the revolution. Col. William Lamar, her maternal grandfather, settled in Alleghany County after the revolutionary war, in which he had served as a captain in the Maryland line of the Continental army in all the battles from Whiteplains and Staten Island, with Lord Sterling, to Eutaw Springs, Cowpens, Guilford C. H., and Yorktown, under Smallwood and Greene. He was a large landed proprietor, owning all the land along Evert's Creek from the Baltimore turnpike to the Potomac River. It was at Partridge Lodge, the home of her grandfather, that Mrs. Patterson was born February 18, 1825.

Hon. Michael C. Sprigg, her father, represented his district in Congress in 1828-29. He was a Democrat of the school of his friend, John C. Calhoun. He held many offices of honor and trust, and was an active participant in all city and county affairs, his home being the "Grove" Cumberland.

Mrs. Patterson spent most of her long life in Cumberland, having been away only a few years after the war. July 20, 1847, she was married to Thomas Leiper Patterson, at that time of Harford County, Md., but before and afterwards a civil engineer on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and other works. Their children now living are Mrs. William L. Venable, of Petersburg, Va.; Mrs. Nelson C. Read, Mrs. R. R. Henderson, and Floyd S. Patterson, of Cumberland; and Lamar G. Patterson, chemist at Ensley, Ala.

Of an eminently social, bright, and kindly disposition, Mrs. Patterson was always a favorite in society. Not too low for the highest, nor too high for those in the more humble walks of life, she had devoted friends in all classes, and was perhaps more widely known, particularly by the older residents and their descendants, than any other lady of her town. She was peculiarly strong in her attachments and loyal to her friends, her Church, and her party, and no notice of her life which omitted a reference to her interest in the success of the Democratic party, or to her ardent sympathy with the cause of the Confederates, would be complete. These were perhaps next to her family and Church. She was brought up in the congregation of Emmanuel Parish, and was an active member of the Episcopal Church.

In her domestic circle, as a wife, mother, and grandmother, there was no limit to her unselfish affection. Her hospitality was boundless but unostentatious; her home the welcome resort not only of her older friends but of the young people, whose society she loved.

On July 20, 1897, she celebrated with Mr. Patterson the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and the event was further signalized by the marriage of one of her granddaughters.

In addition to her children, she leaves thirteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Seven of her family, including herself and husband, comprising four generations, were photographed together not long before her death.

Mrs. Patterson was present at Harper's Ferry on the occasion of the John Brown raid, which she always characterized, and perhaps justly, as the first blow struck in the war between the Northern and Southern States, and was an eyewitness of the guerrilla warfare between the citizens and John Brown's motley collection of border ruffians on the 17th of October, and the storming, on the 18th, of the fire engine house in which Brown had taken refuge with six or seven prominent citizens selected and the seven or eight of his own gang remaining, by Lieut. Green and a squad of United

worthy visitor from Nashville, read and carefully laid it away with its predecessors."

The VETERAN has never contained a worthier tribute than to this noble woman, and in this connection expression of sincerest sympathy is made to the husband, who is still engaged in his profession as civil engineer, although fourscore and nearly four years more have already been allotted to him. The VETERAN is the nobler in tone for the exalting influence of Mrs. Patterson's interest in it.

CAPT. C. F. LINTHICUM.

Capt. Charles Frederick Linthicum was born December 17, 1838, in Urbana District, Frederick County, Md., just south of Mason and Dixon's line, his parents being John Hamilton Smith and Julia Ann (Garrott) Linthicum. The name is of Welsh origin, the first spelling of it showing the double "l." The name in America, however, is traced back into the twilight of colonial times.

His early education was had in the public schools of his State, in which he afterwards taught. In 1860 he was ordained a minister and sent by his bishop to Loudoun County, Va., and, coming of a stanch Southern family, was ripe for service at the first call to duty in his adopted State.

Gen. Eppa Hunton in a recent letter tells how he first had his attention drawn to this young man, whom he found in the ranks of his regiment, the "Bloody Eighth" (the Eighth Virginia). The incident occurred as they were about to make an important charge, when he asked permission of him to pray with his company. The prayer so impressed his officer that he lost no time in procuring for him a commission as chaplain of the regiment. He was ever afterwards known as the "fighting chaplain," for whenever and wherever fighting was going on he was found with his knapsack and musket in the front ranks.

In 1862 he yielded to the appeals of his gallant officer, Gen. Hunton, who had temporarily taken the place of Gen. Pickett, the latter having been severely wounded at Gaines's Mill, to become his adjutant general. He was persuaded that in this capacity he could render more efficient service to the cause which he had so much at heart, while he also was modest enough to believe that his contemplated successor, Chaplain Ware, could do greater good in that calling. These were the reasons he gave for relinquishing his duties as chaplain and becoming a staff officer. He continued to the last, however, to feel that the ministry was his special calling, to which he frequently makes mention in his diary, and to which calling he intended to return when the strife was ended.

As adjutant general he served on the staff of Col. C. S. Peyton and on that of Gen. Richard B. Garnett. He was with the latter at Gettysburg, where he and his entire staff fell except Linthicum, and he only escaped after losing two horses and receiving a slight wound in the head. On the fall of Gen. Garnett Gen. Hunton became permanent brigade commander, from which date that close confidence and bosom companionship which should exist between a general and his adjutant bound their hearts together.



MRS. T. LEIPER PATTERSON.

States marines under the command of Lieut. Col. Robert E. Lee. With these memories and four years of the war spent on the border, within five miles of Mason and Dixon's line, and a half mile from Virginia, a daily witness of the persecution of all persons suspected of sympathy with the South, she became so embittered that she claimed to the last that she had not surrendered at Appomattox, and was an "unreconstructed" Southerner.

Idolizing President Davis, she collected and read all his writings. Very soon after the VETERAN was launched, in 1893, Mrs. Patterson, then a venerable grandmother of grown women, secured a score of subscribers, and her exertions to keep these subscribers in line only ceased through her physical inability to look after renewals.

A letter from a member of the family states: "She looked forward with pleasure to the advent of her

Capt. Linthicum is described as a man of wonderful endurance, of superb judgment, cool headed, and a fearless fighter. He fell at Second Cold Harbor June 3, 1864, while bearing a message, which he had insisted no one else but himself should take, from Gen. Hunton to the general commanding on their right. He is buried in Hollywood, at Richmond. An extended sketch of his life can be found in the "Confederate Military History," Vol. VIII., page 579, edited by Gen. Clement A. Evans; also in the "Portrait and Biographical Record of the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland," page 601. (Chapman Publishing Company, of New York.)



CAPT. CHARLES F. LINTHICUM.

A brother, John Warren Linthicum, survives, who fought throughout the war with Gen. John S. Mosby. His father was for a time a prisoner of state and confined in the old capitol at Washington by order of Secretary Seward. Capt. Linthicum's nephew, bearing his full name, who is also a Marylander, but removed to Nashville in 1892, prides himself in the possession of his uncle's diary covering the period from May, 1863 to March, 1864. It contains many rare and valuable reminiscences.

—
WILLIAM JESSE AND JAMES HUNT TAYLOR.

Albert Rhett Elmore sends from Jacksonville, Fla., interesting sketches of the two brothers named above from publications made long ago, but which merit place in the VETERAN. They were descendants of Gov. John Taylor, of South Carolina, and of revolutionary sires. The *Columbia Register* of March 21, 1880, states:

The two brothers, though so different in character—

the elder, modest, reticent, and retiring; the other, bold, free, and dashing—were utterly devoted to each other, and inseparable in the camp as well as in the hour of danger. They were also equally high-spirited and one at heart in devotion to their country. When, soon after the evacuation of Sumter, there was a call for volunteers to go to Virginia, the brothers stepped forth, shoulder to shoulder, among the first to go to the front. The company, commanded by Capt. Dan Miller, continued under its old colonel, Maxey Gregg (afterwards Gen. Gregg), of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. At the moment of departure the flag of our State was given into the regiment's keeping, pure and fresh from the hand of the maker, never to return to South Carolina until riddled and torn by shot and shell and stained with the life-blood of heroes. Some months later it was placed in the hands of James Taylor. This boy of fifteen "was chosen by Col. Gregg as first color sergeant of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers expressly as a reward for meritorious conduct as a soldier." Safely was the banner borne until that terrible battle—a six days' steady fight—around Richmond. On the 27th of June, 1862, Col. Gregg writes: "Taylor was shot down three times, twice rising to bear his flag, which was only delivered to another brave soldier when the boy had fallen the third time." The last words as he fell, wrapped in its folds, were: "Colonel [Lieut. Col. D. H. Hamilton], I can go no farther; I must give up my flag." It was then drenched with his young blood.

After the battle he was found in all the majesty of death, with arms folded across his breast, where he had fastened a paper, upon which was written his name and regiment. There his brother buried him. The flag was unfurled for the first time in Columbia at the unveiling of the Confederate monument there.

This young hero poured his life out on the bloody battlefield near Richmond on the memorable night of June 27. "Tell his father," says Gen. Gregg, "that his son fell like a hero." Those who knew him in private life knew that the boy hero was equally the hero everywhere. As a son, brother, friend, companion, he inspired equally trust and affection. One of the brave youths who fell by his side, in writing to his father, stated: "I have many friends in the regiment, but none that I feel so sure will never fail me as James Taylor." Three others in quick succession were stricken down, bearing the same colors, which passed from hand to hand without being allowed to remain a moment fallen: George Cotchett, Shubric Hayne, and Alfred Pinckney, the first only escaping with his life. May the turf of the battlefield rest lightly on the young hero's grave! He was buried where he fell. The Daughters of the Confederacy of South Carolina erected a monument last year (1899) as tribute to these four heroes, three of whom sleep on the battlefield of old Virginia soil.

William Jesse Taylor was commissioned on the 27th of May, 1862, second lieutenant in Company G (Capt. William Clyburn), Seventh South Carolina Battalion, Hagood's Brigade. He served on the coast of South Carolina with his battalion until the spring of 1864, being engaged with it at the battle of Pocataligo, where, arriving on a train at the crisis of the battle,

it decided the day by a vigorous charge. Lieut. Taylor afterwards discharged the full measure of his duty around Charleston, on James and Morris Islands, in Battery Wagner and Fort Sumter.

Along with his brigade he went to Virginia when Grant and Lee were engaged in the death grapple of the Wilderness, and Butler, with thirty thousand men, was making from the south side of the James his co-operative move upon the Confederate capital. Lieut. Taylor bore his part in Beauregard's army in the operations that preceded the decisive battle of Drury's Bluff. In this last battle he was noted by his immediate commander, Brig. Gen. Johnson Hagood (afterwards the war governor of South Carolina), for his conspicuous gallantry, and was wounded by a rifle shot in his head, from which he never fully recovered, resulting ultimately in the paralysis from which he died sixteen years afterwards. Lieut. Taylor rejoined his battalion the August following, with his wound unhealed. A few days later he was engaged with his brigade in the desperate fight on the Weldon Road. When the brigade, which had been surrounded, was cutting its way out, its commander, Gen. Hagood, was cheering his men on when his horse was killed by a shell, and in its death struggle kicked Lieut. Taylor upon the head, rendering him so confused that he was led by one of his men through the remainder of the fight. Notwithstanding this additional blow, he reported for duty a few weeks afterwards and took part in the subsequent numerous engagements, enduring all the hardships of the field up to the surrender of Johnston's army in April, 1865, to which his brigade had been transferred. In his military service William Taylor was conspicuous for cool and efficient courage. He was never known to fail in any duty required of a soldier or a man, and his several commanders, Capt. Miller, Gen. Gregg, Maj. Rion, and Gen. Hagood, have at different times given evidence that they regarded no man more strict in the observance of every duty. He bore many heavy trials with Christian resignation and courage until his death, February 15, 1880.

Never did any one hear a word of regret pass William Taylor's lips. "I love my country," he said a few days before his end, "and I love my old company. Tell them I wish to be buried as a Confederate soldier."

Lieut. Taylor graduated in the South Carolina College after the war, and was a man of ability. Immediately after graduating he engaged in planting in Mississippi until his health failed. In consequence of this his noble fellow-citizens of Mississippi made him superintendent of education for Tallahatchie County in the spring of 1876. Two years later he was reappointed by the Legislature, his commission extending to 1882. In 1878 he was elected mayor of Charleston, Miss., without an opposing vote. It is pleasing to note how his Mississippi friends nourished him. All that their generosity could afford or suggest they freely bestowed upon this noble soldier in such positions as he could discharge in his feeble health.

In May, 1879, he resigned his official trusts in Mississippi and returned to South Carolina to lie down to rest with his sires, as gallant a man as ever bore the honored name of Taylor.

In this connection it is well to give "The Phantom Host," by Rev. A. J. Ryan (Father Ryan):

(Published in the *Grenada* (Miss.) *Sentinel* in 1867.)

My form was wrapped in the slumber
Which steals from the heart its cares,
For my life was weary
With its barren waste of years;
But my soul, with rapid pinions,
Fled swift to the light which seems
From a phantom's sun and planets
For the dreamer in his dreams.

I stood in a wondrous woodland,
Where the sunlight nestled sweet
In the cups of snowy lilies
Which grew about my feet;
And while the Gothic forest arches
Stirred gently with the air,
The lilies underneath them
Swung their censors pale in prayer.

I stood amazed and wondering,
And a grand memorial strain
Came sweeping through the forest,
And died; then rose again.
It swelled in solemn measure,
Till my soul, with comfort blessed,
Sank down among the lilies
With folded wings to rest.

Then to that mystic music
Through the forest's twilight aisle
Passed a host with muffled footsteps,
In martial rank and file;
And I knew those gray-clad figures,
Thus slowly passing by,
Were the souls of Southern soldiers
Who for freedom dared to die.

In front rode Sidney Johnston,
With a brow no longer wrung
By the vile and senseless slanders
Of a prurient rabble tongue;
And near him mighty Jackson,
With a placid front, as one
Whose warfare was accomplished,
Whose crown of glory won.

There Hill, too, pure and noble,
Passed in that spirit train,
For he joined the martyred army
From the South's last battle plain.
Then next in order followed
The warrior-priest, great Polk,
With joy to meet his Master,
For he had nobly borne the yoke.

There Stuart, the bold, the daring,
With matchless Pelham rode;
With earnest, chastened face,
They were looking up to God.
And Jenkins, glorious Jenkins,
With his patient, fearless eyes,
And the brave, devoted Garnett,
Journeyed on to Paradise.

Before a shadowy squadron
Rode Morgan, keen and strong,
And I knew by his tranquil forehead
He'd forgotten every wrong.
There peerless Pegram marching
With a dauntless martial tread,
And I breathed a sigh for the hero,
The young, the early dead.

'Mid spectral black-horse troopers
Passed Ashby's stalwart form,
With that proud, defiant bearing
Which so spurned the battle storm;
But his glance was mild and tender,
For in that phantom host
He dwelt with lingering fondness
On the brother he had lost.

Then strode the brave Maloney,
Kind, genial adjutant;
And next him walked the truthful,
The lion-hearted Gantt.

There to that solemn music
Passed a triad of the brave:
Hayne, Taylor, Alfred Pinckney—
All had found a soldier's grave.
They were young and gentle spirits,
But they quaffed the bitter cup,
For their country's flag was falling,
And they fell to lift it up.

And then passed in countless thousands
In that mighty phantom host
True hearts and noble patriots
Whose names on earth are lost.
There "the missing" found their places—
Those vanished from our gaze
Like brilliant, flashing meteors,
And were lost in glory's blaze.

Yes, they passed, that noble army—
They passed to meet their Lord;
And a voice within me whispered:
"They but march to their reward."

Hayne, Taylor, Pinckney—three boys who were killed under the flag of the First South Carolina Regiment of Infantry in the seven days' fight around Richmond. The regiment was commanded by Col. Maxey Gregg, who was afterwards made general, and killed at the battle of Fredericksburg. Shubric Hayne, who took the flag from Taylor's hands, was his senior by a very few years, and met his death as a soldier should. He fell a very few moments after he assumed the carriage of the flag. He was the son of the Hon. Isaac W. Hayne, of Charleston, S. C., who before the war was United States Attorney General of South Carolina. Alfred Pinckney was scarcely twenty-one years of age, and took the flag as soon as Hayne fell, mortally wounded, and was in a few moments numbered with the dead. He was from Charleston, S. C., and bore a name which has been identified with the history of South Carolina since the revolution. Notice of Jesse Taylor is given in the preceding sketch.

R. C. WHITE.

R. C. Carnell, of Waverly, Tenn., writes of Comrade R. C. White, who died at his home in McKinney, Tex., Saturday afternoon, February 10, 1900, of la grippe. He was seventy-two years of age, and was born near Waverly. In 1857 he moved to Texas and settled at McKinney. He was engaged in mercantile business until the breaking out of the war, when at the sound of the call to arms he was among the first to respond, and no braver soldier ever faced an enemy that "Cope" White. Gallant and courageous, he was ever in the thickest of the fray. He was indeed "brave as a lion and charitable to a fault." In the battle of Thompson's Station, Tenn., he was shot through the breast and well-nigh fatally wounded. He was second lieutenant of Thockmorton's company, Ross's Brigade, and maintained the esteem of all who knew him.

After the knell of the Confederacy he returned to McKinney, where he resumed the mercantile business and also began the study of law, being admitted to the bar in 1871, after which time he has successfully and amiably practiced his profession, it being said of him that in the law he never committed one act that was susceptible of criticism upon the part of his opponent.

He was the first man in Collin County during reconstruction days to defeat a Republican for office, being elected county judge.

During his long residence in McKinney he was



R. C. WHITE.

mayor and treasurer, besides holding many offices of public trust. He was administrator and guardian of many estates, serving in all honestly and sincerely. His broad and patriotic heart ever beat with generous impulses and tender sympathies. No charitable object called upon him in vain; no friend in need was ever denied his assistance. He had three brothers in the service (D. H. White, brigade quartermaster under Gen. Forrest; F. M. White, in the same command; while Capt. W. J. White served in the infantry, G. W. Gordon's Brigade) all of whom surrendered with their commands. Twenty-two years ago he was married to Miss Virginia Plummer, of Whitesboro, and his good wife survives him. He was an Odd Fellow for forty years, in which order he stood high.

THE SOUTHLAND.

BY JAMES G. BURNETT.

There the slow rivers glide down to the sea;
There the wind quivers the vine and the tree;

There the bird voices give life to the air,
All earth rejoices, and nature is fair.

There the shy springtime first stops on her way,
Careless what King Time or winter may say.

There every flower gives home to a bee;
There every hour is happy and free.

Hearts there are truthful and friendship is dear,
Growing more youthful with love every year

Honor a boast is, o'er all and before;
Kindness stands hostess at each Southern door.

Breezes are blowing o'er valley and hill;
Blossoms are snowing in memory still.

Northland is home, though, and there must I be;
Whene'er I roam, though, the Southland for me.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Lieut. W. L. Lowe, of Galveston, Tex., writes to his father and mother of services in the Philippine Islands. His picture is given, in connection with that of his father, on page 108. It is a vivid description of the hardships to which American soldiers are subjected in the Orient. It was written in January.

I left Manazog November 10 with eighty-five men, and reached Vigan, Luzon, with thirteen, the others having been left along the road—one dead, four wounded, the others sick or foot-sore. My health has been perfect. We were up in the mountains without rations of any kind for twenty-three days, depending entirely upon what we could get from the natives, who are as wild as deer and who hid everything they had in their huts. But, as a hungry man has a keen scent, we managed to locate the hiding places of their rice and an occasional pig. My men were all without shoes and trousers upon our arrival here. My left foot was bare, but the right boot held out. We went to a small barrio near Urdeneta, and captured Aguinaldo's Secretary of State, his only child, and twenty of his party, all officials, and \$5,000. I returned with the Secretary to San Jacinto, and delivered him to Col. Hare. I was then ordered to return to Manazog and join the battalion, with the information that we had overlooked valuable stores at Urdeneta; also the mother of Aguinaldo was supposed to be in hiding there. We made another trip, and found the mother, nineteen rifles, a large amount of ammunition, and all of Aguinaldo's personal effects and government papers. Upon our return to San Jacinto, two days later, we were ordered to join Gen. Young, who was on the way to Vigan, and four days ahead of us; and away we went on our march of one hundred and forty-two miles, having just completed one of fifty-four miles. We went from early until late, and left men all along the route. We overtook Gen. Young the sixth day out. My company had fallen off from eighty-five to sixty-six men.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the sixth day we heard firing, and Gen. Young sent a courier with word to hurry. We arrived at the foot of the mountain, where the insurgents were intrenched, about three o'clock. Part of the Thirty-Fourth U. S. V. and Third Cavalry had been hammering at them all day. Capt. Shields was in command of the battalion, and when ordered to send a company in he, of course, selected his own company, and I was in command. We were ordered into a cane field, and at about eight hundred yards the tops of five very high hills were strongly fortified. They had two cannon, and were Tino's men, who have a reputation as fighters. It was warm for a while, and I could easily see that my men were wasting ammunition, so I left them under command of Second Lieut. Bujac, reconnoitered, and found a trail around and up the mountain on their flank. I sent word back to Col. Hare, and permission was granted to ascend the hill. Capt. Shields and two companies reinforcing me. We charged the hill about dark, and so complete was the surprise that we had them out in a short time. We had to go single file and along a trail on the side of a very steep mountain. Their first fire killed one and wounded three of my men. They were the first four men in the line. We had to walk over the wounded men as there was no time nor way to care for them. Company C went over those trenches like fiends. We killed thirty-five, wounded eighty, including a lieutenant colonel and ten other officers. Our loss was two killed and four wounded. We slept that night surrounded by the dead.

The next morning, December 5, they opened on us from trenches we had not known of the day before, but we had put fear in their hearts, and it was easy. We followed them to San Quintin, after destroying all kinds of ammunition, rice, clothing, arms, etc. We spent part of the night at San Quintin, leaving there at 2 A.M. for Pedigan. That afternoon, December 6, we headed into the mountains for San José, twenty-seven miles over a mountain trail, where we arrived at ten o'clock the next morning, having had a brush about 7 A.M. We captured \$300, seven prisoners, and secured information that put us on the trail of Gilmore. Delores was our next stop, and we left there on the afternoon of the 8th of December, with one hundred men, over a mountain trail to Banna, fifty-seven miles. It was a tough trip, but we had a good moon and traveled a good deal at night. We reached Banna on the 10th at 2 P.M., and left at six for Dingras, twelve miles northwest. We arrived there at 1 A.M. and slept in

the church. I made a specialty of sleeping in churches on the trip.

We had to give up our horses in the canyon, and every one was afoot. On the afternoon of the 16th we had a brush—killed three and wounded one, took twenty prisoners, and recaptured three Americans. On the 18th we got Gilmore and his party.

The leading question was how to get out. We were in five days and could not go back, as the trail was something awful, and with nothing to eat or the chance of getting anything, going back was out of the question. We had no guide. No map has ever been made of the mountains, and we are probably the first white men ever in that section. So we decided to build rafts and go down the river, which we knew would some day lead us to the sea. The river was full of rapids, and we took all kinds of chances. We had thirty-four rafts, and lost all but eight. That we were not all drowned was a mystery, but we lost only one man, and he died with measles. We had one meal Christmas, rice without salt. Every one thought of the folks at home and the good things they were enjoying, and did not envy them; we only wondered if we would be out by New Year's day. When that day came we did not even have the rice, with nothing in sight; but that afternoon we got out of the mountains into one of the smallest villages you ever saw. It was daylight and salvation to us, for it was inhabited by Christian people, who were not afraid of us. We remained in their village, and had chicken for dinner. We secured small boats; there were no more rapids in the river, and every one was afloat and happy. We communicated with the navy at Abaloog, and soon got rations. We were promised a ten days' rest, but the colonel has just told me that he is going to send me with twenty-five men, mounted, after Gen. Tino. We will leave as soon as the horses can be secured. Gen. Young has recommended all officers on the trip for a brevet and medal of honor, and all the men for medals of honor, which will probably be granted.

Mr. Charles F. Linthicum, general agent for the Deering Harvester Company for the territory of which headquarters are at Nashville, does himself credit by the care and pride he takes in the Confederate record of his uncle, for whom he was named. A brief sketch of the gallant Christian patriot is published in this VETERAN. See page 132.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. F. E. DANIEL.

J. H. McN. writes the following interesting review:

Here is a book by an old doctor that will be equal to all the pills and powders in his medicine case. It will surely provoke merriment unlimited. We are told that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." It is a delight to listen to the wise and witty reflections of this genial old soul, who, after many years, recalls the funny things that relieved the awful strain of four years of terrible war.

Dr. Daniel, fat and jovial, is a privileged character, and he gives freely reminiscences from his experiences when, in his "sappy days," he was a surgeon in the Confederate States army. It is a record of real incidents, as every grizzly old "Rebel" who was ever in a Confederate hospital or saw the work of the surgeons on the field will recognize. The old Doctor, the fat philosopher, is a man of shrewd common sense, as well as of infinite humor. He not only has an eye for the funny side of things, but also a heart to feel the deep pathos that underlay much of the fun of war times. While he could not resist the temptation to play a practical joke, he was free from malice, and always took good care to keep his lines of retreat open in case the victim of his joke might retaliate. He gives a vivid picture of the hardships of life in the Confederacy and of the disadvantages under which surgeons did their work with improvised instruments and with medicines declared contraband of war. Dr. Daniel entered the army when he was only twenty-three years old. Time has mellowed his memories, taking away all bitterness and casting a gentle haze of humor over the scenes and events of that far-off time.

After all deductions these sketches have given much pleasure and called forth many a hearty laugh of the funny side as well as the tragic details of the war. We have to thank "Daniels" for taking us back so delightfully to the old scenes and associations.

Price of this book, \$1. Send to Dr. F. E. Daniels, Austin, Tex., or to this office.

GEN. THOMAS C. HINDMAN AND CHILDREN.

The VETERAN is in possession of a small photograph of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman and his three children. It was



copied from an old photograph in the possession of Dr. E. E. Ellis, of Hot Springs, Ark. The little girl on his right is Susie, holding her doll in her hand. She is now dead. The baby on his knee is Thomas C. Hindman, of New York; and the other is Mr. Biscoe Hindman, now of Louisville, Ky., who has been an active worker among the Sons of

GEN. THOS. C. HINDMAN AND CHILDREN.

Veterans. The first camp of Sons in Tennessee was named for Gen. Hindman.

IMPORTANT PROPOSITION TO REMEMBER.

Every Confederate or admirer of Southern heroism in our great war should be diligent to possess the "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest," by Dr. J. A. Wyeth. No other war book has created the delightful sensation in many years. Dr. Wyeth is eminent as a surgeon and author in his profession over the civilized world. He is an Alabamian, and was a boy soldier in Forrest's Cavalry. His purse is ever open to our important interests. He sent fifty dollars for the Sam Davis monument, and now proposes to deliver some lectures in the South to aid the Forrest monument cause—not for part of the proceeds, but pays his own expenses in every particular, as well as giving his time and talent to the enterprise.



By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.
DR. J. A. WYETH.

The VETERAN has never succeeded in disposing of so many fine books. The price is four dollars, but with it a year's subscription is given. A year's credit will be extended to subscribers who have paid, or the book will be sent and the subscription be entered in the name of any other desired. What about sending the VETERAN to that old soldier who can't pay and who you know would enjoy the VETERAN?

Blair's Gold Ink-Making Fountain Pen is offered as a premium for new subscriptions to the VETERAN. See advertisement elsewhere. This remarkable pen is of a very low price, \$1.75, and will be sent as a premium for three VETERAN subscriptions.

Stands Four Square to All Winds That Blow.

THE GRAND OLD Mutual Life Insurance Co., OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.

Largest, Strongest, and Best Company in the World.

The funds of the Company in 1885, when Richard A. McCurdy became President, were, \$103,876,179
On December 31, 1899, the funds amounted to 301,191,286

Increase in fifteen years \$197,315,107

The Company's Contingent Guarantee Fund is now nearly \$50,000,000, in spite of the fact that it has paid to its policy holders, in dividends or profits, nearly \$100,000,000, a sum nearly equal to the combined dividends paid by the next two largest companies in the world. It has paid to and invested for its members over \$815,000,000, and now has insurance in force of more than \$1,052,000,000.

The combined capital stock of the four famous banks of the world (the banks of England, France, Germany, and Russia, aggregating \$170,822,855) could be deducted from the funds of the Mutual Life, and the company, with only two exceptions, would still be the largest life insurance company in the world, and would still have the enormous sum of \$125,021,082 with which to continue in business at the same old stand.

Its funds are large enough to absorb the entire national bank capital of the eighteen hundred and three national banks in the thirty-six most important States of the Union, and if converted into bills of one-dollar denomination and laid edgewise in a straight line, would extend to a distance of seven thousand miles—that is, across the continent to San Francisco, across the Pacific, and across China. The company could build the Nicaragua Canal and have \$150,000,000 for the construction of fifty battle ships to protect it. It could create a navy larger than that now owned by the United States, and it could equip and maintain an army of one million men for one year at full pay.

The new policies of this great company give large guaranteed cash surrender and loan values, automatic paid-up insurance, extended insurance for the full amount, and thirty days grace in payment of premiums at five per cent interest.

For information concerning policies or agencies in Kentucky or Tennessee address

BISCOE HINDMAN, Louisville, Ky.
General Agent for Kentucky and Tennessee.

CATARRH CURED.

Catarrh is a kind of ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in the thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I now send this cure to all sufferers in Catarrh, Asthma, and nervous diseases. This remedy, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Joyce, 929 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CHESAPEAKE STEAMSHIP CO.

NEW STEEL PASSENGER AND FREIGHT STEAMSHIP, AUGUSTA.

The following circular is issued:

Appreciating the liberal patronage extended for so many years to our York River Line, operating between Baltimore and Richmond, Va., and to our Chesapeake Line, operating between Baltimore, Old Point Comfort, and Norfolk, Va., in connection with the Southern Railway and Atlantic Coast Line Systems, for all points South, this company takes pleasure in announcing the completion of its new steamer Augusta, which, with the magnificent and swift steamer Atlanta, will be placed on the Baltimore and Norfolk Route.

The steamer Augusta, which has been so aptly termed the "New Queen of the Bay," is a veritable floating palace. She was built by the Nease & Levy Ship and Engine Building Company, of Philadelphia, at a cost of \$350,000. Her dimensions are: Length, 260 feet; beam on main deck, 46 feet; beam at water line, 32 feet; depth of hold, 17 feet, 4 inches; depth from keel to top of house on hurricane deck, 43 feet.

The hull is constructed of steel of the best character known to shipbuilders. The dimensions are in excess of the Rules of the American Bureau of Shipping, and all material has been subjected to the most rigorous test and inspection.

The vessel is propelled by an inverted vertical triple expansion engine of the latest and most approved type, with cylinders 27, 49, and 68 inches diameter, with a piston stroke of 42 inches. Running at 115 revolutions per minute, they are expected to indicate 3,400 horse power and to drive the ship at a speed of twenty miles an hour.

The shaft is of mild steel and the propeller of the sectional type, the hub being cast steel and the blades of manganese bronze.

The high-pressure cylinder has a valve of the piston type, the intermediate and low pressure have double-ported slide valves; the pressure is relieved from the back of the intermediate valve by the Allan-Richardson device; all valves are operated by the Stevenson link motion.

The circulating pump is of the cen-

trifugal type, operated by independent vertical engine. The feed pump is of the latest improved Blake compound type, and is the first pump of this design to be used on a merchant vessel. A large fire and bilge pump of the duplex type is also fitted, and hose connections are conveniently located throughout the vessel.

The sanitary arrangements are the most complete and up to date, the toilets all being elegantly fitted up with the most approved appliances, including automatic flushing tanks. Eighteen marble wash basins, with a constant supply of fresh water, have also been installed.

Steam is supplied by four main and one auxiliary boilers; the main boilers are 13 feet 9 inches in diameter and 12 feet long, each fitted with three corrugated furnaces 47 inches in diameter. The steam pressure is 165 pounds.

The vessel is conspicuous by her two high funnels, each being 7 feet in diameter, their tops reaching 84 feet from the grate bars.

The boat is lighted throughout by electricity; the current, which is generated by two 15 K. W. General Electric Marine Plants, supplying 450 incandescent lamps. A 45 ampere search light is located on top of the pilot house; the running lights are also electric.

The ship is provided with steam steering gear, steam windlass, capstans and cargo-hoisting engines.

No expense has been spared in making the passenger accommodations most complete. The dining room, which is handsomely finished in hard wood, and has seating capacity for seventy persons, has been located on the main saloon deck, forward, thus insuring ample light and ventilation, and enabling passengers to command a view of the beauties of the Chesapeake Bay while enjoying the meals for which this company has always been deservedly famous.

Another attractive feature of this steamer is the location of the kitchen, which is on the upper deck, forward of the smokestacks, completely isolated from the passenger accommodations, so that the necessary heat and odor of the cooking is carried directly overboard, causing no annoyance to the passengers.

The main saloon is handsomely finished in mahogany, and is luxuriously furnished. The staterooms are large and comfortable, fitted with steam heat, electric lights, and call bells.

The smoking room, which is ele-

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cts.

The O'Dell Commission Company.

CAPITAL
\$200,000



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233 N. College St., Nashville, Tenn.
Telephone 201.

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gantly finished in quartered oak, is located aft, on the hurricane deck, and is large, with ample light and ventilation, having windows on three sides opening directly on the promenade deck.

The social hall is reached by a magnificently carved hard-wood stairway leading from the main saloon, and opens out on the promenade deck, where the passengers gather to admire the glories of the Chesapeake and to discuss the charms of this latest addition to the fleet of this progressive company.

American Bread Company,
619-621 CHURCH ST.,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

BLUE SEAL BREAD.

"Cleanest Bakery in the world." Ask your grocer for it. Sold in five States.

DO YOU WANT WATER

without the trouble or expense of working a pump? If you do, and have a running stream, The Rife Automatic Hydraulic Engine will do the rest. Small towns, factories, mills, summer hotels, private residences, dairies, farms, etc., all use them.

Chauncey C. Foster, Special Agent,
3 BRUNN BLOCK, NASHVILLE, TENN.

WINNIE DAVIS.

Keep green the memory of the loyal-hearted DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY. A neat button with an artistic photograph of the beloved Winnie Davis sent postpaid on receipt of 15 cents; two for 25 cents. Liberal commission to agents. N. U. WALLINGTON, 1007 Faragut Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa.

BLUE SEAL BREAD

is shipped by express to merchants in all parts of the South on every train leaving Nashville day or night. Made entirely by machine and baked in patent ovens in steam. Bakers at work can be seen from the street through the plate glass windows.

Manufacturers of
Railroad Ready-Mixed
Paints, Putty, Colors
in Oil, Etc.

Warren Bros.,

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Glass,
Sash, Doors, Blinds,
Artists' Materials.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1899

According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME

Received for Premiums	-	\$44,524,519 22
From all other Sources	-	14,365,557 99
		\$58,890,077 21

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	-	\$15,629,979 43
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	-	10,739,057 12
For all other accounts	-	12,228,444 13
		\$38,597,480 68

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	-	\$173,185,461 71
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	-	74,791,821 63
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	-	6,350,000 00
Loans on Company's Policies	-	4,374,636 66
Real Estate: Company's 12 Office Buildings, and other Properties	-	23,186,525 66
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	-	13,012,455 02
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	-	6,960,637 41
		\$301,844,537 52

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc.	-	\$251,711,988 61
Contingent Guarantee Fund	-	47,952,648 91
Available for Authorized Dividends	-	2,180,000 00
		\$301,844,537 52
Insurance and Annuities in Force	-	\$1,052,665,211 61

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

ROBERT A. GRANNISS Vice-President

WALTER R. GILLETTE General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD 2d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL Treasurer
EMORY MCCLINTOCK Actuary

BISCOE HINDMAN, General Agent for Kentucky and Tennessee, Louisville, Ky.
BEARD & McFARLAND, State Agents, Nashville, Tenn.

THOMAS C. TANNER, Inspector of Agents, Nashville, Tenn.

EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS, A \$7.00 BOOK.

The Book of the Century. Handsomely Illustrated by 32 of the World's Greatest Artists.

greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.

The fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND. (Also at Bookstores.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to sent postage, inclose 10c.

Mention VETERAN, as this adv. is inserted as our contribution.

Given Free

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscriptions as low as \$1 will entitle donor to this daintily artistic volume, "Field Flowers"

(cloth bound, 8x11), as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works, and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.

The fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND. (Also at Bookstores.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to sent postage, inclose 10c.

SAM DAVIS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, FOR THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes
To stand before his face,
O, many a name unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
And a rope about his neck.

For men have swung from gallows
Whose souls were white as snow.
Not how they die nor where, but why,
Is what God's records show.
And on that mighty ledger
Is writ Sam Davis' name—
For honor's sake he would not make
A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,
For he was in his youth.
With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.
He fought for his convictions,
And when he stood at bay
He would not flinch or stir one inch
From honor's narrow way.

They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word;
In silent pride he gazed aside
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath.
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"
He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope;
Where kings drag down a name and crown
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
Ah, death! where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom and stay a king.

And God, who loves the loyal
Because they are like him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
Among his cherubim.
O Southland! bring your laurels;
And add your wreath O North!
Let glory claim the hero's name,
And tell the world his worth.

JUDICIOUS SHOPPING GRATUITOUS.

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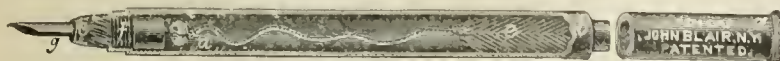
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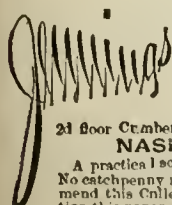
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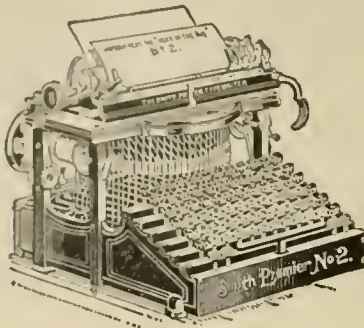
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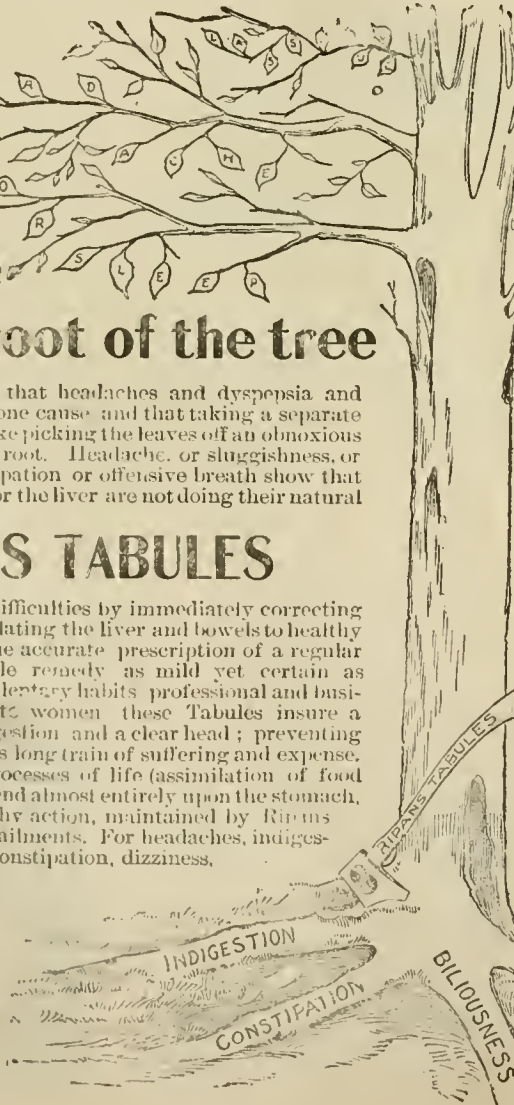
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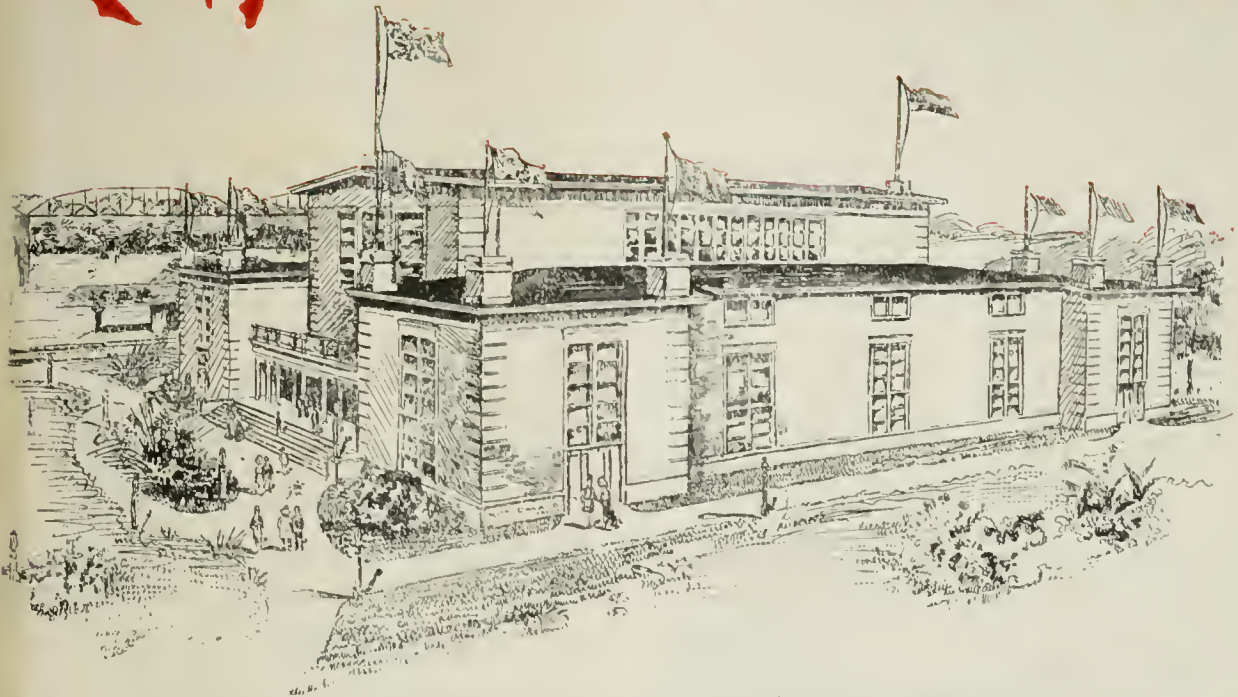
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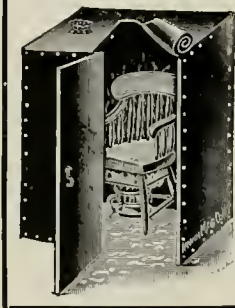
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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. / VOL. VIII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1900.

No. 4. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
PROPRIETOR.

ABOUT THE KENTUCKY REUNION—DATA FURNISHED BY COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG.

Kentucky was always at heart Southern in sympathy. The State furnished some of the noblest sacrifices that were made for the Confederate cause. Jefferson Davis, Albert Sidney Johnston, John C. Breckinridge, Roger Hanson, Ben Hardin Helm, John H. Morgan, Lloyd Tilghman, William Preston, Charles W. Fields, Gustavus W. Smith, John B. Hood, Joseph O. Shelby, Abe Buford, George W. Johnston are among the dead whom Kentucky sent to battle for the rights of the South. She has living Confederates who are equally as worthy of that great cause to which the State offered so much in men and money.

It has long been the desire of the Confederates of Kentucky to have the honor and privilege of entertaining their comrades within the limits of the State. With a hospitable persistence which was worthy of the subject the claims of the city of Louisville were again, again, and again presented to the United Confederate Veterans, and when at Charleston in 1899 the Association assented to this request it aroused within the bosoms of all the people of Kentucky an earnest desire to give a reception to the heroes of the gray worthy of their glorious achievements and their splendid renown. To carry out their plans, numerous committees have been appointed and every possible detail arranged, so that when the Southern soldiers shall come to Louisville they will be assured in every way of the great regard in which they are held by the people of this city.

Kentucky Conferences vie with each other in their desire to show their appreciation of the many kindnesses they received at the hands of their Southern comrades and Southern people during their long separation from their homes from 1861 to 1865, and their entertainment in Louisville has been projected upon a scale hitherto unknown in the provisions of the United Confederate Veterans.

A magnificent new hall has been erected on the banks of the Ohio River which will comfortably seat ten thousand people, and every man in the audience will be able to hear distinctly words spoken in an ordinary tone from the stand.

Magnificent fireworks, representing scenes in the war and

Confederate heroes, will be exhibited on the river, so that everybody can have a view of the splendid spectacle.

In three large halls free concerts and spectacular amusements will be arranged for every night, so that the veteran who is not tired with his work of the day may have amusement during the evening; and free excursion boats, with bands and refreshments, will make trips every two hours up and down the Ohio River.

There will be no Confederate hotel. Those who desire free entertainment will be given beds in a comfortable building and furnished meal tickets to the various restaurants and hotels. Kentucky feels profoundly gratified to be able in this way to show her appreciation of the distinguished guests who are willing to receive her hospitality.

The executive committee has provided a band free for each headquarters. These bands will, during the entire reunion, be at the service of the General Commanding from each State. So far as possible, arrangements will be made to meet all commands that may come in a body to the city, and they will be escorted to their headquarters.

Letters have been sent to all the camps, inquiring if they can suggest anything that will add to the comfort and pleasure of the guests during their stay.

This reunion will last five days, but the visitors will find that at the end of the fifth day there will be no cessation in the efforts on the part of the people of Louisville to make their visit agreeable.

The business part of the city will be lighted by arches, lit up by red and white electric lamps, and from each of which will be suspended in colors the name of some distinguished hero of our sacred cause.

Ample headquarters have been secured in close proximity to each other for every State. With twenty bands distributed in these headquarters, certainly there will be music enough and amusement enough for all who may come. The city of Louisville has provided ample means for the entertainment of the Confederates, and it is the desire of the State to offer to our visitors the best she has.

INFORMATION CONCERNING THE REUNION.

The entertainment has been projected on a scale beyond precedent. The city gives \$20,000, and from private sources \$30,000 is to be given. There will be added to the entertainment fund ample provision for Veterans to ride who do not care to walk.



MISS LOUISE SALMON, CLINTON, MO.

Sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department at Louisville Reunion.

Official sponsors and chief maids of honor will be entertained at the Louisville Hotel. The names of sponsors and maids of honor should be sent Biscoe Hindman, chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

There is an auditorium far out on Fourth Street. So, to avoid confusion, let every Veteran remember to call for the Reunion Hall instead of Auditorium.

In the fireworks display it is expected that over fifteen thousand shots will be fired. Pictures in fireworks will be very elaborate. One of Gen. R. E. Lee will be thirty-two by twenty feet. There are to be sent up twenty-five hundred colored rockets in ten minutes. There will be a band for every State headquarters, subject to their command at all times. At several halls and theaters badges will admit Veterans free. A large steamboat will be run on the Ohio day and night, and badges will entitle Veterans to free passage. The parade will countermarch in a broad street, so that those in the parade may see the crowd. A grand ball to sponsors and maids of honor will be given in the Reunion Hall. It is expected that seven thousand ladies and gentlemen, including two thousand in the gallery, will attend, and that there will be room for one thousand dancers. There will be three bands of music in the hall. Refreshments will be served.

Mr. C. C. Cantrell, chairman on committee for Tennessee at Louisville reunion, secured headquarters for this State at 434 W. Jefferson Street, next door to General Headquarters of Kentucky. It is three blocks from the Tabernacle and convenient to all street cars. That will be the headquarters of the VETERAN during the reunion.

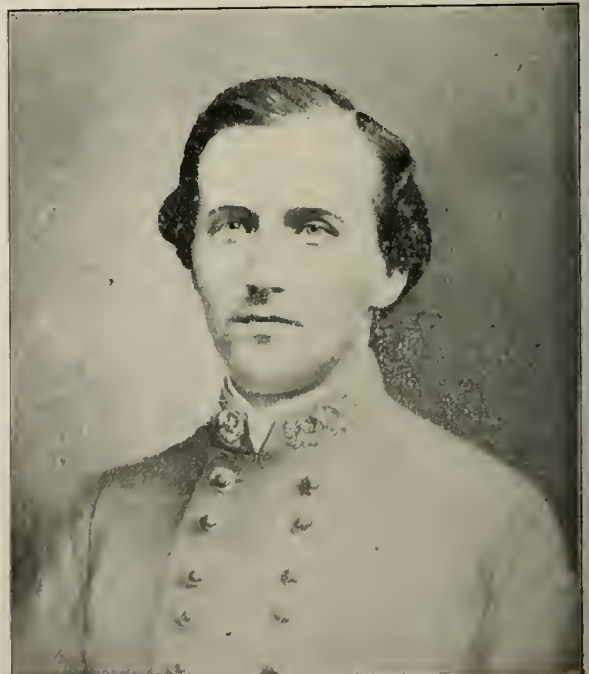
Hancock Taylor, 236 Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky.: "I wish to say to the people of Arkansas that I am chairman of the committee to provide headquarters for their State, and that I shall hold myself ready at all times to serve them individually and collectively from now until the reunion is over. Kentucky will do herself proud, and I wish Arkansas to enjoy as much of her hospitality as any other State."

Physicians who were surgeons in the Confederate army and navy, and physicians who are Veterans and Sons of Veterans, who propose to attend the reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Louisville, are requested to send their names to Dr. Preston B. Scott, chairman of the Medical Committee, Louisville, Ky.

David Cardwell, of McGregor's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, writes from Columbia, S. C.: "I have a strong desire before I go hence to look into the faces of some of the old men of the Stuart Horse Artillery of the A. N. V. If there is a similar desire on the part of any of the others, I suggest that we meet at 10 A.M. June 1 next at South Carolina headquarters at the Louisville reunion."

Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commander U. C. V., has appointed Gen. Tyree H. Bell, of California, to command of one of the brigades of the Pacific Division, at the request of Gen. Spencer R. Thorpe, commanding that division.

Gen. Gordon has also appointed W. J. Stowers, of Morrillton, Ark., Brigadier General, to have command of one of the brigades in Gen. V. Y. Cook's command of the Arkansas Division.



GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

From photo sent the VETERAN by Mrs. Basil W. Duke.

W. S. Daniel Camp, No. 155, Tullahoma, Tenn.—S. J. Farris, Commandant; W. B. Morgan, Lieut. Commandant; Doak Aydelott, Adjutant—will attend the reunion in Louisville in association with the S. C. V. Camp, Manchester, Tenn., Miss Daisy Marshall, of Tullahoma, acting as sponsor. The camp has an enrollment of between thirty and forty, and is in a flourishing condition.

Rufe Adams, Corinth, Miss.: "Gen. Roddy's Cavalry operated in North Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee, and the boys used to get off some good jokes at their expense, claiming they acted on the principle that 'he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day.'" At the battle of Sulphur Trestle, Tenn., Forrest captured, after a hard fight, several hundred prisoners. While they were stacking arms an Irish Yankee wanted to know, "Bejassus, who do we surrender to?" One of the boys answered: "Gen. Forrest." "Well, why in the devil didn't you let us know? We would have surrendered an hour ago. Bad luck to us, we tho't it was Mr. Roddy's shebang."



MISS PHIL POINTER,
Sponsor for Kentucky at Louisville Reunion.

The post office address of James A. Jones, who was a member of Company B, Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, is desired at this office. Comrade Jones was living somewhere in Texas a year or so ago.

MR. AND MRS. W. N. HALDEMAN.

Though on April 27 Mr. Haldeman celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, he is as active as most men twenty years younger, and he gives the same close personal attention to his big newspaper properties, the



Courier-Journal and *Times*, as when he was building them to the proportions which they have attained. Every morning finds Mr. Haldeman at his desk, from which he directs the affairs of his newspapers, and he is among the last to leave in the evening.

During the civil war Mr. Haldeman was editor and proprietor of the *Louisville Courier*, which was afterwards consolidated with the *Journal*, edited by Mr. Henry Watterson. Mr. Haldeman kept his newspaper inside the Confederate lines, moving it from one place to another as the exigencies of the occasion required. That characteristic determination to let no difficulties stand in the way of keeping his newspaper abreast of the times, which has been one of the great secrets of his success, was manifested to a marked degree during those perilous times when he found it necessary to move with the Confederate lines. All telegraphic communication having been cut off, he established a system of relays of horses whereby he secured valuable information about what was going on in the North, and frequently it proved of much service to the Confederate generals operating in his territory.

Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman celebrated their golden wedding several years ago.

Mrs. Haldeman was Miss Elizabeth Metcalfe, of Cincinnati. They have a daughter, Miss Isabell, and two sons. The sons are associated with Mr. Haldeman in the management of the *Courier-Journal*. The elder, Mr. W. B. Haldeman, is a Confederate Veteran.

The steadfast devotion of both Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman to every Confederate interest through all these intervening years is too well known to require mention in Kentucky, but in this general way tribute is due them in imperishable form to be known and appreciated to their eternal credit. In memorial association work and among Daughters of the Confederacy Mrs. Haldeman will ever be delightfully and gratefully remembered.

Gen. Adam R. Johnson Camp, No. 481, U. C. V., of Evansville, Ind., had its annual reunion on April 29, and reelected their old comrades, Frank A. Owen and J. C. Morris, Adjutant and Treasurer. A full corps of delegates and alternates will attend the Louisville reunion.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. John P. Hickman is mailing the minutes of the sixth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy as this VETERAN goes to press. It



MRS. EDWIN G. WEED, PRESIDENT.

deserves an elaborate review. In the different States the chapters and memberships aggregate as follows: Alabama, 20, 892; Arkansas, 19, 694; California, 3, 145; Florida, 13, 458; Georgia, 37, 1,665; Indian Territory, 4, 112; Kentucky, 24, 1,066; Louisiana, 11, 440; Maryland, 5, 859; Mississippi, 23, 746; Missouri, 6, 241; North Carolina, 23, 1,029; South Carolina, 27, 1,416; Tennessee, 24, 1,171; Texas, 45, 2,495; Virginia, 21, 1,185; Grand Division of Virginia, 32, 1,728; West Virginia, 20, 788. There are also chapters in Washington, D. C., New York, Evansville, Ind., and Oklahoma City, Okla. The total membership as reported is 17,259, but since that publication the Secretary reports thirty-eight new chapters, twelve of them in Texas, and that the entire membership is about 20,000.

PAT CLEBURNE CHAPTER, HOPE, ARK.

The Pat Cleburne Chapter, No. 31, U. D. C., met at the residence of Mrs. S. L. Bracy April 19. The meeting was well attended, and the members were enthusiastic. The first business was the reading of the minutes and the report of the Treasurer. During the year the chapter contributed \$20 to the monument at Van Buren and \$35 to the monument fund at Little Rock,

besides paying expenses of the delegate to the State and national conventions. The annual election of officers occurred. As Mrs. Forney Smith, who has been President since the chapter was first organized, is soon to move from Hope permanently, she declined reelection, and was made honorary President for life by acclamation. Mrs. Sallie Hicks was elected President; Mrs. S. H. Sims, Vice President; Miss Maggie Bell, Corresponding and Recording Secretary; Mrs. Annie Duckett, Treasurer. All the officers were elected by acclamation. Mrs. C. A. Forney Smith spent the past winter in California. Mrs. Mary Eells, now residing in Mexico, retains her membership, and was at the meeting. She is proud of her membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

BOWLING GREEN CHAPTER.

Mrs. Alex Duvall, President of Bowling Green (Ky.) Chapter, U. D. C., in sending list of officers elected for this year, writes:

Officers of chapter: President, Mrs. Alex Duvall; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Walter Baker, Mrs. William Park; Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. T. Breeding; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. James A. Mitchell; Treasurer, Mrs. James D. Hines; Historian, Mrs. Charles J. Vanmeter.

Our present aim is to raise funds for leveling the graves of our Confederate dead and placing suitable markers at each in our Fairview Cemetery. In a short time we have raised about \$100 toward this fund, and will no doubt raise the balance in a little while.

By request of our chapter I extend to you our sincerest sympathy in the unpleasantness with ——. May only good result from these troubles!



MISS MARY F. MEARES, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

YOUNG DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk, Va.:

There has been so much said at U. D. C. conventions and reunions about getting the young people in-



MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN, RECORDING SECRETARY, U. D. C.

terested in Confederate work that I write you what I am doing in that line. We are the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, one of the largest in the State. Our work is to help take care of Confederate widows, though we do a great deal besides. Three years ago, June next, I took the young people into the chapter, but they did not at first take interest—did not attend meetings, and, indeed, never thought of it. The names of forty-two were given me as chairman. We are a junior, or auxiliary, but call ourselves "Young Daughters of the Confederacy." We met in my parlor, only seven being present, and our officers were selected.

The society adjourns in June for the summer, so we did not do much work until October. We then went to work in earnest. Many new members joined, and we had large meetings. We pay ten cents a month dues to the senior society. What we make by our work we do with as we care to.

I found it was not well to have the young ladies and the little girls meet at the same time, as I could not

give as much attention to the little ones as I wanted to. They each meet once a month in my parlor, and the meetings are very interesting. We have a doll sale every December, and do well. We have had two teas.

Our chapter, Pickett-Buchanan, is doing well. We are getting up a memorial, to be erected on one of our Confederate lots, to our "poet-priest," Father Ryan. The young ladies gave \$10 to that; the little girls, \$2.50. The young ladies had raised \$200 for our Confederate monument, and \$65 on the third hundred. They paid expenses of the sponsor to Charleston. Every Christmas we send our widows twenty-one baskets of nice things. This winter we sent wood to our most needy widows. At the last meeting we sent \$5 to a widow in need and \$10 to the Sam Davis Monument Fund. I read the young ladies his life, and they have become much interested.

The little girls had a tea February 22. The Receiving Committee wore colonial costumes with chapter badges, and the younger ones (from eight to fourteen) wore Confederate colors, red and white silk, with chapter badges. I send pictures of them. Part of the receipts were sent to a poor Confederate soldier, and they gave the widow of a Confederate bedclothes; they are also helping each month a mother and three little children, widow and orphans of a Confederate soldier. I take them to the cemetery on Memorial Day, and they decorate the Confederate lot. I read to the little girls at every meeting, and sometimes I see their little eyes full of tears. They make some money in summer. One little girl brought me forty cents she had made hemming tea towels; again, she made twenty-five cents hemming dusters. Another little girl went to a little



play the older girls had, went home and wrote off what she remembered, and reproduced it with her friends, and brought me \$1.50. She next wrote a play herself, and brought me \$2.50 from the performance. Still another brought \$1, proceeds from making candy. So you see how much interest they take.

My Daughters are much scattered—one in Texas, one in Louisiana, one in West Virginia, two in Michigan, and one in North Carolina. I have two honorary members in a Western city, who observe every Confederate day. I have made a custom in our branch that when one of my girls marries I give her a wedding present, a large painted picture of the flag. My roll call to-day is one hundred and twenty-five. My Daughters presented me with a beautiful Confederate pin, which they had made for me after consulting our senior President, Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie.

I have written this to show what can be done with the young people.



YOUNG DAUGHTERS IN MRS. WALKER'S PARLOR.

MEDAL TO MRS. KATIE CABELL CURRIE.

Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie sends the *VETERAN* a miniature of Winnie Davis presented to her by the U. D. C. at the Richmond convention, 1899, with this vivid heart portraiture of herself: "I am sure nothing would please the ladies more than to see this, as the miniature was not finished when presented to me. O, I am so proud of it! I have never seen a finer piece of work, the color, the delicacy of execution, and the beauty of expression seeming almost beyond belief; and then think of with what pride I read the reverse side: 'Katie Cabell Currie, from the U. D. C., Richmond, 1899.' I am still busy at work, and have just aided the Veterans with their Old Fiddlers' Carnival, which was given for sweet charity's sake. . . . During the two days it was such an awful rain, but our old stand-bies came in spite of the weather, and the last performance was held in the sunshine, bringing a good crowd. Daddy and I and a host of Texans will be at the reunion, and hope to see — and a host of others that I know and love in Tennessee." The pearls in the medal appear to better advantage with the picture inverted.



WINNIE DAVIS MINIATURE.

CHAPTER OF DAUGHTERS IN CHICAGO.

The Woman's Auxiliary to Camp No. 8, U. C. V., was organized in Chicago March 1, 1900. The following named ladies are the officers: Miss Lucy Lee Hill, President; Miss Louise Mann, Vice President; Mrs. Col. Johnston, Secretary; Mrs. Lillie Rohr, Treasurer;



MISS LUCY LEE HILL.

Mrs. Cowles, Chairman of Committee on Finance. Its object is charitable and especially to assist the Veterans

in keeping the graves of the boys in gray buried in the Oakwood Cemetery in Chicago in good condition.

Miss Annie Grant Cage, of Jackson, Miss., a tireless worker in the U. D. C., reports having organized chapters of the U. D. C. at Princeton, Paducah, Mayfield, and Fulton, Ky., also at Dyersburg, Tenn., and addressed the chapter at Covington, Tenn., suggesting new lines of work, etc. The Paducah chapter presented Miss Cage with a handsome U. D. C. badge, which she justly values and appreciates.



CAPT. C. N. BISCOE.

Capt. Cameron N. Biscoe, of Helena, Ark., is in charge of the colors for the camp of United Confederate Veterans at Helena. Capt. Biscoe was one of the youngest officers in the Confederate army, and was brevetted several times for gallantry. He was wounded at the battle of Perry Grove, while serving in the division commanded by Gen. Thomas C. Hindman, in the bloody fight against Gen. Blunt. The Confederates were victorious in this battle, though fighting against a greatly superior force with better arms and ammunition. The result of the fight was to effectually check for quite a while the onward march of the Federals into Arkansas. Capt. Biscoe will be the guest of his nephew, Mr. Biscoe Hindman, of Louisville, who is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee for the reunion. A large attendance is expected from Helena.

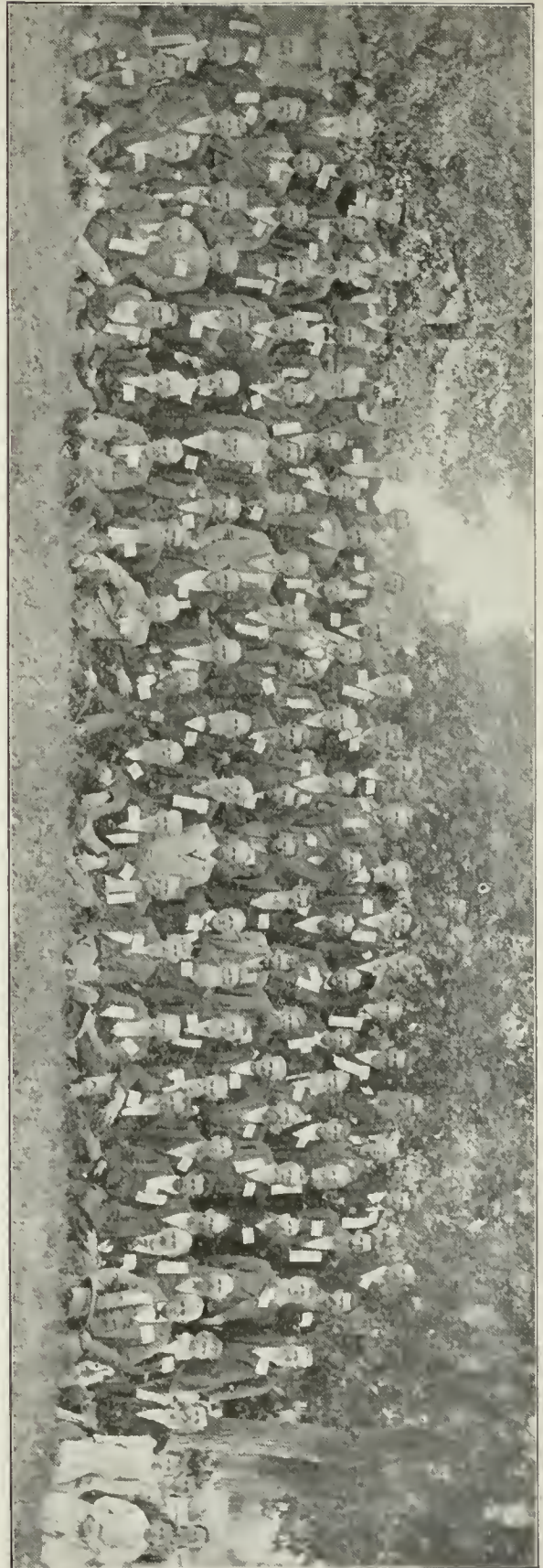
This number of the *VETERAN* was to have been larger, and many more pages are in readiness for the press. Pictures of several sponsors and of their chief maids of honor were not received in time. As a result there will be two reunion issues. The other, for May, will be distributed at Louisville. All who expect to use that number for advertising or otherwise should give prompt attention. It will be a very attractive number. Work of the Daughters of the Confederacy and other features of general interest will appear.

CAPTURE OF CABELL AND MARMADUKE.

From Gen. Cabell's account, recently published:

The enemy continued his fierce attacks, driving our men steadily in the darkness until near West Port (Kansas), where we camped in line of battle, after fighting for twelve miles in almost impenetrable darkness. The next morning our wagon train had been ordered on the Fort Scott road; Cabell's Brigade was guarding the train with Tyler's small brigade in front. Fagan, with two of his Arkansas brigades, with Marmaduke and Shelby, attacked the enemy near West Port. I moved to the crossing of the Little Blue and started the train. A heavy column of the enemy under McNeil was on our left rear. I moved with my brigade between the train and this column and attacked them with a heavy line of skirmishers and drove them back at least one mile. In the meantime stragglers and unarmed men were coming in from the three divisions who were fighting near West Port. I ordered the train to move on rapidly and not to stop, and made every man fall into line on the right of my line as fast as they came up. The grass being very tall and the wind high and blowing toward the enemy, I concluded to set the grass on fire and to follow immediately behind the blaze with a line of skirmishers who were ordered to keep up a brisk fire through the flames. The fire leaping through the high grass directly towards the enemy resulted as I hoped, as it drove McNeil and his column back several miles. This enabled me to get my train and my own command so far that they could not overtake me. We encamped on a fork of Grand River. I had several men killed and wounded—not more than three killed—as skirmishers. The enemy's loss was greater than mine, as my skirmishers counted ten dead on the prairie. On the 23d we camped near the Marie de Cygne, after marching over twenty-four miles. I was in the rear and the whole brigade in line of battle at the gap of the Bald Prairie hills and on top of the hills during the night. The enemy made several attempts to drive my men from the top of the mountains and break my lines. After making several efforts to break through, and failing in every instance, they retired about two o'clock, October 24. Being in the rear the previous day and in line of battle all night facing the enemy and fighting until two o'clock, Gen. Marmaduke was ordered to relieve me with his division. He was in line of battle on the north side of the Marie de Cygne. He made an opening, and I marched my command through and left him to bring up the rear. After marching in column of fours for about three or four miles, Gen. Marmaduke sent a staff officer to tell me that the enemy was pressing him very hard, and that I must come to his relief. When nearing the creek, which had been completely blocked with broken-down wagons, I went to Gen. Marmaduke's assistance as rapidly as I could, forming regiments into action as fast as I could in rear of Gen. Marmaduke and also on his flank, firing as I came up. As fast as our lines were formed the enemy, armed with Henry rifles (now Winchesters), forming in front of Marmaduke's and Cabell's Brigades, poured a rapid and scathing fire into our commands, which far exceeded any firing we could do from muzzle-loading Enfield rifles. After firing on us with such rapidity, and as soon as they got into line, they charged our lines from right to left and drove

CAMP JIM FITTLE, FULTON, KY., COMPRISING FORMER MEMBERS OF THE 3d, 7th, AND 12th KENTUCKY REGIMENTS, LYONS'S BRIGADE, FOREST'S CAVALRY, AT CLOSE OF WAR.



them pellmell for at least half a mile. I had but thirty men left of my brigade, and my artillery captured. The flag bearer of Gordon's Arkansas Regiment stood up, at my command, and waved his regimental flag in defiance. I then told these thirty men to follow me, and we charged through the enemy's lines and then scattered, hoping that we could cross the creek below, and by that means join our commands again. The enemy seemed to know our purpose, and a small squad followed several of us, and no doubt captured a part of this little band. A lieutenant of the Seventh Missouri Cavalry, with three men, followed me. I attempted to jump the creek, which had high banks. In jumping my horse got his fore feet on the opposite bank, his hind feet yet in the creek, and fell over on me. I was soon up, and the lieutenant and three men demanded my surrender and told me to go to the rear (their rear). They pushed to the front, leaving me behind; but I went to the "front" also, hoping to get a horse from some of my men. In a short time I got one and mounted him, and in company with ten or twelve men of Cabell's Brigade we rode into a company of the Third Iowa Cavalry. Many shots were exchanged, and one of my men killed the horse one of their officers was riding. They then jerked me off my horse and gave it to this officer, telling me to go to the rear. I went to the front again, and one of Dobbins's Brigade came along, leading a little Choc-taw pony. I had hard work to get him to let me have it. After getting it I fell in a squad with Col. Gordon and went to the front as fast as we could go, and ran into the Third Iowa Cavalry drawn up in line of battle. They turned loose a perfect volley at us, and as my little pony could not run as fast as the large horses, and being in the rear, they shot her in several places, wounding her so badly that she squealed and would not move. One man came up and ordered me to surrender. I replied: "Stop shooting, then." He then stated that I had been captured before. Of course I denied the charge. One fellow suggested that they had better shoot me, or I would get away. The sergeant ordered one man to ride on each side of me and hold me by the collar. At that time, although I had on my uniform and stars on my collar, they did not know who I was. As it was raining, I had my overcoat buttoned around my neck, which hid my wreath and stars.

A deserter from one of my regiments had joined Phelps's Arkansas Federal Regiment. When he saw I was a prisoner he came dashing up to me and said, "Old Tige, we have got you now, and I intend to kill you!" and raised his carbine and pointed it at me. Serg. Young sprang between me and this deserter, and covered him with his pistol and made him drop his gun and move off. He told him that if he looked cross-eyed at me he would kill him; that they never wanted him or any of his class, as they were a disgrace to any command. Afterwards that class of men kept away from us. Had not Serg. Young acted so promptly, that cowardly scoundrel would have shot me. I have always had a great feeling of admiration and friendship for that dashing Federal sergeant. If I knew his address, I would write him. He was enlisted from Keokuk, I understood.

After finding out who their commanding general was, I told the sergeant who I was, with a promise that

he was to take me to Gen. Pleasanton, which he did. Pleasanton received me very kindly, and treated me well as long as I was with his command. He carried Marmaduke and myself to Fort Scott. Gen. Rosecrans ordered us to be sent to him at once from Fort Scott under a heavy guard, as we both were being treated with great indignity, also that we were to be taken through Kansas and exhibited as an electioneering document. Gen. Pleasanton at our request sent a telegram at once to Gen. Rosecrans, who issued an order to send us to his headquarters, and treated us with great kindness. On October 24 my capture on the field of battle closed my military career and all connection with Fagan's Division or Price's raid. I was in hopes that the commander of the division would have made a report and caused the commander of each regiment to make a written report of what the command did. Justice to the brave men as well as officers of Cabell's Brigade demanded that I make a report. But I never did. I was in prison and could not.

Headquarters Forrest's Cavalry Corps, Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 25, 1900.

General Order No. 3:

The organization of Forrest's Veteran Cavalry into a corps of two divisions of two brigades each, the officers commanding the same and the veterans assigned to each brigade, is hereby announced.

Maj. Gen. D. C. Kelley, commanding corps.

First Division: Maj. Gen. W. H. Jackson commanding. First Brigade, Brig. Gen. Baxter Smith—composed of Middle Tennessee and Alabama Veterans. Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. G. A. C. Holt—composed of Kentucky and all West Tennessee Veterans, except Bell's old brigade.

Second Division: Maj. Gen. Tyree H. Bell commanding. First Brigade, Brig. Gen. Robert McCulloch—composed of Bell's old Tennessee brigade and all other Veterans not otherwise assigned. Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. J. C. Blanton—composed of all Mississippi Veterans. By order of Maj. Gen. Kelley.

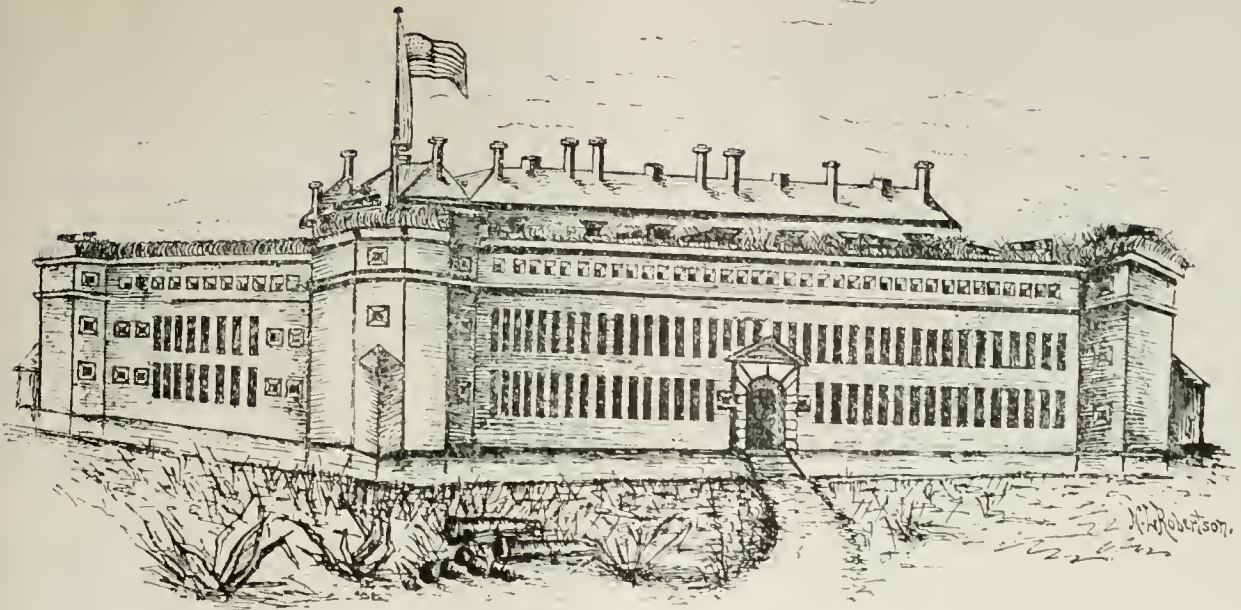
CHARLES W. ANDERSON, A. A. G.

Reunion of all veterans who at any time served with Gen. N. B. Forrest on battlefield of Brice's Cross Roads June 10, 11.

OFFICERS OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

D. C. Kelley, Major General Commanding. Staff officers: Maj. Charles W. Anderson, A. A. G.; Dr. James B. Cowan, Chief Surgeon; Capt. John W. Morton, Chief of Artillery; Capt. George Deshiel, Paymaster; Capt. William M. Forrest, Aid-de-Camp; Capt. Samuel Donelson, Aid-de-Camp.

The above officers are the survivors of Gen. Forrest's staff. To fill vacancies the following appointments are announced: George L. Cowan, Colonel and Chief Quartermaster, Franklin, Tenn.; A. W. Collier, Colonel and Inspector General, Memphis, Tenn.; Hamilton Parks, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp, Nashville, Tenn.; J. C. Gooch, Colonel and Chief Commissary, Jackson, Tenn.; D. C. Jones, Colonel and Chief of Ordnance, Memphis, Tenn.; E. S. Walton, Colonel and Chief Engineer, Sardis, Miss.; R. H. Mahon, Chaplain, Memphis, Tenn.; John Overton, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp, Memphis, Tenn.; H. J. Livingston, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp, Brownsville, Tenn.



VIEW OF FORT DELAWARE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Original drawn by Theo Cooley from his prison light-hole in the barracks, April 15, 1865, and copied by Miss Nell Robertson, Nashville, Tenn.

Regarding the above drawing Mr. Cooley states:

The barracks, in which the prisoners were confined were situated about four or five hundred yards from the fort, and, as far as I can remember, were built in the form of a square with a court in the center. The officers and privates were confined in the same barracks, separated by a high fence running across the opening, with a small space between the sleeping apartments.



THEO COOLEY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There was hardly a night, however, when officers and privates did not mingle by reason of some daring spirit crossing from the barracks of the privates to those of the officers through a covered sewer that led from the barracks into the bay. I was confined in the officers' barracks, and at the time the view was drawn had an upper berth, or "bunk." The only light I had was a small diamond-shaped hole perhaps six inches in dimension. The first thing that met my view after being called in the morning was the flags at halfmast, and at the same time I saw the barbette guns leveled toward the barracks. The prisoners were allowed to receive daily papers, and as soon as practicable I eagerly sought the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and learned of the death of President Lincoln. I learned that it was reported that the prisoners would rise at the time of the assassination of Lincoln and endeavor to capture all of the forts. This I never doubted was a canard, as I did not believe any Confederate prisoner knew of the intention of Wilkes Booth to kill Mr. Lincoln.

Miss M. J. Walker, of Savannah, Ga., suggests correspondence with interested veterans, and asks: "Why is it that so little is written of Gen. Robert Toombs, who, with his men, did much valuable service during dear old Confederate days?"

Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Custodian of the Cross of Honor, wishes to inform the Presidents of the various chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and Commanders and members of the various camps of the United Confederate Veterans that her present address is Santa Monica, Cal. Mrs. Gabbett will be pleased to answer any inquiries addressed to her on the subject of the Cross of Honor. She has secured the copyright of the Cross, and earnestly requests that the Commanders of camps in other States will follow the example of the State of Georgia and endeavor to have the act of illegally wearing the Cross made a penal offense.

Have you the veteran button with battle flag? If not, send two new subscriptions and it will be mailed free. Send for one before the reunion.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Great expectations are had over the joyous meeting of comrades at the Louisville Reunion. Daughters who go as sponsors and maids of honor, and United Sons for their annual meeting there are concerned over the acquaintances to be formed as well as the meeting with many friends. All of these things are pleasant, and may all who have these anticipations in view realize fully all they expect and more.

There are many Veterans who go laden with grave responsibilities. The History Committee has a duty to perform which has perpetually engaged their sincerest concern. They are patriots, and desire that what they submit for commendation be true to truth and abound with patriotic suggestions as well as to declare for the eternal honor of their comrades living and dead.

That which suggests the most serious concern of all is the Confederate Memorial Institute. Its agent has been criticised by the VETERAN for giving time and for spending money in procuring decorations for the "Battle Abbey" not warranted in his appointment, and for using his official influence to procure funds for this purpose. His prosecution of the VETERAN for libel, because its editor criticised his acts, should and doubtless will be discussed, hence the importance of all delegations being on the alert to know just what action is proposed. The attempt of that agent to "Crush the VETERAN" by overwhelming damage induces the plea for every camp to see to it that justice be done. Diligent effort has been made to procure a trial in the courts of the cause, but legal technicalities have enabled the plaintiff's attorneys to secure its postponement. As this subject should be thoroughly understood by the United Confederate Veterans, the editor announces his desire for vindication, and asserts his readiness to defend his cause before a committee of his comrades, and begs that such committee be appointed and take testimony regardless of the legal tribunals outside. He feels that this submission of the case is due his comrades, who have honored him so repeatedly, and is due him also. He pleads for the most thorough investigation, and that such committee be appointed as early as practicable in the session. The following statement of the case, as it now stands in the court record, was furnished by his attorneys May 1:

"The case of John C. Underwood *vs.* S. A. Cunningham et al., pending in the United States Circuit Court at Nashville, was reargued upon a motion of the plaintiff's attorneys, although the questions of pleading in-

volved had been previously decided by Judge Clark at chambers. The judge made an order somewhat modifying his previous ruling, and thereupon Mr. Cunningham's attorneys offered to make the necessary change in the pleadings at once, if the case could be tried at the present term, and asked the court to set the case for hearing during the present term. To this plaintiff's attorneys objected. The court said that in view of the fact that the pleadings were not completed entirely until now, he could not try the case at the present term except by consent of parties; and defendant's attorneys proposed to try the case at any time during the term. The judge replied that he would hear it if the plaintiff so agreed, but the plaintiff's attorneys refused to try, by consent or at all, until the next term of the court, and under these circumstances the cause will be continued until the next term of the court, at the request of the plaintiff's attorneys, although Mr. Cunningham was very anxious to have the suit disposed of without delay."

The issue of this number of the VETERAN has been delayed in the earnest hope that the trial and result might be reported. This delay is deeply regretted.

Quarters of Frank Cheatham Camp, Nashville, Tenn.,
May 4, 1900.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for April will announce a plea from Comrade S. A. Cunningham that the United Confederate Veterans at their reunion in Louisville investigate the causes whereby he is sued for libel because of having criticised the acts of the agent of the Confederate Memorial Institute.

This prosecution is so persistent even after Comrade Cunningham declared, in the VETERAN, that the causes of the criticism were not such as charged that we, his Camp associates, being thoroughly familiar with all the facts, join in the plea for an investigation and let him know its results. We plead with all United Confederate Veteran camps to demand a complete showing by the agent of the Memorial Institute of the moneys he has received, the subscribers' names and where they reside, also what credits are due him for salary and expenses. He should show how much he received daily at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, where the names were not given.

Adopted by unanimous vote. J. B. Neil, President;
W. L. McKay, John P. Hickman, Secretaries.

The selection of the venerable Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, to deliver the address at the reunion is well. The death rate among comrades during the last few months is appalling, and a "Lodge of Sorrow" service seems far more appropriate than the usual jollification on such occasions. The VETERAN, in the spirit of existing conditions, in boldest type and blackest ink, would pay tribute with diligence, in these conditions, to the merit of Confederate soldiers from every point of view. It would wreath in immortelles their names and deeds, and commend their lives as worthy of imitation to this nation and to mankind.

GENERAL OFFICERS U. C. V.

Gen. John B. Gordon, General Commanding, Atlanta, Ga.
Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff,
New Orleans, La.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Commander, Columbia, S. C.
Brig. Gen. Theodore G. Barker, Adjutant General and Chief of
Staff, Charleston, S. C.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, Commander, Norfolk, Va.
Col. J. V. Bldgood, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Richmond.
Brig. Gen. J. F. Crocker, Commanding First Brigade, Portsmouth.
Brig. Gen. M. Woods, Com. Second Brigade, Charlottesville.

MARYLAND DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Commander, Baltimore, Md.
Col. J. S. Saunders, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Baltimore.
Brig. Gen. O. Tilghman, Commanding First Brigade, Easton.
Brig. Gen. J. P. Zacharias, Com. Second Brigade, Cumberland.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander, Durham, N. C.
Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Henderson.
Brig. Gen. J. G. Hall, Commanding First Brigade, Hickory, N. C.
Brig. Gen. W. L. London, Com. Second Brigade, Pittsboro.
Brig. Gen. F. M. Parker, Commanding Third Brigade, Enfield.
Brig. Gen. J. M. Ray, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Asheville.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Charleston, S. C.
Col. J. G. Holmes, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Charleston.
Brig. Gen. Asbury Coward, Commanding First Brigade, care of
The Citadel, Charleston, S. C.
Brig. Gen. T. W. Carwile, Com. Second Brigade, Edgefield.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. M. Poytz, Commander, Richmond, Ky.
Col. B. H. Young, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Louisville.
Brig. Gen. J. M. Arnold, Commanding First Brigade, Newport.
Brig. Gen. J. B. Briggs, Com. Second Brigade, Russellville.
Brig. Gen. J. H. Leathers, Com. Third Brigade, Louisville.
Brig. Gen. J. B. Clay, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Lexington.

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Robert White, Commander, Wheeling, W. Va.
Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Linwood.
Brig. Gen. D. E. Johnston, Commanding First Brigade, Bluefield.
Brig. Gen. S. S. Greene, Commanding Second Brigade, Charleston.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander, Columbus, Miss.
Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Co-
lumbus, Miss.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. A. Evans, Commander, 442 Peach Tree St., Atlanta.
Col. John A. Miller, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Atlanta.
Brig. Gen. P. A. S. McGlashan, Commanding Southern Georgia
Brigade, Savannah.
Brig. Gen. C. M. Wiley, Commanding Eastern Ga. Brig., Macon.
Brig. Gen. A. J. West, Commanding North Georgia Brigade, 18
Pryor St., Atlanta.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. G. P. Harrison, Commander, Opelika.
Col. H. E. Jones, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Spring Hill.
Brig. Gen. J. W. A. Sanford, Com. First Brigade, Montgomery.
Brig. Gen. E. B. Vaughan, Commanding Second Brigade, Mobile.
Brig. Gen. Wm. Richardson, Com. Third Brigade, Huntsville.
Brig. Gen. A. F. McGehee, Com. Fourth Brigade, Anniston.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. G. W. Gordon, Commander, Memphis, Tenn.
Col. J. P. Hickman, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Nashville.
Brig. Gen. J. E. Carter, Commanding First Brigade, Knoxville.
Brig. Gen. J. M. Taylor, Commanding Second Brigade, Lexington.
Brig. Gen. S. F. Wilson, Commanding Third Brigade, Gallatin.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. D. Cameron, Commander, Meridian.
Col. DeB. Waddell, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Meridian.
Brig. Gen. S. H. Pryor, Com. First Brigade, Holly Springs.
Brig. Gen. B. V. White, Commanding Second Brigade, Meridian.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. Y. Gilmore, Commander, New Orleans.
Col. L. Guion, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Donaldsonville.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. E. M. Law, Commander, Bartow.
Col. F. L. Robertson, Adjutant Gen., Chief of Staff, Brooksville.
Brig. Gen. G. Reese, Commanding First Brigade, Pensacola.
Brig. Gen. N. A. Hull, Commanding Second Brigade, Jacksonville.
Brig. Gen. W. H. Jewell, Com. Third Brigade, Orlando.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander, Dallas.
Brig. Gen. A. T. Watts, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Dallas.

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. McCulloch, Commander, Boonville, Mo.
Col. H. A. Newman, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Huntsville.
Brig. Gen. S. M. Kennard, Com. Eastern Brigade, St. Louis.
Brig. Gen. G. W. Thompson, Com. Western Brigade, Barry.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. B. Polley, Commander, Floresville.
Col. S. O. Young, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Galveston.

NORTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. E. G. Bower, Commander, Dallas.

NORTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander, Fort Worth.

SOUTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. C. C. Beavens, Commander, Houston.

SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. Sam Maverick, Commander, San Antonio.

WESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. W. H. Richardson, Commander, Austin.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. V. Y. Cook, Commander, Elmo.
Col. J. F. Caldwell, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Newport.
Brig. Gen. J. C. Barlow, Commanding First Brigade, Helena.
Brig. Gen. H. A. McCoy, Commanding Second Brigade, Pine Bluff.
Brig. Gen. W. J. Stowers, Com. Third Brigade, Morrilton.
Brig. Gen. J. A. Reeves, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Camden.

INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander, McAlester, Ind. T.
Col. J. H. Reed, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, McAlester.
Brig. Gen. J. L. Galt, Commanding Chickasaw Brigade, Ardmore.
Brig. Gen. D. M. Hailey, Commanding Choctaw Brigade, Krebs.
Brig. Gen. J. W. Watts, Commanding Cherokee Brigade, Wag-
goner, Creek Nation, Ind. T.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. O. Casler, Commander, Oklahoma City.
Col. W. R. Reagan, Adj. Gen., Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City.
Brig. Gen. C. R. Buckner, Commanding First Brigade, Guthrie.
Brig. Gen. J. P. Saunders, Commanding Second Brigade, Denver.
Brig. Gen. T. A. Putnam, Commanding Third Brigade, Mangum.

PACIFIC DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Spencer R. Thorpe, Commander, Los Angeles.
Col. A. M. Fulkerson, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Los Angeles.
Brig. Gen. H. T. Sale, Commanding Colorado Brigade, Denver.
Brig. Gen. T. H. Bell, Commanding California Brigade, Fresno.
Brig. Gen. F. D. Brown, Com. Montana Brigade, Phillipsburg.

There will be published in the May VETERAN and distributed at the reunion the entire list of Camps revised, to date, with name, post office, commander, and adjutant.

JOSEPH E. BROWN, WAR GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

It can be asserted with the utmost truth and good taste that the history of Georgia between the years 1855 and 1890 could not have been written without including the name of Joseph E. Brown. This name, it



GOV. JOSEPH E. BROWN.

is no exaggeration to say, has been for a generation a household word in every family in the State. He was cradled in poverty, but it was that style of poverty which God loves. His parents, both poor in this world's goods, were rich in the royal gold of truth and pure motives; and under the training of such a father and such a mother it would have been strange if Joseph E. Brown's inclinations and aspirations had been other than upright and noble. How he spent his early years laboring upon his father's little mountain farm; how, with his parents unable to give him an education, he by his own exertions succeeded in making enough money to accomplish the cherished object—is a well-known story.

Determining to make the practice of law his profession in life, he went to Yale College, and, returning, "hung out his shingle" at the village of Canton, Cherokee County. This was despite the advice of the great statesman John C. Calhoun, who advised him to come to Atlanta, predicting that the then small town of that name would become the future inland metropolis of the South.

On July 13, 1847, he married Miss Elizabeth Gresham, whose common sense, purity, and devotion to the Christian cause made her a fit mate to him in all the vicissitudes of life.

His environments almost naturally led him into the political arena, and it is a well-known fact that he never appealed to the voters of Georgia at the ballot box without being triumphantly successful. In 1849 he was elected State Senator from his home district, and in 1855 the Blue Ridge Circuit made him its judge by a

large majority. In 1857, 1859, 1861, and 1863 he was elected Governor of Georgia, defeating in his several races some of the most illustrious citizens of the State. In 1868 he was appointed Chief Justice of the State for twelve years, but resigned this position in the closing days of 1870, and accepted the presidency of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, to which latter position he was successively elected for twenty years. In 1880 the Georgia Legislature elected him United States Senator by more than two-thirds majority, and in 1884 he was reelected, receiving every vote except one.

The war between the States coming on, Gov. Brown threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the Confederacy. It is the boast of his family that he was the only man in the South who really committed treason against the United States Government, in behalf of the Confederate cause, in that he seized the United States arsenal at Augusta before the State of Georgia seceded. During the entire period of the war, although differing at times on constitutional questions with the administration at Richmond, Gov. Brown displayed the utmost vigor in sustaining the Confederate cause. His mind was intensely practical, hence his conduct of affairs looked to the daily needs of the soldiery and, to a considerable extent, to their families.

The war ending, Gov. Brown made no attempt to escape from the country, saying that his lot was with his people. He was paroled by the United States Government, which broke its faith by taking his parole from him and imprisoning him for some weeks in Washington. Being released, he returned home, resigned the Governorship, and became a private citizen, removing to Atlanta, which was thenceforward his residence, and resuming the practice of law.

The Congress of the United States having determined upon a basis of reconstruction, which included the enfranchisement of the negro, Gov. Brown, after mature deliberation, advised the people of Georgia to submit to this condition, stating that if the South could not successfully resist the government when it had armies in the field it of course could not resist it after they had surrendered. This advice was contrary to the pride of the people, and was given under conditions which were a great grief to Gov. Brown, and

brought temporary alienation of a large portion of the people from him. The writer well remembers a statement made by the late lamented Gen. Henry R. Jackson, who said: "Before the Governor published this letter advising submission to the Congressional enactments he came to Savannah and read it to me, and asked my advice. I said to him: 'Governor, you have been the



MRS. BROWN.

most popular man in the State, but this advice will come as a sort of shock to the people who have loved you so much; and, if you have any ambition for the future, I fear this will seriously interfere with it.' Looking me full in the face, he replied: 'General, my ambition perished with the Confederacy. The highest aim I now have is to preserve the civilization of the

people who have trusted and honored me. The alternative to the advice I give is a military satrapy, where every man and every woman in Georgia would be under the rule of the bayonet. I will risk the present displeasure of the people of Georgia for the permanent benefit I know they will receive by the reestablishment of constitutional government."

"Gov." Brown (as he was called to the end of his life) had a great sympathy for young men struggling to obtain an education, and to aid this class he gave \$50,000 to the University of Georgia, the interest of which is loaned each year to deserving pupils to help pay their current expenses while at the university. He also gave \$50,000 to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., to aid in preparing ministers of the gospel for their future work. His other donations to Church, educational, and charitable purposes cannot be enumerated here.

His mind was always active, and, in addition to the positions already named—as President of the Public School Board of Atlanta for twenty years, or President of iron and coal companies, or as farmer, lawyer, etc.—whatever he undertook seemed to prosper.

Gov. Brown and his wife were devoted members of the Baptist Church, to which all their children belong. They were the parents of eight children, of whom the following six are living: Julius L. Brown, lawyer, who went into the Confederate army when sixteen years old; Mrs. Mary V. Connally, wife of Dr. E. L. Connally; Joseph M. Brown, railroad official; Elijah A. Brown; Miss Sallie Eugenia Brown; George M. Brown, banker and insurance agent. Two of his sons, both bright young men, are dead—namely, Franklin Pierce Brown and Charles McDonald Brown.

Of Gov. (or Senator) Brown it may be truthfully stated that in act, as in conversation, his life was one of singular purity. During about forty years of intimate association with him the writer never heard him relate an incident or tell an anecdote which he could not have told in a parlor before the most refined ladies. As to his public career the following extracts from Avery's "History of Georgia," published in 1881, will indicate the impress he made upon his State and nation. Col. Avery, an ardent Confederate, died some two years ago:

"Looking at the large number of able and influential men of Georgia who have figured and led in this important and dramatic period, the man above all others who has been more closely identified with the great events of this memorable epoch in Georgia and whose masterful individuality has been the most conspicuously impressed upon these events is the calm face and slender figure of Joseph E. Brown. His public career for a quarter of a century has been the history of his State. There is no year in this long and thrilling episode of events out of which his instrumentality

could be dropped without creating an important blank in the picture, while no incident of the romantic record could be properly narrated that lacked the recounting of his powerful agency. From the day that, absolutely unheralded and almost unknown to the State, he was by a mysterious stroke of fortune placed at the helm of State he has been the moving power in public matters. If his ideas have been temporarily vanquished, he has seen them ultimately triumphant. Affluent as the State has been in remarkable men, it is a matter of material doubt if the annals of the commonwealth can show a character of more brain and will than Brown, a public career more valiant and dra-



MISS SALLIE EUGENIA BROWN.



ATLANTA RESIDENCE OF THE LATE GOV. JOSEPH E. BROWN.

matic than his. Bold, able, clear-headed, aggressive, placid, with unequalled powers of management, and invincible method with the popular masses, he seized the public mind and impressed himself upon public affairs with as much force as any public man Georgia has ever had. Coming into public life when the State had a brilliant host of public men illustrating her magnificently in eloquence, statesmanship, and influence, 'Joe' Brown, as he has been familiarly called, immediately stepped in the very front, and has been ever since an imperious, dominating leader. His public career has been a continuous surprise, bristling with dramatic alternations of popular admiration and odium, and almost uninterruptedly marked by triumphs of power clutched by marvelous exhibition of management in desperate political contests, largely flavored with the most earnest personal spirit. In all the varied vicissitudes of Georgia's history, with some of the most impressive characters to dazzle public attention, it is doubtful if any public man of her annals has filled a larger measure of public thought or has taken a stronger hold upon the measures and times with which he has been connected than this indomitable type of equipoised judgment.

"Some of his legal contests were surprises of skill and boldness. A very earnest man, of indomitable will and unswerving purpose, he was a hard-hitting forensic fighter. Hon. L. N. Trammell, speaking of his power as a lawyer, said: 'His influence over a jury was extraordinary. While not an orator, his speeches were irresistible. His speeches to juries were marvels of effect. They were as clear as a sunbeam. They exhausted practical sense and reason, and put his side of a case so strongly and logically that he always carried conviction. Never have I seen a man who has carried with him upon the bench such an air of moral dignity and moral force as Joseph E. Brown. Never have I seen one who so thoroughly impressed me with determination to protect and aid the right and to deter or punish the wrong.'

"In his first session in the U. S. Senate Senator Brown made three speeches in his strong, practical way, that attracted general attention, that placed him among the recognized leaders of the Senate, and carried to Georgia a substantial basis for popular sanction of his appointment. In urging increased appropriations for our State harbors he put so clearly our claims to greater liberality that Senators Thurman, Bayard, Davis, Blaine, and Vance complimented him. Senator Blaine raised quite a laugh by saying he 'never heard so fine a speech from so young a Senator.'

"It was in the speech delivered on the 12th of June,



MISS MARY CONNALLY.

Maid of Honor at Atlanta and Charleston.

1880, upon the Mexican Pension Bill that Gov. Brown made a profound impression upon the country, and instantly stamped himself as a master of debate, an original thinker, and a positive actor in the national councils, able to cope with any of the practical powers of that august body and to place his people in sharp advantage upon the delicate questions of the war. An amendment was offered to strike Southern soldiers who had participated in the last war from the benefits of a pension for service in the Indian and Mexican wars. Gov. Brown strenuously opposed this exclusion of Southern soldiers. Senators Ingalls, Conkling, Kirkwood, and Blaine kept a running fire upon him, injecting adroitly into the discussion the disunion and war issues. Gov. Brown's speech was a masterpiece of diplomacy and argument. He took occasion from the interruptions to go into the whole subject of Southern sentiment upon war questions, and without an imprudent word he completely turned the tables upon his sharp questioners and struck the "bloody-shirt" policy (as it was appropriately called) of keeping up war prejudices the deadliest blow it ever received. His temper was perfect, his readiness unfailing, and his retorts irresistible. Senator Ingalls asked him if he didn't think now he was right in defending secession. Gov. Brown shot back the affirmative instantly, but added that secession was not a living issue, and had been settled forever by the war. He drew with the nicest discrimination the difference between the questions decided by the revolution and our living rights. He thus admirably concluded: 'When we returned to the Union we did so in good faith. The question of the right of secession is settled forever, and with its settlement our faith is pledged to stand by and defend the Constitution and the Union. In the field you found the Southern armies to be brave men, and brave men are never treacherous. Should our relations with foreign powers at any time involve this government in war, the people of the North will have no reason to complain of the promptness, earnestness, and gallantry with which the people of the Southern States will rally around the old flag and bear it triumphantly wherever duty calls. If that emergency were now upon us, the comrades in arms of Sherman and Johnston, who once confronted each other with such distinguished heroism, would rally together in the cause of the Union, and, vying with each other, would perform such prodigies of valor as the world has seldom witnessed.'

[The above words (1881) read like prophecy.]

Another contributor for this sketch states of his wife: "She was his loyal life companion, and was indeed his helpmeet throughout his varied career." Possessing purest and sweetest graces, she blended the womanhood, wifehood, and motherhood of our highest civilization. His daughters, daughters-in-law, and granddaughters, Miss Martha Fort Brown and Miss Mary Connally, are members of the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C. Miss Sally Brown Connally is President of the Julia Jackson Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy; and his grandson, Joseph Brown Connally, is a Son and Veteran through his father and grandfathers. His grandfather Connally belonged to "Joe Brown's Pets," old men and boys, thousands of whom were with Johnson under the fire of Sherman's guns.

GEN. AND GOV. WILLIAM SMITH.

I have been asked to say a few words in presenting to this camp a portrait of Maj. Gen. William Smith, of Fauquier. Your gallery is already rich in portraits of distinguished soldiers. One might think that it illustrates every species of military merit. The general in chief of our glorious army, his brilliant corps and division commanders, the watchful and daring leader of his cavalry, and the stern and steadfast artillerymen, who with the crushing mass of their fire would sometimes beat back three lines of infantry, and sometimes by the mere threat of it hold a critical position when all support had failed—all these look down upon us from your walls, and by their heroic example will speak to succeeding generations. They, the mighty dead,



GEN. AND GOV. WILLIAM SMITH.

Who still rule
Our spirits from their urns,

seem in this hall the realities of time, and we who yet linger a brief hour mere shadows in their presence.

But, noble and illustrious as is this company of heroes, it would be incomplete without the portrait which I bring to you to-night, the portrait of one of the strongest and most noteworthy types of the citizen soldier which the great war between the States produced. You well remember the story of his life. I do not know where to find such a record of vigorous and inspiring manhood sustained for near ninety years.

In April, 1861, Gov. Smith had passed the middle point of his sixty-fourth year, after the most strenuous labors and marked success at the bar, on the platform, and in the fields of legislation and administration. His pure life, his temperance, his strong intellect, his physical endurance, his keen interest in public affairs, his loyalty to the lofty maxims of the old moralists, which he early adopted as the guide of his conduct, his great gift of persuasive public speech, and his magnetic influence as a leader of men had endeared him to the people and impressed his personality on the policy of the State. With a record of distinguished service in the Senate of Virginia; four times elected to Congress; chosen Governor of the commonwealth in his absence and without his knowledge; having lived down, by the charm of a character innately noble and pure, all the asperities engendered in the heat of party conflict; universally beloved and respected—men saw in him a statesman of experience and wisdom, who might well in his sixty-fourth year claim his discharge from active labors, or at least, when war convulsed the land, content himself with service in the cabinet or in Congress. Such a suggestion never found acceptance in his active brain. Feeling in himself all the energy and

spirit of youth, he could not brook the notion of doing less than a man's duty in the field. And his very first contact with the enemy showed an aggressiveness and a practical aptitude for putting men into a fight which gave token of the resolute and sharp-eyed soldier he was soon to appear. How the noise of that night skirmish at Fairfax C. H. on the 1st of June, 1861, rang through the land! Gov. Smith, without any commission, but anxious to see his soldier friends, and no doubt inwardly burning to look the enemy in the face, had gone out with his rifle to the outpost of Fairfax C. H., and, after visiting the camp, had retired to bed at the house of a friend in the neighborhood. Suddenly roused before daybreak by the enemy's fire, he gave proof of that four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage which Byron thought so rare. Dressing hastily and snatching up his rifle, he rushed out into the darkness to find Marr's company, our only available force, deprived of their leader by his sudden death, instantly himself took up the vacant command, and, throwing this handful of raw recruits into a good position, directed a fire which promptly dispersed the enemy's cavalry. It was an affair of a few minutes only, but it stamped the veteran statesman as fit to lead men in battle.

What a noble old man! What a living spring there was in him of virtue and manhood! The next four years were to give him a place in the hearts of his countrymen forever.

Gov. Smith was soon commissioned colonel of Virginia Volunteers, and when the fateful day of Manassas dawned he had assembled about half a regiment. And now appeared that aggressive and impetuous courage, that intuitive perception of the decisive needs of the critical moment of battle, that contagious energy expressed in look and act and word, that heightening and developing to larger efficiency of all the faculties of the man in the presence of danger and death, and that electric power of moving soldiers with a common impulse proceeding from one overmastering will which at once marked him as fit to command in war. On that stricken field where Barnard Bee paid the last debt of patriotic devotion and Stonewall Jackson, giving presage of his matchless fortitude, stemmed the rushing tide of the enemy's attack, William Smith was recognized as worthy to stand by their side. Quickly obeying the order to advance, catching promptly the spirit of Beauregard's measures by personal contact with him, seizing strong ground on Jackson's left and attracting to his own small force two companies drifting without orders, and again two regiments that, hitherto unplaced, now felt the sway of his magnetic example, he kept his vision clear and his line unbroken amid all the vicissitudes of that fierce struggle. From that day his own men of the Forty-Ninth were ready to follow wherever he led, and the whole army knew that the old tribune of the people was a hero in battle. Gen. Beauregard officially reported that "Col. William Smith was efficient, self-possessed, and brave, and the influence of his example and his words of encouragement were not confined to his immediate command." And Gen. J. E. Johnston wrote that "Col. Smith's cheerful courage had a fine influence not only upon the spirit of his own men, but upon the stragglers of the troops engaged." But more gratifying to him than any official praise must have been the recog-

nition of his noble conduct which came from his people at home and the men of his own regiment. In the autumn of 1861 he had been elected a member of the Confederate Congress, and in the spring of 1862 he was almost unanimously reelected colonel of his regiment by the men who had fought at his side.

He did not intend, however, that any civic honors should take him away from his duty in the field. Showing himself during a short winter session in the Confederate Congress, on the 16th of April, 1862, he left it to rejoin his regiment. It was this act, following upon his magnificent conduct at Manassas, which won the heart of the gallant Gen. William H. Payne, who wrote: "For many years I lived under the shadow of his roof and in his daily presence, and was yet too dull to know him. Indeed, until the war, that great detective and pitiless exposé of shams, broke upon us, I had no idea what manner of man he was. It was not until I saw him refusing the exemptions of a seat in Congress and the legitimate repose of advanced years, seeking hardships and dangers from which others blanched—the whitest head and the lightest heart that marched under the Confederate colors—did I know that a piece of as genuine metal as was ever forged from English loins was beside me."

After such prowess on his first field the army was prepared to hear of Col. Smith's splendid bearing on the tremendous day of Seven Pines. You know the character of the ground, deluged by floods of rain during the previous night, over which our men pressed their attack—the swamp, the thicket, the abattis. Smith, on horseback, led his men daringly through all these obstacles up to the enemy's position, maintaining and receiving a murderous fire for three hours and a half. It is in such scenes that the power of a great soul is felt. With his sunny smile and contagious gallantry he kept his men under the sway of his own firm will until two hundred and two out of four hun-

dred and twenty-four of the Forty-Ninth had fallen, he remaining at their head, though wounded; and the same intrepid spirit animating all parts of D. H. Hill's line, the enemy at last yielded his redoubt and guns. An eyewitness of his regiment wrote of its commander on that day that "after several of the color bearers of the regiment had been in rapid succession shot down, Col. Smith dismounted from his horse, seized from the hands of the dying sergeant the colors, already pierced by a number of balls, and, remounting his horse, sat waving the flag in line of battle as long as I had sight of him." Mahone's official report records that "the Forty-Ninth Virginia, stimulated by the characteristic coolness of its fearless commander, Col. William Smith, suffered heavily." And George B. Anderson, that noble soldier, his brigade commander, reported: "Col. William Smith, Forty-Ninth Virginia, was conspicuous, as I can testify from my own observation, for coolness and courage. His exposure of his person was perhaps almost a fault." Finally Gen. D. H. Hill, in his report, speaks of "the gallant Col. William Smith and his noble regiment."

Surely these were testimonies sufficient to have filled the measure of any regimental commander's desire for fame, but military ambition was not the motive or the guide of his achievements. Love of his native land; an impassioned conviction of the justice of Virginia's cause; sympathy with her people, with whose feelings every pulsation of his heart was in unison; righteous anger with the invaders of his country, and a fierce ardor to fight them and drive them back—all these emotions fired the man's whole being and carried him in each successive battle to nobler exhibitions of soldierly devotion.

At Sharpsburg, forming part of Early's Brigade in his obstinate defense of the ground assigned to him by Jackson, he seems grander perhaps than in the attack at Seven Pines. In that desperate passage of war near the Antietam, telling his soldiers, "Men, you conquer or die where you stand!" he kindled in them his own heroic fire, and at a critical moment, when a strong force had reached his flank and rear, coolly gave the order "About face!" and, enjoining on his men the most deliberate aim, he drove the flanking detachment back by one crushing volley. Facing again to the front, he seized ground some yards in advance, which he was resolutely maintaining when Jackson's order came to hold his position at all hazards. We can fancy his steady look and serene smile when he gave the answer to the gallant Capt. Payne: "Tell Gen. Jackson that is just what we are going to do." And that is what he did. Col. Smith stood there with his men till the enemy was driven back with the loss of many prisoners, himself receiving a wound in the shoulder, at first considered mortal, and two other wounds, but refusing to relinquish command till the fight was finished. I do not know a more impressive story of stoical endurance than Gen. Early's description of him at that moment: "I found Col. Smith standing by himself on a limestone ledge. I rode up to him and said: 'Colonel, get your men together and reform your regiment as soon as possible; the enemy may come back again.' He answered: 'General, is he gone?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but he may come back again, and we must be in condition to receive him.' Then he replied: 'You will observe, General, I am very bad-



GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

From photo made in 1881.

ly wounded, and can't do anything more.' I looked at him, and saw the blood streaming from his left shoulder, which indicated a very serious wound, and I was not advised that he was shot in another place—the leg, I believe. These wounds were in addition to the one inflicted by the ball which struck him in the arm. He was very seriously wounded, and I saw he was unable to move, though he was standing up. He was subsequently carried from the field in a helpless condition, and was confined with his wound for a considerable time. He was as brave a man as I ever saw, and seemed always insensible to fear."

After such a eulogy from a commander not given to exaggerated praise, why need I recite the formal language of official reports—even the warm commendation of Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart? The whole commonwealth and the Confederate government were now alive to the fact that a leader of extraordinary daring and firmness was at the head of the Forty-Ninth Virginia. In February, 1863, came his commission of brigadier general, and a few months afterwards his election by an uprising of the people to the position of Governor of Virginia. This second elevation to that high office had occurred without his ever leaving his camp; and he did not mean to leave it till the day should come for his inauguration, January 1, 1864.

The momentous campaign of 1863 was at hand, in which Gen. Smith intended to do his duty in the field. And with him duty was always heroic self-sacrifice and devotion. Senator Daniel, then adjutant general on Early's staff, has eloquently described Gen. Smith's appearance at that time, in which he said: "It was in this campaign that I was thrown often in the company of Gen. Smith, and it was frequently my duty to fulfill Gen. Early's orders in bearing him messages upon the field and pointing out the positions which he was to occupy. He invariably went into battle at the head of his men, and always on horseback when topography permitted. He possessed remarkable courage of a rare and peculiar order. On the edge of a fight he was as serene as a May morning—pleasant-humored, full of vivacity and good cheer—and his face betokened the confidence and heartiness of a spirit never perturbed by fear or misgiving, but resolute and earnest to do with a will the work before it. Yet, when roused in action, he was full of fire, energy, and enthusiasm. I wish I could paint the scene before Winchester in June, 1863, when his brigade was ordered forward into line and the division was forming to assail Gen. Milroy's position. Gen. Early directed me to convey the order to Gen. Smith. Galloping to deliver it, I met Gen. Smith riding at the head of his men, who were approaching across the field. The sun was hot, and he carried an umbrella over his head in one hand. He wore a citizen's hat and an old-fashioned standing collar. His horse was accoutered with a pair of saddlebags, and had nothing of the martial air about him. The General looked more like a judge going to open court than like a Southern brigadier or 'fire eater,' and his smiling face and urbane manners gave little inkling of grim-visaged war. But in a twinkling the umbrella went down. 'Forward, quick-step!' ran down the column. The horse caught the fire of his rider, and if one had seen Smith's Brigade as they came into line in front of Milroy he would have recognized instinctively that they were veterans who knew their

business, and a glance at Gen. Smith would have shown that here was a born leader who could inspire men with his own calm but energetic and indomitable courage."

Another gifted eyewitness, Maj. Robert W. Hunter, vividly portrayed Gen. Smith's splendid prowess on the third day at Gettysburg, when at a great crisis he dashed up with his brigade to drive back an overwhelming mass of the enemy that threatened destruction to our extreme left: "It was done so handsomely, the old Governor's bearing was so superbly gallant, his voice so ringing and inspiring, the reënforcement he brought so opportune, so welcome, and so effective, that the troops in that quarter, rejoicing in their deliv-



MISS JULIA JACKSON, DAUGHTER OF STONEWALL JACKSON.
From photo 1881.

erance, in heartfelt tribute to that 'good gray head that all men knew,' and with a spontaneous impulse such as only soldiers in such a plight can feel with one accord raised the shout, 'Hurrah for Gov. Smith!' which went along the lines like an electric current, mingling with the sullen roar of the enemy's cannon."

The magnificent feat of arms which Maj. Hunter thus thrillingly describes was a fitting close to Gen. Smith's glorious service in battle. Leaving the army, he now at length allowed himself a short period of repose before entering the office as Governor of Virginia. In August, 1863, the Confederate government had signified its appreciation of his extraordinary merits by conferring on him the rank of major general. This promotion only reflected the unbounded admiration of the army and the country. I need not recite the familiar story of his patriotic and zealous discharge of the duties of Governor of Virginia during the last fifteen months of the war—the agony of the dying Confederacy. His great heart throbbed with hope and courage to the end, and when the last blow had been struck he faced the extremity of disaster with the fortitude of

a man who, leaving no duty undone, had from the beginning offered up his whole being to his country. In the unhappy period of reconstruction his counsels of wisdom and of patriotism and, above all, of inextinguishable hopefulness guided and sustained his fellow-citizens. Duty now, at last, made no further call on him. To a career of unexampled labors, of startling vicissitudes, of manly virtue and antique simplicity was reserved a long evening of dignity and repose, drawn out almost to the farther verge of his ninetieth year. "I have laid it down," he somewhere said, "as my rule of life to be happy with what I have, and yet with cheerful alacrity to pursue that which I ought to desire." And nobly did his last years illustrate that fine maxim, which, indeed, breathes the very spirit of his whole life. Restless energy, cheerful temper, exuberant vitality, duty placed before all else, utter fearlessness in the discharge of it—these are the great marks of a character which will never cease to be honored in this commonwealth. And whenever and wherever the roll of Virginia's heroes is called his name, cherished with every token of affection and respect, will speak a far-resounding lesson of virtue, of courage, and of manhood.

ABOUT A DISTINGUISHED SOUTHERN FAMILY.

Mr. De Rosset Lamar wrote from New York, January 15, 1879, to Wm. O. Sprigg, Esq., Cumberland, Md.:

Dear Sir: I never knew one of the blood Lamars who did not have the clansman feeling more than strong—red hot. Col. John B. Lamar, of Macon, surnamed "White John" in contradistinction to Black John, who was a man of equal rank among his townsmen, but a brunette in complexion, was brother-in-law to the Hon. Howell Cobb, fifty years old, and was killed at Crampton's Gap in September, 1862. Your other Macon correspondent of the name was Lucius M. Lamar, colonel of the Eighth Georgia, or John Hill Lamar, colonel of the Sixtieth Regiment. Jeff Lamar, brother of the Senator, married a Lamar; was lieutenant colonel of Cobb's Legion and was killed at Sharpsburg. Another Jeff was lieutenant colonel of the Second Florida Regiment, but failing in health was detailed on Gen. J. E. Johnston's staff. There were in all sixteen colonels in the Confederate States army. They distinguished themselves all along the line from Belmont to Gettysburg, and of the number, I believe, only the Senator, who was colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi, and Lucius M., of the Eighth Georgia, survive, the last in a badly wounded state. This last mentioned was the *beau sabreur* of the name, though nearly all whom I have mentioned united the gentleness of a woman with the fire of men who bore the guinea's stamp all over them. My brother Charley was also a colonel, and was probably the last officer on our side who was killed in a general engagement.

A generation ago the family ruled Georgia by admitted force of manhood and length of purse; but, with the possible exception of the Senator, they preferred to be Warwicks rather than kings. In every community they have played conspicuous parts from strength of intellect and social position, but with scarcely an exception unambitious of office *for themselves*, lovers of ease, hospitality, and home life.

I never heard of a "Union" Lamar anywhere, and should not believe in his genuineness if I did.

What I have sought in applying through Mr. Lowndes was the records of the parent Maryland family, so far as they could be gathered from the recollections of survivors, but specially from any historical or court records which might have been preserved in Maryland, from whence the stock roamed as far as Texas, whose second President, when it was a republic, was Gen. Mirabeau Lamar; and he might have been the first (as he was the real commander and victor of the battle of San Jacinto) but for his easy indifference to honors and amiable relinquishment in favor of the pretensions of his more ambitious friend, Sam Houston.

If you can aid me to what I seek by directing me to persons or to localities where I can obtain the material for a rough draft or sketch of the earliest history of the family, I shall feel profoundly obliged.

I have been a resident of New York only four years past, having come here to settle up the estate of my father, Gazeway B. Lamar, who died here in 1874, soon after removing here from Georgia.

Capt. Joseph Harris Forbes, Assistant Quartermaster, C. S. A., was born in St. Mary's County, Md., and enlisted in the Confederate service in August, 1861, joining the First Maryland Artillery as a private. He was very soon appointed quartermaster sergeant, and for the faithful performance of the important duties of that office rose to the rank of captain and assistant



CAPT. J. H. FORBES.

quartermaster in the Army of Northern Virginia. After the surrender at Appomattox Capt. Forbes returned to his native State and engaged in the banking business. He is President of the Annapolis Savings Institution, one of the most successful financial institutions in Maryland.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Reminiscences of the sanguinary conflict related by Col. A. H. Belo, of the Fifty-Fifth North Carolina Infantry, before the Sterling Price Camp, of Dallas, Tex., January 20, 1900:

In response to your request, so graciously presented by Judge Watts, I will give you some reminiscences of the battle of Gettysburg.

After the battle of Chancellorsville Gen. Lee spent some time in reorganizing the army into three corps, commanded respectively by Gens. Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and Ewell; and in June, Ewell's column taking the left of the line, we advanced into Maryland.

It was an army of veterans—an army that had in two years' time made a record second to none for successful fighting and hard marching. What a contrast between the enthusiastic volunteers who fought at Bull Run in 1861, and this army of trained veterans marching into the enemy's country! As a writer describing the second crusade said, "It was a goodly sight, and every man's heart was lightened and his courage strengthened as he felt that he himself had his share and part of the glorious whole." Gen. Alexander, in the "Century War Book," writes: "Except in equipment, a better army, better nerved up to its work, never marched to a battlefield."

Gen. Ewell proceeded to within a few miles of Harrisburg, Pa., and had that city within his grasp when he was recalled to join Lee at Gettysburg. Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps, to which I belonged, passed through Hagerstown, Md., and Gen. Heth's Division camped at Cashtown on June 29.

Gen. Lee's headquarters were near us, and Gen. Harry Heth asked permission to send one brigade into Gettysburg on the morning of June 30 to get a supply of shoes. He sent Pettigrew's North Carolina brigade, but they found the town occupied by what they thought were militia, and having instructions not to precipitate a fight, withdrew. Gen. Heth then asked permission from Gen. Lee to send two brigades the next day, which was granted, but he has told me several times since the war that Gen. Lee felt very solicitous about the movements of the enemy, as Gen. Stuart, commanding the cavalry, had gone on a raid near Washington and left Gen. Lee, as he remarked, "without his eyes." Heretofore his cavalry had not only partially veiled his own movements, but had afforded valuable information as to the movements of the enemy.

However, on the morning of July 1 Gen. Heth ordered Davis's and Archer's Brigades to advance upon the town, and about 9 o'clock we passed Pettigrew's Brigade. In conversation some of the officers said we would find militia in the town. We had not advanced very far before we were ordered to throw out a line of skirmishers, and immediately after that the first gun was fired by Marye's battery, and was responded to by Hall's battery on the Federal side.

The Fifty-Fifth North Carolina was to the left of the line, and as the cavalry was threatening them, a company was thrown out to protect our left flank. In this way we advanced with continual skirmishing, the line of battle following closely after. After cross-

ing Willoughby Run the firing became very heavy and the order to charge with bayonets was given, and we started with a yell. Col. Connally, commanding the regiment, fell seriously wounded, and I went to him and asked him if he was badly hurt. He said: "Yes, but the litter bearers are here; go on, and don't let the Mississippians get ahead of you."

We soon broke the Federal line, which was well marked by their dead and wounded. The first wounded man I asked replied: "We are Joe Hooker's men, and have marched five miles this morning;" so I told one of my officers that we had struck the regular army, and not the militia. This Federal force was Cutler's Brigade, and it was completely routed. In the meantime Archer's Brigade on our right had met the "Iron Brigade," commanded by Gen. Reynolds, who was killed in that engagement.

After the repulse of Cutler's Brigade we continued our advance and soon saw another Federal force coming on the field, one regiment, which afterwards proved to be the Sixth Wisconsin, marching at right angles with us. They formed a line of battle and changed front to meet us, and at the same time were joined by the Ninety-Fifth New York and Fourteenth Brooklyn.

I was so impressed with the fact that the side charging first would hold the field that I suggested to Maj. Blair, commanding the Second Mississippi on my right, that we should charge them before they had their formation completed. He agreed to this, but just at that time we received orders to form a new alignment. At the same time the Federals, taking advantage of this, were advancing, and before our new alignment could be completed, charged up to the railroad cut. One officer, seeing me, threw his sword at me and said: "Kill that officer, and we will capture that command." One of my men, however, picked him off, and we were able to get out of the railroad cut after a severe struggle.

The following extract from the report of Col. Rufus



COL. A. H. BELO.

R. Dawes, commanding the Sixth Wisconsin Regiment, will show the loss he sustained in that short time, and, strange to say, he and Maj. Pye had the same conversation as Maj. Blair and myself about the successful charge:

"I was not aware of the existence of the railroad cut, and at first mistook the maneuver of the enemy for retreat, but was undeceived by the heavy fire which they at once began to pour upon us from their cover in the cut. Capt. John Ticknor, always a dashing leader, fell dead while climbing the second fence, and many were struck on the fences, but the line pushed on. When over the fences and in the field, and subjected to an infernal fire, I first saw the Ninety-Fifth New York Regiment coming gallantly into line upon our left. I did not then know or care where they came from, but was rejoiced to see them. Farther to the left was the Fourteenth Brooklyn Regiment, but I was then ignorant of the fact. Maj. Edward Pye appeared to be in command of the Ninety-Fifth New York. Running to the Major, I said: 'We must charge.' The gallant Major replied: 'Charge it is.' 'Forward, charge!' was the order I gave, and Maj. Pye gave the same command. We were receiving a fearfully destructive fire from the hidden enemy. Men who had been shot were leaving the ranks in crowds. With the colors at the advance point, the regiment firmly and hurriedly moved forward, while the whole field behind streamed with men who had been shot, and who were struggling to the rear or sinking in death upon the ground. The only commands I gave as we advanced were, 'Align on the colors! Close up on the colors! Close up on the colors!' The regiment was being so broken up that this order alone could hold the body together. Meanwhile the colors fell upon the ground several times, but were raised again by the heroes of the color guard. Four hundred and twenty men started in the regiment from the turnpike fence, of whom about two hundred and forty reached the railroad cut. Years afterwards I found the distance passed over to be one hundred and seventy-five paces."

The Federals did not advance beyond the railroad cut, and our new alignment being complete, there was a comparative lull in the fighting until Ewell's Corps, coming in on our left, formed a junction with us. The fighting was then resumed and kept up during the whole afternoon, resulting in the complete defeat of the First and Eleventh Corps of the Federal army, and our capturing four thousand or five thousand prisoners.

During the night both sides were occupied in bringing up reinforcements. Gen. Pendleton, commanding the artillery, told me in Galveston since the war that on the morning of the second day he was on the advance line and sent courier after courier back to Gen. Lee, with information as to the Federal troops coming up, and urging immediate attack on our part. He says Gen. Lee gave these orders, but for some reason they were not carried out.

So the morning of the 2d of July passed, the Confederates occupying Seminary Ridge and the Federals Cemetery Ridge. In the afternoon heavy fighting at different points, without much connection, continued all along the line from Culp's Hill to Little Round Top. Gen. Lee stated the result: "We attempted to dislodge the enemy, and gained some ground. We

were unable to get possession of their position." Gen. Meade's report to Gen. Halleck that night said: "The enemy attacked me about 4 p.m. this day, and after one of the fiercest contests of the war, was repulsed at all points. We have suffered considerably in killed and wounded." In the fourth volume of Rhodes's "History of the United States," just published, he states: "The feeling among the officers in Meade's Camp that night was one of gloom. On the first day of the battle the First and Eleventh Corps had almost been annihilated. On the second day the Fifth and part of the Second had been shattered, and the Third, in the language of its commander, who succeeded Sickles, was used up and not in a condition to fight. The loss of the army had been twenty thousand men; only the Sixth and Twelfth Corps were fresh."

The morning of July 3 opened with an attack on the right of the Federal line, and then there was a lull until about 1 o'clock, when the artillery duel began, in which over two hundred cannon participated, and, as a celebrated general said, "it was a terrific and appalling cannonade." The lines of battle were about a mile apart, and the infantry felt that they would have to charge across that space.

You have doubtless read of the famous charge in which fifteen thousand men from Longstreet's and Hill's Corps marched steadily and coolly against the storm of canister shot, shell, and the enemy's bullets, and in the final assault remember the words of the immortal Armistead as he leaped the stone wall, waved his sword with his hat on it, and said, "Give them the cold steel, boys!" before he fell, mortally wounded.

Gen. Hancock, who was said to be the best tactician of the Federal army, was in command at that immediate point, and in his report to Gen. Meade said: "I have never seen a more formidable attack. The enemy must be short of ammunition, as I was shot with a tenpenny nail."

And here I will state that my regiment, though it had suffered severely from the two days' fighting, was in the final charge, and three members of it—namely, Capt. Whitehead, Lieut. Falls, and Sergt. Whittlesey—reached the extreme point of the Confederate advance on that fatal day. Capt. Whitehead was killed by a shell from our own batteries striking him in the breast, but the other two are still living. A few years ago Lieut. Falls and Sergt. Whittlesey visited the battlefield with Maj. W. M. Robbins, of the Commission, and located the exact spot which they reached, which is about eighty yards to the left and beyond the point where Armistead fell. By a strange coincidence on that very day some survivors of the Federal regiment stationed at that point on July 3 were visiting the battlefield, and confirmed the statements of Lieut. Falls and Sergt. Whittlesey, stating that they saw the three men, and pointing out the spot where Capt. Whitehead fell. With this evidence, which was conclusive, the Commission has placed three stakes to mark the point, and to the Fifty-Fifth North Carolina Regiment belongs the credit not only of having opened the fight on the first day, but of having reached the farthest point of advance on the last.

After the repulse of the charge those who could fell back to our original line on Seminary Ridge. Lieut. Col. Freemantle, an English officer, in his diary says:

"Gen. Lee rode up to encourage and rally his troops, and said to me, 'This has been a sad day for us, Colonel—a sad day; but we cannot always expect to gain victories.'" An officer reported the state of his brigade, and Gen. Lee immediately shook hands with him and said, 'Never mind, General, all this has been my fault; it is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best you can.' However, after the war Gen. Lee declared, 'Had I Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, I would have won a great victory.'"

The respective forces engaged in this battle were: Confederate, 70,000; Federal, 93,000. The losses, according to the official returns published in the "Century War Book," were: Confederate, killed, wounded, captured, and missing, 20,451; Federal killed, wounded, captured, and missing, 23,003.

Twenty-five years after the battle I visited the field at the request of Col. Bacheler and Maj. W. M. Robbins, of the Commission. Col. Bacheler was a graduate of West Point. In the summer of 1863 he went to Gettysburg and had spent a great deal of time in getting up statistics relative to the three days' battle. He told me that he did not know of any other battlefield that afforded so much food for thought and study to a military man as the battlefield of Gettysburg.

We devoted two days to visiting all parts of the field. On the morning of the first day we started where my regiment first filed off to the left of the Cashtown road and formed its line of battle. We then walked over the ground where Cutler's Brigade was shattered to the fatal railroad cut and went over all the details of that fierce struggle, and then took up the line where Ewell joined us and where the battle raged so fiercely all the day, finally winding up in Gettysburg, where Gen. Lee had his headquarters on the night of July 1.

The following morning bright and early we drove out to the extreme left of the Confederate line, and looked over the ground fought over on the afternoon of that day, from Culp's Hill to Gettysburg. After dinner we followed the line of the extreme Confederate right and heard Maj. Robbins's description of the gallant action of Hood's Division at Little Round Top. Finally we walked over the ground of the charge of the last day, and on reaching that point we found a large bronze book containing the names of all the regiments and brigades participating in that dreadful contest. How peaceful this was, compared to the same time so many years ago!

That night at supper, after having discussed so many details of the battle, I said to Maj. Robbins: "What are your conclusions after your investigations?" He said: "We were very near victory several times, but I have concluded that God Almighty did not intend it."

Within the past few days I have received a letter from the gallant Major, who since the war has been a member of Congress from North Carolina, and is now a member of the Commission. As it gives the latest information concerning what is being done at Gettysburg, I will, in conclusion, read you his letter:

"STATESVILLE, N. C., January 10, 1900.

"To Col. A. H. Belo.

"My Dear Colonel: Your favor of the 3d inst. is just received—forwarded from Gettysburg to my home here, where I am on a visit. In midwinter we can do

little outdoor work on the battlefield, and office work, such as preparing inscriptions, etc., with the war records before me, can be as well done here.

"We have not yet published any map of the Gettysburg Park and battlefield. We have been much delayed in our work by the difficulty of procuring for the government, from some of the land owners, the title of lands embracing very important parts of the battlefield, having been compelled to resort to condemnation proceedings in the courts, wherein every possible quibble is interjected in order to spin out the cases and swindle Uncle Sam. The Georgians and Tennesseans freely donate the lands needed for avenues, etc., at Chickamauga and Chattanooga, so Gen. Boynton informs us, but we are far from finding it so at Gettysburg.

"The lines and positions of the Union volunteers have nearly all been marked by the States of the North. The main purpose of the United States Government in taking charge of this field was to have the same thing done for the Confederates and the Union regulars, and also to have commodious roads and avenues constructed, so as to make all part of the field easily accessible. We are making good progress with this work, but have not yet felt prepared to publish any official map of the field or history of the great conflict that made it memorable. We have in course of preparation a map showing it fully down to the smallest details and with all possible accuracy.

"You express a wish to have an account of my personal experiences on the battlefield, etc. Well, all old soldiers, I believe, are fond of fighting their battles over again, but I should prefer to do so by word of mouth, if only I could have the great pleasure of being with you face to face. I enjoyed very much your visit to Gettysburg, and should be delighted to have you come again and go over the field with me. You would find many improvements made since you were here: excellent Telford avenues along battle lines, one running right along where your Mississippi and North Carolina boys encountered and beat Cutler's New York and Pennsylvania brigade; many memorial tablets, showing the positions and recounting in brief and terse terms the movements and achievements of Confederate commands in the battle; a great many guns mounted on iron gun carriages, showing the positions of Confederate batteries, the guns being of the same class and caliber as those of which the respective batteries were composed; five iron towers, seventy-five feet high—one at the northwest corner of the field, overlooking the ground where you fought, one on the Confederate line toward its right flank, one on Culp's Hill, one on Big Round Top, and in the center of the field, near where the final assault of the third day was so gallantly made and so tragically ended. Do come and see us again and let me show you over the field, and bring with you some of those heroic Texans of Robertson's Brigade, by whose side we Alabamians fought against Round Top and Devil's Den. We whipped the devil in his den, but Round Top ran up too much toward heaven, and we didn't seem to make quite as good progress in that direction.

"As to my own part in the battle, I was acting major of the Fourth Alabama Regiment of Laws's Brigade, Hood's Division. On the 1st day of July the rest of the division marched to the vicinity of Gettysburg,

but our brigade was left on outpost duty at New Guilford, in Franklin County, twenty-five miles from Gettysburg. At 3 A.M. July 2 we were informed that a battle was raging there, and were ordered to hasten to it on a forced march. We joined our division there, formed battle line on the extreme right of the Confederate army at 4 P.M. one mile west of Round Top, and were ordered forward at once to attack that strong position. Two of our regiments—the Forty-Fourth and Forty-Eight Alabama—were obliqued to their left and assisted the First Texas and Third Arkansas in capturing Devil's Den and the adjacent rocky ridge. The other three regiments (Fourth, Fifteenth, and Forty-Seventh Alabama), together with the Fourth and Fifth Texas, moved against Little Round Top. I have always believed we would have taken it if we had not been so fagged out by our long, forced march on that broiling July day, and, moreover, we had to climb over the steep and ragged spur of Big Round Top before reaching the foot of Little Round Top, on the summit of which was the enemy's main line. When we arrived there many of our poor fellows were fainting and falling, overcome with heat and weariness, and in spite of exhortations from their officers, the men in line felt that they must lie down and rest awhile before making that second climb and storming the enemy's position on the crest. Thus our line stopped its advance, lay down among the rocks and bowlders, and simply returned the fire of the enemy. Momentum was gone, and though they kept up the conflict till nightfall, they never went much beyond the point reached in their first effort. You know about where that was, for I showed you the bowlder near which I stood, at the right flank of the Fourth Alabama, while the leaden hailstorm poured down upon us and filled my eyes with grit and gravel knocked off the big rocks about me.

"Fate was against us there. If the attack on Little Round Top had been made twenty minutes earlier, it would have been taken without opposition. I spent two hours last summer with ex-Gov. Chamberlain, of Maine, going over the ground of our fight there at Little Round Top. He commanded the Twentieth Maine Regiment of Vincent's Brigade in that fight, and the position of his regiment was partly in front of the Fourth Alabama. He and I remembered the conflict and its various features and incidents precisely alike, and the point where he himself stood in the heat of the battle is about fifty yards only from my own position. He assured me that his regiment and its brigade had not been there more than fifteen minutes before our fire opened, and if our attack had been made twenty minutes earlier we should have found Little Round Top undefended. Any one can see now that this little mountain, on the extreme left of the Union line, was the key of the battlefield, and if the Confederates had seized it and dragged some of their artillery up there, as they easily could have done, they would have enfiladed Meade's entire line, and made it too unhealthy for him to remain there; but it was not so decreed by the All-Wise.

"We Alabamians and our Texas comrades lay on the western slope of Big Round Top all day July 3, and the breastwork of stone which the boys with their own hands threw up there is standing yet just as they left it. You may know it makes an "old Reb" like

me feel his heart swell and his eyes moisten somewhat as he walks about there now and then all alone. We were idle all that last day, except some rencounters with the Federal cavalry hanging on the right flank of our army. Gen. Farnsworth, with some regiments, broke through the picket line and galloped up into Plum Run Valley in our rear that afternoon. The Fourth and Fifteenth Alabama were ordered to face about and charge down the lower slopes of Big Round Top to repel this calvary, which we did without difficulty in a few minutes. A volley was fired which killed Gen. Farnsworth's horse and brought him down, mortally wounded, and as a squad of Alabamians approached him he pulled a pistol and fired it into his own bosom, killing himself instantly. It is known that he had an altercation with Kilpatrick immediately before that charge, in which he urged its futility, and that Kilpatrick spoke to him offensively, saying that if he (Farnsworth) did not wish to lead it he would lead it himself or find some officer who would, whereupon Farnsworth, with an indignant remark, dashed away at the head of his cavalry, and it has been suggested that the sting of Kilpatrick's remarks may have prompted that final act of suicide. But, as he had five desperate wounds in the breast, it is probable that the agony he suffered from them made him seek immediate death as a relief. As this suicidal act of Gen. Farnsworth has been disputed by some, I deem it proper to say that, while I did not see it myself, I was informed of it in less than an hour afterwards by Lieut. Adrain, of the Fifteenth Alabama, and other men of the highest character who said they did see it, and who had no possible motive to fabricate such a story if it were false.

"You know we all resumed our original battle line on Friday night, July 3, and lay there all day Saturday, the 4th, waiting for Meade to attack us and give us a chance to pay him back in the same coin which he had dealt to us—to wit, a repulse. He had stood all the while on the defensive in a position well-nigh impregnable and with superior numbers, while all the assaults were made by the Confederates. We wished to turn the board around and try the game that way, but Meade ignored our challenge. Therefore, on Sunday morning, July 5, we turned toward Virginia, and after another banter of several days at Hagerstown, which we did not accept, we crossed on the pontoon at Falling Waters on July 14, and the Pennsylvania campaign was ended."

W. F. Christian, Bordley, Ky., writes in regard to Comrade Page's report (page 64, February VETERAN) of the killing of the dog at Camp Douglas:

Comrade Page fails to give full details in the matter. The dog came in with a fellow who was distributing coal at the barracks. When he got through and started away the dog was missing. After making inquiry with no avail, he offered \$10 reward, and put it on the bulletin board. Some fellow wrote above the notice:

We, for the want of meat,
We the dog did eat.

The Second Kentucky was immediately ordered into line and marched to Capt. Sponable's headquarters. After Capt. Sponable ascertained that they had killed the dog he ordered them to sit on the sleet in front of the barracks for two hours.

VICKSBURG NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

Capt. W. T. Rigby sends the following through Col. D. A. Campbell, Vicksburg:

By the initiative and wise direction of Capt. John F. Merry, Dubuque, Iowa, the Vicksburg National Military Park Association was organized in the city of Vicksburg October 23, 1895. Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee was elected President; Maj. Charles L. Davidson, Vice President; Capt. William T. Rigby, Secretary; and Col. C. C. Flowerree, Treasurer.

Members of the first Board of Directors were chosen as follows: Gov. John M. Stone, Col. J. K. P. Thompson, Gen. M. D. Leggett, Gen. W. H. Jackson, Col. Fred D. Grant, Gen. T. N. Waul, Col. J. G. Everest, Gen. Lucius Fairchild, Gen. Russell A. Alger, Gen. Ivan N. Walker, Col. John P. Rea, Gen. Robert McCullough, Rear Admiral George Brown, Gen. John B. Gordon, Gen. A. G. Weissert, Gen. E. W. Pettus, ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard, Capt. W. W. Stone, Gen. George F. McGinnis, Capt. E. S. Butts, and Gen. A. J. Vaughan. The five last-named members of the Board and the officers of the Association were constituted an Executive Committee, and charged with the duty of accomplishing the purposes of the Association.

Under the direction of the Executive Committee a survey was made of the park area under direction of Mr. Horace M. Marshall, C.E., a map of the same was prepared and a bill for presentation to Congress drawn. Options on a good part of the land required were also secured at an average price of \$35 per acre.

The bill was presented in the House of Representatives January 20, 1896, by Gen. T. C. Catchings; was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, which committee promptly reported favorably, and recommended its passage.

Gen. John B. Gordon, commanding the United Confederate Veterans, before the bill was presented to Congress, had issued a special order requesting and urging all Confederate Veterans to work for the establishment of the Vicksburg National Military Park. A similar order was also promulgated on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic by Commander in Chief Gen. Ivan N. Walker.

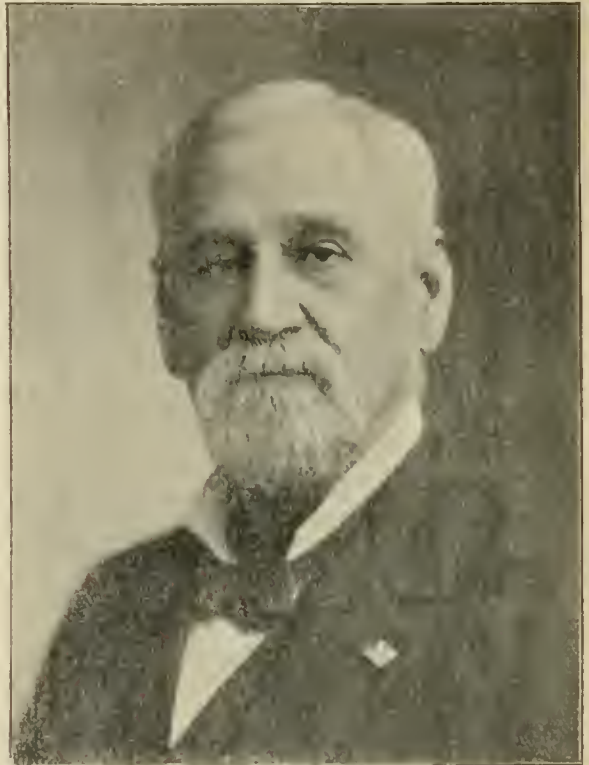
After the bill was introduced in Congress and before its final passage and approval by the President, February 21, 1899, it was indorsed by the United Confederate Veterans at their annual meeting, and by the Grand Army of the Republic at three successive national encampments, and by nearly all the department encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic. The bill had also received the indorsement of fourteen State Legislatures, including Mississippi and Tennessee.

The bill having become a law, the Secretary of War, March 1, 1899, appointed Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Capt. William T. Rigby, and Capt. James G. Everest Park Commissioners, as provided by the act establishing the park. The commissioners organized by electing Gen. Lee Chairman of the Commission, this being the first instance when that honor was bestowed upon a Confederate soldier. The Commission also elected John S. Kountz Secretary and Historian, and Charles L. Longley Assistant to the Secretary, these elections being approved by the Secretary of War.

The first meeting of the commission was held at

Vicksburg March 15, 1899, and the work of securing, by negotiation, title to the land needed for the park was immediately thereafter begun. These negotiations have been entirely successful, and it is confidently believed that titles to all the lands in the park area will be acquired without resort to condemnation proceedings in a single case.

When title to all the lands has been secured and a topographical survey of the park area made, the work of establishing the park, in accordance with the terms of the act, will be commenced. The first work will be the construction of roadways, the first one to be built following the line of the old Confederate earthworks



GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

and immediately in the rear thereof. This road will be seven miles in length, and in connection with the fine roadways to be built by the city of Vicksburg and the county of Warren will make a driveway ten miles long that in natural beauty and historic interest and association will be unsurpassed by any drive in the country.

When this roadway and one other which will outline the main park, are complete the work of restoring the earthworks of both armies and of remounting the guns in their old places will be commenced, the intention being to reproduce as exactly as possible the situation as it existed during the forty-seven days through which the hostile lines confronted each other.

W. D. Peak, who served in the Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Infantry until the fall of 1863 (when he was transferred to the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry), thinks he was the youngest soldier in the service—fourteen years and about eight months old. He is anxious to know if any record has been preserved or any comrade remembers the date of his enlistment.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

J. E. Baker, Lagrange, Tex., desires to learn the whereabouts of any veteran of Capt. William C. Winston's company (C), Third Tennessee Light Artillery, C. S. A. "Capt. Winston, his brother, Orderly Serg. C. A. Winston I know are dead. Junior First Lieut. W. V. R. Watson still lives in Houston, Tex., and the writer in Lagrange. Are any of the rest of them left?"

Rev. L. W. Pearce, Neosho, Mo., was wounded at the battle of New Hope Church, Ga., and lost his sword at that time. His name was engraved on the blade. He seeks any trace of it, and would also like to correspond with any survivors of Company A, Ninth Mississippi Battalion of Sharpshooters.

D. B. Scarborough, Fayburg, Tex., wishes to hear from some comrade of Company B, First Arkansas Battalion of Infantry, Col. Bart Jones, commander. He is a one-armed ex-Confederate, having been wounded the battle of Mars Hill in April, 1864. He hopes to secure a pension, but needs the affidavit of two persons who knew of his service in the war.

E. D. Cobourn, Elkton, Ky.: "I have a sword that was used by John Underdow, a revolutionary soldier and member of 'Lighthorse' Harry Lee's Cavalry, which I would like to sell if a good price can be obtained. It is in good condition with the exception of the scabbard, which is minus a small portion of the end."

Comrade W. W. Perry, of Riley, N. C., wishes to hear from one Miss Fannie Dewey, who nursed him in Winder's Hospital, at Richmond, Va., Ward 84, and called him her "little boy." Any information would be thankfully received.

Homer Ford and brothers, of Graham, Tex., make inquiry for their father, Homer Ford, who was captain of a company made up in Perry County, Ala., which belonged to the Twenty-Eighth Alabama.

Pat Lynch, S. McAlester, Ind. T., wants information of any survivors, officers or men, of Company G, Brooks's Battalion, or any survivors of the command that was at Savannah the night the five men were shot.

Dan Coffman, Kaufman, Tex.: "I wish to learn the whereabouts of O. V. Shutliff, assistant surgeon of the Thirty-Second and Forty-Fifth Mississippi Regiments, if living. My neighbor, Jim Dulaney, has in his possession a book belonging to Shutliff, written by Bishop Pierce, on the history of Texas in an early day from observations of the Bishop and son while together in Texas."

The family of William McRae, who was a member of Company B, Third Mississippi Regiment, wish to know when he died and where he is buried. Lieut. P. Westbrook wrote of him as follows from Atlanta, Ga., August 2, 1864: "On the 20th of July we were ordered to charge the enemy's works. Your husband, gallant and brave, was among the first to capture the works. He was wounded in the leg near the knee joint. We held the works only a few minutes, when we were ordered to fall back, and he was captured by the Federals."

Daniel B. Sanford, Milledgeville, Ga.: "Permit me to ask through your columns who commanded the battalion of marines in the battle of Sailors' Creek, Va., and where did they come from? Their line of battle was just in front of Phillips's Georgia Legion of Infantry, of which I was a member. Those marines fought like tigers and against odds of at least ten to one. The part they took in this fight with other commands ought to be written up by some competent participant and eyewitness. This battle was fought on April 6, 1865, and has never been given the important place in history that it deserves."

T. B. McLaughlin, Gurdon, Ark., writes: "The widow of William G. Stovall wishes to know if there are any comrades still living who know of her husband's service for the Confederacy. His diary shows that he belonged to the Twenty-Fifth Texas Regiment, Company H or I, the two being consolidated in Granbury's Brigade. She is getting old and in bad health, very poor and needy, and if there is help for widows of veterans she well deserves it."

"Can any of the VETERAN's correspondents tell us anything of John W. Rivers? He commanded the First Arkansas Battery of Light Artillery, and was a native of Alabama. I would be glad to hear from him if living."

Martin Thornton, Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I would like to hear of Billy Bridges, of Memphis, Tenn., who was a member of my company (A), Third Confederate Regiment, Cleburne's Division. We were both wounded at the battle of Perryville, Ky., when shot and shell were falling like hail, and were sent to Atlanta, Ga., for treatment. I should also like to hear from any surviving member of the company. Have heard that Capt. Winston is dead. He was from Little Rock, Ark. I hope to see some member of the old company at Louisville in May. Leave address with Mr. Cunningham, VETERAN office, 434 West Jefferson Street."

P. E. Hockersmith, South Union, Ky.: "In reply to inquirers in the VETERAN I will state that H. H. Ragan was reared at Russellville, Ky., and enlisted at Springfield, Tenn., in the Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment. It is reported that his grave has been found marked at the Gaines's Mill burying ground. He has a sister living in Russellville, a Mrs. Donovan, and two brothers at Evansville, Ind., Capt. Crockett, of the Thirtieth Tennessee, was killed at Chickamauga on Sunday evening, and his body consumed by a burning tree falling on it. I note also that you do not name Brig. Gen. William Perry in your list of living generals. He was from Alabama, and commanded a brigade in Anderson's Division, Longstreet's Corps. He lives at Bowling Green, Ky."

PALATKA VETERANS' ASSOCIATION.

Alex E. Wattles, editor *Palatka* (Fla.) *Advertiser*, writes: "There is an organization here composed of veterans of the civil war, both gray and blue, known as the Palatka Veterans' Association, and no more harmonious or brotherly feeling ever existed in an organization than in this. When a veteran of either side dies he is buried by the Association. Its annual picnics are always largely attended."

FORREST'S CHIEF OF ARTILLERY—MORTON.

Although it is as a cavalry general that the name of Forrest is best known, students of his great career from the time he enlisted as a private to when he finished as a major general best appreciate the genius of the man in his wonderful, resourceful versatility in handling men and molding them to his purposes in a great variety of emergencies. When he went into the army his knowledge of things military was less than that of the average volunteer; and yet did there ever live a commander who could take a body of men, as did he, untutored, undrilled, and unskilled, and make them to the enemy's imagination so dreadfully persuasive and, in fact, so terribly effective? His troopers, as horsemen, were the peers of any that ever wielded the saber. Dismounting them, he used them successfully against as hardy infantry as ever met a charge, and taught the military world new lessons in cavalry tactics. He made infantrymen of cavalymen and cavalymen of infantrymen with results equally brilliant.

The greatest marvel in Forrest's career, and that which was most surprising to professional military chieftains and critics, was his intuitive comprehension of the value of artillery. He entered the army knowing no more about artillery tactics than a crusader of the Middle Ages; and yet he achieved unprecedented victories with that arm of service that were new revelations of his genius. Keenly observant of the qualities of his men, Gen. Forrest made instant use of any special individual aptness. He never better illustrated the soundness of the judgment that inspired the enthusiastic confidence of his men than in his choice of lieutenants—his brigade commanders, his department chiefs, his staff officers, and particularly in his choice of a chief of artillery. For this vital post he selected, against the young man's modest demurring to be chosen over older officers, John W. Morton, then a delicate stripling. But Morton, a smooth-faced boy, had at Fort Donelson won the praise of the generals commanding and absolutely fought his way into Forrest's special esteem. He went with Forrest, and was given his first battery of guns, captured from the enemy on the West Tennessee raid of 1862. Thereafter Gen. Forrest not only gave to Capt. Morton implicit confidence, but not infrequently relied upon the judgment of the youthful cannoneer commander as to the best service to be had from his guns. It was immediately after the battle of Chickamauga that Capt. Morton went with Forrest into his Mississippi Department.

The General had referred to the artillery captain as the "little bit of a kid with a big backbone." He had delighted the General by keeping his guns in pace with the swiftest movements of his flying expeditions. Morton's batteries lumbered and thundered where sabers gleamed and carbines and pistols flashed in the headlong charge. His guns were the van of the victorious columns at Brice's Cross Roads, where they went into action with the celerity of the skirmish lines. On the Tennessee River and in the Johnsonville campaign—the most unparalleled performance of our civil or any other war—when Forrest struck a crushing blow at one of Sherman's largest depots of supplies, Morton, with his batteries led the way, and, with Gen. Forrest's approval, selected the positions from which they effected the capture of two gunboats, a heavily laden transport, and destroyed at Johnsonville mili-

tary stores worth, according to an official Federal report, over \$2,500,000, in addition to a fleet of eleven steamers, barges, gunboats, and transports, whose sunken hulls may yet be seen at Johnsonville when the river is low—voiceless but eloquent witnesses of the completest victory and most extraordinary campaign of the war.

Forrest's artillery, with Morton ever at their head, was in the van of Hood's advance into Tennessee, and while at Franklin and Nashville the Confederate infantry, despite their utmost valor and sacrifice, were overwhelmed by numbers, Morton and his guns successfully broke up the outposts, destroying railroads and blockhouses of the enemy's outer lines, and then joined the stricken army in time to aid in saving it from annihilation.

When the sad retreat of Hood's bruised and battered battalions made their bleeding way beyond the Tennessee River, Walthall and Forrest, with Mor-



CAPT. J. W. MORTON.

ton's artillery, held the swarming hosts of pursuers at bay, and the shells of the never-yielding batteries, until the last pale and bloody regiment was safe on the Southern bank of the river, ever shrieked defiance and hurled destruction into the foremost ranks of outnumbering foes.

And when, at last, the Confederate leaders decided to quit the terribly unequal struggle, whose continuance meant the further desolation of the land they loved—already scarred and blighted by four merciless years of war—there was no organization, of those who wore the gray and furled the stars and bars for the last time, so well equipped and ready for fight as Morton's batteries of guns, all captured from the enemy.

Their chief was yet so young at the surrender, that when he went home he took a course at school, pursuing the studies that had been interrupted by the war.

DAUGHTERS AT FRANKLIN.

Address Made for Them at Monument Dedication.

Mr. J. H. Henderson, of Franklin, Tenn., so endeared himself to the Daughters of the Confederacy in their great work of erecting a handsome Confederate monument on the Public Square in Franklin by his constant energy and zeal in their behalf that they chose him to represent them in the dedicatory exercises November 30, 1899. His address deserves a place in these pages. In substance he said:

The occasion which brings you here is one to which we have all looked forward with interest. We are making history to-day. Future generations will point back with pride to this day—that their fathers and mothers, thirty-five years after the close of one of the bloodiest wars of history, when all passion had subsided, all animosities had been buried, and all sections of our common country were at peace with each other as brothers, had paid this tribute of affection to the memory of their countrymen. A generation has passed, and this is in part the work of a new generation. The corner stone of this monument is love—every rock in its foundation is cemented in love; every stroke of the chisel that worked out its beautiful symmetry was made in love; love, pure and simple, welled up in grateful hearts, as a token of which we transmit this monument to posterity.

This is the work of the noble women of Williamson County. They are the daughters of those women who near forty years ago gave such impetus to the cause of the Confederacy. Go back in memory to the stirring days of 1861. The women were as active as the men. There was an invading army at our borders; nothing was left to be done but go. The women aroused an enthusiasm that brooked no opposition, and be it said to the lasting credit of Williamson that she put more men in the field than she had voters. The wife to her husband, the mother to her boy, the sister to her brother, the maiden to her sweetheart—all said: "Go. God be with you till we meet again! Should the fate of war befall you, and should that banner around which cluster the bright hopes of the Confederacy go down, you shall ever live in the hearts of your countrymen." We saw them go. They were boys, the flower of the land. Amid the hardships and deprivations of camp life, the desolation of the battlefield, they knew that promise would be redeemed, and gathered strength and courage from the fact. That promise has been as sacred with the daughters as it was with the mothers.

Who first suggested this monument, and that it be placed on the public square? is a question that has been asked. No man or woman can claim the credit. The sentiment that something should be done to show to coming ages that we who saw and knew the Confederate soldier honored and loved him was spontaneous, and had its origin in no single mind; and upon the idea that a monument to his memory was the proper means we were all unanimous.

Some at first preferred the beautiful McGavock Cemetery, the gift of that venerable gentleman whose memory is lovingly cherished by every man, woman,

and child in Williamson County. The locality, while sacred as the resting place of the hallowed bones of our heroes, was too far removed from daily public contact. Some preferred the battlefield, in sight of the railroad, that strangers in passing might know that we honor our countrymen. But we don't build it for strangers; we build it for our children. We teach our children patriotism, to love, honor, and defend the government under which we live; and in recent months children of Confederate soldiers, who revere the government, offered the opportunity, have proven themselves to be worthy sons of honored sires. And all, with rare exceptions, gradually came to the conclusion that the public square was the place, that our children might know by daily observation of this monument that their fathers and mothers regarded the Confederate soldier as the grandest character in all history.

History has her heroes from the earliest age. They stand out upon her pages as beacon lights, and have ignited the chivalry in the soul of many a boy. But we did not see them; we read about them. The men who left their homes that they had not seen for four years and followed Hood out of Tennessee, when they so plainly saw that the star of the Confederacy had begun to set, were heroes before whom, in our eyes, all others pale into comparative insignificance. The men who followed Lee from Richmond, when they could but see that his Appomattox was near, were men in whose fidelity and valor the gods delight. These men were Southerners, our own countrymen. Some of them were from Williamson County. Some of them are here to-day; some have passed over the river, and are resting under the shades of eternity, awaiting the coming of their comrades, which will be short. These



J. H. HENDERSON, ESQ.

are the men we desire to honor. It is an honor to belong to the race that could produce them. Our children should know them, and the richest heritage we have to leave them is that their blood flows through their veins. Such is the sentiment that built this monument and located it where it is.

Contrast for a moment their home-coming in 1865 with that of their sons in 1899—you have just witnessed the latter, in the sentiment of which we all heartily join. Ragged, foot-sore, weary, desolation on all sides, burned cities and homes, wasted fields. There was no trumpet to herald their coming; the sound of their approaching footsteps wasted away in the surrounding stillness. . . . But their countrymen and their countrywomen gave them a greeting worth more than the evanescent, fickle "Io triumphe" of the returning conqueror. With a silent, melancholy joy you met them; with outstretched arms and hearts full of love you received them, and showed to them then, as you have shown to the world for the thirty-five years since then, that you were proud of the record they made.

Only a few words in regard to the manner in which the money was raised. It is the work of the women of Williamson County. They have commanded the willing services of the men, and we have come and gone at their bidding. The monument fund was started by a few women about fourteen years ago, and their number was continually increased. By ice cream suppers, concerts, cake walks, etc., from time to time a few dollars were raised. During this period these women devoted much of their attention to raising funds for needy Confederate soldiers, for the Soldiers' Home, McGavock Cemetery, etc. On this account the completion of the monument was deferred, and not for lack of interest in it. They succeeded in raising nearly \$500. In 1896 Chapter No. 14, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was organized at Franklin, of which the most of these women became members. The chapter took charge of the enterprise, and went to work with a determination that saw nothing but success, and you see the result. While our pride in our soldiers is great, it is not greater than that we have in these women. All praise to the United Daughters of the Confederacy! all praise to the women of Williamson County! It took just such women as we have to make the Confederate soldier what he was.

Donations have come to them from all sources. Democrats, Republicans, Populists, Prohibitionists, vied with each other in their contributions. School children gave their dimes, Federal soldiers took stock, and this is the gift of all conditions of life, to stand as a monument of the affection of a grateful people. While many Confederate soldiers have been liberal in their donations, I for one, have thought that we should not require much of them, because this is done not by them, but for them; it is done in their honor.

While history for a season may be colored by the conquerors, and thus shadow the truth, in time it will right itself, and the world will know, as we now know, that no age or country has ever produced the superior of our countrymen in courage, fidelity, and nobleness of character, and we wish to offer for coming generations our humble testimony of these virtues.

A monument in honor of the Confederate soldier, or something that will impress my children with the grandeur of his character, has been the burden of my

heart ever since I have had children. Now that it is an accomplished fact, no man can be more rejoiced.

On the fateful field of Franklin, in addition to the great fatality in the ranks, there was unprecedented fatality among the officers. They led their men. Six generals, one major general, and five brigadiers dead upon the field, and as many wounded. Cleburne, Adams, Carter, Granbery, Gist, and Strahl—names that will ever be sacred to Southerners, as brave and as heroic as any in all the annals of history. They sought the Federal lines, and fell in their attempt to reach them. We have with us to-day one who was with them on the same mission, faced the same bullets, charged upon the same breastworks, when he was captured. Why he did not fall as they did is one of the unexplainable incidents of battle. As brave as they were, it was not because he was less brave than they. It is my pleasure and honor to present him to you, a soldier as brave as the bravest, a gentleman of the highest order, a matchless orator—Gen. G. W. Gordon, of Memphis.

GEN. FORREST'S SCHOOL-TEACHER.

Col. John Laws came from Hillsboro, N. C., to Tennessee in 1826 or 1828, and settled at Chapel Hill. After it was made a part of Marshall County he became its representative for three terms in the State Legislature. One of these was in 1861, when the State seceded. Col. Laws was a militia officer in the old North State and in Tennessee. Upon coming to Tennessee he engaged as a teacher, and one of his students became a renowned military hero. He was a lifelong Democrat, and when the Federals occupied the State went South. One day while riding on a road near Corinth, Miss., he was passing a group of officers, when one of them hailed him cordially, and asking if he knew him, said, "You ought to know me; you have whipped me often enough," and added, "I am Bedford Forrest." He then urged his old teacher to spend the night with him. Col. Laws was asked once if Forrest was a bright student. He replied: "Bedford had plenty of sense, but would not apply himself. He thought more of wrestling than his books; he was an athlete."

SPRINGFIELD (MO.) CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.—Maj. Harny W. Salmon, of Clinton, Mo., ever alert for the Confederate cause, sends to Capt. George M. Jones, Treasurer of the fund for a Confederate monument at Springfield, Mo., three checks from as many ex-Union soldiers in the war of the sixties: "These checks represent the voluntary contributions of three Union veterans, who have each generously donated \$50 to the fund being raised for the purpose of erecting a monument in the Confederate Cemetery at Springfield, Mo. The contributors, Missourians by adoption, who cast their lot with us at the close of the war, represent a type of manhood that has aided in the upbuilding of our grand old commonwealth. . . . You will please make acknowledgment to these big-hearted Missourians: Col. John S. Sullivan, Jefferson City; Col. M. C. Wetmore, care Planters' Hotel, St. Louis; and Mr. Thomas Connor, Joplin."

Miss Lillie Morris, of Chattanooga, Tenn., desires the names and addresses of any Confederates who were at Andersonville, Ga., during the imprisonment of Federal soldiers there.



"No matter whence he came,
Dear is this lifeless clay.
Whether unknown or known to fame,
His cause and country were the same—
He died and wore the gray."

The above lines were written by Mrs. Lina Beckwith, of Smithfield, N. C., now Mrs. Webb, and inscribed on the board at a soldier's grave. The soldier was wounded at the battle of Bentonville, and was being conveyed to Smithfield when death overcame him. His initials, D. W. M., with Company B, Fortieth Alabama Regiment, were cut upon a rough board and placed at his head. The board has long since rotted away, but the grave can be easily located. Editor Holt, of Smithfield, writes that there are sixteen unknown Confederates sleeping in the cemetery there who lost their lives at Bentonville.

R. J. Dew, Trenton, Tenn., reports the death of T. J. Ford, a member of Col. Freeman's Twenty-Second Tennessee Infantry. A good citizen and kind neighbor is thus lost to the community.

Camp Henry Gray, No. 55, U. C. V., Timothea, La., lost a member in the death of J. J. Stubbs, who died at his home in Bossius Parish February 3, in his sixtieth year.

R. W. Tribble, Cedar Bluff, Miss., reports two deaths in Forrest Camp at that place: W. H. Eliss, a member of Persins Mississippi Cavalry, who died October 4, at Ash Grove, and Thomas N. Pullen, of Company C, Forty-Fourth Mississippi Infantry, who died at his home in Pheba, Miss., August 26.

Samuel Dooley died at Joplin, Mo., on January 25, and was buried at Barry, Mo. Comrade Dooley joined the Confederate Army in April, 1861, and was a member of Company B, Second Kentucky Mounted Rifles, commanded by Col. Thomas Johnson. The regiment was under Gen. Morgan for a good portion of the war.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, commanding Indian Territory Division, reports the passing away of two comrades in that section during February: Capt. Perkins, late of Arkansas, and J. N. Fulton, who was a private in Company B, First Confederate Cherokee Cavalry.

Mrs. Jane Donnally Wilson Matthews, a most devoted Confederate "mother," died in Spring Hill, W. Va., in June, 1899, at the ripe age of ninety-three years. She was the daughter of Capt. John Wilson, who served in the war of 1812, and her mother was Miss Caterina Donnally, a daughter of Col. Andrew Donnally, of the revolutionary war. Mrs. Matthews was the mother of five daughters and two sons, and she

gloried in the service of her sons for the Confederacy. After a long and useful life she rests from her labors, and her good works do follow her.

RESOLUTIONS TO MEMORY OF MRS. L. R. FREE.

Whereas our beloved sister, Mrs. L. R. Free, has been called by an all-wise and loving Father to a home eternal in the heavens, be it

Resolved: 1. That in her death the Jefferson Davis Chapter, United Daughters of Confederacy, Blackville, S. C., has lost an esteemed and faithful member, and one whose name was always an honor to its roll.

2. That we extend to her family our sympathy in their grief for the loss of a devoted mother, wife, and sister.

3. That a page in our minute book be inscribed to her memory.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, to the Barnwell people, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication.

MARIE FARRELL,
FLORENCE MICHAELSON,
MAZIE B. THOMSON,
Committee.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. O'BRYAN.

Tribute by Rev James H. McNeilly, Chaplain:

Confederate veterans generally who attended the reunion at Nashville (Centennial year), 1897, will remember the gentleman who was prominent in directing the order of exercises to a successful conclusion. He was everywhere present, seeing to all details. He was zealous and enthusiastic in his endeavors to secure every comfort for the veterans. He was ever active to make the reunion a grand success. His face glowed with glad welcome to the visitors, and he was always at their service. His manner was brusque, yet kind; and while he was absorbed in his work, yet he had a bright word of greeting for every one. Open and frank in his address, he was yet positive in his idea and prompt in action. No one contributed more to make that one of the most notable of all Confederate gatherings than Capt. J. B. O'Bryan. With characteristic devotion he gave time, money, effort, and influence to make it a glorious tribute to the memory of the cause he loved.

When the death of Capt. O'Bryan was announced on Saturday afternoon, the 17th of March, 1900, it was a shock to the city of Nashville which will be felt by multitudes throughout the bounds of the Confederacy. The community has lost one of its most public-spirited citizens; the Church of God, a faithful and consistent Christian worker; the poor, a kind and liberal helper; and the Confederate veterans, a faithful comrade.

Joseph Branch O'Bryan was born in Franklin, Tenn., November 2, 1838. His parents were of that sturdy Scotch and Irish stock which has done so much to maintain civil and religious liberty. They came from North Carolina to Tennessee in 1825. The father was a physician, eminent in his profession. The mother, a near relative of Gov. Branch of North Carolina, was a woman of strong character and rare culture. After Dr. O'Bryan's death she had the training of her children, and impressed on them her high principles and noble ideals.

While yet a mere lad Capt. O'Bryan came to Nash-

ville and became a salesman in the mercantile house of R. C. McNairy & Co. By his politeness, uprightness, and his thorough knowledge of the business he added largely to the success of the firm.

When the war between the States began he promptly tendered his service to his native State, and enlisted April 16, 1861, in Company B, Rock City Guards, which became part of the First Tennessee Regiment of Volunteer Infantry. It rendered service with Stonewall Jackson in Virginia, and then in the Western Army. He served faithfully thenceforth with his regiment through all of its trying campaigns. He never shirked a duty nor shrank from any danger or hardship. He was loved and respected by his comrades, and attained the rank of captain as quartermaster in Cheatham's Division. He was paroled on the 16th day of



CAPT. JOSEPH B. O'BRYAN.

April, 1865, four years to a day from his enlistment. When the war closed Capt. O'Bryan returned to Nashville, and was a member of various prominent mercantile firms, and finally, as a partner in the manufacturing firm of O'Bryan Brothers, he was closely identified with the business interests of the city, and for thirty-five years of successful business life he was a prominent factor in the advancement of its material and moral prosperity.

In 1869 Capt. O'Bryan married Miss Mary Chambers, a daughter of Col. James M. Chambers, of Columbus, Ga. She, with two sons and a daughter, survives him. His death was sudden and unexpected. He was ill only from Tuesday until Saturday with *la grippe*, which developed into acute pneumonia. The funeral service was held in the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was for many years a member and

a ruling elder. There was a long procession of Veterans under the direction of Frank Cheatham Camp, of which he was chaplain. The great building was filled to its utmost capacity by those who knew and loved him. The funeral sermon of his pastor, Dr. Vance, was a splendid and truthful tribute to his character and work.

Capt. O'Bryan was easily one of the foremost citizens of the commonwealth in the times of peace. With him conscience was king. He sought in everything to know the right and to do it. He was absolutely fearless in the path of duty. Not only on the field of battle but in the affairs of daily life he stood up for the right as he saw it. Being positive in his convictions, he often aroused antagonism, but no one ever doubted his sincerity or the purity of his purposes. He never resorted to artifice nor subterfuge, and in his opposition to any measure he was open, and thus won the respect of all. With fine powers of organization he selected his helpers wisely, and he was usually put to the front when any enterprise was to be carried on for the benefit of State or Church. He was public-spirited, and liberal in a marked degree. He was intensely devoted to the interests of the Confederate soldiers. He planned and gave to provide for their bodily comfort and spiritual welfare. He was a director of the Tennessee Confederate Soldier's Home. Only the week before he was stricken with his fatal illness he visited that institution to look after its affairs. Many miles had he driven to and from the Home, located at the Hermitage, which fine property, once owned by Andrew Jackson, is now the property of the State of Tennessee.

Above all, he was an earnest, consistent, active Christian. He joined the First Presbyterian Church when sixteen years of age, and for thirty years he was a ruling elder. He carried his religion into all the relations of life. In business, in society, in his family, he was a Christian. He was the founder, and for many years the main support of the Edgar Church in North Nashville. He was Secretary of the Board of Directors of Ward Seminary, so well known throughout the South. This large school for young ladies is now under the patronage of the Presbyterian Church.

In Capt. O'Bryan's death every real interest of the community lost a wise and true friend.

How rapidly the ranks are thinning of those who camped and marched and fought together a generation ago! May those of us who are left "close up" and draw nearer together!

COL. R. G. HOWARD.

Col. Richard Grandison Howard died at his home in Florence County, S. C., on the 10th of September, 1899. Col. Howard entered the Confederate service at an early date, and participated in the first battle of Bull Run. After the reorganization in this State he was elected captain of a company which was sent to defend Charleston. During the fight at Battery Wagner he was captured and sent as prisoner to Hilton Head, where he was held as hostage about three months. From there the officers were removed to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie. After remaining there seven months, by a special exchange he was sent home, his health being much impaired by confinement in the Northern prison.

While a prisoner he was the recipient of many little acts of courtesy and kindness from Federal officers, all of which were gratefully appreciated and remembered. A brother could not have been more considerate of his needs while at Hilton Head, than was Capt. S. C. Peck, of a Connecticut regiment. Thirty years after



COL. R. G. HOWARD.

the surrender these two friends discovered each other, and their friendship was renewed and many interesting letters exchanged.

After the war Col. Howard returned to private life, but was repeatedly called on by his State and county to render public services of various kinds. As a citizen he was modest and unassuming, gentle in manner, and much beloved, respected, and admired by his countrymen. He was a prominent and enthusiastic member of his U. C. V. camp. In his death a true man and a noble veteran passed "over the river" and is resting in the shade.

GEN. W. S. STATHAM.

W. S. Statham, second son of Dr. A. D. Statham, was born in Wilkes County, Ga., in 1832. His parents moved to Yalabusha County, Miss., in 1842, where he secured his education, finishing at Dartmouth College. On returning to his home at Grenada he selected law as his profession, but with the first call for troops in 1861 he eagerly volunteered, and was elected captain of as gallant a company as the South gave to the Confederacy. All who knew him loved his genial, tender soul, and when that gallant company left, in April, 1861, to rendezvous at Corinth, Miss., thousands of citizens came to admire, cheer, and Godspeed each brave man who so proudly wore the gray.

In a short while Capt. Statham was elected colonel of the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment. His men were devoted to him. Their sufferings and privations caused him great anxiety, and for their comfort he was ever alert.

When the battle of Mill Springs occurred he had

gone to Bowling Green, Ky., to consult with higher officials, leaving Lieut. Col. Walthall in command of the regiment, and on that retreat their flag was lost in this way. The flag, being six by nine feet, was, of course, too large for a battle flag, so it was taken from the staff, folded and carefully placed in the trunk of D. John J. Gage (of the regiment) to be sent home for safe-keeping when an opportunity offered; so it was captured from the trunk.

After Gen. Zollicoffer fell Col. Statham was put in command of that brigade. His gallantry at the battle of Shiloh has often been recounted to the writer by his brave men. As he passed before them on his fiery white horse the sharpshooters' bullets often grazed both rider and horse—one passing through his hat, another through his coat lapel.

As he was being transported with his brigade to take command at Vicksburg, in June, 1862, Col. Statham stopped at his father's house to take the last farewell, and as he knelt by that dying father's bedside the tears would come as he recounted the charge of Breckinridge; how they saw the enemy almost ready to stack arms and surrender, and one more charge would have resulted in the capture of so many, but for the fatal order from Gen. Beauregard to fall back.

By his gallantry at Shiloh Col. Statham won his promotion to brigadier general in July, 1862, which reached him when unconscious in his last illness at Vicksburg, where he died just two weeks after his loved father had fallen asleep.

When he was recounting so many incidents of his campaign to his feeble father, the aged, trembling hand of that father rested on the head of his kneeling son as he said: "The enemy have the world to recruit from. They will buy an army strong enough to encircle us like a huge boa constrictor, and eventually crush our army by all the devices of war, but never must one of my blood turn his back to a foe." They met beyond the river in a short while.

COL. J. H. MORRISON.

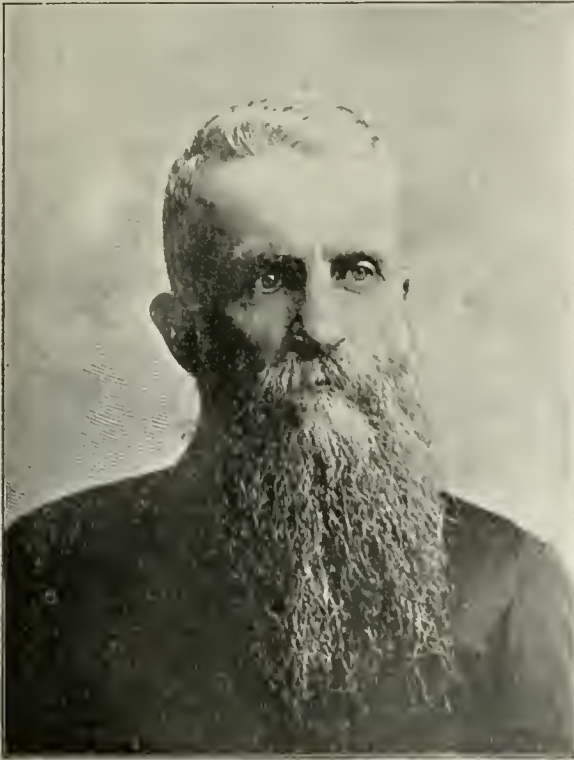
The *Stillwater* (Okla.) *Democrat*, reports the death of James H. Morrison, the founder of the town of Morrison, Noble County. He was born July 28, 1842, in New Orleans, but was educated in New York. He served in the Confederate army as lieutenant colonel under Shelby, Payne, and Longstreet. He took up the claim on which the town bearing his name now stands, and where he lived until his death. He leaves a wife, four boys, and five girls. He was buried by the Masons.

CAPT. F. M. SMITH.

The daily *Petersburg* (Va.) *Index-Appal* states:

The remains of Capt. F. M. Smith, of Norfolk, Va., for many years a citizen of this city, and for twenty-five years a conductor on the N. & W. R. R., were brought to Petersburg on a special car provided by the officers of the road he had served so faithfully for so many years. A large company of friends and a delegation of the Masonic Lodge, and also his brother, Rev. N. Keff Smith, of Kentucky, met the family, and after services at the grave, conducted by Rev. J. W. Rosebro, D.D., his former pastor, and the Masonic ceremony, he was laid away in old Blandford Ceme-

tery, while sweet voices sang "Asleep in Jesus." Capt. Smith was a native of Tennessee, and enlisted in the Confederate army while in Texas. After the war he settled in Petersburg, took a position on the road, and by faithfulness and economy had acquired a competency. Soon after the war he married a Scotch lady,



CAPT. F. M. SMITH.

Miss Delia F. Monkhouse, of this city, who, with one son, is left to mourn his departure. Capt. Smith subsequently moved to Norfolk, where he engaged in business. He was a descendant of a family of sturdy Scotch-Irish and German Presbyterians, and a family noted for their piety and culture, and which gave two sons to the ministry, Rev. N. Keff Smith, of Kentucky, and Rev. Hugh Calvin Smith, of Chicago, to both of whom he gave financial aid in preparing for their life work. Capt. Smith died in the hope of the gospel, loved by many and leaving an honored name.

GALLANT GEN. MARK P. LOWRY.

Capt. P. W. Shearer writes from Vicksburg, Miss.:

Referring to your article in the February number of the VETERAN commenting on a letter of Mr. W. H. Scales relative to Cleburne's Division at the battle of Franklin, I think I can give you the information you desire as to the identity of the officer you saw in conversation with Gen. Hood just before the battle opened. In your graphic account republished in the January issue in connection with the eloquent description of that desperate conflict by Gen. Gordon, I had noticed that you spoke of Gen. Loring, of Cleburne's Division, and supposed that this was probably a typographical error, as I am confident that the officer to whom you referred was Brig. Gen. Lowry, who commanded the brigade of Mississippians and Ala-

bamians of Cleburne's Division. This brigade was composed of the Thirty-Second and Forty-Fifth Mississippi and the Sixteenth, Thirty-Third, and Forty-Fifth Alabama Regiments, forming part of the original division of which Gen. Cleburne assumed command in the latter part of 1862, just after Bragg's Kentucky campaign, and remained under his command until his heroic death on the bloody field at Franklin.

Among all the gallant sons of the South who struggled so manfully in her defense there was no braver soldier, no truer gentleman than Mark P. Lowry. He had been colonel of the Thirty-Second Mississippi until made brigadier general, immediately after the battle of Chickamauga. The writer served for more than two years as a member of his military family, and is glad of this opportunity of paying this humble, affectionate tribute to the memory of his beloved old commander. Soldier, patriot, Christian, he has long since gone to his reward. There is not a survivor of the old brigade who will not join earnestly in loving, reverent remembrance of the brave, kind, true-hearted General, who was like a tender father to us all.

JOE BLANKENSHIP.

Dr. B. F. Duke writes from Pascagoula, Miss.:

In great sorrow we chronicle the death of our beloved comrade and friend, Joe Blankenship. This sad event occurred suddenly and unexpectedly at his home, Lake Como, Miss., February 13. From beginning to end of the great war he rendered valiant service as a member of the Jeff Davis Artillery. Strong, healthy, powerful in physical manhood, intensely patriotic, never sick, never wounded, fearless in battle, he was always at his post, as noble a hero as ever burned powder or drew sword.

In 1865 he went from Appomattox to the home of William Thigpen, near Lake Como, Miss., to claim his eldest daughter, Patience, who had through all



JOE BLANKENSHIP.

those trying years awaited his coming. He engaged in farming, and by hard work, persistent energy, and economy was soon able to engage in milling, ginning, and merchandising—in all of which he prospered. In 1882 he represented his county in the State Legislature to the entire satisfaction of his constituents.

He reared and educated a large family of children, most of whom, with his faithful and devoted wife, live to bless his name and mourn his untimely departure. He was a member of the Baptist Church, an upright Christian gentleman. He was strictly truthful in all he said and correct in all business affairs, a man of sound discretion and superior judgment. He was a native of Alabama.

A great life has gone out; a princely character has passed from this mortal stage and gone to join the glittering host whose commander is the eternal God.

In a personal note Dr. Duke states that Comrade Blankenship was ardently devoted to the VETERAN, and the cause of his (Dr. Duke's) being a subscriber. He attended reunions regularly, and was deeply interested in all matters pertaining to Confederates.

T. J. CAIN.

Comrade T. J. Cain, a valued member of Camp Hardee, died at his home in Birmingham, Ala., September 23, 1899. When this gallant soldier joined the "silent majority" he left many sad hearts that he had often cheered. He was a member of Company C, Sixth Georgia Cavalry, Iverson's Brigade, Martin's Division, Wheeler's Corps. By his valiant services he earned the tribute of "unrivalled courage and faithfulness," given the Confederate soldier. He was captured September 2, 1864, at Franklin, Tenn., by the Second Michigan Cavalry, and sent to Camp Chase with other prisoners, from which he was released June 11, 1865. He married Miss Nancy J. Sansom in March, 1866, a sister of the brave Emma Sansom, who

guided Forrest across the ford through a rain of Yankee lead. Comrade Cain was a loving and thoughtful husband, and a true and noble friend. Through all prosperity he never forgot the poor, but was their best friend. His kind, genial face was overflowing with Christian charity and good will to man. He was a member of the Baptist Church, Masons, Knight Templars, and other worthy organizations.

CAPT. CHARLES M. EWING.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly writes:

On March 20, 1900, Capt. Charles Moorman Ewing, of Dresden, Tenn., died at the residence of his brother, Dr. William G. Ewing, in Nashville. Capt. Ewing was descended from men noted for courage and patriotism. His grandfather, Alexander Ewing, served on the staff of Gen. Green in the war of the revolution. He came to Middle Tennessee in 1785, and there his son, William B. Ewing, and his grandson, Charles M. Ewing, were born—so that the family were identified with the history of Tennessee from the first.

Capt. Ewing was worthy of such ancestry. He was, indeed, one of the "bravest of the brave." He was born in Nashville January 3, 1842, and was educated at the University of Virginia. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in Company C. of the First Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. From the beginning to the close of the war he was with his regiment in multitudes of engagements, never shirking a duty nor avoiding a danger—noted for his reckless daring, his cheerful temper, his unfailing kindness. At the last his regiment, reduced to a mere handful, was consolidated with the Twenty-Seventh Tennessee into a battalion of two companies, and in November, 1864, he was earnestly recommended for promotion from color corporal of Company A, Twenty-Seventh Tennessee, to captain of said company "for distinguished and meritorious conduct." He fought through all the skirmishes and battles in the West, from Shiloh to August 31, 1864, with conspicuous gallantry. At the battle of Chickamauga he rendered signal service to the cause, and at Missionary Ridge he won the admiration of his whole command by his high daring. This recommendation, which I have before me, was warmly approved by every superior officer, and Gen. Cheatham, commanding the corps, took it in person to Gen. Hood, who forwarded it to the Secretary of War. His messmate, Capt. Sam Seay, of Nashville, who knew him thoroughly through the war, pronounces him the bravest and the gentlest of men, "without fear and without reproach."

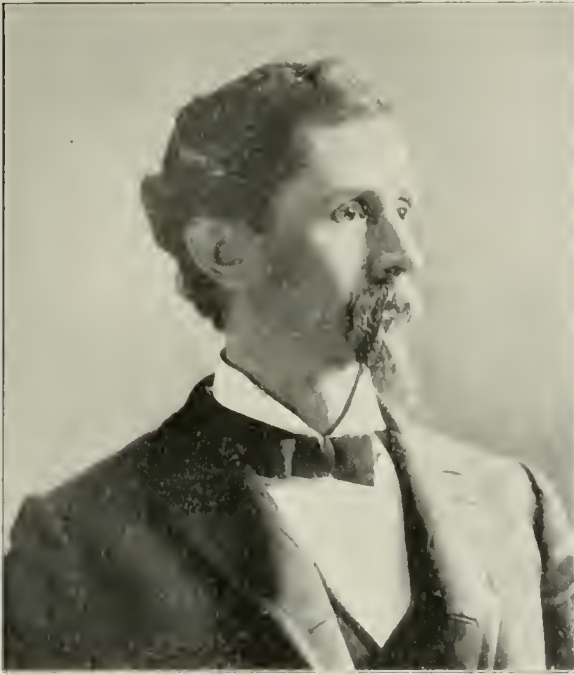
After the war Capt. Ewing studied law at Cumberland University. There he was married, in 1867, to Miss Bettie, daughter of Judge Abram Caruthers, his preceptor, and one of the great lawyers of his State. Capt. Ewing removed to Dresden in 1869, and at once took rank as a lawyer of marked ability. He has been for many years a leader of the bar in West Tennessee, a diligent student, deeply learned in his profession, an able advocate, a fearless defender of the right, a friend of the poor and unfortunate.

The *Dresden Enterprise* (his home paper) of March 30, 1900, devotes a whole page to tributes to the memory of this able lawyer, brave soldier, true friend, and stainless gentleman, from which I extract this estimate: "His character as a man was lovable, beautiful—



T. J. CAIN.

generous to opponents, loyal to his friends, true to his conceptions of duty and right. He moved upon a high and honorable plane. Of an impulsive, chival-



CAPT. CHARLES M. EWING.

rous nature, he was quick to befriend; he was quick, too, to resent when he felt himself wronged, and equally ready to forgive and to forget."

The bar of Dresden expressed their sense of loss in appropriate and feeling tribute to his memory. He was a Democrat from conviction, ever earnest and loyal to his party, but he never sought political office.

His death, sudden and unexpected, yet found him prepared. With the cool courage of a soldier who had defied death on a hundred fields, and with the calm confidence of a Christian who trusts the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, he answered the summons and entered the presence of the great Commander without fear. While there was hope for life he refused to surrender it, but when the will of the Master was plain he without a murmur yielded up his gallant spirit and went to join the glorious company of those who serve God in other spheres.

A truly heroic deed was performed by "Charley" Ewing during the siege of a noted octagon stone house near Adairsville, Ga., as Joe Johnston's army fell back from Dalton toward Atlanta. The First Tennessee Infantry fought from its windows until ammunition was exhausted, when Col. Hume R. Field asked for volunteers to go after ammunition. Ewing and Joe Carney went. Survivors of Cheatham's Division will remember that day and how a large portion of the command lay in ambush just south of the house that afternoon.

In Gen. Hood's indorsement of the petition for the promotion of Comrade Ewing he stated: "Gen. Cheatham brought the application in person to army headquarters to ask that the application be brought to the special attention of the department, his conduct having been conspicuous on many fields."

INTERESTS OF THE SOUTH IN CUBA.

SANITARY ACHIEVEMENTS BY U. S. ENGINEERS IN HAVANA.

That Havana, Cuba, has had a "thorough scrubbing" is of so much importance to all the South, and to the country at large, that some account is here given. A writer in the *Chicago Times-Herald* states that "it has been the most gigantic task of house-cleaning ever attempted." The streets are not only cleaned, but actually scrubbed, and then "sprinkled wholesale with disinfectants." Up to January, 1900, under the supervision of the United States officials some nine thousand of the twenty-two thousand houses had been cleaned, even the walls being scrubbed. The main streets are swept daily, and nearly all of them are watered daily. In one month eighteen thousand wagon loads of "trash" were hauled to barges, which, with thousands of tons of refuse, were towed out to open sea, never less than six miles, and farther if the tide be blowing inward.

This great work was inaugurated by Gen. William Ludlow, and its details carried out by Col. William M. Black, who is now Chief Engineer of the island for the Division of Cuba. It is worthy of emphasis that the people who for generations were accustomed to reeking filth give hearty accord and rarely throw their waste in the streets, a custom not found in any other city. This able writer, Mr. Whelpley, states: "It is hardly possible to form an adequate idea of the tremendous task which confronted the Americans in this undertaking." Even the task of cleaning out the Governor General's palace, which had been occupied by the Spanish Minister, directly intrusted to Capt. Huston, with a company of engineers, was so great that the accumulation in the open court before cartage to barges was banked fifteen feet high.

Marvelous results have been attained already. To the Southern people this great sanitary work is of incalculable importance. The greatest calamity that comes to them is the periodical attacks of yellow fever, and Havana has been regarded as its central source. To eradicate a disease which paralyzes the business of nearly half the continent for months and causes premature deaths in thousands of homes is of concern to millions of Americans. The *VETERAN* digresses cordially from its specific purposes to report this great work in the Cuban metropolis.

The deaths in Havana from yellow fever during the past decade were as follows: From 1890 to 1898, 327, 362, 512, 418, 570, 1,514, 1,056, while last year it dropped to 103.

What a remarkable record! Less than one-tenth for the past three years, while it was 103 against an average of 569 for the previous nine years. Then of this diminutive number there were twenty-two deaths in December, and ten of them Spaniards who had but recently arrived. They were of the poorest class. Indeed, about ninety per cent of the yellow fever cases during the past year were traced to the "yellow fever belt," where these poor emigrants land and lodge.

What an interesting city is Havana, and what a beautiful fertile country adjacent! The buildings as a rule are of stone, and those a century old are better than the modern. The floors and roofs are usually tile, and the stairways marble. Crystal water is supplied by natural flow from springs through not many miles of piping into the upper stories of houses. The climate is ever delightful. There are no fireplaces, as it is never cold there, and the abundant salt water breezes prevent excessive heat.

The editor of the *VETERAN* visited Havana last year, and this also, his son being engaged there in a highly responsible way. Next to the great sanitary work for the eradication of the yellow fever he regards of importance English education of Cubans and Spaniards, and that the United States could not otherwise more profitably appropriate money.

From recent public prints the following notes are made:

The visit of Mr. Cunningham was specially to his son, Paul Cunningham, who has been with Col. Black from the beginning. He was with him as civil assistant during the Spanish war, and was actively engaged in organizing the prodigious sanitary movement. The magnitude of this work may be better appreciated in the explanation that the clerical force is from forty to fifty, including superintendents of departments, and the number of men employed exceeds four thousand, at an expense of from \$160,000 to \$170,000 monthly.

The sentiment of good will toward this country is fairly illustrated in the following autograph letter of M. Gomez to Col. W. A. Hemphill, of Atlanta: "The American nation

will be greater when she gives Cuba free to the world. Then it will be America for the Americans by gratitude and love."

The success of Mr. Cunningham, Jr., is worthy of special note. Before completing his college course, he was tendered the position as rodman in a survey of the Atlanta and Florida railroad, when he resolved to be a civil engineer, and that he would learn it wholly in the field. After service in the construction of that road he secured minor positions on other roads, and was with his father in New York some ten years ago, when a position was secured for him by Maj. E. C. Lewis, of Nashville, on the Cumberland Valley extension of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. After that he was given government work on a survey of the Tennessee River from the mouth of the French Board to Chattanooga, some two hundred miles. Then he secured a position with the International Boundary Commission and was with it from El Paso to the Pacific Ocean. After that he was engaged by Col. Mills, who had charge of the Rio Grande, and was on that to the Gulf. He was next given a position in the office of the division engineer in River and Harbor Work with Col. Barlow, a position secured from the Secretary of War by Congressman J. E. Washington, and was called from that work by Col. W. M. Black, then colonel in the volunteer service, to attend him in Cuba and Porto Rico. He was then with him in Washington until the sanitary movement for Havana was inaugurated, when he was made principal assistant, and now, upon the promotion of Col. Black to Chief Engineer of the island, Mr. Cunningham holds the position of Chief Engineer in Havana. In this series of promotions Mr. Cunningham has had the cordial commendation of every superior under whom he has served.



The latest official bulletin on this subject is "By command of the Governor of Havana," and is "Civil Order No. 18," dated Havana, Cuba, April 10, 1900, and signed by Edward Carpenter, Acting Adjutant General, and is as follows:

"Mr. P. D. Cunningham is hereby appointed Chief Engineer of the city of Havana, to act under the supervision of the Chief Engineer, Department of Havana, until the date of discontinuance of said department, and thereafter under supervision of the Chief Engineer of the Division of Cuba."

VALUABLE RELICS OF CHARLES HERBST.

Our late lamented comrade, Mr. Charles Herbst, of the Second Kentucky, who died in Macon, Ga., last year, left a very valuable and interesting book containing many rare souvenirs of our sacred cause. Mr. Herbst had been gathering together these tender and eloquent memorials ever since the war, and every page of his book contains either a portion of a battle flag of many different regiments of the Confederate army with some of the Federal as well, letters from noted generals, extracts about dear old Dixie, autographs, Confederate money, etc., all of which recall the stormy yet glorious days of 1861. It contains various bills of colonial money, etc. Many things in the scrapbook are very rare and unique, perhaps to be found in no other collection. He was an enthusiastic lover of such things, and prized his book above all his possessions. Mr. Herbst had been approached by several gentlemen who were financially able to pay a handsome price for his book, but he would never consent to part with it, although in his last years he was sorely tempted, owing to his pecuniary embarrassments. After his death some obligations were found unpaid, and for this reason the book is to be sold in order to repay the loving comrades who had aided him. The book is now the property of his sister. It can be examined with a view of purchase at Room 39, American National Bank Building, Louisville, Ky. In years to come this book will possess priceless value. It is a genuine representation of a wonderful collection. Everybody who knew the absolute integrity of Charley Herbst will be satisfied with every relic exactly as stated.

MISS CAROLINE LEWIS GORDON.

daughter of Gen. John B. Gordon, in her inimitable portrayal of negro folklore, songs, and character sketches, Wednesday evening, May 9, 1900, at 8 o'clock, in Philharmonic Hall, Nashville, under auspices of the Kensington Circle. Admission, 75 cents.

MAMMOTH MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISE.

ITS BUSINESS AREA INCLUDES THE ENTIRE SOUTH.

In the turbulent days of 1858, while great intellects were battling in legislative halls for the causes which led to the Confederacy the hand of destiny, never too busied with the mightiest changes to the world decreed to shape the minor matters as well, directed toward our beloved Southland the footsteps of a Pennsylvania lad. From Nashville, he felt, ebbd the tide to bear him on to fortune, and his meager savings during apprenticeship were invested in transporting him toward his goal. At Bowling Green, Ky., his last dime was spent, but, nothing daunted, he set out afoot to cover the remaining distance. He was homeless and friendless as well as penniless. Small wonder, then, that heart-sore and faint he shed tears of the disconsolate as he sat on the brink of a wayside pond and bathed his travel-worn and blistered feet.

However, he was an American. He finally reached the city he sought; but there were no friends, not even an acquaintance, to welcome and encourage him. A tinner by trade, he dropped into the first tin shop he reached—that of J. W. Wilson, and happily secured employment at the bench.

In a short while a sturdy farmer lad, a goober grabber, versed only in the ways of the world as in vogue at Camak, Ga., applied to the same shop for employment, and side by side these two boys laid the foundation stones of one of our section's greatest commercial successes. Harry W. Buttorff, the Pennsylvanian, is now President of the Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing Company, and Ben. J. McCarthy, next in rank, is the Superintendent of Manufacture for the same institution.

In the forty-two years that have passed since their first meeting only four have they spent apart, and that was during the great war, when McCarthy laid all that life had in store for him on the altar of his country and left Nashville with the now famous Rock City Guards to resist the South's invaders, leaving the army only at the close in 1865, when there was no longer a commander to whom he could report, returning to Nashville with his brother, who held the only funds the two could boast, in the shape of a lone half dollar, he secured a position with his former friend Buttorff, by this time a partner in the business.

Through time's mutations the firm, now J. W. Wilson & Co., became the Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing Company, whose capital stock of \$500,000 has been so judiciously utilized as to make this by far the largest manufacturing establishment in the South, domiciled in the largest, most commodious strictly house-furnishing sales buildings in the world, with four separate and distinct factories, all located in Nashville, possessed of the best facilities for the construction of the goods they sell which the ingenuity of man has yet conceived, and sustaining a regiment of six hundred men who, almost to a man, were born and reared in the South.

The Vice President of this company, John H. McClure, another plowboy, left the corn field twenty-five years ago to enter, as a porter, one of the branches and has worked himself by true merit into the exalted position he now occupies.

Of special interest to Kentuckians will be the announcement that to a member of the Orphan Brigade is due no scant meed for the wonderful success of this institution. The late William L. Clarke, who enlisted in the First Kentucky Brigade as a private in Company D, and was mustered out as lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Kentucky Regiment, entered their service in 1882, and was the pioneer to blaze their way into the utmost territories of the South, attaining such phenomenal success as to become the Secretary and Treasurer, from which honored position he was removed only by death in 1895, and to which position he was succeeded by his son, Walter H. Clarke, who most efficiently fills the position so made vacant.

On the score of warm personal friendship for the men at the helm, and from pride in this most important advertising contract ever made for the VETERAN, these personal reminiscences are here published as confirmation of the truth that, though outside cooperation is always welcome, there is within the South itself the ability to erect mighty monuments to its commercial supremacy without the aid of the so-called financiering which culminates in the formation of trusts and monopolies, of whom their stanchest adherents can only claim they are "necessary evils."

GREAT DRY GOODS HOUSE IN LOUISVILLE.

The VETERAN is pleased to present a full-page advertisement of the large wholesale house of J. M. Robinson, Norton, & Co., Louisville, Ky., especially so as the founders of this business were all so closely allied to the South and her cause. Mr. J. M. Robinson, born in Virginia, a strong Southern sympathizer, was arrested and confined in the Indiana penitentiary in 1862 for aiding the South. The present head of the house, Capt. George C. Norton, a native of Georgia, enlisted in the Rome Light Guards, Eighth Georgia Regiment, May 21, 1861, and remained with the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender at Appomattox. On September 20, 1865, he went to Louisville and was traveling salesman for the predecessors of this firm in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee, and was admitted as a partner in 1868. This great house "will be wide open for every Confederate veteran that attends the reunion," and they will be pleased to answer letters and render any service if called upon.

Special attention of merchants is called to the claims as well as the distinctive merits of this firm. The members of the firm are all right, while their house is doubtless the largest of its kind in the South, and it is understood their sales exceed those of any other jobbing house in their closest rival city, Cincinnati. Comrades in the trade, don't fail to see J. M. Robinson, Norton, & Co., when at the Louisville reunion, if not before then.

DABNEY'S "LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON."

Dr. Theo Noel writes from Chicago as follows:
I inclose \$2.50 for a Dabney's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." Many who have not read this book as I have may be inclined to say that I am overstating facts in saying that if I were compelled to name three books that should be exclusively read by boys until they had arrived at the age of fifteen years, I would select first the Bible, Weems's "Life of Washington," and Dabney's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." When this latter book was first published I sold many hundred copies of it in Texas, and gave many to men who were not able to buy for their family a book that no truly noble character will read without being made more noble.

SILK CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS.

The VETERAN has a lot of imported Confederate battle flags of silk, four by six inches. Send a new subscription with your own renewal, and it will be sent in return. These flags are very pretty, and will be appropriate on reunion occasions.

ENGRAVINGS FROM CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Has there ever been printed in the VETERAN a good picture of some one in whom you are interested? Nearly all of these plates are in stock, and twenty-five prints on fine paper will be supplied for one dollar, or two hundred will be furnished for two dollars. There are back numbers of the VETERAN on hand from many issues, and any spare copies will be supplied for five cents each or fifty cents a dozen. No extra charge is ever made for back numbers to complete files.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN REUNION IN LOUISVILLE, KY., MAY 30-JUNE 3, 1900.

REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

For the occasion of the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Louisville, Ky., May 30-June 3, 1900, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its lines to Louisville, Ky., at very low rates. These tickets will be sold from points in Tennessee on May 28, 29, and 30, and from other points May 27, 28, and 29, limited to return until June 10, 1900. An additional extension of the final limit until June 25, 1900, may be secured provided tickets are deposited with joint agent of the terminal lines at Louisville on or before June 4, and on payment of fee of fifty cents.

The Southern Railway offers excellent service en route to Louisville, and those contemplating the trip should communicate with nearest ticket agent of the Southern Railway for sleeping car reservations and any information they desire.

The Southern Railway has been made the official route already of veterans to the Louisville reunion from the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Eastern Tennessee delegations.

Stands Four Square to All Winds That Blow

THE GRAND OLD Mutual Life Insurance Co., OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.

Largest, Strongest, and Best Company in the World.

The funds of the Company in 1885, when Richard A. McCurdy became President, were.....\$103,876,179
On December 31, 1899, the funds amounted to 301,191,286
Increase in fifteen years\$197,315,107

The Company's Contingent Guarantee Fund is now nearly \$50,000,000, in spite of the fact that it has paid to its policy holders, in dividends or profits, nearly \$100,000,000, a sum nearly equal to the combined dividends paid by the next two largest companies in the world. It has paid to and invested for its members over \$815,000,000, and now has insurance in force of more than \$1,052,000,000.

The combined capital stock of the four famous banks of the world (the banks of England, France, Germany, and Russia, aggregating \$176,822,855) could be deducted from the funds of the Mutual Life, and the company, with only two exceptions, would still be the largest life insurance company in the world, and would still have the enormous sum of \$125,021,682 with which to continue in business at the same old stand.

Its funds are large enough to absorb the entire national bank capital of the eighteen hundred and three national banks in the thirty-six most important States of the Union, and if converted into bills of one-dollar denomination and laid edgewise in a straight line, would extend to a distance of seven thousand miles—that is, across the continent to San Francisco, across the Pacific, and across China. The company could build the Nicaragua Canal and have \$150,000,000 for the construction of fifty battle ships to protect it. It could create a navy larger than that now owned by the United States, and it could equip and maintain an army of one million men for one year at full pay.

The new policies of this great company give large guaranteed cash surrender and loan values, automatic paid-up insurance, extended insurance for the full amount, and thirty days grace in payment of premiums at five per cent interest.

For information concerning policies or agencies in Kentucky or Tennessee address

BISCOL HINDMAN, Louisville, Ky.,
General Agent for Kentucky and Tennessee.

THE FELLOWS THAT TRAMPED IT WITH LEE.

While over the Southland the voices
Of speakers and poets let fall
The accents of praise for the chieftain
So richly deserving it all,
I think it would please the great cap-
tain.

If he could look down here and see
That some one remembers his heroes,
The fellows that tramped it with Lee.

How oft in his tent at the midnight
He plotted the brilliant campaign!
How oft, ere the daylight was dawning,
They followed in sleet and in rain!
How oft they rushed into battle,
Their hearts in a tumult of glee!
The steady, the ready old fellows,
The fellows that tramped it with Lee.

The mighty the brain in its scheming,
The feet at its bidding must run;
And victories on paper are proven
By privates that level the gun.
So, great as the captain we honor
(And great may his fame ever be!),
'Tis shared by the shaggy old heroes,
The fellows that tramped it with Lee.

'Tis easy in shock of the battle
To pass out of life with a smile,
A hero secure of his laurels;
But to sweat with the rank and the
file,
And afterwards live and be patient,
Still struggling, appeareth to me
Yet nobler; and such be the fellows,
The fellows that tramped it with Lee.

They followed their dauntless com-
mander,
Him who to the warrior's art
United the lore of the scholar
And the patriot's temperate heart;
And yet in their zealous devotion
These men were as great as he—
These grizzled, grim, veteran soldiers,
These fellows that tramped it with
Lee.

The frosts of the winter are whitening
The locks that the bullets once
kissed;
And soon they will meet with a foe man
The stoutest can never resist.
To us they'll bequeath inspiration
When at length, mustered out, they
are free
To cross o'er the River of Silence
And tramp it again there with Lee.

And so if the general is conscious
Of things that are done here below,
He'd be glad if the speakers and poets
Some sprigs of their laurel bestow
On such as did win him his glory,
And back him from mountains to
sea—

On them, both the dead and the living,
The fellows that tramped it with Lee.
—William T. Dumas.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY NEW YORK OFFICE.

Since the reorganizations and consol-
idation of the various railways of the
South into one great corporation—the
Southern Railway Company—under the
admirably conducted management of
the banking house of J. P. Morgan &
Co., and the consequent presidency of
Mr. Samuel Spencer, this trunk system
has taken its place as one of the great-
est of this country. The remarkable
industrial and material development of
the South, together with the developed
comforts of a winter sojourn there,
have given to it an enormous passenger
traffic, which year by year increases.
To meet the demands and to further
the convenience of the public the com-
pany has recently established an up-
town office at No 1185 Broadway, where
the General Eastern Passenger Agent,
Mr. A. S. Thweatt, is located. The of-
fice has been handsomely and luxuri-
ously fitted up with every accommoda-
tion for the patrons of the road in the
transaction of business, purchase of
tickets, securing of berths, etc. These
tickets may be procured to Cuba, Mex-
ico, California, or any other point in
the great South and West. To an old-
timer of thirty years ago, recalling the
discomforts of a trip through the
Southern States, the up-to-date luxury
of travel over the Southern Railway and
its connections is a gratifying surprise.
—Town Topics, March 15, 1900.

CARD FROM COMRADE PORTER WEAKLEY.

To the Democratic Voters of Davidson
County:

In accord with my own inclination
and the hearty encouragement of many
friends, I announce myself a candidate
for the office of County Trustee at the
Democratic primaries in May next,
and shall be pleased to have your vote
and influence, and will appreciate any
kind word or act in my behalf.

T. PORTER WEAKLEY,
Nashville, Tenn.

HAS EIGHT COLLEGES.

Prof. J. F. Draughon, who is well
known in the business college work,
will on May 1 open a well-equipped
business college in Montgomery, Ala.
Prof. Draughon already has flourishing
business colleges at Nashville, St.
Louis, Savannah, Little Rock, Fort
Worth, Galveston, and Shreveport.
See his ad elsewhere in this issue, and
write for a catalogue at either place.

VETERANS AND LADIES,

When in Louisville during the conven-
tion don't fail to visit the home of the
new rose, Winnie Davis; also a con-
tinuous floral exhibition of the finest
roses, carnations, and many other sea-
sonable and rare plants and flowers
free. All visitors and lovers of flowers
are cordially asked to attend early and
often. N. N. Z. & NEUNER, 382 Fourth
Avenue, Office and City Greenhouse.

The O'Dell Commission Company.

CAPITAL
\$200,000

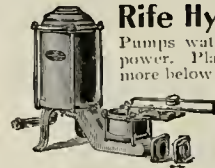


STOCKS, BONDS,
Grain, Provisions, Cotton.

Branch Office:

233 N. College St., Nashville, Tenn.
Telephone 201.

Orders Promptly executed by mail or tel-
egraph. Correspondence solicited. Refer-
ences: Merchants' Bank, Nashville, Mer-
chants' National Bank, Mercantile Agencies,
Cincinnati, O.



Rife Hydraulic Engine

Pumps water automatically by water
power. Place this engine two feet or
more below your water supply, and it
will deliver a constant
stream of water 30 feet
high for every foot of fall

WITHOUT STOPPING,
WITHOUT ATTENTION.

Chauncey C. Foster, Special Agent,
3 BERRY BLOCK, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Shingleton & Ridge,

JAMES SHINGLETON,
FRED D. RIDGE.

ELECTRICIANS.

COMPLETE INSTALLATION OF

Electric Light and Power Plants.

TELEPHONE 1821.

324 Denderick Street, Nashville, Tenn.

Children's Store.

Always on Hand, Fresh and Pure

CANDIES, CAKES, and PIES.

Ice Cream Soda 5c. a Glass,

MADE RIGHT.

324 Cedar Street, NASHVILLE, TENN.

BORGNIS & CO.,

222 N. Summer St.,
Nashville, Tenn.,

Manufacturers of

**Umbrellas,
Parasols,
Canes.**

RECOVERING AND REPAIRING.

Lace Covers for
Carriage Parasols.



Valentino's Peach Roll Gum,
Valentino's Florida Fruit Gum,
Valentino's Sweet Gum.

• NOTHING BETTER MADE, •

Be Your Own Boss!

Many Make \$5,000.00 a Year.
You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order
Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming
in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished.
Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE par-
ticulars. T. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington Street,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

If afflicted with
SORE EYES
USE
DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

The Southern Railway announces reduced rates from points on its line for the following occasions:

To General Assembly, Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., May 17-24, 1900. Tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip; selling dates, May 15 to 18 inclusive, with final limit to return May 26, 1900.

To General Assembly Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Ga., May 17-26, 1900. Tickets will be sold on May 15, 16, and 17, limited to return May 29, 1900, at rate of one fare for the round trip.

To General Assembly Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Mo., May 17-31, 1900. Tickets will be sold May 15, 16, and 17, with final limit to return June 3, 1900, at rate of one fare for the round trip, plus two dollars.

For further information regarding these occasions, apply to nearest Southern Railway Ticket Agent.

The VETERAN is pleased to include in its new advertisements that of the Southern, of New Orleans. It is just what its name indicates—Southern. Its officers are Confederate veterans, and its business territory is the Southern States exclusively. Southern people should nourish this insurance company, as all the profit made is where it can do good.

LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP AND GENERAL.

BY WILLIAM M. POLK, D.D., LL.D.

With 4 Maps in the Text, and 6 Folders, 2 Full-Page Illustrations and 4 Steel Plates.
In 2 Volumes. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gift Top, \$4

Bishop Polk's Father and grandfather took part in the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. He himself graduated from West Point, then went into the Church, became Bishop of Louisiana, founded the University of the South at Sewanee, was appointed general in the Confederate army, and was killed in battle at Kennesaw. In telling his life his son has made use of the original letters bearing upon the war of the revolution, cadet life at West Point, the Church, and the negro problem, and certain of the campaign and battles of the civil war, reproducing the maps made on the field at the time. Sold by booksellers. Sent on receipt of price by

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

THE CONFEDERATE HANDBOOK.

COMPILED BY COL. R. C. WOOD, NEW ORLEANS.

The Confederate Handbook is a compilation of important events and other interesting matter relating to the great civil war. It is indorsed and recommended by Gens. Gordon, S. D. Lee, Cabell, Evans, Moorman, and many other distinguished Confederates. It is an invaluable aid and reference in the study of Confederate history, and should have a place in every library. The price of the book is twenty-five cents, supplied by the VETERAN.

A copy of this handbook will be mailed free to every subscriber who in renewing will include a new subscription. You have only to ask your neighbor to join you in taking the VETERAN.

The International and Great Northern Railroad has sent out an elegant map which shows not only the territory embraced by its system in Texas, but several other States and Mexico. The representation given the latter is one of its most valuable features, and the pictures of noteworthy Texas views bordering the map is another unique attraction. Altogether it seems the best work ever done in the way of map-making. A careful examination shows that it has in all respects been brought down to date, and that it will answer all ordinary requirements for a map of Texas and adjoining territory. It will be sent to any one for seven cents in stamps to cover cost of postage. Address D. J. Price, G. P. A., Palestine, Tex.

I HAVE convinced at my expense many thousands of the readers of the VETERAN that Vitae-Ore never did, has not now, and never will have an equal for all people in need of a great re-life-giving constitutional tonic, needed by all who desire better health and strength, and if you have tested all Quack Nostrums, Dopes, and Drug Decoctions only to grow older and worse, send me your name and address and that of five others like yourself and I will send you that which will give you a new lease of life and convince you that you need it worse than I do your money.

THEO NOEL, Geologist,
Chicago, Ill.

**I NO
UNO
UNEED
VITAE-ORE**

DEATH OF GEN. B. H. HELM, OF KENTUCKY.

(From the *Atlanta Intelligencer*, by Virginius Hutchen. Sent by Jeanette M. K., Superintendent of Public Instruction, from Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 29, 1900.)

Nigh Chickamauga's turbid stream
("River of Death" in the Indian's dream)

He fell without a sigh or groan
When the South's bright star of victory shone.

He led his brave Kentuckians forth
To meet the invader from the North.
And ere in death he closed his eye
He heard his proud men's triumph cry.

His saber flashed in the golden sun
Like the blade of Attila, the royal Hun,
And hired Hessians fled away
And hid from his might in the glory fray.

So blameless was the hero's life,
Who fell in the ensanguined strife,
The nation's great heart throbbed in pain
When she saw his cold form 'mid the slain.

He has gone to a long and dreamless rest
On a dark couch in the green earth's breast,
And woman will oft to his shrine repair
And twine her tribute garlands there.

Children, in future and better years,
Will read of his fall with silent tears;
While men, strong men, will heave a sigh
That one like him should bleed and die.
To him we bid a long farewell,
Whom death now binds in a silent spell,
And hope that in the eternal realm
Jehovah smiles on the patriot Helm.

Montpelier Home School for Girls.

Overlooking

Central Park, New York.

A school of the highest order, with a limited number of students, all the care and comforts of home and the advantages of New York. For terms address

Mrs. T. Tileston Greene,
3 West 84th St., New York.

Refers by Permission to

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, Havana, Cuba;
BISHOP T. W. DUDLEY, D.D., Louisville, Ky.;
EX-GOV. THOS. G. JONES, Montgomery, Ala.;
GEN. E. P. ALEXANDER, Savannah, Ga.;
J. M. DICKERY, Esq., Memphis, Tenn.;
JOSHUA BROWN, Esq., 45 Wall St., New York;
and to any member of the New York or Virginia Chapters United Daughters of the Confederacy.

ECZEMA. ITCHING HUMORS



Painful, unsightly eruptions, scabs and scales, itching sensation, prickling pains, thin, diseased blood, bumps, and dirty specks on the skin, pimples, boils, pale skin, eating sores and ulcers, skin and blood humors cured by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.). All the sores quickly heal and blood is made pure and rich by its use. Deep-seated, obstinate, cases that resist Doctors and patent medicine treatment yield to Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.). The most perfect Blood Purifier made. 30 years old. Try it. For sale by Druggists. \$1. per large bottle, including complete directions for home treatment.

Send 5 cents to pay postage on Free Trial Bottle. BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.



ARTIFICIAL LIMBS,

With all the latest known improvements, at greatly reduced prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. B. MATTHEWS, Cor. 4th Ave. & Market St., Louisville, Ky

Evansville and Terre Haute R. R.
Chicago and Eastern Illinois R. R.

THE Preferred Route

FROM

St. Augustine,	Columbus,
Jacksonville,	Pensacola,
Savannah,	New Orleans,
Charleston,	Mobile,
Augusta,	Montgomery,
Thomasville,	Birmingham,
Atlanta,	Nashville,

TO

Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and
All Points West and Northwest.

T. P. JEFFRIES, G. P. A., E. & T. H. R. R.
Evansville, Ind.

D. H. HILLMAN, G. S. A.,
Nashville, Tenn.

C. L. STONE, G. P. A., C. & E. I. R. R.,
Chicago, Ill.

Illinois Central Railroad Co.

Attention, Confederate Veterans.



Your attention is called to the accompanying picture of the Union Depot at Louisville, Ky., owned by the Illinois Central Railroad, where all of their trains arrive and depart.

Adjoining this magnificent Station is the ground which was generously donated by the Illinois Central Railroad Co., on which the immense Confederate Hall is erected, and in which all of the meetings will take place.

This Station and Confederate Hall overlook the Ohio River and present a most commanding view of the rapids, which have caused the government to expend millions of dollars in building canals, that commerce might not be impeded.

Within one block of the depot is the magnificent Louisville Hotel and Seibach European Hotel and Café for men, while but a half dozen

blocks farther up the river is the famous Galt House. Within a stone's throw are several smaller hostleries.

Street cars to all parts of Louisville pass within half a block of Confederate Hall and the Station.

The vast Illinois Central Railroad System, running as it does from New Orleans and Memphis to Louisville, offers to the Confederate Veterans and their friends who attend the greatest of all reunions at Louisville unsurpassed facilities.

It will be seen from folders that the Illinois Central maintains faster schedules and more elegant equipment than any of its competitors, being the only line between New Orleans and Memphis and Louisville operating Buffet, Library, and free Reclining Chair Cars, while the Pullman Sleepers are as handsome as can be found.

On all fast through trains there are elegant dining cars, where passengers may order what they like and at reasonable prices.

We especially call the attention of Veterans and other friends who will attend the reunion from Arkansas, Texas, and the Southwest to the connections which are made by the lines entering Memphis and New Orleans with the Illinois Central, giving the best, quickest, and most direct service.



SPECTACLES at wholesale. Send wanted, COULTER OPTICAL CO. Chicago, Ill.

DABNEY'S Life of Stonewall Jackson.

THIS notable work, written by Rev. R. L. Dabney, the Virginia educator and divine, recently deceased, gives an insight into the character and impulses of the great Southern general which could be given by none other than a bosom friend. Dr. Dabney was with Jackson during the whole of his remarkable military career, as his Chief of Staff. The biography reveals with accuracy and sympathy the strong and simple personality of this hero.

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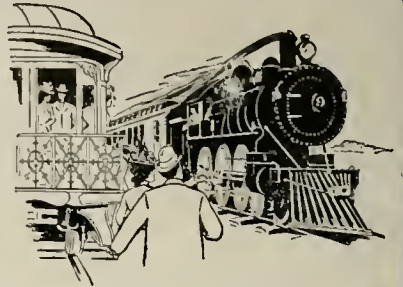
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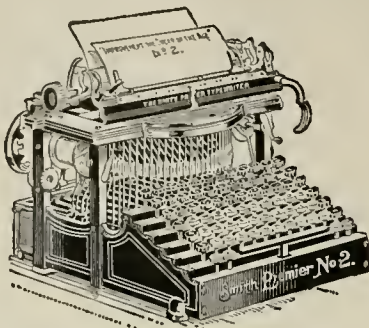
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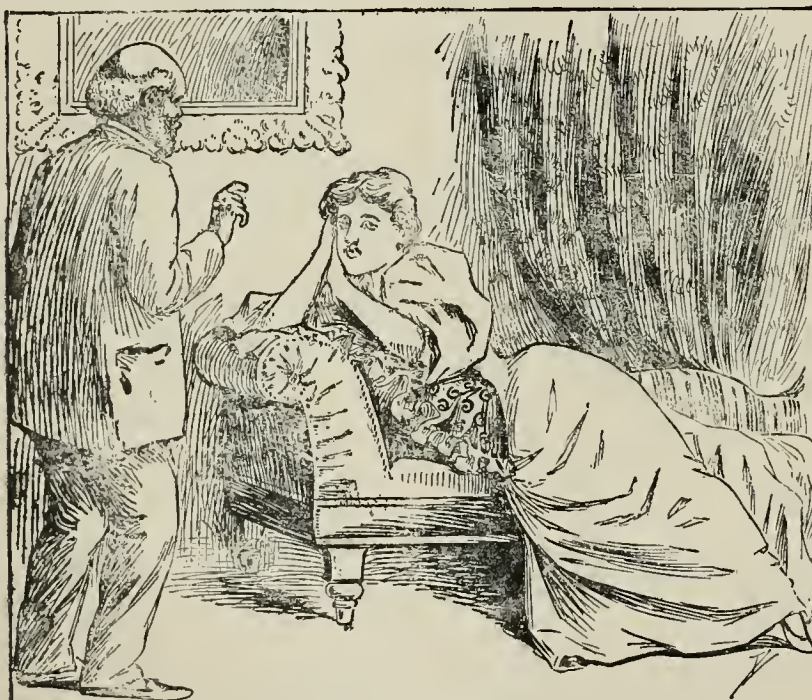


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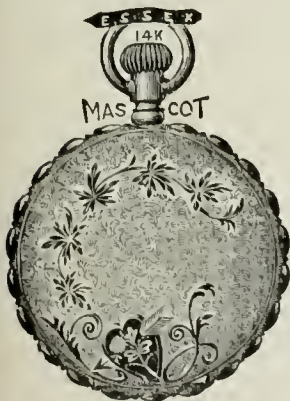
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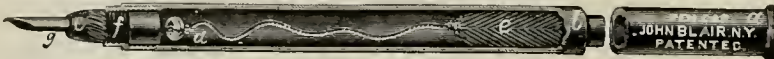
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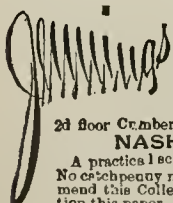
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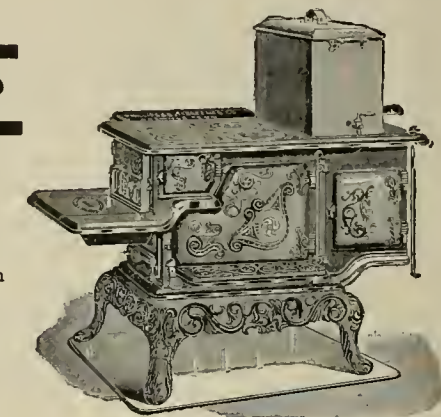
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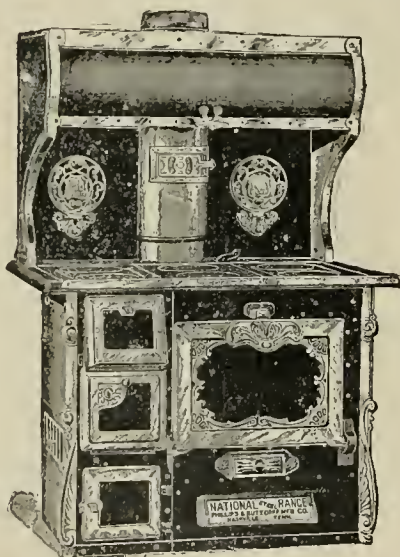
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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1900.

No. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR. {



MISS CAROLINE LEWIS GORDON,
Gifted Daughter of Gen. John B. Gordon.



MISS ANNA W. WALSHE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
Sponsor for Camp No. 1, Army of Northern Virginia, at Louisville.

SKETCHES OF SPONSORS ON FIRST PAGE.

Miss Nelson is the daughter of Col. William R. Nelson, of Selma, Ala., who at the beginning of the war, when scarcely more than a boy, enlisted in the City Guards, of Petersburg, Va., afterwards Company A, Twelfth Virginia Volunteers. He was transferred to Selden's Light Battery (Alabama troops), and served all through Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's campaign in Northern Georgia and with Hood in Tennessee.

Miss White combines most charmingly the requisites for the position to which she has been appointed. Her father, Capt. B. V. White, enlisted for service in the artillery when he was only fifteen, and carried himself with such bravery and daring that he won an enviable reputation. Since the war he has taken his place among the foremost men of the State in

everything relating to our cause and its heroic followers. Inheriting as she does the feelings of her father, Miss White possesses also such characteristics of person as have won for her many friends in her native city.

Miss McFadden is a daughter of Comrade John C. McFadden, of Chester, S. C., who entered the army as a private in the Sixth South Carolina Regiment. He served the entire four years of the war, and at the close was first lieutenant of his company, which had preserved its organization throughout. This regiment belonged to Jenkins's (afterwards Bratton's) Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Miss McFadden represented the Walker-Gaston Camp, of Chester, at Charleston in 1899.

Sketch of Miss Mary McNish not supplied.

CONCERNING U. C. V. REUNIONS.

Comrade John C. Ewell, Millenbeck, Va.:

Nothing gives the Confederate soldier more pleasure than the reunions of the different organizations of which he may be a member, if properly conducted. While we should enjoy the social feature of any of the organizations, yet we ought ever to remember the more important objects for which we are organized. There ought to be an improvement in some important matters in the United Confederate Veterans organization. I call the attention of those in authority to some defects that ought to be corrected, and which cause dissatisfaction. There are so many who occupy seats of delegates that it is impossible for many of the delegates to get near enough to the commanding officer or chairman to hear the discussion, or to take part in same.

Again it is all right to have the sponsors, their maids of honor, and other ladies present, and we should also honor our distinguished soldiers, but the delegates who are to take part in the proceedings ought to be able to hear and to be heard. It is well to have the reunions to continue four days, the first and last being festive occasions, when the ladies and distin-

guished comrades may occupy reserved seats, and the second and third days reserved for business, when the delegates should occupy seats as near the chair-



MISS MARY LEIGH GUION,
Chief Maid of Honor for Louisiana.

Miss Guion is the accomplished daughter of Col. Lewis Guion, Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. Chalaron. Col. Guion was a brave and gallant Confederate soldier, serving with distinction during the entire war.

man as possible. By the end of the first day the adjutant generals of different divisions ought to have a list of the delegates from each division, so that the number would be known and the best seats reserved for them. The United Confederate Veterans ought to take steps to more fully carry into effect Sections 3 and 4 of Article 2 of the Constitution, and for this purpose each member in every camp of the organization ought to be encouraged to give some instance of individual heroism as seen by himself. When such statements are approved by the camps in which they are given, a record of the same ought to be made and preserved as history. Nothing else made the Confederate army so distinguished as individual acts of heroism of the private soldier, and I believe we can furnish more instances of wonderful self-sacrifice, of bravery, and daring achievements than are recorded of all other wars combined. It is our duty to preserve such records. One serious matter is the failure to receive, by some of the camps at least, any communication from headquarters of the United Confederate Veteran, except a reminder when annual dues are payable. My camp, of which I am commander, and have been since its organization in 1895, has received no report of any of the officers of the United Confederate Veteran, or the proceeding of any of the meetings. I



MISS EDNA G. PENNIMAN,
Chief Maid of Honor, Georgia Division.

Miss Penniman's father was a student in the Medical Department of Columbia College, New York, at the opening of hostilities between the States, and, leaving his studies, was mustered into the service of the Confederacy with the Fourth Georgia Cavalry. At the date of the surrender of Gen. Lee he was acting medical purveyor for the department south of Macon and west of the Altamaha. He was captured and paroled at Thomasville, Ga. Mr. Penniman is now Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. P. McGlashan, U. C. V.

suppose that the same is true of other camps in Virginia at least, if not in other divisions. It is very important that the camps composing the United Confederate Veterans should know what is being done by the organization, and it seems that there ought to be sufficient funds for this purpose.

MAGRUDER'S PENINSULA CAMPAIGN.

BY B. M. ZETTLER, ATLANTA, GA.

Col. Lowe, in his address before the Galveston camp, printed in the March VETERAN, mars a most excellent account of the spirited little fight at Dam No. 1 in April, 1862, by failing to do honor to whom honor is due in the matter of the retaking of the part of our line that had been captured by the Vermonters. He credits the Tenth Alabama Regiment with charging upon the Yanks as unexpectedly as they had come upon the "Tar Heels," and putting them to flight, whereas it was the Seventh and Eighth Georgia Regiments that did this. For two hours these two regiments lay concealed in the woods just in rear of the sleeping bunks of the North Carolina Regiment that held the line extending southward from our end of the dam, across Warwick Creek at this point, and received the rain of shrapnel and fuse shell which, in the words of the Vermonters, was so terrific that it was thought "not even a rat could stay there." Well does the writer remember the words of Col. Lamar, of the Eighth Georgia: "Break ranks and take care of yourselves, boys, for they shoot like they know we are here;" and then when the North Carolinians came in a wild panic, many of them still holding to their shovels with which they were working when the Vermont-

ers rushed on them, his ringing command: "Into line—charge!" Through the fire and smoke of the burn-



MISS HELEN QUARRIER GALLAHER,
Maid of Honor for West Virginia Division.



MISS MINNIE DEAN,
Chief Maid of Honor for the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.

Miss Dean was born, reared, and educated in Texas. She removed to Oklahoma City in 1889. Her father was a gallant soldier who belonged to Stephens's Regiment, which operated in the Trans-Mississippi Department. She will fill the position to which she has been chosen with grace and dignity.

ing woods we went, past the stacked arms and bunks of the Carolinians, and with a volley and a yell sent the Yanks helter-skelter into the pond and back to their position, leaving a large number of their brave comrades dead or wounded in our hands.

Col. Lowe quotes Gen. McClellan as putting the loss of the four companies of the Third Vermont Regiment, who made this bold dash to capture our guns in position at the end of the dam, at about twenty killed and wounded. This was certainly an underestimate, for the dead bodies of the Yankees remained where they fell about the picket line ditch and in the edge of the pond for at least three days in full view and the writer is confident there were not less than fifty in sight. They were finally gathered up by a detail of our men and delivered under flag of truce to their friends, halfway across the dam.

It may be that the Tenth Georgia Regiment was held in reserve in that vicinity on that occasion as Col. Lowe states, but it was certainly the Seventh and Eighth Georgia that charged forward at the critical moment, completely surprising the victorious Vermonters, who had waded waist deep through the pond and panicked the North Carolinians at work on the fortifications, and in turn sent them in wild flight back across the pond and restored our line.

It has often come up as an important question with the writer, how it was that these two regiments were in that particular position at that very opportune moment, and also whether the woods were purposely set on fire that afternoon to conceal their movement or was it the result of the bursting shells.

Mrs. Sue Mason Halsey, President, writes:

The Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Philadelphia, desire to express through the VETERAN their grateful acknowledgment to the following camps for donations to the monument fund, sent to Miss Gertrude Agnes Byers, member of the monument committee:

John B. Hood Camp, Austin, Tex., \$5; Sul Ross Camp, No. 129, Denton, Tex., \$1; Calhoun County Confederate Veterans, No. 406, Morgan, Ga., \$2; V. H. S. Walker Camp, No. 925, Atlanta, Ga., \$5; Mr. J. D. Vance, Humboldt, Tenn., twenty-five cents; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hichoff, Fargo, New Mexico, ten cents; R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., \$5; George E. Pickett Camp Confederate Veterans, No. 204, Richmond, Va., \$5; R. E. Lee Camp, Sons of Veterans, Richmond, Va., \$5; Gen. Joseph Wheeler, ten cents; Franklin Buchanan Camp, No. 749, Baltimore, Md., \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Camp, No. 1001, Berryville, Va., \$3.75; New York Southern Society, New York, \$12.90; John Bowie Strange Camp, No. 464, Charlottesville, Va., \$3; Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 144, San Antonio, Tex., \$1.40; John H. Wallis Camp, No. 237, Shelbyville, Ky., \$3.50; Tom Wallace Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, \$3; Gen. Francis S. Nicholls Camp, No. 1142, Napoleonville, La., \$2.10; Confederate Historical Association, No. 28, Memphis, Tenn., \$2.10; Samuel V. Gulkerson Camp, No. 705, Bristol, Tenn., \$3; Mr. William S. Wilkins, Rutherfordton, N. C., a donation of walking canes, to be disposed of for the benefit of the fund.

It has been one of the objects of this chapter to erect a monument to the known and unknown Con-

federate soldiers buried in the national cemetery here in Philadelphia, this matter having been brought to



MISS GERTRUDE AGNES BYERS.

our notice two years ago by Mrs. Norman Randolph, of Richmond, whose zeal and untiring energy in all work connected with the Confederate soldier makes her an inspiration to those who work with her in this noble cause, and an example to the younger generation who will follow in our footsteps. Some seven years ago the remains of these soldiers were brought from Bristol, Pa., where they had died during the war in prison, and reinterred in the National Cemetery here. Those whose names were known were laid among the Northern soldiers, with the same little marble headstones as those placed over their own men. The majority of these soldiers, two hundred and twenty-four in all, are from the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. The unknown are buried on a beautiful stretch of greensward on the slope of a hill.

Nearly forty years have passed since those men sacrificed their lives. Their only recognition from Southern hands has been since the organization of our chapter here. Each memorial day, with the permission of the government, we place to their memory in the cemetery a wreath tied with the Confederate colors and with a card bearing an appropriate inscription, and last year two Confederate flags floated over their graves.

It is now our object to place a lasting memorial, and for this we are working. Miss Gertrude Agnes Byers, the junior member of our chapter, a daughter of that brave soldier and high Virginia gentleman, Mr. Ell-



MRS. SUE MAURY HALSEY.

wood Byers, who served during the war in the Albe-marle Light Horse Cavalry, has been untiring in her work for this object, this winter sending one thousand circular letters to the Camps and Sons of Veterans, asking for a five-cent donation from each member of the different organizations. The amount asked was too small to be felt by any one member, while a response from even one-third would enable us to pay at once this tribute to the Confederate soldier here at the North. By doing this we will not only give honor where it is more than due, but we will teach history here, that the Confederate soldier was worthy of the cause for which he fought and which he knew to be right, and that his memory and that of his brave deeds and self-sacrifice will be taught our children's children for generations to come by true Southern women.

Miss Byers wishes not only to acknowledge the pecuniary assistance which has been sent her, but the beautiful letters written by many grand old veterans. She regrets only that their noble example has not been followed by the Sons. She has written one hundred and sixty letters to Commanders of Sons of Veterans,

and has received only one reply, from R. E. Lee Camp of Sons, Richmond, Va.

Shortly before the death of my father, Gen. Maury, he was asked his criticism of his portrait, painted by a Richmond artist. He pronounced it a fine work, but regretted it was not in his uniform. He said: "In the garb of a Confederate soldier my people have always known me; in this I wish by them to be remembered. In this same ragged uniform I hope to go before my Maker, and I reckon he will pass me in."

God grant that the sons and daughters of these veterans may prove worthy of the heritage bequeathed them by the Confederate soldier!

We have now in bank for this monument seven hundred dollars, ninety dollars of which comprises unsolicited donations from Grand Army men and Northern friends, for which we are deeply grateful. Many difficulties beset us here in the North in our work; but, inspired by the courage of our own convictions, we have done in the three years of our organization much to overcome prejudice, which naturally was very strong here. In this we have been most nobly and generously assisted by our Northern husbands, for with the exception of three or four of our sixty members we have all married Northern men. Coming North to make our homes, we brought with us all the loyalty and love for the Confederate soldier and the cause for which he fought, as taught us at our mother's knee, a lesson which the true Southern woman never forgets, and for such loyalty our Northern husbands only respect us the more, as do all brave men.

Our contingent and charity fund has of necessity to be a large one, as there are constant demands from Southern people here in Philadelphia for assistance. As far as possible we try to obtain positions for these applicants, asking for it in the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and so far our work has met with most gratifying success.



MISS AUGUSTA M'VICKAR TALCOTT.

Col. T. M. R. Talcott, of Virginia, father of the young lady whose picture is here given, is a civil engineer. At the opening of the war, in 1861, he was with his father, Col. Andrew Talcott, and assisted in laying out the defenses of Richmond.

Soon after Gen. R. E. Lee took command of the army of Northern Virginia he appointed Col. T. M. R. Talcott to a position on his staff as engineer officer, which position he retained throughout the war period. Col. Andrew Talcott, Miss Talcott's grandfather, was a graduate of West Point, and served in the engineer corps until ill health compelled him to resign. After his health was restored he engaged in many important engineering works. Col. Andrew Talcott died some years ago in Richmond, Va. Col. T. M. R. Talcott resides in Richmond, and is assistant to President John S. Williams on the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad.



MISS MINNIE BOYD SPILLER,
Sponsor for the Virginia Division, U. C. V.

Miss Spiller is the daughter of Mr. William H. Spiller, of Wytheville, Va. At the age of fifteen her father was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, and served with those gallant boys in the Valley of Virginia and at the battle of New Market, where they fought like veterans.

SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR.

Official List Supplied by Gen. George Moorman.

Army of Tennessee Department.—Sponsor, Miss Katie Thompson Crawford, Memphis, Tenn.; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Annie Frierson Evans, Columbia.

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Mississippi Division.—Sponsor, Miss Anne M. White, Meridian; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Evelyn Julius Humphries, of Crystal Springs. Maids of Honor: Miss Mamie Carter, Meridian; Miss Julia McInnis, Meridian; Miss Birdie Geiger, Meridian; Miss Alex Geiger, Meridian; Miss Effie Wilson, Meridian; Miss Janie King, Meridian; Miss Florence Winner, Meridian; Miss Ruth Shearer, Vicksburg; Miss Daisy Smith, Jackson; Miss Mabel Money, Carrollton; Miss Mary Ward, Winona; Miss Rachel Duke, Scooba; Miss Jessie Pryor, Holly Springs; Miss Mary Lou Sykes, Aberdeen; Miss Lallie Reynolds, Aberdeen; Miss Anita Bell, Columbus; Miss Annie Richards, Columbus; Miss Susie Anne Duke, West Point; Miss

Annie White, West Point; Miss Beckett, West Point; Miss Annette Smythe, Brooksville; Miss Katie Lyle,



MISS MARY A. M'DONALD,
Maid of Honor for West Virginia Division.

Lauderdale; Miss Blanche Culpepper, Alamutcha; Miss Julia Smith, Meridian; Mrs. Josie Frazee Capleman, Okolona.

Tennessee Division.—Sponsor, Miss Roberta Luckett, Clarksville; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Marion Faxon, of Chattanooga, Tenn. Maid of Honor, Miss Mary L. Peters, Memphis, Tenn.

Alabama Division.—Sponsor, Miss Page Nelson, Selma; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Margaret Austell, Mobile.

Florida Division.—Sponsor, Miss Marguerite H. T. Stringer, Brooksville; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Elizabeth Weed, Jacksonville. Maid of Honor, Miss Charlie Jones, Pensacola.

Third Brigade, Kentucky Division.—Sponsor, Miss



MISS MARION FAXON,
Chief Maid of Honor for Tennessee.

Miss Faxon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Faxon, was born in Clarksville, Tenn. When a child she removed with her parents to Chattanooga, which place is now her home. Her father was the first Treasurer of Forbes Bivouac, U. C. V., of Clarksville, and is now a member of Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Chattanooga. He is also a member of the Richmond Howitzer Association, of Richmond, Va. Miss Faxon is a member of the Chattanooga Chapter of the U. D. C. Immediately after the firing on Fort Sumter her father enlisted in Capt. Forbes's company, which was afterwards Company A. Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., on May 1, 1865.



MISS KATIE LEE ABERCROMBIE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Jessie Norton, Louisville; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Emma D. Wintersmith, Bowling Green.

First Brigade, North Carolina Division.—Sponsor, Miss Sue Virginia Tate, Morganton; Chief Maid of



MISS JULIUS HUMPHRIES, CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISS.,
Chief Maid of Honor for Mississippi Division.

Honor, Miss Mary Fries Hall, of Lenoir. Maids of Honor: Miss Mary Oat Caldwell, Statesville; Miss Maud E. Shuford, Hickory.

Oklahoma Division.—Sponsor, Miss Kittie Lee Abercrombie, Stillwater; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Minnie Dean, Oklahoma City. Maid of Honor, Miss Mary Virginia Casler, Oklahoma City.

Second Brigade, West Virginia Division.—Sponsor, Miss Lula Burks, Huntington; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Lilian Moffett, Parkersburg. Maids of Honor: Miss Willie MacHoldeby, Huntington; Miss Virginia Spicer Patrick, Charleston; Miss Emily Quarrier, Charleston.

North Carolina Division.—Sponsor, Miss Esther Ransom, Weldon; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Mattie Philips, Tarboro. Maids of Honor, Miss Susan G. Clark, Raleigh; Miss Lida T. Rodman, Washington; Miss Annie Peebles, Jackson; Miss Mary T. Oliver, New Berne; Miss Alica M. Cheek, Henderson; Miss May W. Boyden, Salisbury; Miss Sadie Jones, Lenoir; Miss Willie E. Ray, Asheville; Miss Mary Maxwell, Charlotte.

Third Brigade, North Carolina Division.—Sponsor, Miss Eugenia Roberts, Gatesville; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Josephine H. Philips, Tarboro. Maids of Honor: Miss Lizzie Nash, Tarboro; Miss Bessie Bunn, Rocky Mount; Miss Fannie W. Phillips, Rocky Mount; Miss Mary Porter Ashe, Raleigh; Miss Florence Arrington, Raleigh; Miss Estelle Edwards, Weldon; Miss Bessie Whitaker, Enfield.

Missouri Division.—Sponsor, Miss Elliott Todhunter, Higginsville; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Laura Edwards, Jefferson City. Maids of Honor: Miss Daisy D. Medley, St. Louis; Miss Belle Lankford, Marshall; Miss Nannie Heflin, Huntsville; Miss Mary Graves, Frederickton; Miss Grace E. McGowan, Nevada; Miss Ida Lapsley, Sweet Springs; Miss Kathleen Jenkins, Fredericktown; Miss Francis Napton, Marshall; Miss Margaret D. Anderson, St. Louis; Miss Macey Morris, Des Arc; Miss Evelyn Watts, Fayette.

Georgia Division.—Sponsor, Miss Mary McNish Burroughs, Brunswick; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Edna Gertrude Penniman, Brunswick.

South Carolina Division.—Sponsor, Miss Louise McFadden, Chester; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Aline Mobley, Rock Hill.

Texas Division.—Sponsor, Miss Wells Alexander, Meridian; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Mattie B. Dillard, Meridian. Maids of Honor: Miss Josephine Harris, Dublin; Miss Ora Lumpkin, Georgetown; Miss Lula Bryan, Houston; Miss Lena Hughes, Floresville; Miss Kennon Jones, Gonzales; Miss Katie Largent, San Antonio; Miss Fannie M. Goree, Orange; Miss Bennick Frazier, Kopperl; Miss Katie Daffan, Ennis; Miss Myra Winkler, Corsicana; Miss Emma Davidson, Eagle Lake; Miss Maggie Woodall, Huntsville; Miss Sallie May Dodd, Laredo; Miss Charlotte Stoddard, Bryan; Miss Pen McDaniel, Floresville.

Indian Territory Division.—Sponsor, Miss Nettie



MRS. KATE H. BUTT,
Sponsor for Third Brigade, Florida Division, U. C. V.

Mrs. Butt is a daughter of the late Col. Joseph A. McDowell, and a native of Ashville, N. C. Her father was a member of the North Carolina Convention that adopted the articles of secession. On his return from the Legislature he was made colonel of the Sixtieth North Carolina Cavalry, and did valiant service until the close of the war. Mrs. Butt is a great-granddaughter of Gen. Joseph McDowell, who commanded the American forces at the battle of King's Mountain.

Coleman, McAlester; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Grace Drumb, McAlester.

First Brigade, Alabama Division.—Sponsor, Miss Elizabeth Dawson Hails, Montgomery; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Laura Martin Elmore, Montgomery. Maids of Honor: Miss Norvell Bragg, Montgomery; Miss Fannie M. Fuller, Montgomery; Miss Caroline Hannon, Montgomery; Miss Lella Williams, Troy; Miss Bessie Cade Bulger, Dadeville; Miss Caroline Samford, Opelika.

Second Brigade, Tennessee Division.—Sponsor, Miss Georgia A. Woods, Lexington; Chief Maid of Honor, Miss Mattie Porterfield, Lexington. Maids of Honor: Miss Alida Townes, Huntingdon; Miss Phie Bond, Jackson; Miss Francis Hurt, Jackson; Miss Opal King, Brownsville; Miss Jennie Mae Hart, Henderson; Miss Nannie May Simonton, Covington; Miss Lottie Grizzard, Trenton.

Comrade P. K. Mayers, editor and proprietor of the *Pascagoula Democrat-Star*, Scranton, Miss., who has for his motto, "Love

for our friends, courtesy for all, fear for none," on receipt of offer for exchange and commission, remits \$1, with this note: "I am an ex-Confederate. I was captain of Company E, Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Army of Tennessee, Joseph E. Johnston commanding—the best general the Confederacy ever had. I, with my command, followed Sherman to the sea from Rome, Ga. We surrendered at Goldsboro, N. C. When my company joined the brigade it had one hundred and thirty-five men, but at the close of the war only a baker's dozen were to be found. I had my horse killed under me at Dallas, Ga., in July, 1862. When the war broke out, in 1861, I was publishing the *Democrat* at Hanesboro, Miss. I closed my office and went, with my printers, into the army. After the close of the war I returned to the coast and resumed the publication of my paper. I am now located at Pascagoula, and have been here twenty-five years publishing the *Pascagoula Democrat-Star*."



CAPT. P. K. MAYERS.

James D. Thomas, Scooba, Miss., sends his subscription, saying that he has been getting copies from neighbors, but in the future wants it direct, as he "cannot afford to keep house without it."

A good and true friend writes also from Texas: "It is impossible for me to send money at this time. I am a carpenter, and work has been off for two or three months. My wife has been sick for two years, and it is impossible for me to pay at present, but will as soon as possible."

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

BY EX-COMMANDER IN CHIEF ROBERT A. SMYTHE.

During the past year some twenty-five new camps of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have been added to the roll. The following have been chartered since the reunion at Charleston:

Phil Cook, No. 141, Albany, Ga.
Singletary Pettigrew, No. 142, Washington, N. C.
Gen. Micah Jenkins, No. 142, Washington, N. C.
Charles A. Brusle, No. 144, Plaquemine, La.
Sterling Price, No. 145, St. Louis, Mo.
J. L. Coker, No. 146, Hartsville, S. C.
David O. Dodd, No. 147, Austin, Ark.
Beirne Chapman, No. 148, Union, W. Va.
Sam Davis, No. 149, Ardmore, Ind. T.
Joe Wheeler, No. 150, Davis, Ind. T.
T. N. Wauld, No. 151, Greenville, Tex.
Holman Boone, No. 152, Fayetteville, Tenn.
Tom Green, No. 153, San Antonio, Tex.
Tattnall, No. 154, Reidsville, Ga.
W. S. Daniel, No. 155, Tullahoma, Tenn.
John A. Norman, No. 156, Lynchburg, Tenn.
R. E. Lee, No. 157, Lone Grove, Ind. T.
W. H. T. Walker, No. 158, Augusta, Ga.
Ben. F. Bradley, No. 159, Georgetown, Ky.
M. T. Pryor, No. 160, Carmel, Ky.
Stonewall Jackson, No. 161, Staunton, Va.
J. A. Cummins, No. 162, Baire, Tex.
Dixie Boys, No. 163, Thomasville, Ga.



MISS REBA DE WOODY,

Sponsor for Second Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

Miss De Woody is a native of Pine Bluff, and a daughter of W. L. De Woody, who was a member of Simonton's Regiment of Mississippi State Guards until the latter part of 1864, when he was transferred to Maj. Henderson's Battalion of Louisiana Scouts, and served with them until the close of the war.

Jefferson Davis, No. 164, Glasgow, Ky.
 ———, No. 165, Carrollton, Ga.



MISS JOSEPHINE HARRIS, DUBLIN, TEX.,
 Maid of Honor for Texas.

Officers of the organization: Commander in Chief, Walter T. Colquitt, Atlanta, Ga.; Adjutant General, L. D. T. Quinby, Atlanta, Ga.

Virginia Department, M. L. Bonham, Commander, Anderson, S. C.

Virginia, James Mann, Nottaway.

North Carolina, George S. Crow, Wilmington.

South Carolina, F. H. Weston, Columbia.

Kentucky, Ben Howe, Louisville.

Army of Tennessee Department, M. B. Bankhead, Commander, Huntsville, Ala.:

Georgia, U. D. McLaws, Savannah.

Alabama, T. M. Owens, Carrollton.

Tennessee, J. W. Sparks, Murfreesboro.

Mississippi, George B. Myers, Holly Springs.

Louisiana, W. H. McLellan, New Orleans.

Florida, D. U. Fletcher, Jacksonville.

Trans-Mississippi Department, B. M. Kirk, Commander, Waco, Tex.:

Texas, Charles S. Swindells, Dallas.

Missouri, R. C. Clark, Fayette.

Arkansas, W. H. Langford, Pine Bluff.

From the list of new camps it will be seen that Indian Territory has three new camps, and the Commander in Chief is now in correspondence relative to appointing a Commander for that division. West Virginia also has one more camp, and the Commander for that division will likewise be appointed. It is expected that a large number of new camps will be formed before the reunion.

General Order No. 21, issued from the headquarters, announces the fifth annual reunion at Louisville, Ky., May 30 and 31, and June 1 and 2. The paper sets forth at length the attractions in which the Sons are to be given so prominent a part.

A committee consisting of Mr. W. W. Davies, Mr. R. W. Bingham, and Mr. Ben Howe, of Louisville, are in charge of the arrangements for the Sons, and camps should correspond with them. The headquarters for the Confederation will be at the courthouse, and the sessions of the reunion will be held in the criminal court room. The first session will be called to order at 10 A.M., Thursday, May 31. It is proposed to hold only one meeting a day on the 31st, 1st, and 2d, and it is urged that all the Sons attend.

Full information is given in this order as to the parade, delegates, and other important information. Those who desire copies of this document should address the Commander in Chief or the Adjutant General.

The VETERAN recently called attention to the rapidly diminishing ranks of the veterans, who are responding in such large numbers to the last roll call. Now is the time, therefore, for their sons to come forward and take up their work and their records, and see that they are duly preserved for posterity. Let every son of a Confederate veteran be present at Louisville, and go prepared to affiliate with the Confederation.

Martin Thornton, Wheeling, W. Va., would like to hear from some member of Company A (Capt. Robert Newton), Third Confederate Regiment.



MISS MARY M'RAE,
 Chief Maid of Honor for Arkansas Division.

Miss Mary McRae, chief maid of honor to Miss Clara Jackson, sponsor for Arkansas Division, U. C. V., at the coming meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, is the daughter of Hon. Thomas C. McRae, who for nearly a score of years has represented with dignity and honor the Third Arkansas District in Congress, and granddaughter of Capt. William R. White, a veteran of the Confederacy.

FARCE OF LEE'S OFFER OF SWORD TO GRANT.

J. F. J. Caldwell writes from Greenwood, S. C.:

I wish to call attention to the story of Gen. Grant's refusal to accept the surrender of Gen. Lee's sword at Appomattox, a story without a particle of foundation in fact, and utterly unreasonable, yet widely circulated by Northern writers and speakers, and credited by a good many persons in the South. The account of the ceremonies attending the return of the flag of the Eighth Texas Cavalry in the *VETERAN* of December, 1899, reports Gov. Sayers as saying, "And finally Appomattox came, and Lee surrendered, the great, heroic, magnanimous Grant refusing to take his sword."

Col. Charles Marshall, who was, I believe, the only officer accompanying Gen. Lee on that occasion, has declared that nothing of that kind occurred. Dr. J. William Jones, in "Personal Reminiscences of Gen. Robert E. Lee," at page 303, reports Gen. Lee as making a similar statement during a conversation with a company of friends as follows: "Gen. Grant returned you your sword, did he not, General?" one of the company asked. The old hero, straightening himself up, replied: "No, sir; he did not. He had no opportunity of doing so. I was determined that the side arms of officers should be exempt by the terms of surrender, and of course I did not offer him mine. All that was said about swords was that Gen. Grant apologized to me for not wearing his own sword, saying that it had been taken off in his baggage, and he had been unable to get it in time."

But we need not depend solely on the testimony of those men. The well-ascertained circumstances of the situation flatly and irreconcilably contradict the story. The two generals met to consider the question of surrender. It would have been contemptibly nonsensical and pusillanimous in Gen. Lee to tender his sword before the terms were agreed upon. By the terms they did agree upon all Confederate officers were to retain their side arms and other private property. There was then less reason than ever for the surrender of the sword. No one except a scared coward or the most truckling toad-eater would have dreamed of committing voluntarily such an act of self-humiliation. Here is the evidence against the story. Where is the proof of its truth?

APPOMATTOX AND ROBERT E. LEE.

J. Quitman Moore, in *Crescent Monthly*, May, 1866:

There stood the mournful remnants of that once glorious army that had dipped its conquering banners to the crimson tide of eight and twenty sanguinary battles and strewn its heroic slain from the feet of Pennsylvania's mountains to the gates of their own capital city; that had given Manassas to Beauregard and twined the fame on the Seven Pines battles in the laurel wreath of Johnston; that had caused the waters of the Shenandoah eternally to murmur the name of Stonewall Jackson, and, stretching its right arm out to the distant West, had planted victory on the drooping banners of Bragg; that had witnessed four gigantic campaigns, and through all their shifting and tragic scenes, and under all difficulties, trials, toils, and dangers, had remained steadfast and faithful to the last; and, after having witnessed the rising of the Southern constellation as it loomed up brightly on the horizon

of war, pursuing to its splendid zenith the fiery path of Mars, now beheld, not unmoved, its declining splendors going down in the gloom of eternal night.

And he, its illustrious chief, whose lofty plume was ever its rallying point in battle and around whom its affections warmly clustered, now commended it for its past devotions and bade it adieu forever. Slowly and sadly he rode from that mournful field, for his strong sword hung shattered at his side and the cause that he fought for was beneath the foot of power. Few were the eyes that grew not moist at witnessing that departure. It was the agony of a great cause finding expression in the sublime soul of its great defender.

And though that cause be gone, yet will its memory continue to live, and ever honored will be those illustrious names that sacrificed at its altars. And on the scroll of fame no name among the list of eminent worthies will shine with a purer, serener, or more resplendent light than that of Robert Edmund Lee. His fame is monumental. His name will be placed alongside those of the great captains of history—Marlborough and Saxe, of Lilly and Eugene—and as long as the fame of the Southern struggle shall linger in tradition and song so long will his memory be cherished by the descendants of the Southern races, while his character will stand up in the twilight of history like some grand old cathedral, lifting itself in imperishable beauty above the objects of earth, majestic in its vast proportions, awful in its solemn stateliness, sublime in its severe simplicity.



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

NOMINATED FOR COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

At a meeting of the John A. Broadus Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, held at reunion headquarters in Louisville, Ky., a few days since, Mr. Hindman was nominated, by a vote of seventy-six to thirteen, for the office of Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Mr. Biscoe Hindman, chairman of the Entertainment Committee of two hundred for the Confederate Veteran reunion in Louisville, is the eldest son of Maj. Gen. T. C. Hindman, of Helena, Ark., who was a brave and knightly soldier, a courteous gentleman, and distinguished citizen. At the age of seventeen he served in the Mexican war as lieutenant, his father being colonel. At the age of twenty-eight he was a Member of Congress, and was conspicuous for his fearless, outspoken views in maintaining the rights of the South. He was reelected to Congress, but resigned when he saw that disruption was inevitable, and returned to his home in Helena, Ark., and organized a regiment of one thousand men (Hindman's Legion) for the Confederate government. His marked ability as an organizer and disciplinarian and his gallant and successful handling of the legion was quickly recognized by the Confederate authorities, and his promotion was rapid. At Shiloh his brigade bore a conspicuous part in charging on the "Hornets' Nest." His horse was shot under him, and he was so severely wounded that he could not take part in the second day's fight. He was promoted to the office of major general at Chickamauga. While leading his division he was again wounded, but the commanding general stated in his report that "he gallantly persisted in retaining his seat in the saddle until the end of the battle in which he and his division had so gloriously participated."



Miss Mittie E. Knox, Pine Bluff, Ark., daughter of Gen. R. M. Knox, a recent graduate of Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn., sails from New York June 2 for a tour of several months in foreign lands.

Mr. Biscoe Hindman is endowed with all the manly qualities of his father. He has been equally as successful in the more peaceful walks of life. He is a master of arts of the Kentucky Military Institute and a West Pointer. He is a member of the Phi Delta Theta College Fraternity. For three years he was professor of mathematics and civil engineering at the Kentucky Military Institute; he was Superintendent of Schools at Helena, Ark., and later he held the chair of mathematics in the Louisville Male High School. Giving up scholastic work for business, he was appointed the Superintendent of Agents of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, and to-day is managing agent of the company for the States of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Tennessee.

One of the noblest young men who has ever taken part in Confederate matters is Robert W. Bingham, of Louisville. He is a competitor of Mr. Biscoe Hindman for the honored position of Commander in Chief of the Sons.

Comrade George C. Norton, of Louisville, will entertain as his guests at the reunion all of his old regiment, the Eighth Georgia. May they have a good time!

Inquiry is made through Comrade George C. Norton by Mr. J. D. Ewing, 2,108 Walnut Street, Louisville, Ky., as to the whereabouts and address of Mr. E. C. Mobley, who enlisted early in the war in a Georgia regiment as captain of a company, but afterwards resigned on account of ill health, and then became a private in the Third Georgia Cavalry. Later he was elected to the Confederate Congress, but was captured soon after, and was therefore unable to take his seat. Mr. Ewing was with him at the time in prison. He is under the impression that he lived near Chattanooga, say fifteen or twenty miles over the Georgia line. Mr. Mobley will kindly write to Mr. Ewing to the above address.

Comrade A. K. Miller, who erected the monument to the Confederate dead at Lebanon, Tenn., an account of which was made in the *VETERAN* of August, 1890, wishes to get the names of five of the Second Kentucky Cavalry who were killed at Lebanon, Tenn., under Gen. John H. Morgan, on May 5, 1862. There were nine men of the Second Cavalry killed on this occasion, but Mr. Miller has only the names of four—Capt. Brown, Pleas Whitlow, Alex Whitlock, and Henry Dorsey—and he wishes to get the other five, in order to have them properly engraved on the monument. Mr. Miller will be at the reunion at Louisville. He can be found at the headquarters of the Tennesseans, and will be thankful for this information.

G. W. R. Bell, Gaylesville, Ala.: "I would not exchange my file of *VETERANS* for any history of the great war that I have seen. I have them from the February number, 1893, and expect to bequeath them to my sons. The *VETERAN* stands for the rank and file, or if you please for 'the men who made the history' of which we are all proud."



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND PARTY AT THE HERMITAGE.

The lady in front is the wife of Admiral George Dewey. Between her and the Admiral is the wife of Gov. McMillin, and on the opposite side is Mayor Head's wife, and first to her left is the widow of Gov. Albert S. Marks. The Mayor of Nashville is to the right of the Admiral. The Dewey visit to the Hermitage, the old home of Andrew Jackson, and to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, near by, was interesting and very pleasant. Admiral Dewey addressed the old Confederates as "comrades" in cordial spirit, and expressed the sincere wish that "we may never antagonize each other again." There was a large delegation present.

Dr. Hal Manson, of Rockwall, Tex., writes hearty to compliment the articles by Capt. B. L. Ridley in the *VETERAN*, and adds: "My name is on one of the first lists of the *VETERAN*, and I have made it a point to press its claims at every reunion I have attended.

Mr. Nathan Smith, of Lawrence, Tex., wishes to know the whereabouts of some members of Company E, Capt. McClellan, Fifty-Eighth Alabama Regiment. Any one knowing will please reply through the *VETERAN* or to him, care R. O. Harris.

S. O. Freeman, of Ehren, Ala., wants to know who has been sending him the *VETERAN*. Comrade Freeman was a member of Company D, Forty-First Mississippi Volunteers, Tucker's Brigade, Hindman's Division. He volunteered in April, 1862, and joined his command at the battle of Shiloh. He would like to hear from surviving comrades.

P. A. Blakey, Alto, Cherokee County, Ter.: "Who can tell of the burial place and condition and care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers who were killed at Spanish Fort, Mobile, Ala., during the Civil War? My brother, A. A. Blakey, Company I, Tenth Texas, D. M. Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, was killed at Spanish Fort in the early days of April, 1865, and was buried near that place I have heard. Any one who can give the desired information will be gratefully remembered by his brother."

HEADQUARTERS OF STATE DIVISIONS.

The general headquarters for Kentucky will be at Seventh and Jefferson Streets.

Alabama Division, 611 West Main—Col. Ernest Macpherson, chairman, Louisville Trust Building.

Arkansas Division, northeast corner Fifth and Main—Capt. Hancock Taylor, chairman, 236 Fifth Street.

Georgia Division, 519 West Main—Mr. Miles Turpin, chairman, 1210 Second St.

Indian Territory Division, 740 West Jefferson—Dr. T. F. Berry, chairman, 412 Seventh Street.

Louisiana Division, 616 West Market—Capt. W. J. McConathy, chairman, 1454 Second Street.

Maryland Division, 614 West Market Street—Col. H. P. McDonald, chairman, 425 West Main.

Mississippi Division, 230 Fourth Avenue—Mr. R. S. Shreve, chairman, 123 West Main.

Florida Division, 439 West Main—Capt. John W. Green, chairman, 240 Fifth Street.

Missouri Division, City Hall (Alderman Chamber)—Col. John H. Hancock, chairman, City Hall.

North Carolina Division, 241 Fifth Street—Maj. Charles F. Smith, chairman, 247 West Main.



MISS ROBERTA LUCKETT,
Sponsor for Tennessee Division, U. C. V.

Miss Roberta Luckett was born in Montgomery County, Tenn., and is the great-granddaughter of James Patton, who was one of the first settlers of Louisville, Ky. She is the daughter of Capt. T. D. Luckett, of Clarksville, a leading tobacco merchant, and who, with seven brothers, were in the Confederate army. On her mother's side she is the niece of Capt. Frank P. Gracey, who commanded Cobb's celebrated Kentucky battery in the Confederate army. She is a member of the Clarksville Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, and is and has been always one of the workers in everything looking to the interest of the Confederate soldier.

Oklahoma and Pacific Divisions, 740 West Jefferson—Dr. T. F. Berry, chairman, 412 Seventh Street.

South Carolina Division, 613 West Main—Capt. S. Calhoun Smith, chairman, Columbia Building.

Tennessee Division, 434 West Jefferson—Maj. C. C. Cantrell, chairman, Kenyon Building.

Texas Division, City Hall (Council Chamber)—Maj. H. M. Lane, Chairman, 451 West Jefferson Street.

Virginia Division, Kenyon Building, 216 Fifth Street—Dr. C. G. Edwards, acting chairman, 1036 Fourth Street.

West Virginia Division, City Hall (Alderman Committee Room)—Mr. Hardy Burton, chairman, 215 Fifth Street.

Col. Lemuel S. Hardin, Assistant Adjutant General on the Kentucky Staff, was born in Jacksonville, Ill.



COL. L. S. HARDIN,
Assistant to Chairman B. H. Young.

His father commanded the First Illinois Regiment in the Mexican war, and was killed at the battle of Buena Vista. His son afterwards moved to Kentucky, and lived for quite a while at Harrodsburg. He ran the blockade to enter the Confederacy, and was a member of the Second Kentucky Cavalry. He was wounded at the battle of Crockett's Cove, near Wytheville, Va., and carries with him a constant reminder of his experiences in the war, his wound never having entirely healed. With the hospitable instincts of his people, he has taken a deep and enthusiastic interest in the entertainment of the Veterans when they come to Louisville. He has been acting as an assistant to the Reunion Committee and its chairman, Col. Bennett H. Young, and has given the benefit of his splendid executive ability to the details of caring for his comrades. He has done magnificent service, and much of the credit for the splendid preparations in Louisville for the association is due to his great energy and labor.

At a recent meeting of P. M. B. Young Camp, No. 820, U. C. V., A. M. Foute was elected Commander and D. B. Freeman Adjutant. The other camp officers were reelected. The delegates to the Louisville convention are: A. M. Foute, D. B. Freeman, R. I. Battle, and J. M. Davidson. The Camp numbers over two hundred, and will be well represented at Louisville.

LOST BROTHER.—Comrade John W. Davis, of Enoree, S. C., writes to get information of a brother who was a member of McBeth's Light Artillery, Capt. Bob Boyse commanding, attached to Evans's South Carolina Brigade. On the Maryland campaign, owing to his suffering from a number of carbuncles, he was left in the hospital at Boonsboro, when the command marched to Sharpsburg, and nothing has been heard from him since. Any information concerning him will be gratefully received.

A BATTLE-SCARRED FLAG.—Mr. S. N. Bosworth, of Beverly, W. Va., has the old battle flag of the Thirty-First Virginia Regiment. This flag was presented to the regiment by Gen. Stonewall Jackson in May, 1862. It was carried through more than fifty battles, and at Port Republic the regiment lost fifty per cent of their number.



MISS ELLIOTT TODHUNTER,
Sponsor for Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Miss Todhunter is the daughter of Col. Ryland Todhunter, of Higginsville, Mo., a gallant Confederate soldier who served the last two years of the war with Ector's famous Texas Brigade as captain and assistant adjutant general. In April, 1864, he was promoted to the rank of colonel. There were paroled with him Capt. C. B. Kilgore and Dr. Hamilton Griffin, stepfather of "our" Mary Anderson. Maj. F. M. Spencer and Capt. Trezevant were also members of Gen. Ector's staff. Comrade Todhunter is zealous still in praise of Ector's Brigade, than whom no better soldiers ever shouldered arms in defense of any country.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GREETING TO COMRADES.

Another reunion of the United Confederate Veterans brings with it grateful acknowledgment to a multitude of comrades who have been diligent for the success of the VETERAN. The sad memories recalled by the death of so many noble men during the past year indicate alarmingly that ere long Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans will have charge of cemeteries and memorials of every kind. May the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" be heard by every faithful veteran of the Confederate army when summoned.

Ah, the responsibility of this publication! Seven and a half years ago it was launched under the humblest conditions. It has succeeded certainly upon its merits, for no other aid ever came to its support than the freewill patronage of those who approve its course.

Whatever may be the errors committed, it has been conducted by highest and purest motives. Absolute impartiality has been exercised as to rank and the locality of patrons. No "write-up" has ever appeared back of which there was pecuniary return. The VETERAN has had the courage to perform its duty as understood, regardless of consequences. If it has unjustly injured any one, the act is regretted; but only duty and patriotism have controlled these seven and a half years.

Let all men and women who believe it is faithful and steadfast stand by it zealously to the end.

The theme to honor Sam Davis is never ceasing. Let all who want to share in a monument to his memory send in their subscriptions as early as possible.

On this day, May 29, \$100 is received from Joshua Brown, now of New York, who was his fellow-scout.

Gen. G. P. Thruston, of Nashville, who occupied conspicuous positions as adjutant general in the Federal army during the war, and secured both the gratitude and esteem of noncombatants for his manly course, writes the following: "I inclose \$25 for the Sam Davis Monument Fund. The example of this noble young Southern soldier should be kept in lasting remembrance. I wish also to commend and thank you for the spirit of justice and fairness with which you have always seemed personally disposed to treat the soldiers of the Union side in the civil war in your valuable publication, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

Rev. James I. Vance, in sending a check to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, writes: "As a Southerner and a Tennessean I cannot allow such a memorial to Southern valor and sublime heroism to rise without some share in so noble an enterprise. You are speaking a stirring message of unfaltering devotion to duty in preserving to coming generations the fame and glory of Sam Davis."

Twenty-five dollars has been received from a gentleman now living in Chicago who, when a boy of fourteen, served as a militiaman in Mississippi, in 1864. He prides himself that he is a "regularly ordained Veteran," and is a member of the Isham Harris Camp, at Columbus, Miss.

BILL ARP ON SAM DAVIS.—When we were school-boys one of the questions that was discussed in our debating society was: "Is There Such a Thing as Disinterested Benevolence?" The affirmative side generally gained the victory, and ought to, though it must be admitted that selfishness is at the bottom of many acts of charity and pretended friendship. Indeed, disinterested benevolence is so rare that when a well-authenticated case occurs it is talked about and gets in the newspapers. In the olden times it became a matter of history, and has come down to us like the parable of the Good Samaritan and the story of Damon and Pythias. Indeed, if our lamented soldier boy, Sam Davis, who died rather than betray a friend, had lived in Roman times, he too would have come down to us as a sainted hero. There are Knights of Damon and Knights of Pythias, and there ought to be Knights of Sam Davis. Parental love, fraternal love, conjugal love are not to be counted in these historic incidents. Such love is to be expected from those relations. That goodness of heart which prompts a man to befriend those who are no kin to him and from whom he expects no reward is disinterested benevolence. Samuel Davis was the highest type of loyalty to friendship that history makes any record of. Pythias was condemned by Dionysius to suffer death for a crime of which he was guilty. He begged for a short respite to go home and arrange his family affairs, and Damon took his place in prison and agreed to die for him if he failed to return. But he did return, and Dionysius was so impressed with admiration for their love for each other that he pardoned Pythias and became the friend of both. But Samuel Davis had no friend to take his place. . . . Mr. Lincoln would have pardoned Sam Davis if he had known of it. I wish that every boy in the Southland knew of the sad and glorious death of this Pulaski hero. Tennessee has a State history, I know, but I do not know whether the story is in it or not. If it is not, it should be recorded there in the next edition. My good friend, Sumner Cunningham, has done all he could to make it historical in the VETERAN and to have a noble monument erected to his memory. It is a comfort to know that many Federal soldiers and many big-hearted people from the North have contributed largely to it.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

COMRADE NOEL'S TRIBUTE TO SAM DAVIS.—I have often thought to write and convey to you my appreciation of your noble and grand effort, not so much in history making as in its preservation and truthful narration. In being the chief factor in the building of the monument to young Davis, you have done more to bring before the great American people a character that is likened unto none ever referred to by any history since the days of Zerubbabel, who would have given up his life as young Davis did rather than to have betrayed the trust reposed in him. No character in the war between the States is by half so grand and noble as that which led young Davis to the losing of his life.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The *Richmond (Va.) Times*, April 15:

The movement begun some years ago to erect in Monroe Park, in this city, a handsome memorial to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States, has taken on new life. At their last annual convention the United Daughters of the Confederacy took charge of the movement, and they are working energetically to push it to completion.

The Central Committee, of which Mrs. Norman V. Randolph is chairman, recently held a meeting in this city, and plans were discussed for raising funds. A circular has been sent to the Veteran Camps, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy, and large results are expected. Plans were also considered for raising money in the local chapters. A Confederate calendar will be gotten out, the design by Mrs. Parker Dashiell, consisting of four Confederate flags and the badge of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Later a plan will be formulated by which all the children of the South will be asked to contribute to the fund. The local chapter of Daughters pledged themselves to raise one hundred dollars, but they hope to increase it to at least five hundred.

MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH'S LETTER.

Mrs. Randolph, chairman of the Central Committee, has sent out the following letter to the various camps and chapters:

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the request of the United Confederate Veterans, have assumed the erection of the monument to President Jefferson Davis.

"The Veterans have now in the State Bank of Richmond, January 29, 1900, the sum of \$20,590.02, bearing interest, which amount, with such additional funds as the Daughters see fit to contribute, will be used for this monument.

"Many causes appeal to us: The disabled veterans must be provided for, having no country to pension them; the cry of the widows and orphans of Confederate veterans is ever in our ears; the unmarked graves of our thirty thousand soldiers who died in prison beg for recognition at our hands.

"But the veterans ask us to build this monument, promising their assistance. Let us erect it at once, while they are here to see it. The ranks are fast thinning out, and there are no recruits.

"A motion was made by Miss Kate Mason Rowland at the convention at Baltimore, three years ago, and again in Richmond, that Mr. Davis's birthday, June 3, be made a legal holiday in the Southern States. Florida, Georgia, and Virginia have done this. The 3d of June falls on Sunday this year, and, as it is one of the days of the reunion at Louisville, let each camp on that day pledge to raise \$10, or as much as possible. Let every chapter adopt Mrs. Cooley's motion and have an entertainment as near to that day as they can, since it falls on Sunday.

"The former chairman, Mr. J. Taylor Ellyson, states that sums have been reported from North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, and Texas. I would, therefore, suggest that each member of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee make inquiries in her respective State, collect these amounts before June

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3, and forward to Mrs. Edgar Taylor, treasurer of the Central Committee, Richmond, Va. By doing this at once we will double the amount already in hand, and be able to report at the annual convention in Montgomery, Ala., November, 1900.

"The sum may not be commensurate in any way with the honor we would do Mr. Davis and the cause he represented as the chosen executive leader of the Confederate States, but it will be a sum of which we shall not be ashamed.

"Let every camp of veterans and sons of veterans, every chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, bestir themselves, and soon our work will be accomplished."

The Executive Committee consists of the following: Mrs. E. G. Weed, President United Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. S. Thomas McCullough, President Grand Division of Virginia, Staunton, Va.; Chairman: Mrs. Charles G. Brown, Fountain Heights, Ala.; Mrs. James R. Miller, 1520 Lincoln Avenue, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Edward W. Ayers, 1104 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. R. C. Cooley, 341 East Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Rome, Ga.; Mrs. Albert M. Harrison, 68 Elmtree Lane, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. R. E. Wilson, 718 Harrison Street, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Mary Harrison, Columbus, Miss.; Miss Virginia King, Harwood, Md.; Mrs. W. W. Reade, 133 West Forty-Fourth Street, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. John P. Allison, Concord, N. C.; Mrs. Augustine P. Smythe, Charleston, S. C.; temporary, Mrs. J. T. Latham, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. M. R. M. Rosenberg, 1306 Market Street, Galveston, Tex.; California, not appointed; Mrs. James Y. Leigh, 78 York Street, Norfolk, Va.; President Virginia Division, Mrs. William W. Arnett, 67 Fourteenth Street, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. I. Pinkney Smith, New Orleans, La.

ADVISORY BOARD.

Advisory Board: Mr. J. Taylor Ellyson, Richmond, Va.; Mr. George L. Christian, Richmond, Va.; Mr. W. D. Chesterman, Richmond, Va.; Mr. D. C. Richardson, Richmond, Va.; Mr. J. C. Dickerson, Richmond, Va.

Mr. John T. Ellett (bonded), Treasurer, Richmond. Central Committee: Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor,



AN OLD DESIGN FOR THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

Treasurer, No. 3 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, No. 307 North Twelfth Street, Richmond, Va.

Send all contributions through your State officials, who will forward to the treasurer of the Central Committee, Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, No. 3 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Va. Thus your States will have credit for all money collected.

VIRGINIA'S TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Remarks of Hon. George Wayne Anderson in behalf of the bill to make President Davis's birthday a legal holiday:

Mr. Speaker: I offer this resolution in the name and at the request of devoted women of the Confederacy. They ask this General Assembly to declare the birthday of Jefferson Davis a day of recreation in the public schools; they do not ask it as a needless tribute to the virtues and abilities of one of the foremost men of our heroic time. They ask it, sir, as a meed of justice; they demand it as a needful tribute to one whose name has been slandered and whose fame has been shackled, and whose memory some seek to execrate because he was our chief; because in the tremendous events of the war between the States he was the champion and the representative of our inherent rights. Let us grant this request as a tribute to Jefferson Davis, the man whose lofty character and patriotic motives and splendid abilities give cause for nothing but pride. Let us grant it in honor of Jefferson Davis, the soldier, the distinguished warrior of Monterey, and the inspired victor of Buena Vista, whose bloody fields shed unfading glory upon American arms. Let us grant it, Mr. Speaker, that in all history the great commonwealth of Virginia may give a stern, an emphatic, and an effective denial to all who shall call him traitor, and that out of the mouths of babes men may learn wisdom. Let us grant it for the truth of history; let us grant it in self-defense; let us grant it because our women ask it. They walked with us through the valley of the shadow of death, and we know we should have fainted by the way but for the heroic fortitude of their tender but unyielding hearts. Thanks to them, one of the most glorious pages of our history has been written, and now they seek to keep the story pure and guard the memory of the dead.

MEMBERSHIP OF A FAMOUS ESCORT COMPANY.

Oswald Tilghman sends from Easton, Md., the muster roll of Company B, Terry's Texas Rangers, escort to Gen. John A. Wharton's Eighth Texas Cavalry.

Officers: R. Milton McKay, captain; Isaac Fulker-son, Henry Sharp, and Theodore Bennett, lieutenants; Roland A. Allen, orderly sergeant.

Non-commissioned officers: William Grace, E. A. Herndon, W. B. Gruntier, Jule Mancer, W. H. Hance.

Privates: P. Archer, Dr. J. C. Ashcombe, Samuel Ashe, Gaston Ashe, P. Allen, I. Dunbar Affleck, Aldridge, William Ashe, C. S. Bennett, B. M. Bennett, M. Bracy; J. H. Bierney, W. K. Bierney, Robert Bierney, Green A. Balinger, Joseph Bates, Joseph S. Baughen, S. J. Barker, H. C. Bradley, James Bradshaw, W. Bridges, James Bush, J. Perry Bryan, Samuel A. Bryan, S. J. Bryan, Robert Bruce, E. M. Bussey,

W. J. Bussey, John P. Buckhand, J. L. Campton, Robert Custon, W. Custon, A. Crisp, R. C. Crisp, George Callingsworth, George Cheesman, W. P. Churchill, E. G. Chambers, Robert Campbell, S. F. Crain, W. W. Cannon, W. D. Cleveland, A. G. Chawp-ine, Louis Chawpine, R. K. Chatham, K. K. Chat-ham, C. O. Cassey, J. D. Cochran, S. S. Crisp, J. S. Dial, William Duncan, W. P. Dever, H. B. Davis, B. H. Davis, John Eisel, W. W. Echols, John B. Estes, L. J. Estes, A. Frank, W. Fleming, Henry C. Flannoway, J. Freeman, A. S. Gillett, R. F. Garrett, Henry W. Graher, Sylvester Gerard, S. Grace, Jared Grace, A. Garland, Dr. J. W. Gulick, Arthur Haynes, D. Hardeman, A. F. Harmonard, J. W. Harper, John W. Hill, Joseph Hagerman, John S. Hubbard, And-drew J. Harris, John Coffee Harris, D. Harris, J. P. Harris, J. P. Hutchinson, R. Howell, C. Haynes, A. Henricks, W. B. Hardee, J. C. Hungerford, L. A. Hicks, W. A. Harvey, A. C. Jones, Andrew Jackson, John Jackson, John Jefferson, J. S. Joyce, Thomas M. Jack, Thomas King, C. B. Lewis, Lewis Legure, S. J. Lenué, Cayneau McLeorea, S. A. Manor, Leander McHill, Granville McHill, Benjamin McHill, Pleasant McHill, C. F. Marcy, S. C. McBrown, A. McDaniel, Eugene D. Mungee, D. McAnn, John McIver, W. P. Massumburg, E. A. Moore, J. A. McKissic, H. Manidue, Daniel McPhail, J. M. Onins, W. S. Old-ham, Virgil H. Phelps, Ben C. Polk, James Patterson, W. Pickett, Mat Roberts, Jesse Rice, Robert Rugely, J. D. Rugely, Vic W. Rodgers, L. S. Rieman, W. F. Smith, Jo Stewart, W. S. Stewart, F. Slausbury, James Staten, W. L. Springfield, E. B. Thomas, E. Thomas, Oswald Tilghman, Samuel Tillery, J. A. Turnbull, F. K. Terrell, Matt Talbot, Theodore K. Thompson, William Ward, W. K. Webb, J. King White, John W. Wiggins, J. G. Wilson, Benjamin F. Weems, Joe Walker, Joseph Yearby.

William Ashe was killed at Shiloh. The last man killed in this company was Eugene D. Munger, in a charge at Bentonville, N. C., when this company was Gen. Lafayette McLaws's escort.

Mrs. A. G. Robertson, Columbia, S. C.: "Not long since, in walking through the cemetery in Edgefield, I had pointed out to me three graves together, which were the sad and pitiful evidences of a terrible tragedy that happened there during the Confederate war. The two sons of Mrs. Pierce Butler, Edward and Lowden, were killed about the same time in battle, one in Vir-ginia and the other out West, and their bodies were brought back the same day and taken to their home, where they were met by their totally unprepared moth-er. The shock was so great that she fell dead on the threshold, and the three were buried side by side. It struck me as being one of the saddest incidents of that terrible time of war and death."

CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN OHIO.

The Ohio Camp, No. 1,181, of United Confederate Veterans, composed of Confederate Veterans residing in and around Columbus, held an open camp fire Feb-ruary 27, as a compliment to the G. A. R. Drill Corps, of Franklin County, whose members, on occasions of observing memorial exercises over our Confederate dead buried at Camp Chase, had volunteered and par-ticipated in the same. The report states further:

A general invitation had been extended to all Union and Confederate soldiers of the civil war.

They met in the Odd Fellows' Hall; there was a good attendance, and the occasion was most enjoyable.

Capt. Thos. P. Shields, Commander of the Confederate Camp and President of the Board of Live Stock Commissioners for the State of Ohio, presided and made an address of welcome appropriate to the occasion. Col. S. N. Cook responded on behalf of the Drill Corps in a happy manner.

These were followed by a number of speakers. Among those representing the blue were Col. W. H. Knauss, Postmaster R. M. Rownd, Prof. Brady, and others of Columbus; F. T. Arthur, T. M. Brannan, and Col. W. L. Curry, of Marysville, and I. T. Duff, of Tuscarawas County. Messrs. F. T. Arthur and Duff are Legislative Representatives.

The Confederates were well represented by N. J. Kidwell, Rev. John Hewitt, Maj. A. J. Marlowe, and others.

This was the first occasion of the kind in the State, and to quote from one of the city papers: "The sight witnessed was one to thrill every true American heart." This meeting will tend to good results. Ransom Reed Post, G. A. R., has extended an invitation to the Confederate Camp to visit them at Marysville and hold a camp fire, which will occur at an early day.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMP MORTON.

Evander "Pluck" Shapard, Esq., Shelbyville, Tenn.:

Dear Comrade Cunningham: I sometimes call to mind scenes and incidents which occurred in our soldier lives. I remember when so many of us who wore the gray, you and I among them, were prisoners of war confined in Camp Morton. With the rations issued to us we received, from time to time, pieces of candles, which we were permitted to light and use until taps, when they were speedily to be blown out. A failure to observe this requirement occasionally cost a human life, and we were therefore careful to observe it. As a consequence many remnants of candles accumulated in the prison, which inclosed an area of forty acres. I remember when in the early days of July, 1862, a great battle was fought between the opposing armies in Virginia, and on the fourth day of the month the news throughout the North was that McClellan had defeated the Confederates, that Lee's army was routed and the Federals were in possession of Richmond. There was great rejoicing in the city of Indianapolis on that night. There was a grand illumination, much speech-making, and vociferous cheering. It was so close to the prison that we could see and hear. We did not participate in the cheering, and the words spoken by us were in low tones. The fact is, the scene that night was not to us an enjoyable one. But the next day the news was different; Lee had defeated the Federals, McClellan's army was routed, and the Confederates were pursuing them. Then our feelings were changed too. These remnants of candles were brought into requisition, and during the day they were placed upon the stumps of trees, upon the pumps, upon the bunks, here, there, and everywhere, and when it was dark all of these candles were promptly lighted. There was no speech-making, there was no cheering; perfect quiet reigned. The prisoners by twos or in

squads of more stood or walked about speaking in whispers. Certainly a more beautiful illumination or a more impressive scene was never witnessed, nor was a more genuine sense of joy ever felt by prisoners.

That night the citizens of Indianapolis did not cheer, neither did they follow the example of quiet submission which we had set them the night before. "They didn't have to." It was said that some of them, disapproving of this demonstration upon the part of the prisoners, went to Col. Owen, who was in charge of the prison, and made complaints, saying that it was improper to permit prisoners thus publicly to manifest their joy at the "defeat of the army of the United States by the Rebels," and that it was demoralizing to the soldiers guarding the prison. It is said that Col. Owen, good and true and brave old veteran that he was, replied that the citizens of Indianapolis had rejoiced the night before, when they heard that McClellan had defeated Lee, that the prisoners had then quietly said the news was false and the truth would come later, but that they had behaved themselves, and that now, since by the more recent news they had occasion to rejoice, he would not interfere with them so long as they observed the rules of the prison. Now whether this interview actually occurred or not I am not able to say. It is certain, however, that we were not interfered with. But when taps were sounded the lights were extinguished, and we were in darkness.

Among other incidents of those days now long past I often revert to this, and wonder if it is so with all of those with whom we were then associated and who are yet living.

GEN. B. J. HILL'S OLD REGIMENT AT SHILOH.

Col. Alex Robert Chisolm writes from New York, April 7, 1900:

I have read with pleasure in March VETERAN B. L. Ridley's tribute to Gen. B. J. Hill, originally colonel of the Fifth Tennessee, to which I add a few lines.

Col. Hill arrived on the battlefield of Shiloh during the first day's fighting. His regiment was either without arms or very badly provided. During the night of the 6th of April and the morning of the 7th he gathered enough Enfield rifles with appropriate ammunition to arm his regiment. I was with Gen. Breckinridge when the enemy on the 7th, after a furious cannonade, charged his center, breaking his line and capturing a battery of artillery. Gen. Hill's regiment was in line a short distance in the rear. I rode up to him, and in the name of Gen. Beauregard, whose aid I was, ordered him to advance to the assistance of Gen. Breckinridge. His only reply was to turn around facing his regiment and give the word "Forward!" Col. Lockett, of the engineers, and I were ordered by Beauregard to assist on his right with some detached companies and stragglers, when, with a loud cheer, we retook the lost position and recaptured two of the four guns. This was the only portion of our lines that was carried by the enemy.

During November, 1899, a camp was organized at Poplar Creek, Miss., and named Mike Farrell in honor of the colonel of the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment. The following officers were elected: J. B. Simpson, Commander; M. H. Allen, Vice Commander; J. E. Flowers, Adjutant; T. T. Hamilton, Treasurer.



CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT MADISON, WIS., AS IT WAS KEPT BY THE LATE MRS. ALICE W. WATERMAN.

CONFEDERATE RELICS AT MADISON, WIS.

C. C. Lincoln, of Madison, Wis., who had received and read several copies of the *VETERAN*, was so interested and pleased that he had made photographs of some relics there in the State Historical Society, which he describes as follows:

In the picture there is an eagle perched over the banner. Give us a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns. It was the real Old Abe carried three years by the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry in the civil war.

The Confederate flag was captured from the Nineteenth Mississippi Confederate Mounted Infantry by the Fourteenth Wisconsin Volunteers, while guarding a supply train of the Sixteenth Army Corps, on Gen. A. J. Smith's raid, between Pontotoc and Tupelo, Miss., and borne from the field by Capt. C. M. G. Mansfield, of the Fourteenth Wisconsin Infantry, who presented it to the State Historical Society in 1864. Patrick McMahon, of Briggsville, is a veteran of the Seventeenth Wisconsin and a member of the G. A. R. In the battle of Tupelo, Miss., July 14, 1864, he was temporarily attached to the Fourteenth Wisconsin, and while there he captured the color bearer of the "Mississippi Devils," with the colors of the regiment. The color bearer was wounded, and when McMahon was assisting him to an ambulance he says Capt. Mansfield, of the Fourteenth Wisconsin, carried off the flag. McMahon afterwards journeyed to Madison to find out whether or not the flag he captured was among the flags in the Historical rooms, when he met Col. Hancock, of the Fourteenth Wisconsin, who is engaged in the Adjutant General's office. The flag bears the inscription: "Mississippi Devils. Our Rights. Presented by the Ladies." McMahon has the revolver and accouterments of the color sergeant, Robert Scales, and says he will deliver them to the owner if he is still living.

FLAG OF THE CEDAR CREEK RIFLES.

The following is a copy of the letter accompanying this flag:

Headquarters First Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth A. C. Goldsboro, N. C., April 5, 1865.
His Excellency, James T. Lewis—

Sir: I have the honor to forward to you by the hand of Maj. Taggart this Confederate banner, formerly borne by the Cedar Creek Rifles, under Capt. John Harrison, of South Carolina. It was captured by a gallant soldier, John J. Bailey, of Company H, Sixteenth Wisconsin Volunteers, February 22, 1865. Maj. Gen. Blair, commanding Seventeenth Army

Corps, has been kind enough to give me permission to send it home to you, to be deposited in the State Capitol with other trophies of war.

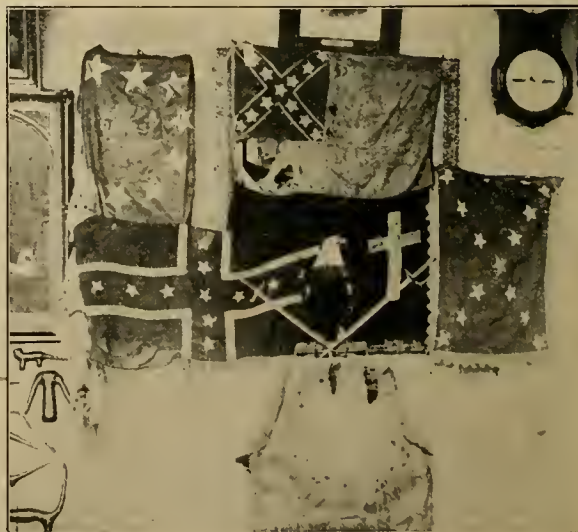
Respectfully your obedient servant,

CASSIUS FAIRCHILD.

Col. Sixteenth Wis. Vct. Vols., Com. First Brigade.

ELMA'S HOUSEWIFE—A PATHETIC WAR RELIC.

A little roll received at the Museum of the State Historical Society November 25, 1887, from Mrs. W. A. P. Morris, of Madison, is a "housewife," or receptacle for pins, needles, thread, etc., which was taken from the knapsack of a dead Confederate soldier after the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, by Mrs. Morris's brother, Lieut. Charles D. Grannis, of the Forty-Fourth New York Volunteers. It tells a pathetic tale. The cover is cut out of an old-fashioned painted "Holland" window curtain, and the linings and pockets are of a variety of cheap, gaudy calicoes and flannels, made with rude, coarse stitches, bespeaking "a country girl" with abundance of energy but a wondrous poverty of resources. The identical pins and coarse needles, stuck into the leaves when found, are still there, while a feature well calculated to bring tears to a veteran's eyes is the little slip of faded letter paper carefully pinned upon the thread pocket and bearing this legend in a delicate, feminine handwriting: "Remember Elma." Poor Elma! her brave but sadly deluded lover, for whom she had ransacked her scanty treasures in a time of great distress to minister to his necessities and to keep him in constant remembrance of the loved one at home, is now one of



FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF THE RELICS.

the "unknown dead" in the cemetery commemorating that frightful slaughter at Fredericksburg. Such sad relics as this from "the other side" tend to soften the bitterness of antagonism between the veterans of the blue and those of the gray. They mutely tell us of a suffering in the homes of Dixie quite as poignant as ever known at the North—indeed, worse, for the survivors had not the solace of victory to sustain them in their anguish. Tens of thousands of Elmas, North and South, sewed their hearts into little "housewives" for the knapsacks of their lovers, husbands, and kindred who were to return no more. Shabby little "housewife" indeed, but representing the best the house afforded! A relic of this sort, suggestive of the personal wants of the soldier in camp, the love of the "girl he left behind him," and the stern economies which are the result of devastating war, will increase in interest as the years progress.

PATRIOTIC FRATERNITY MEMBERS.

The *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly* for October, 1899, contains a sketch read by Hon. John Dewitt Warner, D.X., '72, the Fraternity Historian, at the Semicentennial Convention:

At the first breaking out of hostilities in 1861 the Southern D. K. E.'s rushed into Confederate service, and college after college closed as its students joined the ranks, while at the North the alumni hastened into camp. From first to last D. K. E. was at the front on both sides. When the first shot was fired on Sumter the Delta boys were already in Confederate uniform, and at its first echo the members, active and otherwise, of every chapter hastened to the field. At Great Bethel, the first important engagement of the war, Theodore Winthrop, of Phi, led the advance of the Union force, and the D. K. E.'s of Beta were among the Confederates whose fire left him on the field. At Shiloh and Gettysburg—at every battle, from first to last—D. K. E. met D. K. E. in combat; and when, six weeks after Appomattox, the last engagement was fought it was a D. K. E. Confederate colonel, Spence [the Confederate Col. Spence mentioned is the well-known Col. Phil B. Spence, of Nashville, Tenn., who commanded the Sixteenth Confederate Cavalry Regiment in the last engagement of the war, which occurred at Whistler, Ala., April 12, 1865], of Zeta, who was then brought to bay after more than four years of continuous service.

EXPERIENCES OF REV. JOHN R. DEERING.

In his nineteenth year he went from the commencement exercises in Louisville, Ky., to Manassas, Va., July, 1861, and there joined Company H, Twelfth Regiment, Mississippi Volunteer Infantry. As Kentucky had then only one battalion in the field, many of her sons, eager for the fray, united with Confederate companies from other States. Waving as unnecessary the form of "swearing in," the Mississippians gave young Deering and his two friends a soldier's welcome, a smooth bore musket with forty rounds, and a "fighting chance" everywhere. With these noble men he shared all war's fortunes until the campaign ended with the battle of Fredericksburg. Having suffered much since the seven days' battles around Richmond from one of the scourges of infantry

camp life, and being anxious to face the enemy then terrorizing his old Kentucky home, and to hear from or see the loved ones within the Federal lines, he asked and received from Gen. R. E. Lee a transfer to Gen. J. H. Morgan's Division of Cavalry. He was allowed by Morgan to choose a company. He cast his lot with Capt. Quirk's Scouts, then at Liberty, Tenn., covering Bragg's front. The Kentucky boy soon out-rode his physical ailment; but in April, at Snow's Hill battle, he met a bullet that stopped his mad career. Months of leisure in a hospital inclined him to reflection. Two unsuccessful surgical attempts at a shoulder operation, with a fearful prognosis, led him to repentance.

In the close of 1863 an "honorable discharge," given by Gen. Bragg, together with the certainty of a long disability for military duty and the strong urgency of



REV. JOHN R. DEERING.

friends, opened wide a door, formerly but reluctantly faced, into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Speaking of this providential fact, Dr. Deering says: "Breaking my arm mended my ways." Wearing his cavalry uniform and boots, with his unhealed arm in a sling, he was received, in December, 1863, into the old Georgia Conference at Columbus. Nor is he the only Kentucky soldier who entered the pulpit from the ranks of the peerless Confederate raider. The Conference has even now on its rolls Harris, Noland, Rowland, Deering, all from Morgan's command; Mitchell, Young, Nugent, and others, from other armies; and Kellar, Biggerstaff, Guerrant, in the Presbyterian Church. These are all fighting the better fight, save one "beloved bugler," Kellar, who is forever at rest.

Comrade Deering had every experience of the sol-

dier, save two—punishment and imprisonment. Although in Yankee hands while wounded, he was regarded too badly hurt to be removed or even paroled. On coming back to Louisville, September, 1865, he was made pastor at Danville, Ky. For thirty-five years he has preached in Central Kentucky—at Shelbyville, Winchester, Mt. Sterling, Cynthiana, Lexington, Nicholasville, Versailles, and Harrodsburg. For four years he has been presiding elder of the Covington District, having official charge of sixty-five hundred Methodists. He resides in Lexington now, and meets many calls for service from the veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy. The VETERAN goes to his home regularly, and he has filed away every issue from the first. "He wishes it a million readers and days unnumbered." He has six sons and three daughters.

Comrade A. M. Hunisucker, Company K, Eleventh Alabama, inquires for any members surviving. They were marshaled at Marion, Ala., with an enrollment of one hundred and forty men, only seven of whom stacked arms at Appomattox. Comrade Hunisucker has become enfeebled with age and needs a pension, and any one knowing of his record will confer a favor by corresponding with him at Bogue Chitto, Miss.

CAPT. FRANK BENNETT.

Capt. Frank Bennett, of Anderson County, was born at Paris, N. C., December 3, 1839. His father, Lemuel D. Bennett, was the son of William Bennett, a native of North Carolina. His mother, Jane Little, was the daughter of William Little, of England. Capt. Bennett was reared in his native county, completed his education at King's Mountain Military School, Yorkville, S. C., and then engaged in farming at his home near Paris. He answered the call of his State in May, 1861, and entered the army as orderly sergeant in Company A, Twenty-Third North Carolina Regiment. He was promoted to captain of his company in May, 1862. From that date he led his men through all the battles of Early's original brigade, participating in the famous campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia with credit to himself and State. He was wounded four times—the day before the battle of Seven Pines, at Chancellorsville, and Spottsylvania. He served through the Valley campaign with Early in 1864, commanding Col. R. D. Johnson's sharpshooters. At Hatcher's Run he was more severely wounded, losing his left arm. The list of battles in which he bore an honorable part would be a long one, and include the bloody struggles of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness.

Surrendering at Appomattox, he came immediately to his home and resumed the occupations of peace, making the wilderness to which his country had been reduced blossom again as the rose. His exertions have been amply rewarded in the prosperity of his region and his own handsome estate.

On June 8, 1876, Capt. Bennett was happily married to Miss Elizabeth Curry, and his children are as ardent in their attachment to the "cause" as the father.

Some five years ago Anson Camp No. 849, U. C. V., was organized, and Capt. Bennett was unanimously chosen its Commander, and has since succeeded himself as Commander at every election. Gen. J. S. Carr, State Commander, appointed Capt. Bennett Chief of

Ordnance, with rank of Lieutenant Colonel, but Camp No. 849 stipulated that he was to remain with them as Commander, for the Veterans love him as a brother.

E. F. Fenton, of Wadesboro, N. C., who send the foregoing tribute to Capt. Bennett, writes: "I want to introduce myself to the readers of the



VETERAN. I was born in the city of Philadelphia in 1843; located in North Carolina in 1858; entered the Confederate army in 1861; was wounded, losing my left arm, at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863; have earned my living setting type, dealing in curios, and obeying my wife; don't want any Federal pension, because I want the esteem of myself and the people of the South. When the women of the South cease to care for the cause we

fought for, when they cease to scatter flowers over the graves of my dead comrades, when they refuse me their smiles and tears—then I might accept a pension from those who were my enemies in war and have done very little to win my esteem in peace. Comrades, how do you like my photograph?"

DR. JOHN A. LEWIS.

Dr. John A. Lewis, of Georgetown, Ky., Chief Surgeon of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., was born in Franklin County, Ky., near Frankfort, in 1841. His father was Rev. Cadwallader Lewis, an eminent minister of the Baptist Church, and his mother was Miss Elizabeth Patterson. Both his father and mother were native Virginians.

Dr. Lewis was graduated from Georgetown College, Ky., in 1862. Immediately after graduation he enlisted as a private in Company I, Second Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. John H. Morgan's command. By changes and consolidation this company became Company A, Ninth Regiment Kentucky Cavalry, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge commanding. Dr. Lewis was almost constantly with his regiment from the beginning to the close of the war, taking part in all of its battles and campaigns. He was promoted from private to orderly sergeant, then to second lieutenant, then first lieutenant and adjutant of his regiment, which position he held until the close of the war.

For one year his regiment served under Gen. John H. Morgan. The Ninth Kentucky Cavalry did not take part in the Ohio raid of Gen. Morgan, but remained with the Army of Tennessee, and retreated with it from Middle Tennessee to Chattanooga. At

this point the regiment was brigaded with the First and Second Kentucky Cavalry Regiments and became the Kentucky Cavalry Brigade in the corps of Lieut. Gen. Joseph Wheeler. The brigade was successively commanded by Gens. Grigsby, Cerro Gordo Williams, and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge. Under these gallant leaders it won distinction.

The regiment took part in the long and arduous campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. This brigade, with that of Gen. Cruz, defeated and captured Gen. Stoneman, near Macon, Ga., and defeated and captured the part of his command which endeavored to escape in one of the most remarkable encounters of the war at Jug Tavern, near Athens, Ga. It also took part in the raid of Gen. Wheeler to Middle Tennessee just before the fall of Atlanta. It was active in opposing Gen. Sherman's march to the sea and through the Carolinas to Raleigh. At Raleigh, N. C., it was detailed to act as President Davis's escort, accompanying him to Washington, Ga., where the brigade was surrendered May 10, 1865.

After the war Dr. Lewis studied medicine, attending lectures at the Medical College of Virginia, from which institution he was graduated March, 1868. In June, 1868, Dr. Lewis married Miss M. J. Scott, of Franklin County, Ky. Soon after beginning the practice of medicine he located in Georgetown, Ky., where he has practiced successfully and continually for twenty-seven years.

In 1895 at Harrodsburg, Ky., Dr. Lewis was elected President of the Kentucky State Medical Society, delivering the annual address at Lebanon, 1896. He is a member of the Americal Medical Association and the Scott County Medical Association, also the Kentucky Midland Medical Association.

Dr. Lewis is an active member of the Baptist Church, and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Georgetown College. His family consists of wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. The eldest daughter, Miss Sydney Scott, was the sponsor for the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., at the Nashville reunion.

WHITTIER'S POEM ABOUT GEN. JACKSON.—Gen. Henry Kyd Douglas, who was an officer on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, lectured in Cooper Union. He described the entry into Frederick, where Barbara Frietchie lived, but Gen. Jackson never saw her. If she owned a United States flag, Gen. Douglas was never able to find it out. Certain he is she never waved it from her casement at the Confederates.

"Gen. Jackson never even passed Barbara Frietchie's house," said Gen. Douglas. "Gen. Jackson, just before an entry into Frederick, had been seriously injured by a fall from a horse that had been presented to him by some of his admirers. We were obliged to place Gen. Jackson in an ambulance and stop at Best's Grove, about three miles from Frederick.

"Gen. Jackson on the following Sunday was taken to Frederick in the ambulance to attend church. He did not return to town again until the morning of the supposed incident, September 10, 1862. Then we again took him into town in the ambulance. We stopped at the corner of Patrick and Main Streets, where he asked some of the citizens misleading questions about the surrounding country. Then he direct-

ed that I drive with him to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Ross, the Presbyterian clergyman, whose church we had attended on the preceding Sunday evening. It was still so early that Dr. Ross was not up, so we left a card. . . . We did not pass Barbara Frietchie's house. Barbara Frietchie, I have learned after long and painstaking investigation, was ninety-six years old at that time. She was helpless and almost blind. No soldier of our army or resident of Frederick saw a flag at her window. Her relatives, with whom I have talked, admit that there is no foundation for the story."



DANIEL BOONE MONUMENT, FRANKFORT, KY.

George Wise, Alexandria, Va., sends an account of an incident that occurred during the great war, which may throw some light on the fallacy of the Whittier poem: "Upon the eve of the battle of Boonsboro, as Gen. Longstreet's Division was marching through the streets of the village of Middletown, several young ladies made their appearance wearing red-white-and-blue cockades. A member of the Seventeenth Virginia Infantry (the noted 'Bloody Seventeenth,' a designation earned at First Bull Run and doubly earned at the battle of Sharpsburg, where it lost seventy-six per cent of the number carried into that battle) accosted them with a polite touch of the cap and remarked: 'Ladies, take our advice and remove those colors. Some fool may come along and insult you.' The advice was promptly acted upon."

SERVICE OF TAR HEELS.

Capt. S. J. Cobb, of Lumber Bridge, N. C., writes:

In October, 1858, I became a member of the Lumber Bridge Light Infantry, which was organized in 1847, and served as private, sergeant, and lieutenant. April 27, 1862, I enlisted in the well-known "Scotch Tigers," which became Company D, of the Fifty-First Regiment, North Carolina Troops. During 1862-63 the regiment was assigned to duty at points on the coast of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. We took an active part in a battle near Goldsboro, N. C., December 15, 1862, and drove the enemy within their lines at New Berne. In July, 1863, the regiment was hurried to Charleston, S. C., which was then vigorously attacked by a most formidable fleet and a large land force, which had secured position on the lower

end of Morris Island. This island is about three miles long and from two hundred to five hundred yards wide. The regiment was sent to Battery Wagner. A sand fort was built on a narrow part near the middle of the island, and was considered the key to the situation. The Confederate forces consisted of the Fifty-First Regiment, about seven hundred and eighty-five men and officers; four companies of the Thirty-First North Carolina Regiment; one or two companies of the Sixty-Third Georgia Regiment, heavy artillery; and the city battalion from Charleston—numbering in all about eleven hundred men. On the morning of July 18, the enemy having completed their arrangements for our destruction and the fort also, the entire fleet and numerous land batteries of straight and mortar guns opened fire on us. In a short time nearly all our guns were dismounted or otherwise disabled. We were helpless. All we could do was to screen ourselves as best we could and keep our flag flying, which was shot down several times during that awful day. Late in the afternoon the land forces of the enemy formed in columns of regiments, and, under cover of their artillery fire, advanced. Leaving our places of shelter while the shell were bursting or falling among us at the rate of over one hundred per minute, we rushed to our battered-down breastworks. The advance line of the enemy, which was a Massachusetts regiment of negro troops, had advanced to less than one hundred yards, and the artillery fire suddenly ceased. We poured into the advancing columns a deadly fire which soon drove them back with heavy loss. Among the killed was Col. Shaw, of the negro regiment, who fell a short distance in front of our works, pierced by many bullets. There were seven bullet holes in his hat, which was worn for some time afterwards by a boy who had lost his hat a day or two before. Two more vigorous assaults were made on us and repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy. The assaulting forces were variously estimated at from ten thousand to fifteen thousand men. Our whole infantry force actually engaged was about nine hundred—surely not over one thousand. The loss sustained by our regiment was thirty-four killed and forty wounded. The enemy admitted a loss of between three thousand and four thousand. Gen. Stone's report of this battle, as published in the *Philadelphia Times* some years ago, gives these figures.

The regiment remained on the islands around Charleston several months, and returned to North Carolina and had a number of minor engagements with raiding parties in Eastern North Carolina.

The opening of the campaign in 1864 found us in Virginia as a part of Clingman's Brigade, which was composed of the Eighth, Thirty-First, Fifty-First, and Sixty-First North Carolina Regiments. The brigade was in Maj. Gen. Hoke's Division, which consisted of Clingman's and Kirkland's North Carolina Brigades, Hagood's South Carolina, and Colquit's Georgia Brigade, all of which did valiant service and suffered heavily during the severe campaign in Virginia in 1864.

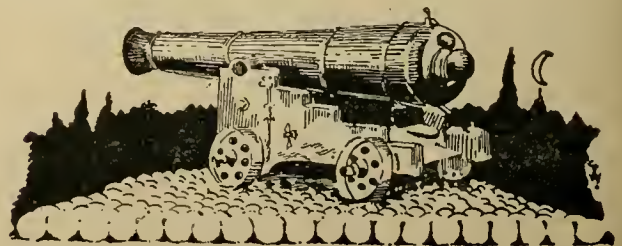
Early in May of that year Gen. B. F. Butler ascended James River with a large fleet of gunboats and transports and landed a force said to be about thirty thousand strong at City Point, about midway between Richmond and Petersburg. A force of about ten thousand Confederates was hastily gotten together under Gen. Beauregard, and the battle of Drewry's

Bluff was fought May 16, in which Butler's army was completely routed, and retreated so as to secure the protection of his gunboats. It was there that Beauregard with his comparatively small force "bottled up Butler" after he had lost in killed, wounded, and captured several thousand men and a large portion of his artillery.

In the several engagements with Butler's forces our regiment suffered heavy losses. During the battle at Drewry's Bluff President Davis was on the battlefield with Gen. Beauregard.

From that time on fighting was almost a daily business. May 31 and June 1 bloody battles were fought at Cold Harbor, in which our regiment suffered heavily. (The writer was disabled for further service during the war by a wound received May 31 at Cold Harbor.) Our regiment and brigade took an active part in the numerous battles around Petersburg during the summer, and fought their last battle in Virginia September 30 at Fort Harrison. To give some idea of the desperate fighting done by the regiment in 1864 I would state that it numbered about nine hundred May 1, which number was reduced to forty-five guns and eight officers by October 1. In December, 1864, our division was ordered to Wilmington, N. C., where it recruited in numbers to about four thousand. Soon Fort Fisher fell, and the evacuation of Wilmington became a necessity. Sherman's army was now invading our State in pursuit of our reduced army under J. E. Johnston. Gen. Hoke joined forces with Johnston, and as a result the last and one of the severest battles of the war was fought at Bentonville, in Johnston County, N. C., March 19, 1865. The surrender of the armies of Lee and Johnston soon followed.

Some years after the civil war my old company was reorganized and became Company B, Second Regiment North Carolina State Guard. I was made first lieutenant at the reorganization, and held that office until October 12, 1892, when I was elected captain. I was still holding that position when war was declared against Spain in April, 1898, and volunteers were called for. My boys asked me to lead them in battle against the Spaniards. Without a dissenting vote the company volunteered April 27, and was accepted by the governor. In due time we reported in camp at Raleigh, where two regiments were quickly organized. My company became Company F, Second North Carolina Volunteer Infantry. After two months drilling at Raleigh we were placed on duty at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, and on St. Simon's Island, Ga., until September, when Uncle Sam appeared to have no further use for us, and we were ordered back to North Carolina, and were formally mustered out November 16, 1898. I then permanently retired from military life.



UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

A Complete List of the General Officers.

Gen. John B. Gordon, General Commanding, Atlanta, Ga.
Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff,
New Orleans, La.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Commander, Columbia, S. C.
Brig. Gen. Theodore G. Barker, Adjutant General and Chief of
Staff, Charleston, S. C.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, Commander, Norfolk, Va.
Col. J. V. Bidgood, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Richmond.
Brig. Gen. J. F. Crocker, Commanding First Brigade, Portsmouth.
Brig. Gen. M. Woods, Com. Second Brigade, Charlottesville.

MARYLAND DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Commander, Baltimore, Md.
Col. J. S. Saunders, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Baltimore.
Brig. Gen. O. Tilghman, Commanding First Brigade, Easton.
Brig. Gen. J. F. Zacharlas, Com. Second Brigade, Cumberland.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander, Durham, N. C.
Col. W. H. Burgwyn, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Henderson.
Brig. Gen. J. G. Hall, Commanding First Brigade, Hickory, N. C.
Brig. Gen. W. L. London, Com. Second Brigade, Pittsboro.
Brig. Gen. F. M. Parker, Commanding Third Brigade, Enfield.
Brig. Gen. J. M. Ray, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Asheville.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Charleston, S. C.
Col. J. G. Holmes, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Charleston.
Brig. Gen. Asbury Coward, Commanding First Brigade, care of
The Citadel, Charleston, S. C.
Brig. Gen. T. W. Carwile, Com. Second Brigade, Edgefield.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. M. Poytz, Commander, Richmond, Ky.
Col. B. H. Young, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Louisville.
Brig. Gen. J. M. Arnold, Commanding First Brigade, Newport.
Brig. Gen. J. B. Briggs, Com. Second Brigade, Russellville.
Brig. Gen. J. H. Leathers, Com. Third Brigade, Louisville.
Brig. Gen. J. B. Clay, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Lexington.

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Robert White, Commander, Wheeling, W. Va.
Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Linwood.
Brig. Gen. D. E. Johnston, Commanding First Brigade, Bluefield.
Brig. Gen. S. S. Greene, Commanding Second Brigade, Charleston.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander, Columbus, Miss.
Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Co-
lumbus, Miss.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. A. Evans, Commander, 42 Peach Tree St., Atlanta.
Col. John A. Miller, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Atlanta.
Brig. Gen. P. A. S. McGlashan, Commanding Southern Georgia
Brigade, Savannah.
Brig. Gen. C. M. Wiley, Commanding Eastern Ga. Brig., Macon.
Brig. Gen. A. J. West, Commanding North Georgia Brigade, 15
Pryor St., Atlanta.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. G. P. Harrison, Commander, Opelika.
Col. H. E. Jones, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Spring Hill.
Brig. Gen. J. W. A. Sanford, Com. First Brigade, Montgomery.
Brig. Gen. E. B. Vaughan, Commanding Second Brigade, Mobile.
Brig. Gen. Wm. Richardson, Com. Third Brigade, Huntsville.
Brig. Gen. A. F. McGehee, Com. Fourth Brigade, Anniston.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. G. W. Gordon, Commander, Memphis, Tenn.
Col. J. P. Hickman, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Nashville.

Brig. Gen. J. E. Carter, Commanding First Brigade, Knoxville.
Brig. Gen. J. M. Taylor, Commanding Second Brigade, Lexington.
Brig. Gen. S. F. Wilson, Commanding Third Brigade, Gallatin.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. D. Cameron, Commander, Meridian.
Col. DeB. Waddell, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Meridian.
Brig. Gen. S. H. Pryor, Com. First Brigade, Holly Springs.
Brig. Gen. B. V. White, Commanding Second Brigade, Meridian.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. Y. Gilmore, Commander, New Orleans.
Col. L. Gulon, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Donaldsonville.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. E. M. Law, Commander, Bartow.
Col. F. L. Robertson, Adjutant Gen., Chief of Staff, Brooksville.
Brig. Gen. G. Reese, Commanding First Brigade, Pensacola.
Brig. Gen. N. A. Hull, Commanding Second Brigade, Jacksonville.
Brig. Gen. W. H. Jewell, Com. Third Brigade, Orlando.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander, Dallas.
Brig. Gen. A. T. Watts, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Dallas.

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. McCulloch, Commander, Boonville, Mo.
Col. H. A. Newman, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Huntsville.
Brig. Gen. S. M. Kennard, Com. Eastern Brigade, St. Louis.
Brig. Gen. G. W. Thompson, Com. Western Brigade, Barry.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. B. Polley, Commander, Floresville.
Col. S. O. Young, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Galveston.

NORTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. E. G. Bower, Commander, Dallas.

NORTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander, Fort Worth.

SOUTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. C. C. Beavens, Commander, Houston.

SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. Sam Maverick, Commander, San Antonio.

WESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brig. Gen. W. H. Richardson, Commander, Austin.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. V. Y. Cook, Commander, Elmo.
Col. J. F. Caldwell, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Newport.
Brig. Gen. J. C. Barlow, Commanding First Brigade, Helena.
Brig. Gen. H. A. McCoy, Commanding Second Brigade, Pine Bluff.
Brig. Gen. W. J. Stowers, Com. Third Brigade, Morrilton.
Brig. Gen. J. A. Reeves, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Camden.

INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander, McAlester, Ind. T.
Col. J. H. Reed, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, McAlester.
Brig. Gen. J. L. Galt, Commanding Chickasaw Brigade, Ardmore.
Brig. Gen. D. M. Hailey, Commanding Choctaw Brigade, Krebs.
Brig. Gen. J. W. Watts, Commanding Cherokee Brigade, Wag-
oner, Creek Nation, Ind. T.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. O. Casler, Commander, Oklahoma City.
Col. W. R. Reagan, Adj. Gen., Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City.
Brig. Gen. C. R. Buckner, Commanding First Brigade, Guthrie.
Brig. Gen. J. P. Saunders, Commanding Second Brigade, Shawnee.
Brig. Gen. T. A. Putnam, Commanding Third Brigade, Mangum.

PACIFIC DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Spencer R. Thorpe, Commander, Los Angeles.
Col. A. M. Fulkerson, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Los Angeles.
Brig. Gen. H. T. Sale, Commanding Colorado Brigade, Denver.
Brig. Gen. T. H. Bell, Commanding California Brigade, Fresno.
Brig. Gen. F. D. Brown, Com. Montana Brigade, Phillipsburg.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

List of One Thousand Two Hundred and Sixty Camps, May, 1900.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Abbeville—Confederate Veteran—1145—Jas. W. Stokes.
 Abner—Handley—351—M. V. Mullins, H. A. Brown.
 Albertville—Camp Miller—385—L. S. Emmett, J. L. Chambers.
 Alexander City—Lee—401—R. M. Thomas, A. S. Smith.
 Alexandria—Alexandria—395—C. Martin, E. T. Clark.
 Andalusia—Harper—256—J. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
 Anniston—Pelham—253—F. M. Hight, Addison F. McGhee.
 Ashland—Clayton—327—O. S. Stockdale, D. L. Campbell.
 Ashville—St. Clair—308—John W. Inger, James D. Triess.
 Athens—Thomas L. Hobbs—400—W. N. Richardson, B. M. Sowell.
 Auburn—Auburn—236—H. C. Armstrong, R. W. Burton.
 Bangor—Wheeler—492—R. H. L. Wharton, W. L. Redman.
 Bessemer—Bessemer—157—A. A. Harris, T. P. Waller.
 Birmingham—Hardee—39—W. H. Reynolds, W. T. Robinson.
 Birmingham—Jeff Davis—475—H. C. Vaughan, A. C. Oxford.
 Birmingham—R. E. Lee—1140—C. M. Shelley, W. H. Worthington.
 Blocton—Pratt—966—R. H. Pratt, John S. Gardner.
 Blountville—Sam Davis—1177—S. T. Burnett, M. D. L. Graves.
 Brewton—Clanton—1072—N. R. Leigh, J. M. Davison.
 Bridgeport—J. Wheeler—260—W. C. Glover, L. B. Burnett.
 Brookwood—Force—459—R. D. Jackson, J. H. Nelson.
 Calera—Emanuel Finley—498—John P. West, W. H. Jones.
 Camden—Franklin K. Beck—224—Felix Tait, J. F. Foster.
 Carrollton—Pickens—323—M. L. Stansel, W. G. Robertson.
 Carthage—Woodruff—339—John S. Powers, J. A. Elliott.
 Cedar Springs—Camp Pelham—855.
 Center—Stonewall Jackson—653—J. F. Hoge, J. A. Law.
 Clayton—Barbour County—493—W. H. Pruett, E. R. Quillin.
 Coalburg—F. Cheatham—434—F. P. Lewis, J. W. Barnhart.
 Cullman—Thomas H. Watts—489—E. J. Owen, J. T. Lancaster.
 Dadeville—Crawf-Kimbal—343—J. P. Shaffer, William L. Rowe.
 Decatur—Horace King—476—W. H. Long, W. R. Francis.
 Demopolis—A. Gracie—508—John C. Webb, C. B. Cleveland.
 Edwardsville—Wiggonton—359—J. H. Johnson, T. J. Burton.
 Eufaula—Eufaula—958—Hiram Hawkins, R. Q. Edmonson.
 Eutaw—Sanders—64—George N. Cole—W. P. Brugh.
 Evergreen—Capt. William Lee—338—P. D. Bowles, H. M. King.
 Fayette—Linsey—466—John B. Sanford, W. B. Shirley.
 Florence—E. A. O'Neal—298—A. M. O'Neal, Andrew Brown.
 Fort Payne—Estes—263—J. M. Davidson, A. P. McCartney.
 Gadsden—Emma Sanson—275—James Aiken, Joseph R. Hughes.
 Gaylesville—John Pelham—411—B. F. Wood, G. W. R. Bell.
 Geneva—W. C. Oats—1165—H. H. Foster, W. C. McLaughlin.
 Greensboro—A. C. Jones—266—W. N. Knight, W. C. Christian.
 Greensboro—Woodruff—339—John S. Powers, J. A. Elliott.
 Greenville—Samuel L. Adams—349—E. Crenshaw, P. E. Dey.
 Guin—Ex-Confederate—415—N. W. Hulsey.
 Guntersville—M. Gilbreath—333—W. H. Holden, J. L. Burke.
 Hamilton—Marion County—346—A. J. Hamilton, J. F. Hamilton.
 Hartselle—Friendship—383—D. Walden, M. K. Mahan.
 Holly Pond—Holly Pond—567—George W. Watts, S. M. Foust.
 Huntsville—E. J. Jones—357—Daniel Coleman, Ben Patteson.
 Jackson—Calhoun—497—E. P. Chapman, S. T. Woodard.
 Jackson—Clarke County—475—
 Jacksonville—Martin—292—J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant.
 Jasper—Hutto—1202—J. H. Hayes, T. P. Lamkin.
 Lafayette—A. A. Greene—310—J. J. Robinson, G. H. Black.
 Linden—A. Gracie—508—John C. Webb, C. B. Cleveland.
 Livingston—Camp Sumter—332—R. Chapman, J. Lawhon.
 Lower Peachtree—R. H. G. Gaines—370—B. D. Portis, N. J. Mc-Connell.
 Lowndesboro—Bullock—331—J. W. Rast, C. D. Whitman.
 Luverne—Gracy—472—D. A. Rutledge, B. R. Bricken.
 Marion—I. W. Garrett—277—J. Cal Moore, R. H. Evans.
 Madison Station—Russell—408—W. T. Garner, R. E. Wiggins.
 Mobile—R. Semmes—11—E. B. Vaughan, William E. Mickle.
 Mobile—J. M. Withers—675—Gen. James Hagan, F. Kiernan.
 Monroeville—Foster—407—W. W. McMillan, D. L. Neville.
 Montevallo—Montevallo—496—H. C. Reynolds, B. Nabors.
 Montgomery—Lomax—151—William Berney, Paul Sanguyueti.
 Morris—Confederate Veteran—1120—G. W. Ellis.
 Opelika—Lee County—261—R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton.
 Oxford—Camp Lee—329—Thomas H. Barry, John T. Pearce.
 Ozark—Ozark—380—W. R. Painter, J. L. Williams,

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Piedmont—Camp Stewart—378—J. N. Hood, E. D. McClelen.
 Pearce's Mill—Robert E. Lee—372—Jim Pearce, F. M. Clark.
 Phenix City—Confederate Veteran—1112—W. D. Welkins.
 Pratt City—F. S. Furguson—1167—D. A. Perkins, Jos. Saulsbury.
 Prattville—Wadsworth—491—W. F. Mims, Y. Abney.
 Roanoke—Aiken-Smith—293—W. A. Handley, D. D. McConnaghy.
 Robinson Springs—Robinson Springs—396—J. B. Stamp, W. D. Whetstone.
 Rockford—H. W. Cox—276—F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson.
 Scottsboro—N. B. Forrest—430—J. H. Young, J. M. Thompson.
 Seale—James F. Waddell—268—C. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene.
 Selma—C. R. Jones—317—E. S. Starr, Edward P. Galt.
 Sprague Junction—Watts—480—P. B. Masten, J. T. Robertson.
 Springville—Springville—223—A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruiell.
 St. Stephens—John James—350—A. F. Hooks, J. M. Pelham.
 Stroud—McLeroy—356—A. J. Thompson, J. L. Strickland.
 Summerfield—Col. Garrett—381—E. Morrow, R. B. Cater.
 Talladega—C. M. Shelley—246—G. K. Miller, D. R. Van Pelt.
 Thomasville—Leander McFarland—373—M. W. Couch, W. R. Greer.
 Town Creek—Ashford—632—W. A. Lee, J. L. Lyndon.
 Troy—Camp Ruffin—320—E. S. Williams, T. M. Murphree.
 Tusculumbia—James Deshler—313—
 Tusculumbia—W. A. Johnson—898—J. N. Thompson, E. L. Bickley.
 Tuskalooosa—Rodes—262—Gen. G. D. Johnston, W. Guild.
 Tuskegee—Sam Johnson—139—J. P. Breedlove.
 Union Springs—Powell—499—J. F. Culver, A. H. Pickett.
 Uniontown—Coleman—429—Mims Walker, B. F. Harwood.
 Verbena—Camp Gracie—291—K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell.
 Vernon—Camp O'Neal—358—J. P. Young, T. M. Woods.
 Walnut Grove—Forrest—467—A. J. Phillips, B. W. Reaves.
 Wedowee—Randolph—316—C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate.
 Wetumpka—Elmore County—255—H. H. Robison, C. K. McMorris.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Alma—Cabell—202—James E. Smith, J. T. Jones.
 Amity—J. H. Berry—823—D. T. Brunson, D. M. Doughty.
 Arkadelphia—Monroe—574—H. W. McMillan, C. C. Scott.
 Altus—Stonewall Jackson—864—H. J. Scriber, P. R. Stanfield.
 Augusta—Jeff Davis—843—John Shearer, Ed S. Carl-Lee.
 Austin—James Adams—1036—J. T. Scott, T. J. Young.
 Barren Fork—J. F. P. Fagan—903—S. T. Rudolph, A. G. Albright.
 Batesville—Sidney Johnston—863—J. P. Coffin, R. P. Weaver.
 Benton—Dodd—325—S. H. Whitthome, C. E. Shoemaker.
 Bentonville—Cabell—89—W. F. Patton, N. S. Henry.
 Berryville—Fletcher—638—J. P. Fancher, Isaac A. Clarke.
 Black Rock—Confederate Veteran—870—Col. T. L. Thompson.
 Booneville—Evans—355—A. V. Rieff.
 Brinkley—Clebunne—537—John T. Box, W. W. Wilson.
 Camden—Hugh McCollum—778—T. D. Thompson, W. F. Avera.
 Center Point—P. Cleburne—191—A. S. Cabell, T. N. Goodwin.
 Charleston—Haller—192—J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley.
 Clarksville—John F. Hill—1031—John C. Hill, E. T. McConnell.
 Coal Hill—J. E. Cravens—1153—E. H. Walker, J. D. Hunt.
 Conway—Jeff Davis—213—James Haskrider, W. D. Cole.
 Dardanelle—McIntosh—531—W. H. Gee, J. L. Davis.
 England—Eagle Camp—1004—W. P. West, J. K. Budie.
 Dumas—P. Cleburne—776—M. W. Quilling, H. N. Austin.
 Evansville—McIntosh—861—N. B. Littlejohn, John C. Fletcher.
 Fayetteville—Brooks—216—T. M. Gunter, I. M. Patridge.
 Forrest City—Forrest—623—J. B. Sanders, E. Landvoight.
 Fort Smith—B. T. DuVal—146—G. C. Fawcette, R. M. Fry.
 Gansesville—Confederate Survivors—506—F. S. White.
 Greenway—Clay County V. A.—375—E. M. Allen, J. R. Hodges.
 Greenwood—B. McCulloch—194—Dudley Milam, M. Stroup.
 Hackett City—Stonewall—199—L. B. Lake, A. H. Gordon.
 Harrisburg—Pat Cleburne—1027—W. G. Godbey.
 Harrison—J. Crump—713—J. H. Williams, J. P. Clendenin.
 Hazen—Reinhardt—988—J. R. Johnson, R. H. Moorehead.
 Helena—Samuel Corley—841—James C. Rembert, Robert Gordon.
 Hope—Gratiot—203—C. A. Bridewell, John F. Sauer.
 Hot Springs—A. Pike—340—Gen. J. M. Harrell, A. Curl.
 Jonesboro—Joe Johnston—567—M. A. Adair, D. L. Thompson.
 Little Rock—Weaver—354—Louis Volmer, Theo Hartman.
 Lockesburg—Hankins—1231—T. W. McCown, F. C. Floyd.

Lonoke—James McIntosh—862—Lieut. Col. P. H. Wheat, Sr., B. T. Stokes.

Mabel Vale—Confederate Veterans—809—W. B. McKnight, —.

Malvern—Van H. Manning—991—Joe H. Alexander, W. P. Johnson.

Marianna—Paul Anderson—916—De Witt Anderson, A. S. Rodgers.

Marianna—Confederate Veterans—863—De Witt Anderson.

Melbourne—John H. Kelly—1039—F. M. Hanley, H. B. Landers.

Moorefield—Joe Johnston—865—Y. M. Mack, Jesse A. Moore.

Morrilton—R. W. Harper—207—W. S. Hanna, H. V. Crozier.

Nashville—Joe Neal—208—Francis W. Lee, F. V. Shepard.

New Louisville—Sam Dill—444—R. H. Howell, B. P. Wheat.

Newport—Tom Hindman—318—L. Minor, W. A. Joyce.

Oxford—Oxford—455—F. M. Gibson, Ransom Guiley.

Ozark—F. Lee—1141—H. M. Snow, L. R. A. Wallace.

Paragould—Confederate Survivors—449—Samuel A. Hopkins, John O. Steen.

Pine Bluff—Murray—510—George E. Vallin, Thomas Green.

Powhatan—Robert Jones—869—C. A. Stewart, L. D. Woodson.

Prairie Grove—Prairie Grove—384—Clem McColloch, H. P. Greene.

Raymond—Confederate Veteran—1147—J. W. Clay, J. C. McCauly.

Russellville—Ben T. Embry—977—R. B. Hogins, J. F. Munday.

Salem—R. G. Shaver—1060—D. P. Tunstall, C. A. Phillips.

Saluda—Mitchell—764—J. M. Forrest, J. W. Banks.

Searcy—Gen. Marsh Walker—687—B. C. Black.

Sheridan—George W. Murphy—1059—John W. Lybrand, J. S. Williams.

Spartanburg—Walker—335—D. R. Duncan, Moses Foster.

Springfield—Springfield—786—J. W. Jumper, John C. Fanning.

Summerville—James Connor—374—G. Tupper, W. R. Dehon.

Sumter—Dick Anderson—334—J. D. Graham, P. P. Galliard.

St. George's—S. Elliott—51—R. W. Minus, J. O. Reed.

St. Stephen's—St. Stephens—732—A. W. Weatherby, R. V. Matthews.

Timmonsville—Confederate Veterans—774—D. H. Traxler.

Travelers' Rest—T. W. West—824—M. L. West, J. J. Watson.

Union—Giles—708—James T. Douglass, J. L. Strain.

Walnut Ridge—Crockett-Childers—901—W. M. Ponder, C. Coffin.

Walterboro—Heyward—462—A. L. Campbell, C. G. Henderson.

Waterloo—Holmes—746—R. N. Cunningham, A. E. Nance.

Winnsboro—Rains—698—W. W. Ketchin, W. G. Jordan.

Yorkville—Confed. Vet.—702—Maj. J. F. Hart, J. F. Wallace.

Paris—B. McCulloch—388—J. O. Sadler, William Snoddy.

Paragould—Confed. Survivors—449—A. Varrbrough, P. W. Moss.

Pine Bluff—Murray—510—Gen. R. M. Knox, J. V. Saunders.

Pocahontas—Ell Hufstедler—447—W. F. Bishop, J. P. Dunklin, Jr.

Powhatan—Robert Jones—869—C. A. Stuart, L. D. Woodson.

Prescott—Walter Bragg—428—W. J. Blake, George W. Terry.

Rector—Rector—504—E. M. Allen, W. S. Liddell.

Rocky Comfort—Stuart—532—F. B. Arnett, R. E. Phelps.

Star City—B. McCullough—542—J. L. Hunter, M. Cook.

Stephens—Bob Jordan—686—J. M. Walker, C. T. Boggs.

Ultima Thule—Confederate Survivors—448—J. P. Hallman, —.

Van Buren—John Wallace—209—John Allen, J. E. Clegg.

Walcott—Confederate Survivors—506—Benjamin A. Johnson.

Waldron—Sterling Price—414—L. P. Fuller, A. M. Fuller.

Warren—Denson—677—J. C. Bratten, W. H. Blakenship.

Wilton—Confederate Veteran—674—J. A. Miller.

Wooster—J. E. Johnston—431—W. A. Millam, W. J. Sloan.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Fresno—Stirling Price—1030—Dr. J. D. Wagner.

Los Angeles—Confederate Veteran Association of California—770—W. C. Harrison, A. M. Fulkerson.

San Diego—John H. Morgan—1158—Col. J. C. Moore, W. R. Gunnis.

Santa Ana—H. Bledsoe—1201—H. A. Peabody, J. A. Booty.

COLORADO DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Aspen—Fitzhugh Lee—1023—Thomas A. Rucker, Vincent Johnson.

Denver—Beauregard—1205—E. J. Stirman, Ben Honnett.

Safford—Winnie Davis—1244—T. T. Hunter, Wm. C. Neese.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Apalachicola—Tom Moore—556—R. Knickmeyer, A. J. Murat.

Bartow—Bartow—284—W. H. Johnson, J. L. Albritton.

Bronson—Union—1157—E. A. Pinnell, Ben Friedman.

Brooksville—Loring—13—R. E. Quinn, John C. Davant.

Chipley—McMillan—217—A. M. McMillan, R. B. Bellamy.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Dade City—Pasco C. V. A.—57—J. E. Lee, A. H. Ravesles.

Daytona—Stonewall—503—M. Huston, J. C. Keller.

De Funiak Springs—Kirby-Smith—282—J. Stubbs, D. McLeod.

Fernandina—Nassau—104—W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall.

Inverness—George T. Ward—148—C. J. Thomas.

Jacksonville—Lee—58—E. F. Gilbert, J. A. Enslow, Jr.

Jacksonville—Jeff Davis—230—C. J. Colcock.

Jasper—Stewart—155—O. W. Bailey, J. E. Hanna.

Junco—P. Anderson—244—J. F. Highsmith.

Key West—Franklin Buchanan—1214—Dr. J. V. Harris.

Lake City—E. A. Perry—150—W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.

Lake Butler—Barney—474—J. R. Richard, M. L. McKinney.

Marianna—Milton—132—George A. Baltzell, F. Phillips.

Mayo—Paul Hatch—1116—M. J. Bryan, W. C. Johnson.

Miami—Tige Anderson—1203—J. R. Anthony, Sr.

Milton—Camp Cobb—538—C. R. Johnston, A. R. Seabrook.

Monticello—P. Anderson—59—W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.

Ocala—Marion Co. C. V. A.—66—W. L. Ditto, J. H. Livingston.

Orlando—Orange Co.—54—J. C. Anderson, B. M. Robinson.

Palatka—J. J. Kinley—1117—J. D. Points, Joseph Price.

Palmetto—George T. Ward—53—J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.

Pensacola—Ward C. V. A.—10—N. B. Cook, W. F. Lee.

Quincy—Kenan—140—R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.

Sanford—Finnegan—149—Harry Cassel, D. B. Manley.

St. Augustine—Kirby-Smith—176—W. Jarvis, M. R. Cooper.

St. Petersburg—Colquitt—303—W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick.

Tallahassee—Lamar—161—D. Long, R. A. Whitfield.

Tampa—Hillsboro—36—F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.

Tampa—Loring—1126—J. B. Walton, J. C. White.

Tavares—L. C. V. A.—279—H. H. Duncan, J. C. Terry.

Titusville—Indian River—47—A. A. Stewart, M. Goldsmith.

Umatilla—Lake Co. C. V. A.—279—H. H. Duncan, J. C. Terry.

Williston—George T. Ward—1090—D. F. Newson, J. J. Johnson.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.

Adalrsville—Adalrsville—962—J. W. Gray, R. D. Combs.

Alamo—Chas. W. McArthur—1078—A. C. McClellan, M. D. Hughes.

Albany—Wm. M. Slaughter—971—Richard Hobbs, Jno. T. Hester.

Americus—Sumter—642—J. B. Pillsbury, T. J. Black.

Atlanta—Atlanta—159—L. P. Thomas, Capt. W. H. Harrison.

Athens—Cobb-Deloney—478—D. C. Oliver, T. P. Oliver.

Atlanta—Atlanta—159—C. A. Evans, J. F. Edwards.

Atlanta—Atlanta—W. H. T. Walker—925—Robert S. Osborn, Joseph S. Alford.

Augusta—Confederate Soldiers' Association—1094—J. C. McDermott, G. W. Proveaux.

Augusta—Confederate Survivors' Association—435—R. H. Smith, Jr., G. W. McLaughlin.

Austell—Confederate Veteran—1123—W. H. Winters, J. J. Verner.

Avera—Avera—913—E. M. Walden, J. M. Vawse.

Bainbridge—Decatur Co.—1043—J. D. Harrell, W. G. D. Tonge.

Ball Ground—Pat Lyon—1079—P. H. Lyon, D. B. Lyon.

Baxley—O. A. Lee—918—Henry H. Becher, L. W. Baxley.

Big Sandy—Col. E. S. Griffin—1223—W. J. Harrison, J. D. Collins.

Blairsville—Capt. T. J. Butt—1127—J. A. Butt, T. C. Hughes.

Brunswick—Jackson—806—Horace Dart, W. B. Burroughs.

Buchanan—Buchanan—1151—F. N. Dunkin, S. P. Shepherd.

Calhoun—Gordon Co.—1101—Col. W. R. Rankin, M. E. Ellis.

Canton—Skid Harris—595—H. W. Newman, W. N. Wilson.

Carnersville—Millican—419—J. McCarter, J. Phillips.

Carrollton—Camp McDaniel—487—S. W. Harris, J. L. Cobb.

Cartersville—P. M. B. Young—829—J. J. Calhoun, D. B. Freeman.

Cedartown—Polk Co. C. V.—403—J. Arrington, J. S. Stubbs.

Clayton—Rabun Co. C. V.—420—S. M. Beck, W. H. Price.

Cleveland—Sumter—1137—R. R. Ashbury, W. B. Bell.

Clinton—Edward Willis—1138—Jas. A. Walker, Jno. R. Chiles.

Clyde—Bryan County—1229—W. H. Strickland, John Lane.

Columbus—Benning—511—Col. W. S. Shepherd, J. S. Matthews.

Columbus—Muscoogee Council No. 1, U. C. A. Relief Association—1193—G. E. Thomas, R. R. Smith.

Covington—J. Lamar—305—C. Dickson, J. W. Anderson.

Crawfordville—Alex Stephens—1350—S. J. Flynt, Jesse A. Woodall.

Cumming—Forsyth—736—H. P. Bell, R. P. Lester.

Cuthbert—Randolph Co.—465—R. D. Crozier, B. W. Ellis.

Cussetta—Chattahoochee Co.—477—C. N. Howard.

Dallas—New Hope—999—W. C. Connolly, W. J. Fain.

Dalton—J. E. Johnston—34—Gen. B. M. Thomas, H. C. Hamblton.

Daniel—John McIntosh Kell—1032—William H. Atwood, William McW. Young.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Dawson-Terrell Co. C. V.—404—John A. Fulton, W. Kaigler.
 Dawsonville—W. Boyd—1092—G. K. Porter, J. B. Thomas.
 Decatur—C. A. Evans—665—H. C. Jones, W. G. Whidby.
 Douglasville—Thomas C. Glover—957—C. P. Bowen, W. A. James.
 Dublin—Smith—891—Hardy Smith, T. D. Smith.
 DuPont—Augustus DuPont—1225—R. B. Johnson, T. L. Wyche.
 Eatonton—R. T. Davis—759—R. B. Nisbet, Robert Young.
 Elberton—William M. McIntosh—1085—E. B. Tate, R. M. Willis.
 Ellaville—Col. W. T. Black—1095—J. N. Cheney, E. S. Baldwin.
 Ellijay—G. Wm. Phillips—369—T. L. Green, Wm. De Journette.
 Fayetteville—Fayette—532—C. P. Daniel, J. W. Johnson.
 Fitzgerald—Irwin Co.—1120—D. B. Mull, James T. Saunders.
 Flowery Branch—Stonewall—1105—G. H. Stedham, John S. Hutchinson.
 Forsyth—Quitman—1122—Thos. B. Cabaniss, J. T. McGinty.
 Franklin—Heard Co.—1159—Isaac J. Stephens, Frank S. Loftin.
 Gainesville—Longstreet—973—J. B. Estes, H. B. Smith.
 Georgetown—Quitman Co.—1108—F. M. Bledsoe, Wm. Harrison.
 Gibson—Fons Rogers—847—W. W. Kitchens, J. W. P. Whiteley.
 Glenville—Tatnall Co.—1023—J. D. Deloach, H. S. Williams.
 Greensboro—G. O. Dawson—1013—Columbus Heard, W. M. Weaver.
 Griffin—Spaulding Co.—519—W. R. Hanleiter, John O. Treanor.
 Gundee—Gordon—829—W. B. McDaniel, ———.
 Hamilton—Harris Co.—1129—L. L. Stanford, A. F. Truett.
 Harrisburg—Chattooga Vet—422————, L. R. Williams.
 Hartwell—The Auk Masters—1104—W. M. Clark, M. M. Richardson.
 Hawkinsville—Manning—816—R. W. Anderson, D. G. Fleming.
 Hinesville—Chas. C. Jones, Jr.—1150—A. B. Daniel, Geo. M. Mills.
 Homer—D. G. Candler—1113—T. B. Griffin, J. C. Allan.
 Jackson—John L. Barnett—1114—L. D. Watson, C. S. Maddox.
 Jasper—Pickens—1178—J. A. Rhyne, E. Wofford.
 Jefferson—Jackson County—440—H. W. Bell, W. J. Pike.
 Jesup—Harrison—1125—Ben Milikin, James E. Black.
 Kingsland—Confed. Vet. Asso.—1207—D. R. Proctor.
 Knoxville—Crawford Co.—868—J. N. Smith, W. J. Dent.
 La Fayette—Chickamunga—473—W. F. Allison, B. F. Thurman.
 Lagrange—Troup Co. C. V.—405—J. L. Schaub, J. B. Strong.
 Lawrenceville—Gwinnett Co.—982—T. M. Peeples, D. T. Cain.
 Lincolnton—Lamar Gibson—814—W. C. Ward, J. E. Strother.
 Louisville—Jefferson—826—George L. Cain, M. H. Hopkins.
 Lumpkin—Stewart Co.—983—M. Corbett, J. T. Harrison.
 Macon—Bibb Co.—434—C. M. Wiley, R. B. Hall.
 Madison—Morgan Co.—617—C. W. Baldwin, W. A. Whey.
 Marietta—Marietta—763—T. J. Hardage, A. J. Harrison.
 McRae—Telfair—815—W. J. Williams, William McLean.
 Monticello—Camp Key—483—Maj. J. C. Key, A. S. Florence.
 Monroe—R. B. Lee—1955—J. E. Nunnally, J. M. Turner.
 Morgan—Calhoun Co. C. V.—406—J. L. Boynton, A. J. Monroe.
 Mt. Vernon—Con. Vet.—802—D. C. Sutton, ———.
 Milledgeville—Geo. Doles—730—T. M. Newell, Walter Paine.
 Newman—Coweta—1161—J. W. Anderson, T. W. Powell.
 Newton—A. H. Colquitt—1115—T. H. Caskie, John O. Perry.
 Oglethorpe—Macon Co.—655—J. D. Frederick, R. D. McLeod.
 Palmetto—Campbell Co.—1136—J. T. Blackman, R. Cummings.
 Perry—Houston Co.—880—C. C. Duncan, M. A. Edwards.
 Planter—G. Montgomery—1054—J. A. Williford, Dawson Williams.
 Poulan—Bill Harris—1149—W. L. Story, J. W. Price.
 Purcell—R. E. Lee—771—Benjamin Weller, A. M. Fulkerson.
 Quitman—J. C. Mounger—1221—W. R. Talley, S. S. Meadows.
 Regnant—Battle Ground—1073—Chess Flanders, J. B. Howard.
 Reynolds—Reynolds—1096—Thos. J. Marshall, R. C. Paris.
 Ringgold—Ringgold—206—W. J. Whitsett, R. B. Trimmer.
 Rochelle—Wilson Co.—1131—A. B. Cain, F. L. Sieg.
 Rome—Floyd Co.—368—A. B. Montgomery, F. W. Quarles, Sr.
 Sandersville—Warthen—748—M. Newman, William Gallagher.
 Savannah—C. V. A. of S. Ga.—756—G. W. Ryals, H. S. Dreese.
 Savannah—L. McLaws—596—C. L. Chesnut, A. K. Wilson.
 Senoia—Senoia—1098—Capt. R. H. Wood, Jno. S. Addy.
 Sparks—Sparks—1152—J. E. Williams, John F. Parrish.
 Sparta—H. A. Clinch—470—W. L. L. Bowen, S. D. Rogers.
 Springfield—Col. Edward Bird—1226—J. J. Brewer, H. S. Wingard.
 Spring Place—Gordon—50—R. E. Wilson, T. J. Ramsey.
 Statesboro—J. S. Cone—1237—Solomon Akins, A. W. Stewart.
 Summerville—Chattooga—422—J. S. Cleghorn, B. L. Knox.
 Swainsboro—Swainsboro—1223—J. P. Pughsley, John Bell.
 Sylvania—Screven Co.—1053—J. C. Overstreet, T. E. Lee.
 Talbotton—L. B. Smith—402—Roderick Leonard, T. N. Beall.
 Thomasville—Mitchell—823—R. G. Mitchell, C. P. Hansell.
 Thomson—Gen. Semmes—823—J. L. Wilkerson, W. S. Stovall.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Trenton—Dade Co.—959—T. J. Lumpkin, James A. Case.
 Valdosta—Valdosta—1076—S. T. Kingsbery, J. A. Doshier.
 Vance—Confed. Vet.—978————, J. C. Tatom.
 Vienna—Dooly Co.—1109—Jas. S. Lasseter, D. A. R. Crum.
 Warrenton—W. J. Hardee—1087—John Thompson, C. E. McGregor.
 Washington—J. T. Wingfield—391—J. T. Wingfield, W. S. Lane.
 Watkinsville—Wright—1124—Geo. E. Griffith, R. M. Jackson.
 Waycross—S. Ga. C. V.—819—J. L. Sweat, H. H. Sasnett.
 Waynesboro—Gordon—369—Thomas B. Cox, S. R. Fulcher.
 West Point—W. P. V.—571—J. C. Davidson, T. B. Johnston.
 Woodstock—Skid Harris—1088—Wm. C. Dial, M. S. Paden.
 Wrightsville—Johnson Co.—964—John L. Martin, R. J. Hightower.
 Zebulon—Pike Co. C. V.—421—G. W. Strickland, W. O. Gwyn.

ILLINOIS DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Chicago—Ex-Con. Ass'n—8—J. S. White, R. E. France.
 Jerseyville—Benev. Ex-Con.—304—J. S. Carr, M. R. Locke.

INDIANA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Evansville—A. R. Johnson—481—Frank Owen, Geo. S. Cardwell.

INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Antlers—Douglas Cooper—576—W. H. Davis, Eugene Easton.
 Ardmore—J. H. Morgan—107—H. A. Youngblood, Capt. J. R. Pulliam.
 Berwyn—Standwaite—1007—R. Hardy, J. W. Tinnon.
 Broken—Confed. Vet.—979—W. H. Maphis, ———.
 Chelsea—Cherokee Nation—Stand Watie—573—W. H. H. Scudder, M. Roberts.
 Chickasha—Confed. Vet.—975—G. G. Buchanan, ———.
 Davis—Jo Shelby—844—H. H. Allen, White W. Hyden.
 Durant—N. B. Forrest—1166—Robt. Walker, S. C. Cabler.
 Hartshorne—Stonewall Jackson—1235—W. H. Holland, L. B. Lake.
 Lumberton—R. F. Hoke—1241—Gen. T. F. Toon, J. H. Morrison.
 Mannsville—Loring—1041—W. A. Coe, L. J. Bailey.
 McAlester—Jeff Lee—63—James H. Reed, R. B. Coleman.
 McGee—Stonewall Jackson—1217—W. W. Hyden, A. H. Shi, Jr.
 Muldrow—Standwaite—514—J. W. Raley, W. H. Beller.
 Muscogee—San Checoté—897—D. M. Wisdom, John C. Banks.
 Oakland—J. C. Breckinridge—1034—Col. T. D. Taliaferro, R. C. Wiggs.
 Paul's Valley—F. Lee—1091—R. A. Sneed, J. P. Wood.
 Purcell—R. E. Lee—771—F. M. Fox, W. H. Owsley.
 Ryan—A. S. Johnson—644—R. G. Goodloe, J. F. Pendleton.
 South Canadian—Hood—482—E. R. Johnson, J. M. Bond.
 Tallhina—Jack McCurtin—850—James T. Elliott, G. T. Edmunds.
 Venita—Venita—800————, ———.
 Wagoner—Confed. Vet.—948—J. G. Schrimpher, ———.
 Woodford—Tom Green—1146—W. M. Reed, E. C. Moody.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Augusta—J. B. Hood—233—J. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson.
 Bardstown—T. H. Hunt—253—A. E. Baldwin, J. F. Briggs.
 Bardwell—Lee Giral—1256—G. A. Thomas, M. D.
 Bedford—Bedford Confederate Association—1224—J. W. McCain, J. W. Lee.
 Benton—A. Johnston—376—J. P. Brian, W. J. Wilson.
 Bethel—P. R. Cleburne—252—A. W. Bascom, Thomas J. Peters.
 Bowling Green—Bowling Green—143—W. F. Perry, J. A. Du Bose.
 Cadiz—Lloyd Tilgham—965—L. Lindsay, B. D. Terry.
 Campton—G. W. Cox—433—J. C. Lykins, C. C. Hanks.
 Carlisle—P. Bramlett—344—Thomas Owens, H. M. Taylor.
 Carrollton—Con. Ass'n of Carroll Co.—1049—H. H. Adcock, J. G. Ginn.
 Clinton—Col. Ed Crossland—1228—Don Singletary, J. R. Kemp.
 Cynthiana—Ben Desha—99—R. M. Collier, J. W. Boyd.
 Danville—Robert J. Breckinridge—1246—J. M. Van Meter, J. A. Yeager.
 Danville—Grigsby—214—E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman.
 Elizabethtown—Cofer—543—J. Montgomery, James W. Smith.
 Eminence—E. Kirby-Smith—251—W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner.
 Falmouth—W. H. Ratcliffe—682—G. R. Rule, C. H. Lee, Jr.
 Flemingsburg—Johnston—232—John W. Heflin, M. M. Teagor.
 Frankfort—T. B. Monroe—188—A. W. Macklin, J. E. Scott.
 Franklin—Walker—640—J. S. Roby, William Swan.
 Fulton—Jim Purtle—990—J. T. Stubblefield, R. A. Browder.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Georgetown—G. W. Johnson—98—A. H. Sinclair, E. Blackburn.
 Glasgow—Gen. J. H. Lewis—874—T. G. Page, W. F. Smith.
 Harrodsburg—W. Preston—96—R. W. Lyen, John Kane.
 Hickman—J. B. Ward—981—Thomas Dillon, Sr., A. M. De Bow.
 Henderson—J. E. Rankin—558—Gen. M. M. Klmmel, R. H. Cunningham.
 Hopkinsville—Merriwether—241—C. F. Jarrett, Hunter Wood.
 La Grange—F. Smith—769—W. C. Pryor, John Holmes.
 Lawrenceburg—Helm—101—P. H. Thomas, Lieut. Col. James A. McGuire.
 Lebanon—Jno. M. Cecil—1258—B. J. Lancaster, B. F. Bowman.
 Lawrenceburg—Confederate Veteran—1260—Dr. J. W. Speer, J. S. Coke.
 Lexington—J. C. Breckinridge—100—J. Boyd, G. C. Snyder.
 Louisville—George B. Eastin—803—J. H. Leathers, T. D. Osborne.
 Madisonville—Hopkins Co. Ex-Confed. Assoc'n—528—L. D. Hockersmith, Thomas H. Smith.
 Marlon—Sam Davis—940—A. M. Hearin, R. E. Pickens.
 Mayfield—Mayfield—1249—H. S. Hale, J. T. George.
 Maysville—J. E. Johnston—442—Dr. A. H. Wall, J. W. Boulden.
 Middlesboro—Henry N. Ashby—1003—C. H. C. Fulkerson, J. W. Campbell.
 Mt. Sterling—R. S. Cluke—201—T. Johnson, W. T. Havens.
 Murray—H. B. Lyon—1259—R. A. Miller, M. Atkinson.
 Newport—Corbin—683—M. R. Lockhart, James Caldwell.
 Nicholasville—Marshall—187—G. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard.
 Owensboro—R. E. Graves—1121—Dr. C. H. Todd, J. F. Hite.
 Paducah—Thompson—174—W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Browne.
 Paducah—L. Tilghman—463—T. E. Moss, J. V. Grief.
 Paris—J. H. Morgan—95—A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.
 Princeton—Jim Pearce—527—Geo. McElroy, Capt. T. J. Johnson.
 Richmond—D. W. Chenault—919—David Chenault, Owen McKee.
 Richmond—T. B. Collins—215—Thomas Thorpe, L. J. Frazee.
 Russellville—Caldwell—139—J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.
 Shelbyville—J. H. Waller—237—W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen.
 Stanford—T. W. Napier—882—T. N. Shelton, T. M. Goodknight.
 Uniontown—Adam Johnson—1008—R. W. Crabb, J. H. Wall.
 Versailles—Abe Buford—97—J. C. Bailey, Albert B. Scott.
 Wickliffe—Chas. Wickliffe—1080—T. F. Roberts, Thos. Linthicum.
 Winchester—Hanson—156—B. F. Curtis, J. H. Croxton.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Abbeville—Vermilion—607—W. D. Gooch, J. T. Labit.
 Alexandria—Jeff Davis—6—F. Seip, W. W. Whittington.
 Amite City—Amite City—78—Geo. F. Starnes, D. A. Vernon.
 Arcadia—Arcadia—229—Will Miller, John A. Oden.
 Bastrop—R. M. Hinson—578—J. M. Sharp, W. A. Harrington.
 Baton Rouge—Baton Rouge—17—John J. Wax, F. W. Heroman.
 Benton—Lowden Butler—409—T. J. Tidwell, B. R. Nash.
 Berwick—Winchester Hall—178—A. G. Frere, F. O'Brien.
 Campt—Cap Perot—397—T. H. Hamilton.
 Clinton—S. E. Hunter—1185—G. H. Packwood, John A. White.
 Columbia—J. McEnery—749—S. B. Fluitt, S. D. S. Walker.
 Coushatta—Henry Gray—490—O. T. Webb, O. S. Penny.
 Crowley—G. T. Beauregard—623—D. B. Hays, J. M. Taylor.
 Donaldsonville—V. Maurin—38—S. A. Poche, P. Ganel, Sr.
 Eunice—Confed. Vet.—671—V. T. Bondreau, F. H. Fairbanks.
 Evergreen—R. L. Gibson—33—I. C. Johnson, W. H. Oliver.
 Farmerville—C. V. A. Union Pr.—379—J. K. Ramsay, —.
 Franklin—F. Cornay—345—Charles M. Smith, Thomas J. Shaffer.
 Gonzales—Ogden—247—J. Gonzales, Sr., H. T. Brown.
 Hammond—Hammond—1093—W. W. Bankston, J. W. Skinner.
 Harrisonburg—F. T. Nichols—909—S. D. Fairbank, John Doshier.
 Homer—Claiborne—548—R. P. Webb, G. G. Gill.
 Hope Villa—Ogden—247—J. Gonzales, Sr., H. T. Brown.
 Jackson—Feliciana—264—Zach. Lea, M. B. Shaw.
 Jeannerette—Alcibiade De Blanc—634—A. L. Monnot.
 Kentwood—Confederate Veterans—1160—J. R. Kent.
 Lafayette—Gardner—580—D. A. Cochrane, Amb. Monton.
 Lake Charles—Calcasieu C. Vets.—62—W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchins.
 Lake Providence—Lake Providence—193—J. C. Bass, C. R. Egelly.
 Lee's Creek—Confederate Veteran—1238.
 Logansport—Camp Hood—589—G. W. Sample, E. Price.
 Magnolia—Hays—451—J. B. Dunn, F. E. Hill.
 Manderville—Moorman—270—J. L. Dicks, R. O. Pizzetta.
 Mansfield—Mouton—41—John W. Pitts, T. G. Pegues.
 Merrick—I. Norwood—110—D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor.
 Minden—Gen. T. M. Scott—545—Goodwill, H. A. Barnes.
 New Iberia—Confed. Vet.—670—Gen. E. A. Perry.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Monroe—H. W. Allen—182—W. P. Rennick, W. A. O'Kelley.
 Montgomery—C. V. A.—631—H. V. McCain, J. M. McCain.
 Napoleonville—Gen. F. T. Nicholls—1142—T. Loftus, E. L. Monnot.
 Natchitoches—Natchitoches—40—L. Caspari, C. H. Levy.
 New Orleans—Henry St. Paul—16—L. L. Davis, A. B. Booth.
 New Orleans—Army of N. Va.—1—Jno. T. Block, T. B. O'Brien.
 New Orleans—Army of Tenn.—2—C. Santana, N. Curry.
 New Orleans—Wash. Artillery—15—Col. E. P. Cottreaux, Capt. L. A. Adams.
 New Orleans—Y. C. S. C.—9—Col. J. B. Levert, H. W. Spear.
 New Roads—New Roads—1232—L. B. Claiborne.
 Oakley—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell.
 Opelousas—R. E. Lee—14—Samuel Haas, Leonce Sandoz.
 Timothea—Henry Gray—551—T. Oakley.
 Plaquemine—Iberville—18—L. E. Wood, J. Achille Dupuy.
 Pleasant Hill—Dick Taylor—546—J. Graham.
 Ponchatoula—Ponchatoula—1074—W. Holden, Jno. M. De Sausure.
 Rayville—Richland—152—J. S. Summerlin, J. T. Stokes.
 Ruston—Ruston—7—A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.
 Shreveport—LeR. Stafford—3—F. C. Marsden, Jas. M. Martin.
 Sicily Island—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, John Enright.
 Stay—Confed. Vet.—937—William H. Hodnett, —.
 St. Francisville—Confed. Vet.—798—Dr. F. H. Mumford.
 Tangipahoa—Moore—60—R. L. Draughton, T. F. Thompson.
 Thibodaux—B. Bragg—196—Capt. John J. Shaffer, H. N. Coulon.
 Winnboro—Franklin Parish Sharpshooters—1111—W. P. Powers, John M. King.
 Zachary—Croft—530—O. M. Lee, W. E. Atkinson.

MARYLAND DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Annapolis—George H. Steuart—776—Jas. W. Owens, Louis Green.
 Baltimore—Arnold—Elzey—1015—B. F. Bond, Maj. Robt. D. Selden.
 Baltimore—James R. Herbert—657—B. S. Johnston, D. A. Fenton.
 Baltimore—F. Buchanan—747—H. A. Ramsay, Jas. M. Garnett.
 Baltimore—Murray Asso.—1026—
 Baltimore—I. R. Trimble—1025—A. C. Trippe—Wm. L. Ritter.
 Cumberland—James Breathed—1046—John F. Zacharius, R. Lichtenstein.
 Easton—C. S. Winder—989—Oswald Tilgman, Louis W. Trail.
 Frederick—Alexander Young—500—S. F. Thomas, Aug. Obenderfer.
 Galthersburg—Ridgeley Brown—518—S. C. Jones, E. L. Amiss.
 Leonardtown—B. T. Johnson—1110—J. T. Parsons, F. V. King.
 Towson—Harry Gilmore—673—Col. D. G. McIntosh, S. C. Tomay.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Boston—Ex-Confed. Vet.—1190—Charles G. Monroe, H. C. Field.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Amory—Jackson—427—T. J. Rowan, J. P. Johnston.
 Aberdeen—Samuel J. Gholson—1255—E. O. Sykes, E. L. Sykes.
 Benton—Confed. Vet.—1173—C. B. Adams.
 Belmont—James F. Gresham—883—C. C. Shook, W. C. Denson.
 Booneville—W. H. H. Tison—179—D. L. Beall, W. H. Rees.
 Brandon—Rankin—265—Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey.
 Brookhaven—S. Gwin—235—Dr. R. K. Applewhite, J. B. Daughtry.
 Byhalia—Sam Benton—562—H. H. Stevens.
 Canton—E. G. Henry—312—
 Carrollton—Liddell—561—J. T. Stanford, W. J. Woudell.
 Cedar Bluff—N. B. Forest—943—W. R. Paramore, R. W. Tribble.
 Centerville—Centerville—461—H. C. Capell, J. R. Johns.
 Charleston—Tallahatchie Co.—1039—W. M. Steele, Jno. T. Neely.
 Chester—R. G. Prewitt—439—J. H. Evans, W. M. Roberts.
 Clarksdale—Sam Cammack—550—N. L. Leavell, L. C. Allen.
 Corinth—Albert S. Johnson—1164—G. W. Byrum, L. W. Worsham.
 Columbus—Harrison—27—F. A. Gunter, Thomas Harrison.
 Crystal Springs—Humphreys—19—F. Y. Dabney, S. H. Aby.
 Decatur—Hunter—1158—M. W. Stamper, J. H. Keith.
 De Kalb—Thos. H. Wood—1180—Reden McCoy, J. W. Smith.
 Edwards—Montgomery—26—W. Montgomery, T. Barrett.
 Fayette—Whitney—22—R. M. Arnette, T. B. Hammett.
 Greenwood—Reynolds—218—L. P. Yarger, W. A. Gillespie.
 Greenville—W. A. Percy—238—C. M. Currell, W. A. Everman.
 Grenada—W. R. Barksdale—189—J. W. Young, Geo. W. Jones.
 Glenville—Glenville—799—Maj. R. A. Dean.
 Herbert—Yates—886—E. M. Ross, J. M. Smith.
 Hattiesburg—Hattiesburg—21—J. P. Carter, E. H. Harris.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Hazlehurst—D. J. Brown—544—W. J. Rea, Tom S. Haynie.
 Heidelberg—Jasper Co.—1172—E. A. White.
 Herbert—Yates—886—F. M. Ross.
 Hernando—DeSoto—220—T. C. Dockery, W. F. Wesson.
 Holly Springs—Kit Mott—23—Sam J. Pryor, W. G. Ford.
 Iuka—Lamar—425—G. P. Hammerley, W. W. Harvey.
 Hickory Flat—Hickory Flat—219—J. D. Lokey, J. J. Hicks.
 Indianola—A. S. Johnston—549—U. B. Clarke, W. H. Leach.
 Jackson—R. A. Smith—24—W. D. Holder, A. G. Moore.
 Kosciusko—Barksdale—445—C. H. Campbell, V. H. Wallace.
 Lake—Patrons' Union—272—M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston.
 Leaksville—Henry Roberts—866—W. W. Thomson, John West.
 Lexington—Holmes County—398—R. H. Baker, F. A. Howell.
 Liberty—Amite County—226—C. H. Frith, G. A. McGehee.
 Louisville—Bradley—352—J. C. Woodward, O. C. Watson.
 Maben—S. D. Lee—271—O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman.
 Macon—J. Longstreet—180—J. S. Griggs, B. J. Allen.
 Magnolia—Stockdale—324—J. J. White, W. T. White.
 Meadville—Meadville—911—John L. Calcote, E. C. Adams.
 Meridian—Walthall—25—Col. S. B. Watts, B. V. White.
 Mississippi City—Beauvoir—120—M. G. May, James B. Cable.
 Natchez—Natchez—20—F. J. V. LeCand, J. B. O'Brien.
 Nettleton—Simonton—602—R. S. Thomas, W. S. Johnson.
 New Albany—Lowry—342—C. S. Robertson—M. F. Rogers.
 Okolona—W. F. Tucker—452—B. J. Abbott, J. M. Davis.
 Oxford—Lafayette Co.—752—R. W. Jones, John F. Brown.
 Pittsboro—J. Gordon—553—R. N. Provine, J. L. Lyon.
 Poplar Creek—Confederate Veterans—1197—J. B. Simpson.
 Poplarville—Pearl River—540—J. J. Moore, W. D. Woulard.
 Port Gibson—Claiborne—167—R. A. Owen, G. H. Fulkerson.
 Ripley—Tippah County—453—T. D. Spight, W. G. Rutledge.
 Rolling Fork—P. R. Cleburne—190—J. C. Hall, J. S. Joor.
 Rosedale—Montgomery—52—F. A. Montgomery, C. C. Farrar.
 Sardis—J. R. Dickens—341—R. H. Taylor, J. B. Boothe.
 Scranton—Confederate Veteran—1170—Joseph H. Krebs.
 Senatobia—Bill Feeney—353—T. P. Hill, Sam J. House.
 Steenston—E. C. Leech, 942—E. C. Leech, Thomas A. Stinson.
 Tupelo—J. M. Stone—131—Gen. J. M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
 Utica—Confederate Veterans—1204—D. X. Brown.
 Utica—J. C. Davis—1234—D. X. Brown, J. B. Collins.
 Valden—F. Liddell—21—S. C. Balnes, W. J. Booth.
 Vicksburg—Vicksburg—32—Dr. T. G. Birchett, William George.
 Walthall—A. K. Blythe—494—T. M. Gore, Sam Cooke.
 Water Valley—F'atone—517—M. D. L. Stephens, S. D. Brown.
 Waynesboro—S. H. Powe—1144—M. S. McRae, W. S. Davis.
 Wesson—C. Posey—441—S. J. McBride, T. S. Cotton.
 West Point—A. K. Blythe—796—T. M. Mosely, C. S. Jordan.
 Winona—M. Farrell—311—J. R. Binford, C. H. Campbell.
 Woodville—Woodville—49—J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
 Yazoo City—Yazoo—176—John Newberry, C. J. DuBuisson.

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Alton—Col. J. R. Woodside—751—M. G. Norman, S. B. Sproule.
 Belton—Col. D. Shanks—734—R. M. Slaughter, M. V. Ferguson.
 Booneville—G. B. Harper—714—R. McCulloch, W. W. Trent.
 Bowling Green—Senteny—739—M. V. Wisdom, A. E. Senteny.
 Bunceton—Dick Taylor—817—W. H. Long, O. F. Arnold.
 Butler—Marmaduke—615—J. F. Watkins, F. C. Smith.
 Cabool—R. E. Lee—788—J. M. Cunningham, E. A. Millard.
 Carrollton—J. L. Mirick—684—H. M. Pettit, J. A. Turner.
 Carthage—Jasper Co.—522—C. C. Catron, J. W. Halliburton.
 Clinton—N. Spangler—678—W. G. Watkins, W. F. Carter.
 Columbus—J. J. Searcy—717—Capt. M. A. Guinn, Col. E. Hodge.
 Cuba—Col. Jo Kelly—811—J. P. Webb, J. G. Simpson.
 Dexter—S. G. Kitchen—779—W. L. Jeffers, W. M. McCullom.
 Doniphan—I. N. Hedgepeth—793—Thos. Malvey, A. J. McCollum.
 El Dorado Springs—El Dorado—859—Thos. B. Dry, J. L. Wilcoxon.
 Eminence—N. B. Forrest—762—R. B. Parker, W. S. Chilton.
 Exeter—S. Price—456—James Montgomery, G. G. James.
 Farmington—Crow—712—S. P. Fleming, T. D. Fisher.
 Fayette—J. B. Clark—660—S. B. Cunningham, A. J. Furr.
 Fredericktown—Col. Lowe—805—L. Graves, L. E. Jenkins.
 Fulton—Gen. D. M. Frost—737—I. N. Sittin, John M. Bryan.
 Gallatin—Surgeon John Cravens—912—I. Mann, J. W. Miller.
 Greenfield—J. M. Stemmons—1044—L. Renfro, Lieut. Col. O. S. Ragland.
 Greenville—Ben Holmes—761—J. B. McGehee, J. K. Lowrence.
 Hannibal—R. Ruffner—676—S. J. Harrison, George W. League.
 Higginsville—Edwards—733—R. Todhunter, J. J. Fulkerson.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Houston—J. H. McDride—787—W. L. Lyle, Jacob Farley.
 Huntsville—Lowry—636—G. N. Ratliff, J. S. Robertson.
 Independence—Halloway—533—E. W. Strode, Schuyler Lowe.
 Jackson—S. S. Harris—790—S. S. Harris, E. F. Jenkins.
 Jefferson City—Parsons—718—J. B. Gantt, James Harding.
 Kansas City—Kansas City—80—W. T. Mills, E. R. Tomlinson.
 Kearney—Winnie Davis—1174—R. J. M. Laftoon, J. L. Jennett.
 Kennet—John P. Taylor—732—C. O. Hoffman, Collin Morgan.
 Keytesville—Gen. S. Price—710—J. G. Martin, J. A. Egan.
 Lamar—Capt. Ed Ward—760—R. J. Tucker, W. L. Mack.
 Lebanon—F. Cockerill—1220—R. J. Wickersham, G. T. Aycock.
 Lee's Summit—Lee's Summit—740—J. A. Carr, J. L. Lacy.
 Lexington—Lexington—648—J. Q. Platenburg, Geo. P. Venables.
 Liberty—McCarty—729—J. T. Chandler, P. W. Reddish.
 Linneus—Flournoy—836—Edward Barton, J. P. Bradley.
 Madison—Bledsoe—679—J. R. Chowning, J. S. Demoway.
 Marshall—Marmaduke—554—James A. Gordon, D. F. Bell.
 Marble Hill—Col. William Jeffers—789—J. J. Long, J. S. Hill.
 Memphis—Shacklett—723—W. C. Ladd, C. F. Sanders.
 Mexico—Mexico—650—James Bradley, Ben C. Johnson.
 Moberly—Marmaduke—685—J. A. Tagart, W. S. Bonlevare.
 Mooresville—Mooresville—541—J. M. Barrow, Nat Fiske.
 Morley—Maj. J. Parrot—460—A. J. Gupton, J. W. Evans.
 Miami—John Benson—613—L. W. Haynie, J. F. Webster.
 Nevada—Nevada—662—C. T. Davis, J. D. Ingram.
 New Madrid—Col. A. C. Riley—791—Joseph Hunter, Albert Lee.
 Oak Grove—Up Hayes—831—H. V. P. Kalbrick, C. T. Duncan.
 Odessa—S. Price—547—D. G. Wade, W. H. Edwards.
 Paris—Monroe County—689—J. M. McGee, B. F. White.
 Platte City—Platte County—728—T. B. George, J. L. Carmack.
 Plattsburg—J. T. Hughes—696—J. B. Baker, E. T. Smith.
 Pineville—E. McDonald—754—J. C. Hooper, J. P. Caldwell.
 Pleasant Hill—Pleasant Hill—691—John T. Boswell, T. H. Cloud.
 Poplar Bluff—Stonewall Jackson—780—T. H. Mauldin, B. C. Jones.
 Richmond—S. R. Crispin—727—James L. Farris, John C. Morris.
 Rolla—Col. E. A. Stein—742—H. S. Headley, J. L. Buskett.
 Salem—Col. E. T. Wingo—745—W. Parksdaile, J. E. Organ.
 Salisbury—Stonewall—1071—C. H. Woodson, F. M. Clements.
 Sedalia—Sedalia—985—S. H. Olmstead, T. C. Holland.
 Springfield—Campbell—488—Thomas C. Love, N. B. Hogan.
 St. Joseph—Cundiff—807—James W. Boyd, J. C. Landis.
 St. Louis—J. S. Bowen—659—C. J. Moffitt, B. F. Haislip.
 St. Louis—St. Louis—731—Robert McCulloch, F. Galennie.
 Sweet Springs—Sweet Springs—635—V. Marmaduke, W. C. Hall.
 Taneyville—Joe Shelby—1077—A. P. Garret.
 Vienna—J. G. Shockley—744—J. A. Love, A. S. Henderson.
 Waddill—Freeman—690—W. H. Flemen, B. S. Pearman.
 Warrensburg—Parsons—735—W. P. Gibson, D. C. Woodruff.
 Waverly—J. Percival—711—H. J. Galbraith, A. Corder.
 Waynesville—Howard—688—C. H. Howard, E. G. Williams.
 West Plain—J. O. Shelby—630—O. H. Catron, N. C. Berry.
 Windsor—Windsor Guards—715—R. F. Taylor, A. C. Clark.

MONTANA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Helena—Confed. Vet.—523—Col. William De Lacy, —.
 Phillipsburg—J. E. B. Stuart—716—F. D. Brown, Thos. S. Smith.

NEW MEXICO DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Deming—Pap Price—773—Seaman Field, W. H. Thompson.
 Largo—Confed. Vet.—525—J. H. Thichoff, —.
 Socorro—Confed. Surv. Asso'n—524—J. J. Leeson, —.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Asheville—Z. Vance—681—F. M. Miller, J. B. Cain.
 Bayboro—H. L. Wyatt—1248—G. S. Attmore, M.D., W. T. Caho.
 Beaufort—J. A. Cooke—1057—W. S. Robertson, W. S. Chadwick.
 Brevard—Transylvania Co.—953—L. C. Neill, J. J. Shippman.
 Bryson City—A. Coleman—301—E. Everett, M. T. Battle.
 Burlington—Ruffin—486—J. A. Turrentine, J. R. Inland.
 Burnsville—Gen. Pender—1154—N. M. Wilson, W. A. McLelland.
 Charlotte—Mecklenburg—382—S. H. Hilton, John R. Erwin.
 Charm—Confederate Veteran—1237.
 Clinton—Sampson—137—R. H. Holliday, J. A. Beaman.
 Concord—Cabarrus Co. C. V. A.—212—D. A. Caldwell, J. R. Ervin.
 Durham—R. F. Webb—813—J. S. Carr, N. A. Ramsey.
 Elrod—Confederate Veteran—1155—Rev. W. Thompson.
 Enfield—Cary Whitaker—1053—W. F. Parker, F. C. Pittman.
 Fair Bluff—Fair Bluff—1199—A. C. Oliver, Rev. J. A. Smith.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Fayetteville—Fayetteville—852—Edward J. Hale, John N. Prior.
 Franklin—Confed. Vet.—955—Maj. Rankin, —.
 Franklin—Charles L. Robinson—947—N. P. Rankin, W. A. Curtis.
 Gastoria—William Gamble—1184—G. A. Patrick, J. I. Holland.
 Goldsboro—T. Ruffin—794—N. H. Gurley, A. B. Hollowell.
 Greensboro—Gulford Co.—795—J. W. Scott, T. J. Sloan.
 Henderson—Henry L. Wyatt—984—W. H. Cheek, W. B. Shaw.
 Hendersonville—Wat Bryson—1021—A. Cannon, J. M. Shepard.
 Hickory—Catawba—162—M. S. Deal, L. R. Whitener.
 Independence—E. B. Holloway—533—E. W. Strode, S. Lowe.
 Lenoir—Col. John T. Jones—953—J. P. Johnson, John M. Houck.
 Littleton—Junius Daniel—326—John P. Leech.
 Marion—Confed. Vet.—914—Lieut. Col. J. P. Sinclair, —.
 Monroe—Walkup—781—S. G. Howie, T. L. A. Davis.
 Mt. Airy—Surrey Co.—797—W. E. Patterson, J. R. Paddison.
 Mexico—Mexico—650—James Bradley, B. C. Johnson.
 Murphy—Confed. Vet.—956—J. W. Cooper, —.
 New Berne—New Berne—1162—O. R. Jones, Joseph F. Clark.
 Pittsboro—L. J. Merritt—387—K. A. Hanner, H. A. London.
 Rockingham—Richmond Co.—830—W. H. McLaurin, H. C. Wall.
 Raleigh—L. O. Branch—515—Alex. B. Stronach, J. C. Birdsong.
 Red Springs—Ryan—417—B. B. McLean, J. L. McLean.
 Roxboro—Person County—1206—J. A. Long.
 Rutherfordton—Davis L. Dickenson—1156—J. Y. McEntyre, W. T. Wilkins.
 Ryan—Confederate—417— —, T. McBryde.
 Salisbury—C. F. Fisher—319—J. R. Crawford, W. L. Klutz.
 Salisbury—Fisher—309—J. A. Ramsay, J. C. Bernhardt.
 Shelby—Cleveland—1045—Capt. B. F. Dixon, John K. Wells.
 Smithfield—W. R. Moore—833—William Richardson, E. H. Holb.
 Snow Hill—Drysdale—849—H. H. Best, W. H. Dale.
 Statesville—Col. R. Campbell—394—P. C. Carlton, T. M. C. Davidson.
 Troy—Zebulon Vance—1257—Jno. C. Cornellison, D. S. Pool.
 Tryon—Confed. Vet.—924—W. E. Mills, —.
 Wadesboro—Anson—846—F. Bennett, J. M. Little.
 Warrenton—John White—1081—William J. White, R. C. Twitty.
 Washington—B. Grimes—424—Macon Bonner, Alston Grimes.
 Waynesville—P. Welch—848—G. S. Ferguson, D. H. Felmet.
 Webster—Confed. Vet.—954—Thomas J. Love, E. R. Hampton.
 Willetton—Gates County—1245—Riddick Hafler, H. C. Williams.
 Williamston—J. C. Lamb—845—W. J. Hardison, W. Robertson.
 Wilmington—Cape Fear—254—James T. Metts, H. Savage.
 Winston—Norfleet—436—T. J. Brown, Z. T. Bynum.

OHIO DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Columbus—Confed. Vet.—1181—Thomas P. Shields, J. H. Levy.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Arrapahoe—Confed. Vet.—1132—A. H. Latimer.
 Avoca—Stonewall—1124—B. F. Phillips.
 Chandler—Confed. Vet.—1012— —.
 Cloud Chief—Cloud—1009—G. W. Hunt, B. F. Canterberry.
 Dale—Dale—706—W. H. Bean, M. Glenn.
 Earlsboro—Confed. Vet.—1133—H. C. Debault.
 El Reno—El Reno—348—W. J. Montrief, William W. Bush.
 Geary—Geary—1230—J. W. Cunningham, R. W. Cummins.
 Guthrie—Jamilson—347—Col. C. R. Buckner, J. D. Maurice.
 Mangum—Mangum—1135—W. F. Johnson.
 Navajoe—Navajoe—1119—W. C. Gates, N. V. White.
 Newkirk—Confed. Vet.—1033—George S. Fenton.
 Norman—J. B. Gordon—200—T. J. Johnson, S. J. Wilkins.
 Oklahoma—Hammons—177—Dr. A. J. Beale, Col. Taylor McKae.
 Perry—Confed. Vet.—1011— —.
 Shawnee—Gen. Monroe Parsons—976—Col. J. P. Saunders, F. L. Machen.
 Stillwater—Confed. Vet.—1010— —.
 Tecumseh—Pat Cleburne—867—B. T. Philipps, A. J. Johnson.
 Weatherford—Confederate Veteran—1239.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Abbeville—Secession—416—J. F. Gilbert, A. Parker.
 Aiken—B. E. Bee—84—B. H. Teague, W. W. Williams.
 Allendale—Jim Hagood—755—Joseph Erwin, Richard Best.
 Anderson—Camp Benson—337—M. P. Tribble, W. T. McGill.
 Anderson—S. D. Lee—753—M. P. Tribble, A. P. Hubbard.
 Antreville—Robert Boyd—1069—J. J. Gray, R. O. McAdams.
 Bamberg—Jenkins—627—J. Dickenson, J. D. Felder.
 Barnwell—E. W. Bellingers—834— —.
 Batesburg—Gen. James Connor—939—T. S. Fox, W. B. Plunkett.
 Bayboro—Bayboro—1232—H. M. Goff, George Gralinger.
 Beaufort—Beaufort—366—H. M. Stuart, J. O. H. Sanders.
 Belton—Anderson—782—George W. Cox, John A. Wakefield.
 Bennettsville—Henegan—766—J. H. Hudson, C. M. Weatherly.
 Bethel—R. H. Glenn—1236—D. J. Glenn, N. D. Glenn.
 Blacksburg—Hart—783—J. G. Black, B. J. Gold.
 Blackville—J. Hagood—827—L. C. Stevens, C. C. Rush.
 Blythewood—Private H. E. Hood—1168—W. W. Smith, W. B. Hogan.
 Bradley—E. Bland—536—W. E. Cothran, E. W. Watson.
 Branchville—Jeff Davis—1188—J. R. Hamilton, E. Minus.
 Bucksville—Confed. Surv. Ass'n—529—Capt. B. L. Beaty, —.
 Bucksville—Horry—418—B. L. Beaty, John R. Cooper.
 Camden—R. Kirkland—704—C. C. Haile, E. E. Sill.
 Cameron—Elloree—1192—Charles L. Rast, A. F. Browning.
 Tally Simpson— —.
 Chapin—Jos. E. Johnston—1000—T. M. Lippard, G. W. Williams.
 Charleston—Camp Sumter—250—Dr. R. M. Brodie, J. W. Ward.
 Charleston—Pal'to Guard—315—G. L. Buist, G. H. Manson.
 Charleston—A. B. Rhett—767—S. C. Gilbert, A. H. Prince.
 Charleston—Washington Artillery—1102—Louis Sherfese, C. McClellan.
 Cheraw—J. B. Kershaw—413—J. C. Coit, C. A. Malloy.
 Chester—Walker Gaston—821—J. S. Wilson, J. C. McFadden.
 Chesterfield—Winnie Davis—950—W. J. Hanna, James A. Craig.
 Clinton—R. S. Owens—932—W. A. Shand, S. M. Vance.
 Clouds Creek—A. S. Bouknight—1005—E. J. Goggans, T. E. Harris.
 Columbia—Hampton—389—David Cardwell, D. R. Flennikin.
 Cross Hill—Putney Williams—1070—W. S. Pitts, Jno. G. Williams.
 Crosbyville—Bratton—1058—W. J. Keller, W. W. Crosby.
 Darlington—Darlington—785—James L. Coker, Wm. E. James.
 Delemars Roads—M. Gregg—1195—J. A. Tuten, D. B. Platt.
 Dillon—Harlice—840—A. T. Harlice, A. K. Parham.
 Donalds—S. McGowan—813—J. W. Mattison, W. B. Acker.
 Due West—Confed. Vet.—813—W. T. Cowan, —.
 Duncans—Dean—437—Paton Ballenger, E. J. Zimmerman.
 Early Branch—C. H. Stephens—1062—J. H. Steinhoyer, R. Pinckney.
 Easley—J. Hawthorne—285—D. F. Bradley, J. H. Martin.
 Edgefield C. H.—A. Perrin—367—George B. Lake, W. D. Ramey.
 Edisto Island—Maj. J. Jenkins—754—John Jenkins, T. Mikell.
 Ellenton—Wick McCreary—842—T. L. Bush, Sr., P. W. Bowers.
 Enoree—Chicaster—905—F. G. Spurman, Thomas W. Colley.
 Estill—S. Elliott—1143—B. H. Theus, A. R. Rushing.
 Florence—Pee Dee—390—R. B. Hepburn, J. W. Brunson.
 Fort Mill—Fort Mill—920—Thomas B. Meacham, J. W. Andrey.
 Gaffney—Jake Carpenter—810—H. P. Griffith, D. A. Thomas.
 Georgetown—Arthur Mangault—768—J. H. Reed, G. F. S. Wright.
 Glymphville—Glymphville—399—L. P. Miller, —.
 Greenville—Pulliam—297—W. L. Mauldin, P. T. Hayne.
 Greenwood—Aiken—432—C. A. C. Waller, L. M. Moore.
 Guyton—Ledbetter—929—Joshua Jamison, A. M. Guyton.
 Hagood—J. D. Graham—822—J. J. Neason, J. W. Young.
 Hampton—Harrison—1163—James W. Moore, W. J. Flitts.
 Harrelson—Jackson—801— —, J. M. Harrelson.
 Holly Hill—Putaw—1189—Capt. J. V. Breland, F. W. Dantzler.
 Hyman—Hampton—450—M. L. Munn, R. F. Coleman.
 Inman—Gibbs—875—J. M. Rudisail, H. M. Bishop.
 Jennys—Rivers Bridge—839—J. W. Jenny, J. F. Kearse.
 Johnston—Capt. E. W. Horne—945—J. H. Edwards, S. L. Ready.
 Johnston—McHenry—765—William Lott, P. B. Waters.
 Jonesville—G. W. Boyd—921—W. H. S. Harris, W. T. Ward.
 Kershaw—Hanging Rock—738—L. C. Hough, B. A. Hilton.
 Killians—A. C. Haskell—1063—D. Rabon, W. W. Entzminger.
 Kingstree—Presley—757—D. E. Gordon, E. P. Montgomery.
 Landsford—John Jackson—1219—J. M. Hough, W. H. Edwards.
 Lancaster—Dixie—1175—W. G. A. Porter, George W. Jones.
 Lancaster—Lancaster—1186—Amos McManus, J. E. Stewman.
 Latimer—H. H. Harper—1038—C. J. McAllister, Geo. C. Graves.
 Laurens—Darlington—501—B. W. Ball, B. W. Sanford.
 Layton—Jackson—838—A. B. Layton, J. M. Harrelson.
 Lebanon—M. T. Owen—1086—J. S. Gilbert, Arthur Parker.
 Level Land—A. J. Lythgoe—1065—R. W. Crawford, Jno. A. Robinson.
 Lexington—Steadman—668—Jno. H. Counts, M. D. Harman.
 Manning H. Benbow—471—Col. D. W. Brallsford, S. P. Holladay.
 Marion—Camp Marion—641—S. A. Durham, E. H. Gasque.
 Martins—Horrall—896—J. A. Meyer, G. R. Dunbar.
 McClellanville—Edward Hanigault—1002—H. M. Lofton, R. V. Morrison, Jr.

Confederate Veteran.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 McCormick—Wade Hampton—1064—R. J. Robinson, W. A. Smith.
 McKay—J. Hendricks—535—J. M. Hough, J. E. Sowell.
 Messus—M. C. Butler—1065—De Bruhl Cobb, S. N. Martin.
 Monck's Corner—E. J. Dennis—1211—E. J. Dennis, Sr., E. O. Hall.
 Monck's Corner—Gen. Ellison Capers—1212—D. M. Breaker, A. J. Syfrett.
 Mt. Carmel—W. T. Tatom—1067—J. P. Clement, B. A. Boyd.
 Mt. Pleasant—Wagner—410—S. P. Smith, J. O. Freeman.
 Newberry—J. D. Nance—336—J. W. Gary, C. F. Boyd.
 Ninety-Six—J. P. Marshall—577—G. McD. Miller, J. Rogers.
 North—North—701—G. W. Dannelly, S. A. Livingston.
 Ora—Maj. F. Hill—1113—D. J. Shearard, W. A. Hanks.
 Orangeburg—Thomas J. Glover—457—J. F. Izlar, S. Dibble.
 Parksville—J. Tillman—741—R. Harling, S. E. Freeland.
 Pedleton—Corp. T. Simpson—1006—J. C. Stribbling, R. E. Sloan.
 Pelzer—Kershaw—743—L. P. Harling, T. A. McElroy.
 Pendleton—Sally Simpson—1006—J. C. Stribbling, R. E. Sloan.
 Pickens—Wolf Creek—412—J. A. Griffin, H. B. Hendricks.
 Piedmont—Crittenden—707—F. J. Poole, J. O. Jenkins.
 Pleasant P. O.—E. T. Bookier—1082—E. P. Whitman, J. T. McCrady.
 Poverty Hill—M. C. Butler—968—J. J. Bunch, H. H. Townes.
 Rapley—R. Robertson—1010—Dr. J. R. Culbertson, R. L. Henry.
 Ridgeway—Camp Rion—534—John D. Harrison, G. W. Moore.
 Riverview—Stonewall Jackson—1029—J. P. Scruggs, J. H. Haggood.
 Rock Hill—Catawba—278—Cade Jones, I. Jones.
 Salley—Hart—697—D. H. Salley, A. L. Sawyer.
 Saluda—Mitchell—764—James M. Forrest, J. C. H. Rauch.
 Senaca—Whit Kilpatrick—593—J. W. Todd, O. F. Bacon.
 Simpsonville—Austin—454—W. P. Gresham, D. C. Bennett.
 Spartanburg—Walker—335—H. D. Floyd, B. C. Chapman.
 Springfield—L. M. Keitt—736—J. W. Jumper, N. Porter.
 St. George's—Stephen Elliott—51—R. M. Minus, J. Otey Reed.
 St. Matthew's—O. M. Dantler—1107—F. J. Buyck, W. S. Murray.
 St. Stephen's—C. I. Walker—732—A. W. Weatherly, R. V. Matthews.
 Summerville—Gen. Jas. Conner—374—J. J. Wescoat, H. P. Foster.
 Sumter—Dick Anderson—334—J. D. Graham, H. C. Moses.
 Sunnyside—Jeffries—889—G. W. McKown, J. Rufus Poole.
 Swansea—Kaigler—1215—J. C. J. Wannamaker, U. W. Jefcoat.
 Sycamore—C. J. Colcock—928—B. R. Lewis, Dr. J. M. Keekley.
 Timmonsville—Confed. Vet.—774—D. H. Traxler.
 Traveler's Rest—T. W. West—824—M. L. West, J. J. Watson.
 Troy—John W. Hearst—1068—J. H. Drennan, J. W. Mullinax.
 Union—J. R. Giles—708—James T. Douglass, J. L. Strain.
 Walterboro—Heyward—462—John D. Edwards, C. G. Henderson.
 Waterloo—C. R. Holmes—746—R. N. Cunningham, A. E. Nance.
 Westminster—Haskell—895—S. P. Dendy, H. A. Terrill.
 West Union—Confed. Vet.—1061—W. A. Strother.
 Williamston—John C. Bruce—1153—R. V. Acker, H. M. Prince.
 Winnsboro—Rains—698—Robert H. Jennings, John J. Neill.
 Woodruff—Confed. Vet.—1196—A. B. Woodruff.
 Yorkville—Micah Jenkins—702—Maj. J. F. Hart, Jas. F. Wallace.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Alamo—Joseph E. Johnston—915—F. J. Wood, D. B. Dodson.
 Alexandria—W. C. Preston—1243—J. F. McNabb, F. L. Foutch.
 Arlington—Jno. C. Carter—890—J. B. Thompson, W. B. Stewart.
 Athens—Confed. Vet.—1097—W. T. Lane.
 Auburn—Wm. C. Hancock—944—J. R. Daugherty, J. R. Hancock.
 Bristol—Fulkerson—705—George R. Dove, N. D. Bachman.
 Brownsville—H. S. Bradford—426—A. H. Bradford, H. J. Livingston.
 Camden—Benton Co.—1014—J. M. Lashlee, A. C. McRae.
 Capleville—Confed. Vet.—1016—A. B. Ellis.
 Chattanooga—Forrest—4—Tomlinson Fort, L. T. Dickinson.
 Clarksville—Forbes—77—John D. Moore, Clay Stacker.
 Cleveland—J. D. Traynor—590—Col. J. G. Stuart, Jno. V. Jordan.
 Collierville—Collierville—1017—C. T. Smith.
 Columbia—W. H. Trousdale—495—W. B. Gordon, W. A. Smith.
 Cookeville—Pat Cleburne—967—Walton Smith, J. H. Curtis.
 Covington—J. Brown—1148—C. B. Simonton, J. A. Crawford.
 Darkey Springs—Confed. Vet.—1171—Jno. M. Knowles.
 Dayton—J. W. Gillespie—923—C. V. Allen, W. G. Allen.
 Decatur—Confed. Vet.—934—Robt. Spradling, Geo. W. McKenzie.
 Decaturville—McMillan—934—Jno. McMillan, J. J. Austin.
 Dickson—Bill Green—933—W. J. Mathis.
 Dresden—J. A. Jenkins—998—Col. E. E. Tansil.
 Dyersburg—W. Dawson—552—W. C. Nixon, L. C. McClerklin.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Eagleville—Sam B. Wilson—970—William A. Bailey, W. J. White.
 Fayetteville—Shackelford—Fulton—114—J. T. Goodrich, T. C. Little.
 Franklin—Gen. Starnes—134—William T. Ridley, G. L. Cowan.
 Fox Springs—Fox Springs—935—J. R. Donaldson, J. C. Chowning.
 Gainesboro—S. S. Stanton—900—Sam A. Smith, N. B. Young.
 Gallatin—Donelson—539—John T. Branham, Geo. G. Bryson.
 Graham—Joe Wheeler—1242—R. T. Ricketts, A. R. Clubiz.
 Greenfield—Greenfield—972—Thomas Campbell, —.
 Henryville—Henryville—992—B. S. Shields, W. H. Skillman.
 Humboldt—Humboldt—974—W. N. L. Dunlop, J. D. Vance.
 Jackson—John Ingram—37—James Dinkins, W. A. Mercer.
 Jasper—Confed. Vet.—931—J. A. Walker, P. G. Pryor.
 Knoxville—Fred Ault—5—J. W. S. Frierison, C. S. Newman.
 Knoxville—F. K. Zollicoffer—46—Jno. F. Horne, Chas. Ducloux.
 Lebanon—S. G. Shepard—941—S. G. Shepard, W. M. Harknader.
 Lenoir City—Ashby and McGhee—1163—P. B. Lenoir, W. H. Wilkerson.
 Lewisburg—Dibrell—55—W. G. Loyd, W. W. Walker.
 Linden—Perry Co.—1035—James I. Sloan, W. H. Lancaster.
 Lynchburg—W. B. Taylor—1020—H. B. Morgan, J. N. Taylor.
 Manchester—Frank Ragsdale—917—J. H. L. Duncan, T. M. Emerson.
 Martin—A. S. Johnston—892—W. T. Lawler, J. L. Wilkes.
 Maynardville—Johnston—722—B. L. Donehew, Alex Monroe.
 McKenzie—S. Jackson—42—J. P. Cannon, J. M. Null.
 McMinnville—Savage—Hackett—930—J. C. Biles, W. C. Womack.
 Memphis—Con. His. Ass'n—28—Gen. G. W. Gordon, J. P. Young.
 Morristown—W. B. Tate—725—T. J. Speck, W. H. Parker.
 Murfreesboro—Palmer—81—M. E. Neely, H. H. Norman.
 Nashville—Cheatham—35—R. Lin Cave, J. P. Hickman.
 Nashville—J. C. Brown—520—W. C. Smith, Joseph H. Dew.
 Petersburg—Confed. Vet.—993—G. C. Gillespie, —.
 Pikeville—H. M. Ashby—453—W. R. Pope, H. C. Greer.
 Pulaski—Wooldridge—586—M. M. Macdin, George T. Riddle.
 Rattlesnake—Confed. Vet.—926—Joe T. Fletcher, —.
 Ripley—John Sutherland—890—H. T. Hanks, A. J. Meadows.
 Rockwood—John R. Neal—1024—J. L. Waller, W. E. McElwee.
 Rogersville—Kyle Blevins—777—W. L. Armstrong, F. A. Shotwell.
 Selmer—Joseph E. Johnston—1254—W. T. Powers, R. T. Anderson.
 Sharon—Jeff Thompson—987—W. E. Thomas, G. M. Terry.
 Shelbyville—W. Frierison—83—John W. Woodard, John M. Hastings.
 Shiloh—A. S. Johnston—1100—Maj. J. S. Atkins, C. C. Strawn.
 Smithville—L. N. Savage—1018—W. C. Potter, T. M. Hooper.
 South Pittsburg—Confed. Vet.—672—J. Bright, —.
 Springfield—Boyd Hutchinson—1019—J. E. Ruffen, Harris Dowlin.
 Summerville—Armstrong—910—T. B. Yancey, Robert Locke.
 Sweet Water—Confed. Vet.—613—John M. Jones, J. C. Warren.
 Tracy City—S. L. Freeman—884—W. P. Morton, J. M. Johnson.
 Trenton—Col. R. M. Russell—906—William Gay, W. F. McRee.
 Tullahoma—Anderson—173—W. H. McLemore, W. J. Travis.
 Tulu—Confederate Veteran—1250—Maj. J. S. Atkins.
 Union City—W. McDonald—936—J. H. McDowell, T. J. Latimer.
 West Point—Confed. Vet.—927—J. W. Welch, —.
 Winchester—Turney—12—Jo E. Jones, B. G. Slaughter.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Abilene—Abilene—72—C. N. Leake, T. W. Daugherty.
 Abilene—Taylor—Co.—69—H. L. Bentley, Theo Heyck.
 Alpine—Guthrie—888—H. O'Neal, H. L. Lackey.
 Alvarado—Alvarado—160—J. M. Hill, J. R. Posey.
 Alvin—John A. Wharton—286—J. T. Cobb, W. L. Orr.
 Alvord—Stonewall—362—J. M. Jones, W. P. Wright.
 Antelope—Christian—703—J. H. Lee, W. E. Wallace.
 Anson—Jones Co.—612—J. D. Pickens, Ed Kennedy.
 Archer City—S. Jackson—249—A. H. Palmer, T. M. Coulson.
 Arlington—Bedford Forrest—1251—T. B. Collins, J. C. Herndon.
 Athens—H. Martin—65—D. M. Morgan, T. J. Foster.
 Atlanta—S. Jackson—91—W. P. Eadsley, J. N. Simmons.
 Aurora—R. Q. Mills—360—P. F. Lewis, B. S. Ellis.
 Austin—J. B. Hood—103—J. G. Booth, A. F. Robbins.
 Baird—A. S. Johnston—654—John Trent, J. E. W. Lane.
 Ballinger—McCulloch—557—J. H. Routh, H. D. Pearce.
 Bandera—Bandera—643—V. T. Sanders, A. L. Scott.
 Bartlett—Dock Belk—645—D. B. F. Belk, J. H. Lueberger.
 Bastrop—Bastrop—569—F. K. Gray, J. C. Buchanan.
 Beaumont—A. S. Johnston—75—W. E. Rogers, W. S. Davis.
 Beeville—Walton—575—W. S. Duggat, R. W. Archer.
 Bells—J. Wheeler—692—P. F. Ellis, George Goding.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Bellville—Austin Co.—606—W. L. Springfield, K. W. Reese.
 Belton—Bell Co. C. A.—122—W. R. Wallace, J. G. Whitsett.
 Bend—Hardee—653—Tom Hollis, J. A. Skipper.
 Bertram—Bertram—961—W. J. Gardner, M. B. Moreland.
 Big Springs—J. Wheeler—330—J. W. Barnett, R. B. Zinn.
 Blossom—J. Pelham—629—W. E. Moore, A. W. Black.
 Blum—Pollnac—509—David Pierce, R. H. Sawyer.
 Bonham—Sul Ross—164—S. Lipscomb, J. P. Holmes.
 Bosqueville—G. B. Gerald—598—J. B. Waddell.
 Bowie—The Bowie Pelhams—572—O. S. Williams, W. J. Brock.
 Brady—B. McCulloch—563—W. H. Jones, L. Ballou.
 Breckinridge—Frank Cheatham—314—J. T. Camp, C. S. Morris.
 Brenham—Washington—239—J. G. Rankin, R. S. Booker.
 Bridgeport—Bridgeport—568—R. T. Raines, T. W. Tunnell.
 Brownwood—Jackson—118—W. T. Melton, Chas. Bean.
 Bryan—J. B. Robertson—124—A. C. Brutz, W. G. Mitchell.
 Buffalo Gap—S. F. Moody—123—R. C. Lyon, L. F. Moody.
 Burnet—David G. Burnet—960—J. B. Sherrard, Jas. T. Chamberlain.
 Burnet—Mt. Remnants Confed. Vets.—526—J. D. Harrison, J. M. Smith.
 Caddo Mills—Caddo Mills—502—W. L. Cooper, J. T. Hulsey.
 Caldwell—Rogers—142—W. L. Wommack, J. F. Matthews.
 Calvert—Townsend—111—J. H. Drennan, Harvey Field.
 Cameron—B. McCulloch—29—J. H. Tracey, J. B. Moore.
 Campbell—Ross—185—R. W. Ridley, T. G. Smith.
 Canton—J. L. Hogg—133—T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
 Carthage—Randall—163—J. P. Forsyth, J. M. Woolworth.
 Chico—McIntosh—361—L. S. Eddins, Thomas Merriman.
 Chicota—Texas—667—T. B. Johnson, N. L. Griffin.
 Childress—Johnston—259—E. J. McConnell, George R. Allen.
 Cisco—Prevaux—273—T. W. Neal, J. S. McDonough.
 Clarksville—J. C. Burks—656—A. P. Corley, James W. Colcock.
 Cleburne—Pat Cleburne—88—J. L. Morgan, John D. Mitchell.
 Colorado—Johnston—113—L. H. Weatherby, T. Q. Mullin.
 Columbia—C. Terry—213—J. W. Hanks, J. P. Taylor.
 Columbus—S'shire-Upton—112—G. McCormick, B. M. Baker.
 Coleman—J. Pelham—76—J. J. Callan, M. M. Callen.
 Conroe—P. P. Porter—608—L. E. Dunn, W. A. Bennett.
 Cold Springs—San Jacinto—599—G. W. McKellar, G. I. Turnly.
 Collinsville—Beauregard—306—J. B. King, W. H. Stephenson.
 Comanche—J. Pelham—565—T. O. Moore, W. L. Hamilton.
 Commerce—R. E. Lee—231—G. G. Lindsey—W. E. Mangum.
 Cooper—Ector—231—D. H. Lane, F. A. Lambeth.
 Corpus Christi—Johnston—63—M. Downey, H. R. Sutherland, Jr.
 Corsicana—C. M. Winkler—147—A. F. Wood, H. G. Damon.
 Cresson—Joe Wheeler—581—J. R. Lay, W. M. Crook.
 Crockett—Crockett—141—N. B. Barbee, E. Winfree.
 Cuero—Emmett Lynch—242—V. Hardt, George H. Law.
 Cundiff—John A. Hudson—1213—W. P. Johnson, G. P. Whitaker.
 Daingerfield—Brooks—397—J. N. Zachary, J. A. McGregor.
 Dallas—S. Price—31—H. W. Graber, Oliver Steele.
 Decatur—B. McCulloch—30—Ira Long, M. D. Sellers.
 DeKalb—Tom Wallace—289—L. H. Hall, J. D. Stewart.
 Denison—Denison—885—A. B. Gardner, Wm. M. Waddell.
 Denton—Sul Ross—129—W. J. Lacey, R. B. Anderson.
 Devline—J. W. Whitfield—560—M. S. Sims, O. A. Knight.
 DeLeon—J. E. Johnston—566—William and James Terry.
 Del Rio—John S. Ford—616—T. M. Pafford, L. F. Garner.
 Depot—W. N. Pendleton—579—A. G. Rudder, J. R. Pride.
 Dodd City—Camp Maxey—281—W. C. Moore, —.
 Douglasville—Confed. Vet.—591—R. H. Williams, H. R. McCoy.
 Dripping Springs—McCulloch—946—M. L. Reed, W. T. Chapman.
 Dublin—Erath and Comanche—85—J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
 Dublin—A. S. Johnston—564—W. L. Salsberry, L. E. Gillett.
 Eagle Lake—S. Anderson—619—J. W. McCarty, W. E. Davis.
 Eastland—S. H. Stout—553—J. Kimble, R. M. Jones.
 Edna—C. L. Owen—666—W. P. Laughter, G. L. Gayle.
 Elgin—Jake Standifer—582—E. A. Smith, J. M. Quirm.
 El Paso—J. C. Brown—468—W. Kemp, P. F. Edwards.
 Emma—Lone Star—198—J. W. Murray, —.
 Fairfield—W. L. Moody—87—W. N. Sneed, A. G. Anderson.
 Flatonia—Killough—593—W. A. Beckham, C. Stoffers.
 Floresville—Wilson Co.—226—W. C. Agee, A. D. Evans.
 Forney—Camp Bee—130—T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.
 Fort Worth—Lee—158—S. P. Green, W. M. McConnell.
 Frost—R. Q. Mills—106—A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield.
 Gainesville—J. E. Johnston—119—J. M. Wright, W. A. Sims.
 Galveston—Magruder—105—H. A. Lieberman, Thomas H. Edgar.
 Gatesville—C. A.—135—J. R. Brown, R. L. Suggs.
 Georgetown—Lessure—663—S. K. Brown, R. H. Montgomery.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Gilmer—Confed. Vet.—622—J. E. Rawlins.
 Gilmer—Upshur County—1240—J. W. Willeford, Sr., J. D. Leland.
 Glen Rose—Private R. Wood—584—S. Milam, G. L. Booker.
 Goldthwaite—Jeff Davis—117—C. Rawls, J. T. Prater.
 Goliad—H. H. Boone—597—J. P. Kibbe, J. G. Patton.
 Gonzales—Key—156—N. J. Christian, F. F. Wood.
 Gordonville—Hodges—392—W. Hodges, W. Basingame.
 Graham—Young Co.—127—O. E. Finley, W. O. Norris.
 Granbury—Granbury—67—M. Chadwick, I. R. Morris.
 Grand View—Johnston—377—S. N. Honea, J. W. Meador.
 Grapevine—Stonewall Jackson—1253.
 Greenville—J. E. Johnston—267—S. R. Etter, A. H. Hefner.
 Greenwood—A. S. Johnston—1106—E. J. Brown, T. A. Vandiver.
 Groveton—Gould—652—G. B. Frazier, P. J. Holley.
 Haskell—A. S. Johnston—633—W. W. Fields, S. L. Robertson.
 Hallettsville—Col. J. Walker—248—F. A. Farley, B. F. Burke.
 Hamilton—A. S. Johnston—116—J. C. Baskin, S. A. Peeler.
 Hempstead—Tom Green—136—Lite Johnson, G. W. Ellington.
 Henderson—Ras Redwine—295—J. M. Mays, C. C. Doyle.
 Henrietta—Sul Ross—172—J. C. Skipwith, J. E. Freet.
 Hillsboro—Hill Co.—166—George W. McNeese, Dr. N. B. Kennedy.
 Honey Grove—Davidson—294—J. H. Lynn, J. L. Ballinger.
 Houston—Dick Dowling—197—O. C. Drew, Maj. P. H. Fall.
 Huntsville—J. C. Upton—43—J. T. Jarrard, W. H. Woodall.
 Jacksborough—Morgan—364—S. W. Eastin, W. T. Deming.
 Jacksborough—Hughes—365—J. A. Hudson, W. R. Waller.
 Jewett—R. S. Gould—611—J. E. Anderson, J. W. Waltmon.
 Johnston City—The Mountain Remnant—W. H. Withers, J. R. Brown.
 Junction City—Confed. Vet.—996—W. J. Cloud.
 Kaufman—G. D. Manion—145—M. Haynie, D. Coffman.
 Kerrville—Kerrville—699—R. H. Colvin, D. G. Horn.
 Kilgore—Buck Kilgore—283—W. A. Miller, R. W. Wynn.
 Kingston—A. S. Johnston—71—J. F. Puckett, P. G. Carter.
 Ladonia—R. E. Lee—126—W. B. Merrill, E. W. Cummins.
 Lagrange—Col. B. Timmons—61—W. H. Thompson, N. Holman.
 Lampasas—R. E. Lee—66—D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie.
 Laredo—S. Brunavides—637—S. T. Foster, E. R. Farrer.
 Lewisville—Joe Sayers—1187—J. M. Fox, W. C. Smith.
 Lexington—T. Douglas—555—T. S. Douglass, E. A. Burns.
 Livingston—Ike Turner—321—M. Winston, A. B. Green.
 Liberty—E. B. Pickett—626—B. H. Cameron, —.
 Llano—Johnston—647—J. S. Atchison, E. H. Alexander.
 Lockhart—Pickett—570—M. R. Stringfellow, J. N. L. McCurdy.
 Lone Oak—Confed. Vet.—605— —.
 Longview—J. B. Gregg—587—S. T. Melson, Ras Young.
 Longview—Confederate Veteran—1216—B. F. Lewis.
 Lubbock—Lubbock—138—W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
 Lufkin—Camp Lane—614—A. W. Ellis, E. L. Robb.
 Madisonville—Walker—128—J. C. Webb, G. H. Hubbard.
 Manor—Manor—664—J. J. Parsley, B. J. Kopperl.
 Mansfield—Dick Gano—1247—T. B. Huett, J. H. Gibson.
 Marble Falls—Marble Falls—1037—A. W. Morrow, Maj. A. F. Hicks.
 Marlin—Willis L. Lang—299—G. A. King, John M. Jolly.
 Marshall—W. P. Lane—621—E. J. Fry, W. G. Rudd.
 Mason—Fort Mason—618—J. W. Collier, Wilson Hey.
 Matador—S. B. Maxey—860—P. A. Cribbs, J. M. Campbell.
 Mathews—Lane Diggs—750—J. B. Donovan, Sands Smith.
 Mathis—Buchel—808—N. C. Howard, A. W. Horton.
 McGregor—McGregor—274—J. C. Smith, J. C. Alexander.
 McKinney—Throckmorton—109—W. M. Abernathy, C. H. Lake.
 Memphis—Hall Co.—245—F. M. Murray, G. W. Tipton.
 Menardville—Menardville—328—L. P. Sicker, H. Wilson.
 Meridian—Johnston—115—Rice Maxey, H. M. Dillard.
 Merkel—Merkel—79—J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
 Mexia—J. Johnston—94—C. L. Watson, H. W. Williams.
 Milford—Sam Davis—1089—J. M. Webb, Z. T. Bundy.
 Minneola—Wood Co.—153—J. H. Huffmaster, T. J. Goodwin.
 Montague—Bob Stone—93—T. P. Paine, R. F. Crim.
 Mt. Enterprise—Rosser—82—T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
 Mt. Pleasant—D. Jones—121—C. L. Dillahunt, J. D. Turner.
 Mt. Vernon—B. McCulloch—300—W. T. Gass, J. J. Morris.
 Mt. Enterprise—Rosser—82—T. Turner.
 Murfreesboro—Palmer—81—R. Ransom, H. H. Norman.
 Myrtle Springs—Joe Johnston—1176—M. M. Norman, H. I. Brooks.
 Nacogdoches—Raguet—620—G. B. Crain, R. D. Chapman.
 Naples—Confed. Vet.—938—J. L. Jolly, —.
 Navasota—Wiley G. Post—102—T. C. Buffington, J. H. Freeman.
 Neches—Confed. Vet.—1128—J. G. McReynolds.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 New Boston—Sul Ross—287—G. H. Rea, T. J. Watlington.
 Oakville—J. Donaldson—195—A. Coker, T. M. Church.
 Orange—W. P. Love—639—B. H. Nosworthy, P. B. Curry.
 Palestine—Palestine—44—G. H. Gould, James Phillips.
 Paradise—F. Cleburne—363—A. J. Jones, L. T. Mason.
 Paint Rock—Jeff Davis—168—W. T. Melton, J. A. Steen.
 Palo Pinto—Stonewall Jackson—772—J. M. Bly, T. S. Bailey.
 Paris—A. S. Johnston—70—Wm. Huddle, Gen. J. W. Webb.
 Pearsall—Hardeman—290—R. M. Harkness, H. Maney.
 Pleasanton—Val Verde—594—A. J. Rowe, J. R. Cook.
 Pilot Point—Winnle Davis—479—O. C. Buster, W. N. Webster.
 Portsmouth—Stonewall—753—L. P. Slater, J. Thomas Dunn.
 Purcell—Robert E. Lee—771—F. M. Fox, W. H. Owsley.
 Quanah—R. E. Rodes—661—H. W. Martin.
 Quinlan—Joseph E. Johnston—1252—W. H. Key, R. S. Shepard.
 Ravner—Stonewall—1048—M. V. Guest, G. W. Barr.
 Richmond—F. Terry—227—R. P. Briscoe, James P. Jones.
 Ringgold—J. C. Wood—719—A. P. Cagle, J. W. Long.
 Ripley—Gen. Hood—280—W. R. M. Slaughter, J. H. Hood.
 Rising Star—J. McClure—559—B. Frater, J. T. Armstrong.
 Roby—W. W. Loring—154—T. B. Logan, A. M. Davidson.
 Robert Lee—R. Coke—600—J. L. Robinson, H. H. Hayley.
 Rockdale—Sam Davis—1169—A. J. Worley, H. C. Grayson.
 Rockport—Rockport—610—P. H. Terry, G. F. Perrenot, Sr.
 Rockwall—Rockwall—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.
 Rogers Prairie—Sam Davis—1056—W. B. Hollis, T. C. Patterson.
 Ross—R. M. Gano—1075—W. A. Hunter, S. L. Makeig.
 Rusk—Ross Ector—513—M. J. Whitman, J. F. Taham.
 San Antonio—A. S. Johnston—144—Gen. W. C. Kroeger, W. W. Sloan.
 San Augustine—J. Davis—386—J. T. Caldwell, G. E. Gatling.
 San Saba—W. P. Rogers—322—G. Harris, A. Duggan.
 San Angelo—S. Sutton—605—M. Mays, J. R. Nosworthy.
 San Marcos—Woods—609—Sterling Fisher, T. J. Peel.
 Santa Anna—Lamar—371—G. W. Lappington, Will Hubert.
 Seguin—H. E. McCulloch—649—Jesse Le Gette, Joseph Lorn.
 Sealy—San Felipe—624—Sam Stone, N. P. Ward.
 Seymour—B. Forrest—86—T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.
 Sherman—Mildred Lee—90—J. T. Wilson, Capt. J. F. Le Tellier.
 Smithville—Jos. D. Sayers—825—J. T. Pierce, Wm. Plummer.
 South Prairie—South Prairie—393—W. L. Hefner, —.
 Strawn—J. N. Boren—601—William Graham, J. C. Mills.
 Sweet Water—E. C. Walthall—92—N. C. Bawcom, W. T. High-tower.
 Sulphur Springs—Ashcroft—170—W. H. Vaden, J. H. Harrison.
 Taylor—A. S. Johnston—165—J. R. Hargis, Perry Hawkins.
 Terrell—J. E. B. Stuart—45—J. A. Anthony, V. Reinhardt.
 Texarkana—A. P. Hill—269—J. M. Benefield, J. D. Gaines.
 Trinity—J. E. B. Stuart—603—W. W. Dawson, I. N. Parker.
 Tyler—A. S. Johnston—48—J. P. Douglas, B. W. Roberts.
 Uvalde—John R. Baylor—585—O. Ellis, J. F. Robinson.
 Van Alstyne—W. Davis—625—C. C. McCorkle, J. P. Barron.
 Velasco—Velasco—592—J. R. Duke, Thomas E. Douthitt.
 Vernon—Camp Cabell—125—J. E. McConnell, M. D. Davis.
 Victoria—Scurry—516—H. S. Cunningham, W. C. Carroll.
 Vineyard—Anderson—1179—T. M. Anderson, J. W. Childers.
 Waco—Pat Cleburne—222—John C. West, W. T. Coleman.
 Waxahachie—W. Davis—108—E. F. Stoker, H. M. Rhodus.
 Weatherford—Green—169—B. I. Richey, M. V. Kinnison.
 Wellington—C. County—257—J. H. McDowell, J. M. Yates.
 Wharton—Buchell—228—R. M. Brown, J. N. Dennis.
 Whitesboro—Reeves—258—J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright.
 Wichita Falls—Hardee—73—W. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.
 Will's Point—Will's Point—302—A. N. Alford, W. A. Benham.
 Wolf City—Ben McCullough—851—J. W. Rymer, J. J. Vaughn.
 Woodville—Magnolia—588—J. B. F. Kincaid, J. D. Collier.
 Yoakum—Camp Hardeman—604—F. M. Tatum, T. M. Dodd.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Abingdon—W. E. Jones—709—F. S. Robertson, T. K. Trigg.
 Appomattox—Appomattox—700— —.
 Ashland—W. B. Newton—854—Richard Irby, —.
 Baywood—A. M. Davis—871—H. W. Fields, T. J. McCamant.
 Berkley—N'yer-Shaw—720—G. N. Halstead, E. E. Hathaway.
 Berryville—J. E. B. Stuart—1001—Thomas D. Gou, W. T. Milton.
 Buchanan—Peachy—Gilmer Breckinridge—1210—James F. Gardiner, Thomas J. West.
 Charlottesville—J. B. Strange—464—R. C. Vandergrift, W. N. Wood.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Culpeper—A. P. Hill—951— —, W. P. Hill.
 Danville—Cabell-Graves—1218—Harry Wooding, R. A. Walters.
 Freshade—Healy Claybrook—812—Wm. S. Christian, J. H. Fleet.
 Front Royal—Wm. Richardson—804—Giles Cook, Jr., C. Grimes.
 Gloucester C. H.—Page Fuller—512—Alex T. Wiatt, Maryus Jones.
 Gordonsville—Grymes—724—R. H. Ricketts, R. H. Stratton.
 Hague—Westmoreland—980—Jas. P. Jenkins, John W. Davis.
 Hampton—Lee—485—J. W. Richardson, W. T. Daugherty.
 Harrisonburg—Gibbons—433—D. H. L. Martz, J. S. Messerly.
 Heathsville—Betts-Ball-Stokes—904—H. E. Coles, J. W. Anderson.
 Independence—Peyton N. Hale—669—K. C. Cornett, J. P. Vaughan.
 Jenkins Bridge—H. West—651—F. Fletcher, —.
 Lebanon—McElhanney—835—H. H. Dickenson, J. D. Rausell.
 Lancaster—Lawson-Ball—894—J. C. Ewell, T. A. Pinckard.
 Lexington—Lee Jackson—1200—J. P. Moore, W. C. Stuart.
 Mathews—Lane Diggs—750—J. B. Donovan, Sands Smith.
 Newmarket—Neff-Rice—1194—Jno. L. Schaeffer.
 Newport News—Magruder—1209—W. W. Faulkner, G. W. West.
 Norfolk—Pickett-Buchanan—1182—Col. F. Greenwood, T. B. Jackson.
 Petersburg—A. P. Hill—837—Jno. R. Turner, C. A. Bishop.
 Portsmouth—Stonewall—758—G. W. Walker, J. Thomas Dunn.
 Pulaski City—J. A. Walker—721—C. L. Teany, R. B. Roane (act.).
 Pulaski—James Breathed—881—James Macgill, J. R. Miller.
 Radford—Wharton—443—G. C. Wharton, E. M. Ingles.
 Reams Station—Stuart—211—M. A. and A. B. Moncure.
 Richmond—Lee—181—A. C. Peay, J. T. Stratton.
 Richmond—Pickett—204—C. J. Johnson, P. McCurdy.
 Roanoke—Grand Camp C. V. Dep't Va.—521—W. C. Smith, T. Ellett.
 Roanoke—W. Watts—205—T. W. Spindle, E. T. Beall.
 Staunton—Jackson—469—Jno. N. Opie, Jno. S. McCorkle.
 South Boston—Halifax—1208—R. H. Beasley.
 Tazewell—Brown-Harmon—726—A. J. May, T. P. Bowen.
 West Point—Cooke—184—A. W. Eastwood, W. W. Green.
 White Top—L. J. Perkins—872—William M. Baldwin, —.
 Williamsburg—McGruder-Ewell—210—J. H. Moncure, H. T. Jones.
 Winchester—T. Ashby—240—J. J. Williams, P. W. Boyd.
 Woodstock—Shenandoah—680—John H. Grabill, G. W. Milley.
 Wytheville—William Terry—1022—J. H. Fulton, Robert N. Pendleton.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Washington—Confed. Vet. Ass'n. of the Dist. of Columbia—171—
 F. H. Mackey, Capt. C. C. Ivey.
 Washington, D. C.—Confed. Vet.—1191—Dr. S. E. Lewis.

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Post Office. Camp. No. Officers.
 Academy—Burgess—929—M. J. McNeel, Wm. H. Auldrige.
 Addison—R. S. Ewell—1051—B. C. Conrad, H. P. Cutlip.
 Beverly—S. Jackson—879—W. H. Wilson, S. N. Bosworth.
 Bluefield—Bob Christian—558—Col. Eustace Gibson, Dr. J. H. Robinson.
 Charleston—R. E. Lee—887—J. Z. McChesney, M. W. Venable.
 Charleston—Stonewall Jackson—878—Jos. M. Brown, Wm. C. Reynolds.
 Charlestown—J. W. Rowan—908—J. C. Holmes, C. F. Gallagher.
 Franklin—Pendleton—857—S. Cunningham, J. E. Pennybacker.
 Grantsville—Gibson—1081—H. A. Ferrell, G. G. Stump.
 Green Bank—John Hoffman—1042—Jno. R. Warwick, William H. Hull.
 Hacker Valley—Beauregard—1052—P. W. Bruffey, F. M. Malcomb.
 Huntington—Garnett—902—Col. C. L. Thompson, H. B. Stewart.
 Lewisburg—David S. Creigh—856—B. F. Eakle, James Knight.
 Marlinton—Pocahontas—873—A. C. L. Gatewood, —.
 Marlinton—Moffett Poage—949—Henry A. Yeager, Geo. M. Kee.
 Martinsburg—Confed. Vet.—963—J. V. McSherry, W. B. Colston.
 Moorefield—Hardy Co.—877—J. V. Williams, Benjamin Dalley.
 Parkersburg—Jenkins—876—G. H. Moffatt, Marcellus Clark.
 Romney—Hampshire—446—C. S. White, J. S. Pancake.
 Union—Mike Foster—553—C. S. Peyton, J. H. Nickell.
 Wheeling—Shriver Gray's—907—Robert White, Martin Thornton.

FLAG OF GATE CITY (GA.) GUARD.

The return of the lost flag to the Gate City Guards by its Federal captors was made the occasion of a most impressive and interesting fraternal ceremony in Atlanta, Ga., on the 10th of this present April. The Gate City Guards was organized before the Confederate war as a part of the military force of Georgia, and being uniformed and armed was well drilled by competent officers. It was one of the finest among the splendid volunteer companies of the State. When Georgia seceded the company was tendered to Gov. Brown, and was accepted for immediate service. Very early in April, 1861, it received orders to proceed to Pensacola, Fla., which was then threatened with Federal invasion. By prompt obedience it gained the distinction of being the first company to leave Atlanta for the field of battle. The company went off in splendid style, and after doing good service at Pensacola was ordered to Western Virginia, where the struggles had become severe in the wilds and fastnesses of that mountainous region between the few Confederate regiments which had been hastily gathered there and the great numbers of Federals which were pouring in from Ohio and Pennsylvania. In one of the many battles occurring at the time the Confederates were driven back down Cheat Mountain. Among these troops were the gallant Gate City Guards. Their beautiful silken flag, which had been presented to them in Atlanta, had been placed in one of the wagons, while the Guards bore the Confederate flag in battle. Unfortunately this wagon, in descending the mountain, was overturned and rolled into a gorge, of which misfortune the company was ignorant at the time. The Federals in pursuit discovered the wagon and bore off the flag as a trophy.

Long years elapsed, during which the brave survivors mourned the loss of that silken flag, but in the recent revival of strong fraternal feeling the Federal captives bethought themselves of this fair old trophy, and signified to the Guards, whom they had met in battle, their wish to return it with the honors it deserved. This happy event was brought about through Mr. George Erminger, of Toledo, Ohio, and Mr. H. H. Cabaniss of Atlanta. Meanwhile the old City Guard had become a new and splendid company of gallant young Georgians, while the few survivors of many battles still lingered as honored members of the old corps. Of course these men were gratified by the tidings of their flag, and the younger soldiers shared with them in the pleasure of receiving it again.

Ample preparations were made for the ceremony of its reception. The armory of the Gate City Guard was ablaze with light and thronged with the beauty and chivalry of the city. The young Gate City Guards were in their best uniforms, and the old survivors were on hand. The Governor of Georgia, himself a veteran Confederate soldier, presided and spoke with enthusiasm, presenting Mr. F. H. Richardson, who made the speech of the occasion. The loved old flag was displayed and presented, and taken into the custody of the Guards after a splendid speech by Capt. J. F. O'Neil. Capt. W. L. Ezzard, who commanded the Gate City Guards when they left for the war, was present and warmly greeted. Short speeches were made by several veterans, and all these proceedings brought forth rounds of applause. It was indeed a grand his-

toric occasion, made yet more interesting by a sketch prepared and read by a member of the old guard, Mr. Harry Krouse. The following is from his sketch:

On the day of the departure of the Guards the excitement in Atlanta was intense, extending through all classes of the people, including, of course, all the schools of the city. Crowds thronged the space around the depot where the company stood in line, ready to embark on the train for service in defense of the Confederacy. Just before the time for leaving a company of little lads made up from the schoolboys, who were filled with military ardor, came marching in regular step upon the scene, escorting a body of girls from the Atlanta Female Institute, who, accompanied by the President and teachers, were marching by twos. On their arrival they fronted the line of the Gate City Guards. Immediately their leader, Dr. A. G. Thomas, Professor of Belles-Lettres, stepped to the front, and after a brief speech presented one of the pupils, Miss Sallie Avery, who made the following little address, which is given in part as a sample of one of the genuine war speeches as made by a schoolgirl of that day:

"Soldiers: Your country has called for your service, and with a promptness never excelled by Greek or Roman, nor yet by knights in the palmy days of chivalry, you have grasped your arms, buckled on your armor, and now wait but the neighing of the iron horse to bear you on with thunder tread to the scene of action, and, it may be, to the field of bloody glory. In you we present to the sacred cause of patriotism the jewels of Georgia. To each of you, in token of our admiration, we give a tiny flag. On one side is inscribed, 'From the Young Ladies of the Atlanta Female Institute.' The other side of this flag bears the true legend, 'None but the brave deserve the fair.'"

After the address the line of schoolgirls moved forward, and each girl presented one of the tiny little flags to some soldier of the company. Scenes like this were occurring in all parts of the South. Enthusiasm was mingled with sorrow at parting, and the pride of the elders in the bravery of their boys was subdued by the reflection that many of the noble young fellows would return to their homes no more.

C. F. Johnson, of Bradford, Ohio, renews his subscription and sends a new one—"hoping much prosperity and success for the glorious VETERAN."

J. M. Upton writes from Warrensburg, Mo., that money is scarce in that section now, but that he will do all he can for the VETERAN.

D. B. Gardner, Fort Worth, Tex., anxious to complete his file of the VETERAN, offers a five-year paid-up subscription for the first volume, or three years' subscription for copies from No. 1 to 6.

Comrade T. N. Theus, Savannah, Ga., needs copies for January, February, March, and April, of 1894, to complete his file, and is willing to pay well for them.

John B. Dunbar, of Bloomfield, N. J., is also anxious to secure Volume I. It is hoped that comrades willing to dispose of their copies will communicate with these gentlemen.

THE BOW AND ARROW IN THE CIVIL WAR.

The unsuspected dangers of the cavalry service, as written by Theodore F. Allen, of Cincinnati:

In entering the cavalry service it was well understood by the members of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry that the risks were many, but that the bullets of the enemy were not the only dangers they were exposed to.

In our position in the advance or on the flanks of the army we learned to be observant of everything that might be of advantage to our army. In scouting and reconnoitering the country we were at all times in close touch with the inhabitants of the towns and villages, as well as the country people on the farms. The troops had a wide acquaintance, and sometimes good friends among the non-combatants. Speaking now for our own regiment, we had about a thousand young unmarried men, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-three years, with us, and these youngsters would of course search out the prettiest girls in any country we passed through. There was a wholesale slaughter by Cupid with his bow and arrow after our six months' service in the East Tennessee winter campaign of 1863 and 1864. The troopers had been in the saddle for almost six months, and nearly every day in close contact with the enemy. Our horses had nearly all died of starvation, and although the men had subsisted upon exceedingly light rations, they were in fine health and splendid morale. Scarce a man or officer in the regiment possessed a genteel suit. When in this condition it was decided that we had earned a rest, and we were sent to the blue grass region of Kentucky for that purpose and for a remount of fresh horses, new equipments, new clothing, etc.

We were a ragged and rugged lot when we arrived at Nicholasville, during the spring of 1864, in the heart of the blue grass region. We had a fine camp in the "Simpson woods" near town on the Harrodsburg pike. All the new and good things necessary were issued to us preparatory to joining Gen. Sherman's army on the Atlanta campaign.

At the end of a week's time there was a grand transformation scene in our camp. The boys realized that they were in a land not only flowing with milk and honey, but there was the greatest abundance of pretty girls all about us. We were now to meet the sisters of the "Kentucky Cavaliers" whom we had been fighting in Dixie. We had not counted on this, but we were equal to the occasion, and the pretty girls were also equal to the emergency. A stranger riding along the beautiful roads from Nicholasville, through one of the most beautiful regions in America, might have seen a dozen cavalry horses tethered at a plantation fence. Some pretty girls lived at these houses, and the cavalrymen had found it out. In another week's time the troopers had raided every locality for miles about in search of sidesaddles. It was a poor cavalryman who didn't own a sidesaddle in addition to his own saddle. The pretty girls of the blue grass region were all superior horsewomen, and it was a frequent sight to meet the young officers and soldiers and the pretty girls riding out together.

It was here and under these circumstances that the writer of this (a captain in the Seventh Ohio Cavalry) became a prisoner, and has been held a willing captive

for the past thirty-five years. I hope to remain in captivity for life. On other occasions, in the field I had met the Kentucky boys, and particularly those of Gen. John Morgan's Cavalry Division, and at one time went down before the fire of their guns, and was held a prisoner for as long as twelve hours. Twelve hours was long enough, in my opinion, under the circumstances then existing, but like a true cavalryman I departed, mounted on one of the Kentucky boy's horses, and I say here that it was a good and satisfactory horse.



SHE IS COQUETTING WITH HIM.

The foregoing is somewhat abridged. The necessity was explained to the Union veteran, and he replied: "O, you need not be at all timid about printing in full as written the 'bow and arrow' story, as 'Morgan's men' all know me, and know that I got away from them on one of their own horses twelve hours after capture, but the Kentucky girls keep their captives for life. Yes, I first met my wife at Nicholasville, Ky., in the spring of 1864. She is a mild-eyed, soft-spoken, amiable Quaker girl—the third generation in descent from North Carolina orthodox Quaker parentage, and you see well suited to tame a wild cavalry captain. To show you how well Morgan's men keep me in mind I mention that last summer I was over at Nicholasville again, and wanted to buy a horse. Capt. George Taylor, formerly of Cluke's Confederate Cavalry Regiment, in the presence of many mutual friends, was showing me the fine gaits of a beautiful saddle horse which he was tempting me to buy. I became much interested in the well-trained Kentucky horse, and asked Taylor to let me throw my leg over and try him, when he replied: 'No, sir! You don't get your leg over this horse until you pay in advance the full value. We had a previous experience with you.'"



TRIBUTES BY GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

Gen. George Moorman sends out from headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, March 27, 1900, the following:

The necrological reports received at these headquarters each day are sad reminders that the old wearers of the gray are fast passing away. The General Commanding devoutly wishes that it was within his power to pay a tribute of respect to each one of these old heroes as they cross over the turbid waters of the river.

On the 20th inst., at his home in New Orleans, La., the intrepid spirit of Louis Arnauld, a member of the Army of Tennessee, Camp No. 2, U. C. V., of New Orleans, La., and a member of Faïres Battery throughout the war, set out "to join the spectral armies encamped among the stars." His name is inscribed upon, and will be forever borne upon, the roll of honor of that other immortal army which so long carried the fortunes of the South upon the point of its glittering bayonets, and only succumbed when worn out by attrition and decimated in the white heat of battle—the Army of Tennessee—and will be handed down the stream of time linked indissolubly with the story of the undying achievements of Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Hood, Stephen D. Lee, Bedford Forrest, Leonidas Polk, Joseph Wheeler, and Joseph E. Johnston.

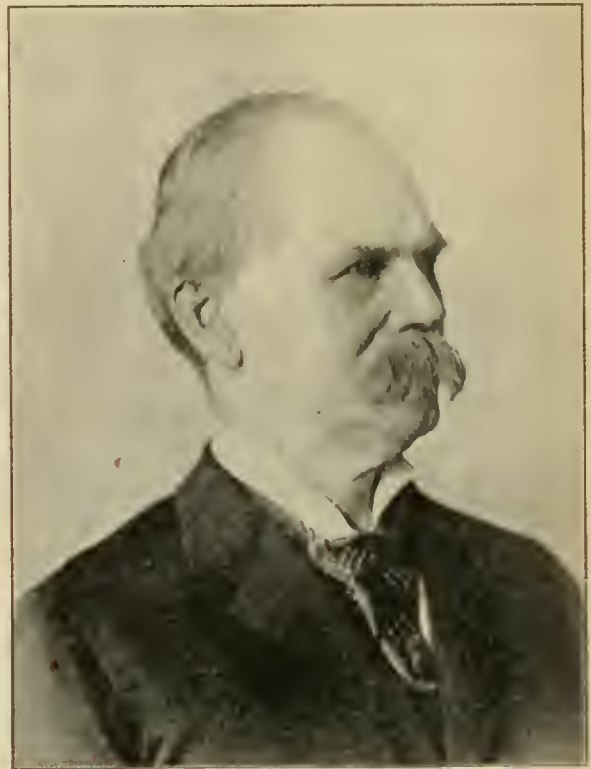
On the 23d inst. the gentle soul of Robert Maxwell, who was a member of Washington Artillery Camp No. 15, U. C. V., of New Orleans, and who during the war served as a private in the Third Company of the Washington Artillery with honor, fidelity, and bravery unsurpassed, winged its flight to that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns.

On the 25th inst. another gallant soldier, Maj. L. L. Lincoln, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, Camp No. 1, U. C. V., of New Orleans, La., crossed over the flood to join the immortals of that army of which he was a part, and to the glory of which his intrepid courage so greatly contributed—that army of which it has been written by an adversary: "Nor can there fail to arise the image of that other army, that was the adversary of the Army of the Potomac, and which who can ever forget that looked upon it?—that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets, that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which for four years carried the revolt on its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it; which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all of its parts, died only with its annihilation." Maj. Lincoln was President of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is enough to know that he was an honored and faithful member of that historic command, and upon his tomb will be written that epitaph, than which there can be no grander in-

scription, and which carries with it its own renown: a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Comrade J. B. O'Bryan died March 17, at his home in Nashville, Tenn. He possessed in the highest degree all the virtues and attributes of soldier, citizen, and Christian. As a private in the Rock City Guards and as captain in his regiment, the First Tennessee, he served with distinguished gallantry and honor throughout the entire war. As a citizen success crowned his efforts in the walks of peace, and in his busy life since the surrender he has worked unceasingly for, and has extended aid with a generous and liberal hand to assist in, the betterment of his comrades who were less fortunate than he.

While writing, again the mournful news is wafted that another great soldier citizen has passed into the land of shadows; that the tired eyes of ex-Gov. John Marshall Stone, ex-colonel of the Second Mississippi



GOV. JOHN M. STONE, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Regiment of Infantry during the war, ex-Major General of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., ex-President of the Mississippi Agricultural College, and a member of John M. Stone Camp, No. 131, U. C. V., of Tupelo, Miss., are forever closed in that mysterious sleep which knows no waking. Veterans and civilians everywhere will long mourn his loss and every heart be filled with grief at the death of this peerless soldier, faultless citizen, and stainless official. What thoughts crowd upon the imagination at the mention of the story of the life of this noble man! With what pride will the men of the South point to his splendid career! and what a glorious history he leaves for the youth of the coming generation to study and to emulate! From humble surroundings he moved steadily forward, unswervingly and bravely, until at last he reached the heights of fame.

In every step of his brilliant career from the beginning to the end he was attended by those handmaidens which ever accompanied him upon his upward march—honor, integrity, and chivalry—and without which no temptation or prize could lure him to accept any earthly glory. Self-made and self-reliant, he rose from position to position in war and from place to place in peace with the ease and consciousness of one born to command. What a rare combination of citizen, patriot, soldier, public official, and educator! He was a typical Confederate soldier, a citizen above reproach, an official without a peer, an educator worthy of emulation, a demigod in war, an evangel in peace. The battle ended, he laid aside the sword and gathered up the threads of life with kingly majesty, and so conducted himself that in every station to which he was called he merited and received the plaudits of his admiring countrymen.

Capt. David C. Atwood, of Attala County, Miss., eminent for charitable deeds in his locality, died on April 20, 1900, at his home, five miles from Kosciusko.

Comrade Atwood was educated at the University of Virginia. He volunteered in the Vicksburg Southerns, Col. B. G. Humphries' Regiment, Twenty-First Mississippi, Griffith, Barksdale, Humphreys Regiments, in the order named, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in most of the battles of said army from Bull Run to Appomattox. He was severely wounded, but was absent but for a short time. He was indeed a true, conscientious soldier, who did his full duty, and performed every obligation imposed with a moral courage undaunted. As a citizen Comrade Atwood bore the same courteous and courageous manner that distinguished him as a Confederate soldier.

Capt. Fred Y. Dabney, Commander of Ben Humphreys Camp No. 19, U. C. V., of Crystal Springs, Miss., crossed over to the island valley of Avilion,

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer seas."

His remarkable achievements in engineering at Port Hudson and other fortifications during the war, his courage upon the battlefield, his capture and incarceration at Johnson's Island, form a chapter of war filled with romance and chivalry. His military fame and untarnished character are treasures which will be forever cherished by his comrades and his family, and will hand his name down with those other heroes of the South who will live forever in song and story.

CAPT. F. Y. DABNEY.

Capt. Fred Y. Dabney, Corps of Engineers, C. S. A., died on March 15, 1900, at his home in Crystal Springs, Miss. He graduated in civil engineering at the Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., about 1856. After leaving college he engaged in railroad engineering.

In 1861 he went to Richmond, Va., and secured a place on the engineer corps of the Confederate army. Pending appointment, however, he was assigned to duty as lieutenant in the First Maryland Artillery, Snowden's Battery. In that position he served through the "seven days' battles" around Richmond, June and July, 1862. During the battle of Cold Harbor he was ordered to fire on Jackson's advancing column as it

came on the field from an unexpected quarter, but, suspecting a mistake, he rode forward and ascertained who they were in time to avoid such a catastrophe.

In the fall of 1862, as first lieutenant of engineers, he was ordered to report to Gen. Gardner at Port Hudson, La., and was engaged there in perfecting the lines of fortifications until the place was attacked and invested by Gen. Banks's forces, in May, 1863. He had charge of the fortifications and much of the defensive operations during that siege. For six weeks he played a "game of chess" with the opposing Federal engineers, and large odds against him. He worked every night through those long weeks, snatching a little repose during the days. At one point, where the enemy had undermined a salient in our line of fortifications, Capt. Dabney tunneled beneath them, working in the shaft himself, with the sound of their picks over his head, digging the earth with trowels and sending it back in baskets. He tamped his charge with his own hands, not finding any one else willing to perform the dangerous service. When the Federal mine was about completed he fired his mine by means of a "friction primer," with a wire attached, passing through sections of cane to avoid the difficulties of angles in his small tunnel, and blew up the enemy before they were ready to spring their mine. Capt. Dabney's skillful and heroic work in the management of the defensive operations during that memorable siege elicited the admiration of the Federal engineers, with whom he came in contact immediately after the siege ended. He rode around the lines with them and compared notes.

Capt. Dabney was sent from Port Hudson with other captured officers of the garrison, first to a prison in New Orleans, and shortly after to Johnson's Island, where he shared the sufferings and privations of that awful prison until a short time before the war ended; when, being a physical wreck and a hopeless invalid, he was sent with others, who were completely incapacitated for further military service, into the Confederate lines. While in prison he was promoted to captain of engineers. He recovered from his prison maladies within some three years from the ending of hostilities. He was a gallant soldier and a skillful officer.

After the war he pursued his profession of civil engineer with distinction and success until some half a dozen years ago, when ill health compelled him to retire from the field of active work to his home in Crystal Springs. There he passed his declining years with his family, enjoying general respect and admiration.

Comrade Charles W. Jaycocks, who died at his home in Orange County, Fla., April 5, 1900, after a long and painful illness, was a charter member of Orange County Camp No. 54, U. C. V. He was born in North Carolina November 26, 1843, and entered the Confederate service as private in Company A, Fifteenth Battery, North Carolina Light Artillery, and was promoted to corporal, serving with this command to the end of the war. He was first stationed at Camp Lee, Richmond, until the seven days' battles, after which he was on duty at Petersburg, then guarding the line of the Blackwater in Virginia, and finally served at Fort Fisher, near Wilmington. At the time of the surrender he was on leave of absence, for which he held at the time of his death the written permit of his commanding officer, Capt. S. H. Webb.

He came to Florida and to Orange County many years ago, and was an honored citizen, holding the responsible office of County Treasurer for nearly two decades. He was a Mason, and the first Master of Orlando Lodge, F. and A. M. His funeral was attended by the Masons and by a delegation from Camp 54, U. C. V., who assisted in the funeral services. He leaves an estimable wife and several children.

THOMAS M. PAGE.

Thomas M. Page, of St. Louis, whose article on prison life, recently published in the *VETERAN*, attracted such widespread interest, died suddenly in his bed, April 18, of heart disease. Comrade Page was born in St. Louis May 7, 1841, his parents being William Masters Page and Eliza Jacquith Page, well known residents of that city. He succeeded to his father's interest in the Page & Krausse Manufacturing and Mining Company. When the civil war began he was at Princeton College. Being an intense Southern sympathizer, he abandoned his books to take up arms. He came to St. Louis, and, not being able to join a Missouri regiment, he boarded a steamer and went to Memphis, Tenn., where he joined the Shelby Grays, which formed part of the Fourth Tennessee Regiment. He fought with distinguished gallantry throughout the war, and was with Lee's Brigade when the Confederates surrendered at Appomattox. He was wounded many times, and captured at the battle of Chickamauga and sent to Camp Douglas prison. He was afterwards exchanged, and made his way to Lee's army in Virginia.

After the war Mr. Page returned to St. Louis, where he lived the remainder of his life. He never married. For a time he devoted his energies to journalism. He wrote several books and contributed many articles to various magazines. One of his best known books is "Bohemian Life; or, The Autobiography of a Tramp."

CAPT. RICHARD A. SPURR.

Capt. Richard A. Spurr, a chivalrous officer of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, was born in Fayette County in 1836, and died at his home, Leafland, near Lexington, May 3, 1898. He was the fourth in descent from Richard Spurr, who was a Virginian and an officer of the army under George Washington, and who became a Kentucky pioneer in 1779. Capt. Spurr's father, Maj. Richard Spurr, was a member of the General Assembly, a man of great ability and force of character. His mother, Martha Prewitt, was also of Virginia descent. Among his ancestral kin were Col. Wm. Edmiston, distinguished at the battle of King's Mountain; John Edmiston, whose name is second inscribed on the monument erected at Frankfort, Ky., in honor of those who fell at the battle of River Raisin, one of the counties bearing his name; Capt. Montgomery, a Revolutionary soldier, member of the Society of Cincinnati; and the Winn, Chandler, Robinson, and Cotton families of Virginia.

Capt. Spurr was graduated with distinction at Bethany College, Va., in 1857. His superior mental endowments and his graceful dignity of manner made him a general favorite.

When the war of the sixties came on, he ardently espoused the cause of the South, and as soon as op-

portunity was presented, in August, 1862, he actively engaged in service and became First Lieutenant of Capt. McCann's company (A), Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. The captaincy was decided by lot. This regiment served under Gen. John H. Morgan, and made a gallant record. Lieut. Spurr was promoted to captain, and contributed largely to the efficiency of his command. He was in the advance guard of the troops that brought on the severe battle of Hartsville, Tenn., and also in the advance guard during the Christmas raid of Morgan's command into Kentucky in 1862. Accompanying Gen. Morgan into Ohio in July, 1863, he was captured in a fight near Buffington Island with his command, and was held for eight months as a prisoner in the penitentiary at Allegheny City, Pa. After his exchange he took an active part with Morgan in the military operations through that region. He was wounded in a fight at Rogersville, and at Kingsport he was the hero of a chivalrous fight that deserved prominent record among the gallant deeds of the Kentucky soldiery. He was ordered with seventeen men to hold the ford against a large body of the enemy, and he persisted in the performance of his duty until fourteen of his men had fallen. He was three times wounded, and imprisoned again, this time at Point Lookout, Md., and Fort Delaware until the close of the war. Capt. Spurr was one of those who filled goods boxes with mud, keeping them in front of them in their attack on the stockade at Bacon Creek Bridge, and the "Yankees" peppered them lively. As a soldier, Capt. Spurr was conspicuous for coolness and courage as well as unvarying and considerate kindness for his men.

After the war Capt. Spurr returned to Kentucky, engaging in agricultural pursuits until the close of his honorable and well-rounded life. His most distinguished services in civil life were as a member of the General Assembly, two terms in the House and one in the Senate. His Legislative course was marked by intelligent conservatism and enlightened public spirit. He had the honor to introduce and effectively urge to



CAPT. RICHARD A. SPURR.

success the bill providing for a monument to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, and was conspicuous in bringing about the separation of the Agricultural and Mechanical College from the State University. Subsequently he was one of the eleven commissioners to determine the location of the College; and, after defending the institution in the Senate in 1881 and 1882, he served twelve years as Trustee, most of that period as a member of the Executive Committee and Board of Control. Failing health prevented his accepting certain high positions offered him.

In all the relations of life, as citizen, soldier, neighbor, son, husband, and father, in public life and in field, Capt. Spurr filled the true measure of a large and generous manhood. He was resolute, gentle but firm, indulgent but just, honest, honorable, manly—an incorruptible man of affairs. He leaves behind him an unblemished reputation. His death was sincerely mourned by his surviving comrades and many other friends.

In September, 1866, Capt. Spurr was married to Ruth, daughter of J. H. Sheffer, and granddaughter of Dr. Daniel Sheffer, of Pennsylvania, distinguished as a Democratic congressman, judge, and elector. Her mother was Julia Sheffer, daughter of Jacob Hughes, a man of great force of character, and one of the wealthiest men of the Blue Grass. She is related to the Pattons, Humes, Popes, and Campbells of Virginia. Mrs. Spurr was Vice President from Fayette County, of the honorary members of the Confederacy during its organization, and for several years Vice President of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The wife and three children survive him; Julia Hughes, who was sponsor for the Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky at the Richmond Reunion; Laura Sheffer; and Richard J. Hughes.

BRIG. GEN. AND GOV. JOHN SELDEN ROANE.

The recent organization of Selden Roane Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Pine Bluff, Ark., makes opportune this sketch of the life and services of the distinguished citizen and patriotic Southern soldier for whom it was named:

John Selden Roane was born January 8, 1817, in Wilson County, Tenn., and was a nephew of the Hon. Archibald Roane, one of Tennessee's early Governors. He was educated at Princeton College, Ky.; moved to Pine Bluff, Ark., in 1838; engaged in the practice of law, and was soon elected to the State Legislature. Removing to Van Buren (Crawford County) in 1842, he was shortly after returned to the Legislature from that county, and was made Speaker of the House.

Ever responsive to his country's call, upon the breaking out of the Mexican war he raised a company, and upon organization of the regiment was elected lieutenant colonel, Archibald Yell being made colonel; and upon the death of Col. Yell at the bloody battle of Buena Vista he became colonel, commanding the regiment with distinction until the close of the war. In 1849 he was elected Governor of the State of Arkansas, serving as such for four years in succession.

Upon the secession of Arkansas from the Union, like all true sons of the South, he promptly took up arms, and was soon appointed brigadier general, and commanded a brigade with his usual gallantry and ability until the end came, when he returned to his once beautiful but now desolate home on his plantation near Pine Bluff, where on April 17, 1867, he died suddenly of neuralgia of the brain.

Gov. Roane's uniform courtesy and kind heart endeared him to a large circle of friends. Those who knew him best loved him most.

On February 1, 1855, Gov. Roane was married at Tulip, Ark., to Miss Mary Kimbrough Smith, the daughter of a wealthy planter, Gen. Nat Smith. Mrs. Roane still lives at Tulip, Ark., a woman of many charms of person, of mind, and of heart. Of this un-

ion only two children survive, Mrs. J. D. Lea, of Tulip, Ark., and Mrs. M. A. Cooper, of Waco, Tex.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE GEN. W. B. TALIAFERRO.

Upon accepting Gen. Taliaferro's portrait for the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V., Hon. Henry R. Pollard, addressing the Commander, his comrades, and the ladies and gentlemen present, said:

The conception of a Confederate camp was a happy thought. Originally its objects were mainly social and benevolent. By a later, yet perfectly natural, development its objects were broadened and ennobled when it assumed the sacred obligation of collecting, preserving, and perpetuating not only the gallant deeds but the pure motives and the high character of the men who fought for the Southland. This much of our patrimony survived the wreck and ruin of war and, if we had not treasured it and bequeathed it to our children, we should have been false to a great trust. I dare say that one of the best means to this worthy end is to hang upon the walls of this hall portraits of our departed comrades, who bore themselves so honorably that they won the admiration not only of their countrymen but of the world at large. And so, when loving friends of these heroes graciously send their portraits, we accept them with reverential delight, because they bespeak not only the abiding confidence of the donors in the aims and objects of our organization but also because these faces give light and life to the pages that record their deeds.

Commissioned so to do by this camp, I do now, in the name of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, accept the portrait of that distinguished citizen, fearless soldier, and broad-minded philanthropist, William Booth Taliaferro. And for this camp I promise that as he sacredly guarded the honor of his mother State, so this camp will keep this prized gift, the heritage not only of this but of unborn generations.

After the eloquent address to which we have listened; in which the life and character of Gen. Taliaferro were so fully and faithfully portrayed, I might well content myself with a simple expression of the gratification that the camp feels in having the picture of this distinguished general added to our collection. But I beg, in view of my intimate association with him since the war, that you will allow me to give my estimate of my dear friend as a public-spirited citizen. After all, our greatest soldiers have been greater as citizens. This was even true in the time of Rome's greatest power as a military despotism. Sallust, the wisest and most conservative of the Roman historians, and a contemporary of the great men of whom he wrote, says that this was true of Julius Cæsar. Great as an orator, he was greater as a soldier, and greatest as a citizen.

And Cicero, speaking before the Roman Senate, said that every other quality of mind or heart was inferior to a spirit of philanthropy expressing itself in wise and practical efforts to better the condition of mankind. "The quality," said he, "is given as the reward of virtue; while other advantages are lent at the caprice of fortune." Shakespeare recognized this as an ethical principle when he makes Mark Antony, in his address over the dead body of Cæsar, reach the climax of his eulogy, as he said: "When the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept." If such was the highest

standard of worth among the Romans, whose ideal of national greatness was military prowess, how much more is it, or ought it to be, true in America, whose ideal of national greatness is the development of every individual member of society into a strong, contented, and self-respecting citizen. The presence of these virtues made it possible for this nation, at the end of the most gigantic war of modern times, to wave her hand, and armies aggregating more than a million sunk back instantly into peaceful civil life. Of this spectacle Mr. Gladstone said: "Cincinnatus became a commonplace example. The generals of yesterday are the editors, the secretaries, and solicitors of today." It was an inspiring lesson to mankind and a splendid tribute to the cause of popular government throughout the world. The honorable gentleman whose life and character we memorialize this evening gracefully laid down the commission of major general and assumed without a murmur the unostentatious labors of a country lawyer. These labors he cheerfully prosecuted for a quarter of a century, going in and out before his fellow-citizens, the embodiment of urbanity, integrity, and philanthropy. Unstintingly he gave of his time and his thought to the cause of public education. In the organization of one of our public institutions (the Farmville Normal School) and the rehabilitation of another (the College of William and Mary, the mother of the wisest statesmen of any age) he took the initial and leading part. His military achievements, which were great, pale before the luster added to his name by these contributions to the public weal.

But I meant merely to suggest, rather than elaborate, the true elements of national and individual greatness. These need to be emphasized in these times. A tendency toward militarism and imperialism demands that we should elevate civic honors above military glory. By doing this we show ourselves patriots rather than partisans, devotees to duty rather than to sentiment.

With much appreciation we accept this portrait. Its presence in the hall honors us no less than the distinguished citizen whose face and form it delineates. May his memory be fragrant in our hearts and homes until we too "pass over the river" and are united with him in the great beyond!

WILLIAM FREDERICK STEUART.

Another gallant son of the Old Line State has crossed "over the river." William Frederick Steuart died at his home in Brunswick, Ga., aged fifty-seven years. He was a native of Anne Arundel County, Md. At the outbreak of the war he went to Virginia and served for a time on the staff of Gen. Custis Lee, with the rank of first lieutenant. Afterwards he was with the ordnance department, the signal corps, and at the close of the war was on the Potomac River, engaged in the secret service under Maj. William Norris. Comrade Steuart came of an ancient and honorable family, well known in the annals of Maryland. Lieut. Steuart's father, Dr. William F. Steuart, was surgeon of the Third North Carolina Infantry. Several of his brothers served in the Confederate States army. One of them, Capt. Harry A. Steuart, was killed in the old capitol prison in 1862. His wife, who was a Miss Gould, of Georgia, and several children survive him.

GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG'S OLD SERVANT.

The following tribute of respect from Leonidas Polk Bivona, No. 3, and William Henry Trousdale Camp, 495, of Confederate Veterans, truthfully portrays the feeling that exists between the Southern people, especially the Confederate Veterans, and the old and faithful Southern negroes:

Whereas the faithful old negro man, Braxton Bragg, died in Columbia, Tenn., Wednesday morning, January 17, 1900; and whereas Bragg was the body servant of Gen. Braxton Bragg, and was true to his Southern friends and principles through life; therefore be it

Resolved, that a page in our minutes be set apart in honor of Braxton Bragg, the negro, who died here at an advanced age; that our thanks are hereby extended to our comrades, Daughters of the Confederacy, and citizens generally who were so kind to Bragg during life and in his last sickness; also to our comrades who made the funeral arrangements.

The following comrades served as pall bearers: H. A. Brown, H. G. Evans, W. J. Whitthorne, J. T. Williamson, H. L. Hendley, and A. N. Akin. Revs. Baker P. Lee and W. T. Ussery, conducted the funeral services. Although the weather was inclement, the funeral was largely attended. The Columbia newspapers and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN are requested to publish these proceedings.

W. A. Smith, J. M. Hodge, B. S. Thomas, Committee.

Mr. John C. McFadden inquires for J. A. Bonnet, who was a private in the Twenty-Sixth Georgia Regiment, Lawton's Brigade, and who assisted in the amputation of the leg of J. C. Agnew at Sharpsburg, in 1862. If J. A. Bonnet is still living, W. B. Agnew, of Oakmont, Lawton's Brigade, and who assisted in the amputation, Chester County, S. C., would like to know it.



MISS JOSEPH FRAZEE, CHAPPLEMAN OKLA.,
Maid of Honor for Mississippi Division.

ORIGIN OF THE UNITED DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Nashville, Tenn., writes of the organization of the association :

On the 25th of March, 1890, the Davidson County Monumental Association was chartered as an auxiliary association of the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Tennessee. Said association was vested with the right to establish branch associations in any county in the State for the transaction of the objects of this association, said branch associations to be governed by the charter, constitution, and by-laws of this association as far as expedient. A copy of said charter recorded in Corporation Record Book O, page 181, in Secretary of State's office, Nashville, Tenn., March 25, 1890: "The charter members of this association were Gov. Peter Turney, Hon. S. F. Wilson, Judge J. W. Childress, Col. Duncan Cooper, Maj. Rothrock, Col. John Overton, Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Mrs. George Guild, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Mrs. W. L. Clarke, Mrs. J. A. Ridley, Mrs. G. H. Baskette, Mrs. Barney McCabe, Mrs. Hugh Craighead, Mrs. Thomas Hubbard, and Mrs. R. H. Hill." I was made President of the association, and for two years we worked under the name of "Ladies' Auxiliary of the Confederate Soldiers' Home." At my request the name of our association was changed to Daughters of the Confederacy on May 10, 1892. During that time we raised a good deal of money for our Soldiers' Home. We also secured clothing, stock, farm implements, etc., besides assisting old soldiers not in the home. Seeing how much could be accomplished by the concerted action of the different chapters we had in our State very naturally suggested to my mind the idea of inviting all other bodies of organized women in other States to unite with us in a general federation of loyal women, that they might be brought in touch to work together in caring for the indigent Confederate soldiers and their families, to perpetuate the sacred memories of the dead, to collect statistics of the part the women of the South played in the great drama of the civil war, etc. The idea of forming a na-

tional association which would take in all memorial associations of Southern women anywhere in the United States was discussed in our local chapter at Nashville, Tenn., for two years before we decided on a time to call the convention. This delay was caused by the great need of every dollar we could make to help defray the expenses of the Home and in our financial inability to defray the expenses incident to a change in our organization from a State Division to a National Association.

Early in the spring of 1894 we decided to hold a convention and invite all bodies of Southern women working in the same cause to unite with us and work under one name, one charter, one constitution and by-laws. The Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate Veterans, with whom we had worked for so many years, hearing of our intention to call this convention, asked us to postpone our meeting till their State Association would meet in September, and on the 10th day of September, 1894, with only two visitors from other States, the Nashville Chapter organized the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

As the idea of forming this association originated with me, I was made President. Miss White May, of Nashville; Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga.; and Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Texas, were made Vice Presidents. The Vice Presidents for other States were to be appointed by the President after corresponding with the respective States. All the subordinate officers were of Nashville—Mrs. John P. Hickman, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. B. Lindsley, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Dr. Maney, Treasurer. The Committee on Constitution were: Mrs. L. H. Raines, Mrs. W. L. Clarke, Mrs. J. B. Lindsley, Mrs. J. C. Myers, Mrs. A. E. Snyder, Mrs. George Cunningham, assisted by Col. John P. Hickman, Secretary of the United Confederate Veteran Association, who advised that the constitution and by-laws be made to conform as nearly as possible to those of the United Confederate Veterans; and, although they have been amended



MISS ALINE MOBLEY, ROCKHILL, S. C.,
Chief Maid of Honor for South Carolina Division.



MISS MARY S. RICKETTS, MEXICO, MO.,
Chief Maid of Honor Trans-Mississippi Department.



MISS ELIZABETH E. McLAIN,
Chief Maid of Honor West Virginia Division.

several times to suit our enlarged work, the purposes and designs of the association remain practically the same.

The work of bringing all associations of Confederate women into the National Association was divided between the Vice Presidents, each being assigned the work in her section of the country. How faithfully this work was performed is shown by the fact that we now have about three hundred chapters and nearly eighteen thousand members. The organization extends from the Lakes in the North to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. In anticipation of this, I named the organization the National Association of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which name was changed a year afterwards to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The greatest and noblest work ever inaugurated by the Daughters of the Confederacy is the education and equipment for the battle of life of the daughters and the granddaughters of Confederate soldiers, and this now occupies their attention preëminently. They have also assumed the responsibility of building the monument to our great chief, Jefferson Davis.

Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis writes that she will be unable to attend the reunion at Louisville. She will be represented, however, by her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Hayes, and Miss Varina Howell Davis Hayes. The latter represents the entire South. Her picture ap-

peared on the front page of the February VETERAN, as did also that of the mother. Mrs. Hayes has been in ill health for several months, staying in California until recently. Noble woman! She is ever ready to do all in her power as the "Daughter of the South."



MISS WELLS ALEXANDER,
Sponsor for Texas Division, U. C. V.

Miss Alexander is the daughter of the true and loyal Confederate, T. C. Alexander, who served in the Army of Tennessee as a captain of the Tenth Texas Regiment.

W. A. Binns, Bodka, Ala., wants to know the whereabouts, if living, of William H. Alberson, John D. Bunting, Jim Stuart, and Bill Jones, of Texas, and John L. Cox, William J. Brooks, Samuel L. Collier, Junius Baradel, John Bruning, Moses H. Burton, and John Copening, who were at Rock Island with him; also of Dr. Gleason, the Federal surgeon there.

P. A. Blakey, Alto, Tex., asks: "Who can tell of the burial place of the Confederate soldiers killed at Spanish Fort, Mobile, Ala., during the civil war? My brother, A. A. Blakey, of Company I, Tenth Texas, D. M. C., Ector's Brigade, was killed at Spanish Fort during the early part of April, 1865, and I have heard that he was buried near that place."

Van Buren DaLee, Bissell, Miss., asks that any Confederate soldier who was prisoner at Alton, Ill., in the summer of 1864, and belonged to Squad No. 5 when "Pettit" called the roll, will write to him. Mr. DaLee was a member of Company K, Seventeenth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry, and will be recognized as the man who made the rounds at 9 P.M., alone and unarmed, to enforce "lights out."

Comrade J. F. Mann, of Statesville, Ala., in June, 1864, headed a squad of prisoners in escape from Elmira, N. Y. He writes that he has been in correspondence with most of them, but especially desires to locate, if living, Canfield and Webster, of Virginia, and Scruggs, of South Carolina, who were members of the party. He would be glad to correspond with them, so that he can arrange to meet them in Louisville.



MISS MATTIE B. DILLARD,
Chief Maid of Honor for Texas Division.

Miss Dillard is the daughter of H. M. Dillard, of Hida-Way, Bosque Valley, Tex., a native Virginian. Comrade Dillard was a civil engineer by profession, a Confederate soldier for four years—first with the First Washington Artillery, and transferred at Lynchburg, Va., to the heavy artillery, and placed on the coast defenses of North Carolina. He was captured at Newburn Point by the Atlantic squadron under Gen. Gilmore, and was taken to Fortress Monroe. Making his escape, he reported to Lieut. Col. Moseley, chief of artillery, and was sent to supervise Fort Hindman, at the Post of Arkansas. He was again captured, but made his escape during the night, and again reported for duty, finally surrendering at Greensboro, N. C.

REUNION OF TEXAS DIVISION.

An account of the Texas reunion at Fort Worth, May 22, 23, cannot be given in this number, as was intended. However, too much cannot be said of the R. E. Lee Camp, for its Adjutant, W. M. McConnell, and for the people of Fort Worth generally in the unstinted hospitality extended.

In the spirited contest for Major General to command the Texas Division Maj. K. M. Vanzandt was successful over Gen. J. B. Polley. It was a contest between an efficient officer who had done much to bring the division into its new life, on the one hand, and an able, popular comrade who had the advantage with those who favored rotation of not having been in office. Gen. Cabell occupied the chair during the contest, and at its conclusion the retiring Commander escorted his successor to the platform and introduced him as his personal friend, a gentleman in every way worthy the honor to which he had been selected.



MAJ. GEN. K. M. VANZANDT.

Gen. K. M. Vanzandt, now Commander of the Texas Division, is a native of Tennessee, and was born in Franklin County, November 7, 1836. His parents removed to Texas in the spring of 1839, settling in what is now Harrison County, where he was reared. He entered the army, first in the State service, in June, 1861, and was transferred to the Confederate States Army in October, 1861, as captain of Company D, Seventh Texas Infantry, and transferred to the service east of the Mississippi River. He was at Hopkinsville, Ky., until just before the battle of Fort Donelson, participating in that engagement, and was among the prisoners surrendered there. After being a prisoner seven months in Camp Chase and Johnson's Island he was exchanged at Vicksburg, September 16, 1862. His regiment was then sent first to Holly Springs to Gen. Van Dorn's command, and later to the command of Gen. Frank Gardner at Port Hudson, La., and became a part of the brigade commanded by Gen. John Gregg. This

brigade was transferred to the forces under command of Gen. John C. Pemberton, operating in Mississippi.

Gen. Vanzandt participated in the battle of Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1862, where his regiment lost very heavily. They went into that battle with three hundred and six men, and lost one hundred and fifty-eight. He was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in his Mississippi campaign in the summer of 1863, closing with the fighting around Jackson in the early part of July. His command was then ordered to Bragg's army, just in time to participate in the battle of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, in which battle he was in command of his regiment, also at Missionary Ridge. His health having become greatly impaired, he was sent by Gen. Hardee to the Trans-Mississippi Department after recruits for his regiment in the winter of 1863-64, while the army was in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga. His continued bad health forced him to resign his office in the field in the spring of 1864, and he was appointed by Gen. E. Kirby Smith to post duty, in which he continued until the close of the war, being paroled at Marshall, Tex., about May 1, 1865.

In the fall of 1865 he went to Fort Worth, then a small village of perhaps two hundred inhabitants, where he has since resided. He has succeeded in business, and is noted for the lavish hand with which he has helped his less fortunate comrades. Gen. Vanzandt's Regiment was brigaded much with Tennesseans, and the foregoing sketch recalls to the writer most vividly much of those trying days.

Comrade J. A. Cummins, of Bowie, Tex., writes: "I do not see how any old veteran who has ever read a copy of the *VETERAN* can afford to be without it in his home. I have appointed a member of our camp (R. C. Levester, who served in Company H, Sixth South Carolina Regiment) whose special duty is to take subscriptions to the *VETERAN*. As a consequence many members of our camp are constant readers of this grand periodical. The Sons and Daughters are in line at this point, and both have active organizations. The Mrs. S. A. Crawford Chapter, U. D. C., is forty-four strong and is in good standing. The Sons recently organized the J. A. Cummins Camp, twenty-six strong, with W. H. Beauchamp Captain. It has an active and growing membership, and is enthused over the work. We hope to have both the Sons and the Daughters readers of the *VETERAN*."

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, writing from Washington, D. C., to the *VETERAN*, states: "I should like to learn the addresses of some of the survivors of the Liberty Guards, organized in April, 1861. A lady who has in her possession a handsome flag captured from this regiment desires to return it to some of the veterans. It has on one side the words, 'Liberty Guards, April 27, 1861,' on the other, '*Ubi Libertas, Ibi Patria*.' Any information you can furnish me in regard to the representatives of this regiment will be highly appreciated."

Mrs. Ro Harding, Historian of the Randolph Daughters of the Confederacy, Beverly, W. Va., writes that they are preparing to erect a monument to the Confederate dead.

FORREST'S CAVALRY VETERANS.

The reunion of Forrest's Veterans will occur on the battlefield of Brice's Cross Roads June 10, 11. This organization was set on foot during the reunion of Confederate Veterans at Nashville, Tenn., July, 1897. All old soldiers were invited to become members who served at any time, however brief, under the command of Lieut. Gen. Forrest. Membership is conditioned on the simple signature of our muster roll; giving name, address, when you entered the service, and present address. The objects of the organization are memorial, historical, and for the sake of good comradeship. To aid in the erection of an equestrian statue to our great commander, all officers when signing the roll will pay to our quartermaster and roll keeper \$2, and all privates \$1, membership fee. To each veteran making this payment will be given a medallion with the picture of Gen. Forrest on the obverse side and certificate that he was a soldier with Gen. Forrest on the reverse side.



Gen. H. B. Lyons, who was elected to the command of the Veteran Corps at Nashville, having, on account of physical disability, resigned the command, Col. D. C. Kelley was elected to the command at Atlanta, Ga., July, 1898, with the rank of Major General. Col. Kelley entered the Confederate service with Gen. Forrest in the beginning of the war, and is the only survivor of his first military family.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 2.

1. The Major General commanding hereby gives notice to the Brigadier Generals commanding the two divisions which constitute Forrest's Veteran Cavalry Corps, C. S. A., that a rendezvous of all Confederate Veterans, either cavalry or infantry, who at any time were under the command of Gen. Forrest, will take place at Brice's Cross Roads June 10, 11, next.

2. The commanding Generals will report at once to these headquarters their full staff, mentioning an officer especially detailed to go to Tupelo, Miss., and aid in all preparations necessary to give success to this reunion.

3. In addition to the anniversary celebration of this great victory, we desire that you appoint from your staff an officer who will energetically devote himself to securing facts of history marking the career of our great commander; and also set on foot or aid in prosecuting plans for the erection of an equestrian statue of Gen. N. B. Forrest.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 3.

The organization of Forrest's Veteran Cavalry into a corps of two divisions of two brigades each, the officers commanding the same and the veterans assigned to each brigade, is hereby announced.

Maj. Gen. D. C. Kelley, commanding corps.

First Division: Maj. Gen. W. H. Jackson commanding. First Brigade, Brig. Gen. Baxter Smith—composed of Middle Tennessee and Alabama Veterans. Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. G. A. C. Holt—composed of Kentucky and all West Tennessee Veterans, except Bell's old brigade.

Second Division: Maj. Gen. Tyree H. Bell commanding. First Brigade, Brig. Gen. Robert McCulloch—composed of Bell's old Tennessee brigade and all other Veterans not otherwise assigned. Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. J. C. Blanton—composed of all Mississippi Veterans. By order of Maj. Gen. Kelley.

CHARLES W. ANDERSON, A. A. G.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 4.

The following reunion programme is announced:

June 9, 6 P.M.: Arrive at Corinth, where Miss Mamie Curlee, sponsor of Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans of Northeast Mississippi, will deliver address of welcome. After the address a memorial service for the late Maj. Gen. John M. Stone will be held by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

June 10: Religious services, conducted by Confederate Veterans at Corinth.

June 11: Go to Baldwin, thence to the battlefield, where the Veterans will be welcomed by the Mississippi Brigade through their sponsor, Miss Mabel Graham Cayce. Camp fire talks will be made by Senator Turley, Col. Tully Brown, and Col. A. G. Hawkins, of Tennessee; Judge William Richardson, of Alabama;



MISS LAURA MAY BARKSDALE,
Sponsor for Forrest's Cavalry.

Special Order No. 1 says of this sponsor:

It will be gratifying to every old soldier of Forrest's command to know that our sponsor is a granddaughter of our loved and lamented comrade, Maj. J. P. Strange, who as an officer endeared himself to all of his associates and comrades, and as the adjutant of Gen. Forrest in all his grades from colonel of a regiment to lieutenant general of cavalry, stood closer to his commander than any other member of Forrest's military family. Miss Barksdale and two maids of honor of her own selection will be attached to these headquarters.

The fair sponsor has selected Miss May Belle Rambaut, who is the daughter of the late Maj. J. P. Rambaut, of Forrest's staff, and Miss Grace T. Ford, who is also a granddaughter of the late Maj. Strange, to act as her maids of honor on this occasion.

Miss Barksdale is also maid of honor for Army of Tennessee Department.

and Hon. John Allen, M. C., and Hon. Thomas Spight, of Mississippi. On the battlefield of Brice's Cross Roads an election will be held for Commander and further organization of Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

A rate of one cent per mile going and returning has been granted to Veterans by the M. & O. Railroad, with stop-over privileges at any point north of West Point and south of Jackson. A rate of one fare has been secured from the connecting railroads of the M. & O. Railroad in Tennessee and Kentucky. K. C. M. & B. Railroad gives one cent per mile going and returning, as does the G. & C. Railroad. Other railroad rates will be announced when secured.

By order of Maj. Gen. Keiley.

CHARLES W. ANDERSON, *A. A. Gen.*

OFFICERS OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

D. C. Kelley, Major General Commanding. Staff officers: Maj. Charles W. Anderson, *A. A. G.*; Dr. James B. Cowan, Chief Surgeon; Capt. John W. Morton, Chief of Artillery; Capt. George Deshiel, Paymaster; Capt. William M. Forrest, Aid-de-Camp; Capt. Samuel Donelson, Aid-de-Camp.

The above officers are the survivors of Gen. Forrest's staff. To fill vacancies the following appointments are announced: George L. Cowan, Colonel and Chief Quartermaster, Franklin, Tenn.; W. A. Collier, Colonel and Inspector General, Memphis, Tenn.; Hamilton Parks, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp, Nashville, Tenn.; J. C. Gooch, Colonel and Chief Commissary, Jackson, Tenn.; D. C. Jones, Colonel and Chief of Ordnance, Memphis, Tenn.; E. S. Walton, Colonel and Chief Engineer, Sardis, Miss.; R. H. Mahon, Chaplain, Memphis, Tenn.; John Overton, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp, Memphis, Tenn.; H. J. Livingston, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp, Brownsville, Tenn.; Dr. John A. Wyeth, Historian, N. Y.; George E. Seay, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp, Gallatin, Tenn.; George F. Hagar, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp, Nashville, Tenn.; D. C. Scales, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, Nashville, Tenn.; Gilbert Anderson, Captain and Commissary.

Gen. T. H. Bell has requested Col. T. F. P. Allison, his chief of staff, to take command of his division at Louisville, and also at the celebration at Brice's Cross Roads, in the event he is not able to be present.

ONE OF FORREST'S SCOUTS.—In a private letter from a friend at Leigh Chapel, Tenn., mention is made of Comrade H. Wollleben, of Oxford, Miss., who served through the war with Gen. Forrest, and was often sent by him on perilous secret service. On one occasion he was sent into the Federal camp at Rienzi to get the strength and position of the enemy. Disguised as a farmer's boy, he went in, spent the night with them, got all the information desired, and before day mounted a horse belonging to one of the pickets and made a dash for liberty. He was followed nearly eight miles, so closely that he was forced to abandon his mount and take to the woods, finally succeeding in making his way back to his command. Comrade Wollleben, it is stated, was engaged in forty-seven battles and skirmishes, and escaped without a scratch

until the battle of Franklin, where he was severely wounded in the ankle. Two years ago he journeyed to New York to get his old war-time friend, Dr. Wyeth, to perform an operation for his relief. Comrade Wollleben has the bullet, his old six-shooter, and jacket of gray—relics of the past that he prizes highly.

VIVID HISTORY OF OUR BATTLE FLAG.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, now of Dallas, Tex., who was chief quartermaster of the Confederate army in Virginia at the time referred to, furnished the following to the *VETERAN* May 25, 1900:

When the Confederate army, commanded by Gen. Beauregard, at Manassas and the Federal army confronted each other it was seen that



GEN. BEAUREGARD.

the Confederate flag (stars and bars) and the stars and stripes at a distance looked so much alike that it was hard to distinguish one from the other. Gen. Beauregard, thinking that serious mistakes might be made in recognizing our troops, after the battle of July 18 at Blackburn Ford ordered that a small red badge should be worn on the left shoulder by our troops, and, as I was chief quartermaster, ordered me to purchase a large amount of red flannel and to distribute a supply to each regiment. I did so, and a number of regiments placed badges on their left shoulder.

During the battle of Bull Run it was discovered that a great number of Federal soldiers were wearing a similar red badge. I saw these badges on a number of prisoners we captured that day.

Gens. Johnston and Beauregard met at Fairfax C. H. in the latter part of August or early September, and determined to have a battle flag for every regiment or detached command that could easily be recognized and easily carried. I was telegraphed to go to them at once at Fairfax C. H. Both Gen. Beauregard and Gen. Johnston were in Beauregard's office discussing the kind of flag that should be adopted. Gen. Johnston's design was in the shape of an ellipse, red flag with a blue St. Andrew's cross, white stars on the cross to represent the different Southern States. No white border of any kind was attached to this cross. Gen. Beauregard's design was a rectangle, red with blue St. Andrew's cross and white stars similar to Gen. Johnston's. Both were thoroughly examined by all of us. After we had fully discussed the two styles, taking into consideration the cost of material and the care of making the same, it was decided that the elliptical flag would be harder to make, that it would take more cloth, and that it could not be seen as plain at a distance as the rectangular flag drawn and suggested by Gen. Beauregard, so the latter was adopted. Gen. Johnston yielded promptly to the reasons given by Gen. Beauregard and myself. No one was present but us three. No one knew about this flag but us until an order was issued adopting the "Beauregard flag," as it was called. He directed me, as chief quartermaster, to have the flags made as soon as it could be done.

I immediately issued an address to the good ladies of the South to give me their red and blue silk dresses,



GEN. W. L. CABELL.

and to send them to Capt. Collin McRae Selph, quartermaster at Richmond, Va. (Capt. Selph lives in New Orleans to-day), where he was assisted by two elegant young ladies—the two Misses Carey, of Baltimore—Mrs. Gen. Henningsen, of Savannah, and Mrs. Judge Hopkins, of Alabama. The Misses Carey made battle flags for Gens. Beauregard, Van Dorn, and (I think) J. E. Johnston. They made Gen. Beauregard's headquarters flag out of their own silk dresses. It is in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, with a statement of its history by Gen. Beauregard. Gen. Van Dorn's flag was made of heavier material, but was very pretty. Capt. Selph had a number of these flags made and sent to me at Manassas, and they were distributed by order of Gen. Beauregard. One flag I had made for the Washington Artillery, and they have it yet. My wife, who was in Richmond, made a beautiful flag out of her own silk dress and sent it to a cousin of hers who commanded an Arkansas regiment. This flag was lost at Elk Horn, but was recaptured by a Missouri Division under Gen. Henry Little. It being impossible to get silk enough to make the great number of flags needed, I had a number made out of blue and red cotton cloth. I then issued a circular letter to the quartermasters of every regiment and brigade in the army to make the flags, and to use any blue and red cloth suitable that they could get. Gens. Beauregard and Johnston, being good draughtsmen, drew their own designs.

The statements going the rounds that this battle flag was first designed by a Federal prisoner is false. There is no truth in it. No living soul except Gens. Beauregard and Johnston and myself knew anything about this flag until the order was issued direct to me to have them made as soon as it could be done.

GEN. GALUSHA PENNYPACKER.

It is pleasant to recall victors in the great war who realized that the war actually ended in 1865. There is pending for action in Congress a bill to restore Gen. Pennypacker to his rank in retirement to what it was in the Union army. The *Nashville American* gives pleasure to many grateful Southern people by an editorial of which the following is a part:

Gen. Pennypacker is now a colonel on the retired list. He was thrice breveted from the field for "gallant and meritorious services." He rose from an enlisted non-commissioned staff officer in 1861 through the line, beginning as captain of the Ninety-Seventh Pennsylvania, to major general, in 1865. After the war he became colonel of the Thirty-Fourth Regulars. He was long in command at Nashville.

Gen. Pennypacker dealt fairly and honorably with our people. When the last shot was fired the war was over with him. He went about to restore the country, both physically and fraternally. He helped us in every way. No man ever considered Gen. Pennypacker, during his long stay in Nashville, as conqueror or the representative of a conqueror. He aided in the restoration as the brother and as the friend of the people of the South. His influence permeated the whole command. His staff, the line, all were loyally the friends of our people.

Gen. Pennypacker never lost his interest in Nashville. When Tennessee celebrated her one hundredth anniversary, Pennypacker came a thousand miles from his retirement, full of wounds and years and honors, to pay his respects to Tennessee and her people.



GEN. GALUSHA PENNYPACKER.



MISS MARY E. DAHLGREN.

When men have suffered and died for a cause that failed of success reverential children of later generations carry in their hearts intense devotion. This is illustrated beautifully in the life of Miss Mary E. Dahlgren, a Southern girl (of Nashville), who is now a trained nurse in the University Hospital, Philadelphia. She is not only ever ardent for Dixie, but wears near her heart constantly a Confederate button, "a badge of honor."

RECOLLECTIONS OF GETTYSBURG.

George T. Todd, Esq., Adjutant of Marion County (Tex.) Camp, No. 1265, writes from Jefferson, Tex.:

The "Reminiscences of the Battle of Gettysburg," by Col. A. H. Belo, of the Fifty-Fifth North Carolina Regiment, in April VETERAN, covering the first day's victory and capture of Gettysburg, and also Maj. W. M. Robbins's letter, all of which was delivered before Sterling Price Camp, of Dallas, Tex., are most interesting and instructive. I have often read Gen. Lee's report and Gen. Longstreet's book, besides many other accounts of the great battle, and was myself in command of Company A, First Texas Regiment, Robertson's (Hood's) Brigade, present with Maj. Robbins in all the second and third days' fighting; but Col. Belo's sketch of the first day's battle gives me a clearer idea than any other account I have read.

In reading Maj. Robbins's vivid description of the fighting by Laws's Alabama and Hood's-Wofford's-Robertson's old Texas brigades in the evening of the second day, I felt myself again on the field, charging beyond the peach orchard among the rocks and boulders of "Devil's Den," where we captured a battery, and held the position till after night, when we moved back to where we camped in line of battle, rolling off the captured guns with us.

I honestly believe that if Hood's Division, or even Laws's and Robertson's old brigades, had been rushed forward en-étchelon to the support of Gens. Pickett and Heth on the third day we would have held the crest they so gallantly won, and complete victory would have been ours. But, as Maj. Robbins told Col. Belo: "We were very near victory several times, but I have concluded that God Almighty did not intend it."

Maj. Robbins, however, does not relate the whole of

the movement on July 3 to repel the cavalry charge on our extreme right. It is doubtless true that his regiment, the Fourth Alabama, and perhaps the Fifteenth, was engaged in that movement, but I know that the First Texas, under Lient. Col. P. A. Work, was also part of it. We (First Texas) were thrown behind a stone fence on the right of the line, and from that safe place poured a most deadly fire from our Enfield rifles upon the on-charging sweep of Kilpatrick's Cavalry. Gen. Farnsworth (believed by us to be Kilpatrick himself) fell in the left front of our regiment, and one of the First Texans ran forward and got his epaulettes and spurs. He also reported that he shot himself on account of the agony he was in. Their charging lines overlapped and outflanked our line on the right, and several hundred of them dashed to our rear. They were checked by some teamsters and litter bearers, when they galloped back to our lines with sabers extended, in token of surrender. They were nearly all intoxicated and reeling in their saddles.

While so much is said and written about Pickett's charge and repulse in our center, history should not omit or overlook Kilpatrick's charge and bloody repulse on our right, which formed the final and closing scene in this greatest and bloodiest of all battle dramas.

MISS CLARA JACKSON,
Sponsor for Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

Miss Jackson, of Paragould, Ark., has an extensive acquaintance over the State, and was maid of honor to Miss Toland at the reunion at Richmond, Va. Her father, Mr. Richard Jackson, enlisted in the Confederate service in Stoddard County, Mo., at the age of eighteen, in Company A, Fourth Missouri Cavalry. He was wounded at the battle of Pilot Knob, and left in the hospital, but soon made his way into the Confederate lines. He never sufficiently recovered from the wound to join the old command, and surrendered under Jeff Thompson at Wittsburg, Ark. Since the war Mr. Jackson has resided in Greene County, Ark., where he has had a most successful business career.

Confederate Veteran.

The Yellow-Hammer Flag.—Comrade Ben Patten, of Huntsville, Ala., wishes to learn something of this flag. He writes: "A portrait painter killed a yellow-hammer bird and painted us a life-size portrait of the bird in oil colors on a satin flag with beautiful gold fringe around it, and presented it to our company, which was Company E, Thirty-Fifth Alabama Infantry, Buford's Old Brigade. On the evening after the battle of Baker's Creek, or Champion Hill, our division (Loring's) did not follow the army into Vicksburg, but made its way through the Yankee lines around by Crystal Springs and back to Johnston at Jackson, Miss. It was then we separated with our beautiful flag, as it was sent back to Vicksburg with our wagon train. It was in a valise with other papers and clothing of our captain, John S. Dickson. We used the flag only as a marker's flag for company or regimental drill, so with the fall of Vicksburg up or down went the flag, and if I could get a trace of it I would certainly do my utmost to recover it."

DABNEY'S "LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON."

Dr. Theo Noel writes from Chicago as follows:

I inclose \$2.50 for a Dabney's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." Many who have not read this book as I have may be inclined to say that I am overstating facts in saying that if I were compelled to name three books that should be exclusively read by boys until they had arrived at the age of fifteen years, I would select first the Bible, Weems's "Life of Washington," and Dabney's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." When this latter book was first published I sold many hundred copies of it in Texas, and gave many to men who were not able to buy for their family a book that no truly noble character will read without being made more noble.

SILK CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS.

The VETERAN has a lot of imported Confederate battle flags of silk, four by six inches. Send a new subscription with your own renewal, and it will be sent in return. These flags are very pretty, and will be appropriate on reunion occasions.

ENGRAVINGS FROM CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Has there ever been printed in the VETERAN a good picture of some one in whom you are interested? Nearly all of these plates are in stock, and twenty-five prints on fine paper will be supplied for one dollar, or two hundred will be furnished for two dollars. There are back numbers of the VETERAN on hand from many issues, and any spare copies will be supplied for five cents each or fifty cents a dozen. No extra charge is ever made for back numbers to complete files.

GEN. ALBERT PIKE'S WRITINGS.

Gen. Albert Pike, lawyer, soldier, and Mason, who was at the time of his death, in 1891, and had been for many years, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the Thirty-Third Degree, Scottish Rite Masons for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, wrote beautiful poetry for a pastime. A privately printed edition of one hundred copies of his poems was issued for his friends years ago, but, strange to say, although stray verses from his pen had been copied in almost every newspaper in the country, his poems have never been published for general circulation until this time. No little interest has been aroused by an edition which has just been brought out by the Gazette Publishing Company, Little Rock, Ark., 8vo, pp. 530, half Morocco. Price, \$2.50. The volume contains about one hundred and fifty poems, most of which are perfect gems, including "Hymns to the Gods," which Christopher North, editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, said entitled Pike to "take his rank in the highest order of his country's poets." His "Every Year" is beautiful but pathetic, and others will delight any lover of poetry.

Implicit faith may be given to any proposition the Gazette makes, and copies of this rare work will be unprocurable later on.

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THE GLORIOUS GHOST OF LEE.

BY CARROLL GIBSON WALTER.

When all those famous old Confeds
Have gone to take their rest,
What can we, their sons, do then
But bravely stand and do our best?

'Tis true we cannot fight their battles
o'er
Or die for the Southland's sake;
But shall we then sit idly down
And be content a coward's part to
take?

Shall we let them be traitors called,
Their names suffer disgrace and
shame?

No! Rise we will, and keep alive
Their sacred patriot flame!

No history shall for its own gain
Degrade them to the dust,
For while their sons and daughters
stand
Their shining deeds will never rust.

Their names are now put down
On the immortal roll of fame,
And as long as history is just
Will remain there without a stain.

But on the shores of that other land
Are they not; O may it not be,
That they are there, in serried ranks,
being marshaled,
By the glorious ghost of Lee.

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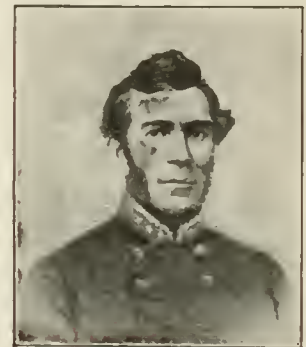
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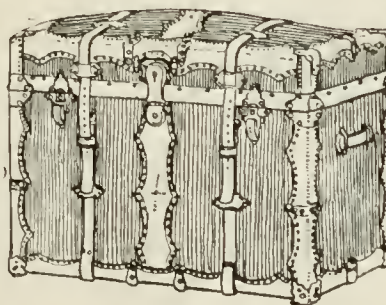
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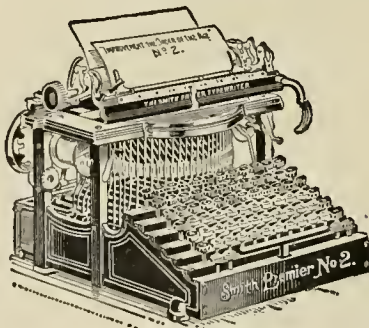
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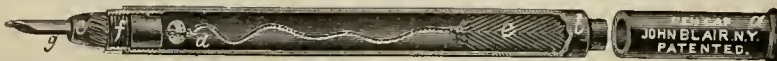
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Confederate Veteran.

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. { VOL. VIII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1900.

No. 6. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

THE LOUISVILLE REUNION.

Much interest is felt in the late reunion of Confederate Veterans from all the Southern States. Kentucky hospitality was extended as might have been expected of those who coöperated and those who, though "neutral," sympathized with the Confederacy in the great war between the States.

Benefited by the experiences of other reunion cities, the Executive Committee, comprised of prominent citizens, coöperated so cordially, and were sustained so liberally by citizens, regardless of their part in the war, and by the city government, that it was an easy thing to provide all the necessary features to give comfort and to please their honored guests. Conditions conspired to the success as they did not at any previous reunion. Guests were notably of a richer class. There were more men of wealth and there was more of tinsel and fewer in proportion who were dependent than have ever attended a general reunion.

Then the people generally of Louisville opened their homes so as to make most welcome guests of strangers. In this way there was less need than formerly of hotels for free entertainment. Then Louisville is a city large enough to distribute such a crowd, better than any in which reunions have ever been held, save only New Orleans. The Veterans in attendance were evidently not so numerous as at some other reunions. That is accounted for readily in the fact that many had "crossed over the river," and the location being on the border it was too far from the homes of many too feeble and too poor to make long journeys. The disparity through increase of "last roll" (the death list) is becoming sadly apparent.

The Confederate hall was of course well filled at the opening, and the eminent Commander, Gen. J. B. Gordon, was in finer tone than he has been for years, so the proceedings were managed expeditiously from the beginning.

A word here in explanation may be opportune to those who do not attend reunions, and wonder that the same Commander is perpetuated. There is doubtless no other man in the world more magnetic before a large assembly of his war comrades than Gen. Gordon. He can make himself heard, he can command "absolute silence" at will, and his liberal patriotism electrifies his comrades, who are and ever have been patriotic in the broadest sense. Although many believe that "he goes too far," in that he seeks to make favor at the North, beyond the strictest propriety, if it is an error, in so far as it may be such, it tends to good results. He can better afford to use these liberal expressions than if he was in politics or was dependent upon the favor of those not in accord with Southern ideas. Granting all this to the battle-scarred veteran "who led his men wherever duty called," and who was often wounded, and so terribly at Sharpsburg-Antietam that he believed he was actually dead, it does not argue that there ought to be other changes. Committees, however capable, ought to be so changed that new ideas be introduced and new methods adopted to the important ends for which the great organization was formed. There ought to be a more general distribution of duties and honors. In this commendatory spirit there ought to be, before another reunion has adjourned, some way to avoid the confusion that is almost hopeless already by indicating who were officers in the field and who are camp officers. We discuss this important matter from time to time, and all agree that it should be done and yet at each reunion there are more major generals and brigadier generals than ever before. The VETERAN is grievously at fault in perpetuating this error. It will confuse our children and our children's children. A valiant comrade in a border State, loyal to every Confederate sentiment, was urged to the appointment as a brigadier general; and, while he was willing to do all the work and incur the necessary expense, he declined

because he preferred so much to bear his war-time title as a staff officer. He suggests "Camp" as a prefix to the title—for instance, "Camp Major General," "Camp Colonel," etc. But that, upon reflection, is hardly admissible. These camp commanders are noble men, and as a rule have means that they dispense liberally in the maintenance of their organization, and such a prefix would not be pleasing. Something ought to be done soon to spare posterity these errors. Who will come to the rescue? It concerns the VETERAN solely because its records are being preserved by the hundreds of thousands, and its manager is largely responsible for what is contained in its pages.

ADDRESS OF COL. B. H. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN.

Mr. Commander and Comrades: This hour witnesses the realization of long-cherished plans and the fulfillment of years of hope. The Confederates of Kentucky, with great desire, have longed to meet you within the limits of this commonwealth, and, now that you have come, in so far as they control or command the happenings of this occasion, there is no good thing they would withhold from you.

Among those who thirty-nine years ago tendered their lives and fortunes to maintain Southern nationality there were none more unselfish and none more devoted in their advocacy of the right than those who entered the Confederate army from Missouri, Maryland, and Kentucky. They had more to lose and less to gain than any others of the men who wore the gray, and the thousands of nameless graves of these self-exiled heroes scattered among the valleys and along the hill-sides of the Southern land speak, as only the dead can speak, of chivalrous devotion and genuine loyalty to the right.

The peculiar conditions under which 42,000 Kentuckians offered their lives in defense of the South made them love its people and the principles for which they fought, with an intensity which is immeasurable.

Comrades, these Kentucky Confederates value their services to the South as the noblest and grandest of all the memories and associations of their lives. They consider that they are illustrious because of the valor, patriotism, patience, and self-denial which have made the name of the Confederacy immortal and which, though dead, will live through all the ages of human history as one of the most illustrious and superb exhibitions of human endurance and human consecration to duty that has ever been written upon the annals of the world.

Soldiers, patriots, heroes, fame's immortals, your presence here quickens every emotion of a glorious and well-founded pride and thrills every manly and generous impulse of our hearts. You need no words of mine to assure you of cordial greetings. The air is laden with benedictions; every countenance is full of benign pleasure at your presence; the electric currents whisper to you kindest greetings, and with one acclaim nature and man bid you truest welcome.

We may not speak your names, we cannot tell who you are, but what you were all the world knows. My people know you are a part of that superb host who wore the gray; that you are of the men who followed

Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Breckinridge, Forrest, and Morgan; and this clothes you with fadeless renown.

I see before me men who made history at Shiloh, who charged up Malvern Hill, who swept along the valley of the Chickamauga, who defended at Atlanta in the matchless contest of eighty days; and who at Franklin—that terrible and awful holocaust—rushed upon the ramparts of the enemy, which could only be reached by climbing over platforms made of dead and wounded comrades. Here in my presence are men who quailed not at the destruction of Antietam, who held the angle at Cold Harbor, who marched with Jackson around Chancellorsville, who charged up the rocky sides of Gettysburg and imprinted on its cold and pitiless stones in letters of blood their chivalry and courage. There are men here who at Manassas refused to advance until the immortal Lee rode away from danger, and then, with wild and resistless dash, forced an apparently unconquerable foe from an almost impregnable position. There are men here who stood at the Petersburg Crater and yielded at Appomattox because they were starved into a feebleness which emaciated their bodies but could not destroy their unconquerable will. There are men here who won renown at Red River, Baton Rouge, Corinth, Springfield, Elkhorn.

What magnificent memories I invoke and what chivalrous records I recall, what superb pages of human history I read over again in these magic words, which uplift Southern courage and magnify American manhood! The South fought four years, but these four years contain the grandest and sublimest pages of our republic's history. Blot out these and all they mean, and they leave blank the proudest memories of a great nation. From defeat we won imperishable renown. Losing, we have crowned our dead nation, its heroes and its living people, with a glorious immortality. Wonderfully illustrious record! There are no stains on the Southern shield. Confederate men and women did all they could do. They were defeated not because they were wrong or unfaithful in any respect whatever, but because an overruling Providence decreed their downfall in the solution of a divine policy for the government of the world, into which human ken cannot pierce or venture. But this does not dim the splendor of their heroism, the glory of their patriotism, or the grandeur of their sacrifices.

As you approached the city of Louisville from the south two objects must have attracted your attention. The first of these was the hospital erected by the people of Louisville for the care of the yellow fever sufferers of the South. When the "destruction that wasteth at noonday" and the "pestilence that walketh in darkness" hovered with death-dealing touch over the Southland, all the cities save Louisville shut out her refugees. Her women and her children, fleeing from this unknown, stealthy enemy, met a hearty reception here. Hospitals were built, nurses were provided, and these exiles were treated with tenderest and humanest care. Hundreds of them went down in death before this horrible plague, and have found a resting place within the soil of Kentucky. These acts on the part of the city of Louisville speak in truer tones than all the eulogies I could pronounce of the love of the people of Louisville and Kentucky for the men and women of the South. At the head of one of the great thoroughfares of the city of Louisville as you enter its limits you be-

hold the second object, a splendid monument. It has upon it only three words, 'Our Confederate Dead.'

Sleeping on our hillsides, down along the valleys, in solitary graves or in its cemeteries, beneath the sod of our commonwealth, rest at least 8,000 of your immortal dead; all the States of the Confederacy are represented there, and we regard as the richest of our treasures the ashes of your brave, which the disasters and calamities of war have left in our keeping. We have not only cared for our dead, but we have cared for yours, and at Danville, Cynthiaana, Lexington, Louisville, Paris, Frankfort, at Georgetown, Nicholasville, and Richmond, are monuments—the evidences of our faithfulness and our devotion to the memory of our Confederates who reached the end while battling in our State.



MISS AILEEN GARDNER, WACO, TEX.,
Sponsor for U. S. C. V., Trans-Mississippi Department, at Louisville.

These dead came from homes in Florida, where the roses never fade and the flowers never cease to bloom and where men are valiant and intrepid; from the mountains and the hills of the great Empire State, Georgia, always patriotic, always true; from the valleys and plantations of South Carolina, where mingle in such richness the blood of the Huguenots and the Anglo-Saxon, creating a knightly manhood worthy of every call which duty makes; from North Carolina, that wonderful commonwealth, whose soldiers, in all our great battlefields, exhibited a courage and a heroism, and suffered a decimation that stands unparalleled; from Virginia, whose soil drank so much blood of our precious dead and whose sons portrayed a valor and chivalry worthy of the cavaliers from whom they sprang, and worthy of her who has given to our country countless wealth in military and civil patriots; from Tennessee, that great Volunteer State, the spirit of whose people no calamity could break and whose love of country shone with a luster that no misfortune could dim. They came from the plains of Alabama, whose offering of more than 40,000 gallant sons attested the zeal and loyalty of the commonwealth within which was organized the Confederacy; from the Deltas of the Mississippi, whose soldiers by their impetuous heroism on all the great battlefields, from the Father of Waters to the Atlantic, have made a glorious memorial which will abide forever; from the prairies of Texas, whose children breathe freedom's air and who catch noblest courage from the chainless winds which sweep her boundless plains; from Arkansas, whose soldiers at home and abroad filled out the highest measures of manliest devotion and unfaltering bravery in defense of Southern rights. There are heroes here, too, from Louisiana, who, with the fire and dash of the French, possessed the dogged determination and unfailing patience of the Anglo-Saxon, who won renown and glory upon every field on which they fought; from Missouri, whose men, expatriated and exiled, never ceased to love that holy cause to which they had consecrated their splendid manhood and whose sufferings on a hundred battlefields showed costliest sacrifice men could make for liberty and right. And Maryland, chivalrous Maryland, whose horsemen and footmen always sought the head of the column, who gloried in marching where dangers were thickest and in whose Confederate soldiers the world has an example of intrepidity, constancy, and fearlessness which will forever shine on the escutcheon of their native commonwealth with a brilliancy and glory which no future can pale and no consecration surpass.

All these sepulchers we have guarded with ceaseless care and wreathed with the only crown we could bring: our tears, our prayers, our praise, and our love. We have begged of you to come and see whether we have been faithful in the discharge of this holy and exalted privilege. Come, comrades, come and

"Without sword or flag and with soundless tread,
Once more we will gather our deathless dead
Out of their silent graves."

And, communing with the spirits of our departed, if they speak, they will tell you how, through these many decades we have remembered and exalted their virtues and extolled their courage and heroism, and how we have builded monuments which, with their columns

lifted heavenward, have magnified the glory and the grandeur of the Confederate dead.

In these hours of our glad reunion—these times when we talk over the past and our souls are enthused with glory at the recollection of who and what our people were—there is one class of our heroic dead that must not be forgotten. These were the men who died in the prisons of the North, away from their homes, with no ministering touch of mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart; with the horrors and discomforts of a military prison, day after day feeling the slow touch of disease invading their forms, preparing them for sure, inevitable death, with the consciousness that the fire of fever had begun to glow which would end in dissolution, with the shadow of pestilence flitting before their eyes, painting weird and horrible figures on the planks of their uncomfortable barracks; day by day offered by their captors freedom if they would only forswear allegiance to their country, they made the choice of brave and chivalrous men, and, conscious of approaching demise, spurned the offers of their captors, refused to renounce their loyalty to their country and their people, and cheerfully and heroically accepted the consequences and filled unknown graves, rather than prove recreant to their duty to the South.

At Camp Chase, Camp Douglass, Johnson's Island, at Elmira, Fort Delaware, Rock Island, at Camp Morton, thousands and thousands of these heroes fill unmarked tombs, who died away from their homes and their friends, without the enthusiasm of battle or the glamour of war, and I do not hesitate to say, of all the men who perished for our noble cause, of all who surrendered their lives for the South and her people, there are none that in absolute heroism and sublimity of consecration can equal those who died in Northern military prisons.

Last, but not least, Mr. Commander and comrades, I see before me women of the South who passed through the destruction and horrors of war and military in-

vasion; from whose pure and tender bosoms no word of complaint ever arose; who made truest, grandest, and noblest offerings for the South; who did it without question, who did it without regret, and whose loyalty and devotion to the Southern cause will ever stand out in history as the most beautiful example of womanly courage, womanly patience, and womanly self-sacrifice.

"Who bade us go, with smiling tears?
Who scorned the renegade?
Who, silencing their trembling fears,
Watched, cheered, then wept and prayed?

"Who nursed our wounds with tender care,
And then, when all was lost,
Who lifted us from our despair,
And counted not the cost?
The women of the South."

And now into your hands, one of our greatest leaders—one who saw the first and the last of the Confederacy; who amid its closing hours was the friend and counselor of Lee, and to whom the love of all Confederates goes out in unrestrained measure—we commit this building, trusting that the tenth reunion will bring memories which will never die, may arouse affections which will live while life shall last and which will create in the minds of our comrades of the South this one idea: that the Kentucky Confederates yield to none of their comrades in that great cause we represent, in devotion to the memories and to the history of that great nation which, living only four years, has won a place in history which shall be as imperishable and as lasting as is the glory and heroism of the men who defended its name and who created its immortality.

With these magnificent memories of the past, with these superb emotions aroused by the presence of the surviving heroes of the Confederacy within our borders, can you wonder that the 250,000 people of Louisville and the 2,000,000 people of Kentucky give you gladdest and warmest welcome to this city and this State?

In the entertainment of such a vast assemblage there must be some friction, some oversight, some neglect; but these things will come not because of any lack on our part, Mr. Commander and comrades, of a desire to give you all that hospitable hearts can give, but by reason of the very conditions which surround us. We



COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG.



MISS STELLA HANDS, NEW ORLEANS,
Maid of Honor for Camp No. 1, A. N. V.

only ask you to forget any inconvenience of the moment and remember that there is only one wish in every heart, and that is to make you as happy as possible while you remain with us.

RESPONSE BY GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

Gen. John B. Gordon made a most eloquent address in reply to Col. Young. He said in part:

No man is gifted enough, and no words are strong enough, to tell Kentuckians what we feel at this hour, and how deeply we feel it. Shall I say for my comrades and myself that we are grateful, profoundly grateful? That would be, in the presence of such a demonstration, the merest commonplace, the needless statement of a patent fact, which you already know. Shall I tell you that we were unprepared for such a display, such exuberance of hospitality, such warmth and prodigality of welcome? I cannot say that, for it would be untrue. We knew beforehand what to expect of this great-hearted people.



Your distinguished fellow-citizen, Col. Bennett Young, who was the selected mouthpiece of your delegates, had assured us at Charleston in words fervid and eloquent that if we would come to Louisville Kentucky's homes and hearts, Kentucky's wealth, the products of her unrivaled pastures, her tenderest lambs and fattest beeves, and the contents of her granaries, transmuted by Kentucky magic into liquid corn and rye—that all these should be ours, the support and the solace, the meat and the drink, of these battle-worn men. We have come to find not only that it is true, but that the half had not been told. . . . The truth is, gentlemen, your State holds a place among her sisters that is not only unique, but decidedly picturesque.

As a Georgian, I feel an unspeakable pride in my native State, in her glorious past; and I confidently predict for her a great and enviable future. As a Southerner, I glory in the unrivaled gifts of this section to the general government—in its illustrious names, in the untarnished honor of its public servants, and in the brilliant achievements of its sons in peace and war. As an American who loves his whole country, I confidently claim for her the foremost place among all the nations. I proudly challenge the records of all time to furnish a parallel to her career, to equal the practical and developing genius of her citizens, to match her high and holy political aims, to present a spectacle so inspiring to humanity as she stands, the noblest representative of all that is pure in religion, conservative in government, or ennobling in freedom. Loyal as I believe myself to be to all States and sections, as well as to the great republic itself, I nevertheless declare my conviction that Kentucky's history, taken as a whole, entitles her to a position in the front rank of States. Look at her early struggles with stealthy and bloodthirsty savages in the wilds of an unbroken wilderness, when her bold pioneers were all heroes and their wives and daughters were all heroines; when even her faithful black slaves caught the contagion of courage and of sacrifice. What story in fiction, for example, can compare in romantic interest

to that of Kentucky's three maidens captured and borne away by Indians, and rescued by their three lovers after long and eager pursuit day and night, through dense canebrakes and tangled jungles? What creation of fancy ever equaled in thrilling details the story of Kentucky's brave matron, Mrs. Woods, who barred her cabin door against howling savages, while the only one who forced an entrance met his death at the hands of her dauntless daughter, who with uplifted ax struck him down and chopped off his head as he was held to the floor by the lame but heroic black slave. Would that the short time allotted me permitted a reference to the long list of other heroines of Kentucky's early history, and to her Daniel Boones and her Clarks and a host of other stalwart men and brave women who thus blazed out the highway of progress and of freedom!

Beginning her life amidst such surroundings, reared to statehood upon food so conducive to exalted manhood and noble womanhood, is it any wonder that Kentucky's daughters of to-day are the pride of a great commonwealth and challenge universal recognition as among the fairest, the truest, and tenderest of our peerless women? Is it any wonder that the Kentucky of to-day boasts of the proud array of her great sons, of her Breckinridges, of her Clays and her Crittendens, her Helms and her Hansons, her Marshalls and her Morgans, and her almost endless catalogue of soldiers and statesmen worthy the highest niches in our republican Pantheon? Is it any wonder that from such a field, sown with such seed, we should to-day gather this harvest of generosity and lavish tribute to the heroic remnants of the immortal Confederate armies? Is it any wonder that such planting and such culture should have produced a hospitality as free as the air and as boundless as the ocean?

In conclusion permit me briefly to recall another chapter in Kentucky's life; a chapter which embraces the most momentous period of her history, or of the



MISS FEREBE GRIER, CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Sponsor for Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V., at Louisville.

history of this republic. During the stupendous conflict between the American States, Kentucky's most famous families and all classes of her people were represented in both the Union and Confederate armies. In her marvelous fecundity, she had previously given birth to both Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. These two great sons, born within a few months and miles of each other, nurtured on the bosom of this common mother, were destined in God's mysterious providence to find homes in different sections, to grow up under different institutions, to become the representatives of conflicting civilizations and the respective Presidents of contending republics. The one was to die at last disfranchised by the government which he had long and faithfully served and for whose flag he had shed his blood on Mexican soil; the other was to meet his death by an assassin's bullet.

Neutrality has no place in masterful minds nor in heroic hearts. Neutrality has never yet developed a great character nor characterized a great people nor written one sparkling page in human history. Kentucky, therefore, would have none of it. Governors might proclaim neutrality, Legislatures might enact it, but no edicts nor statutes could chain down the unconquerable spirit of Kentucky's sons.

There were many interesting and beautiful addresses by the officials of the city and state. Then there were letters from various prominent Confederates which were published in facsimile. One of those which will profoundly impress the public is that of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart. It is as follows:

Comrades: Thirty-five years have elapsed since we surrendered to vastly superior forces and laid down our arms. Many of us were at that time middle-aged men, and consequently are now nearing the bound of life. As we cast a glance at the past, we naturally ask ourselves: "Were we right? Was the South right and justified in the course pursued in 1861-65?"

For myself I wish to say that not an iota of the convictions entertained at that time has been yielded, but those convictions have grown stronger with the lapse of time. Our States seceded from the Union because they were denied plain constitutional rights in the Union. We took up arms to resist invasion and conquest. A more righteous cause never appealed to the spirit of heroism, chivalry, and patriotism in man. The South had always been true to the Union and its laws under the constitution. It has been true to the obligations assumed after the war. My belief is that it was the will of Providence that the Union should continue undivided, at least for a time, until the providential purposes of its creation have been accomplished. What will happen then no man has prescience enough to forecast. So far as the war is concerned we may pass down the declivity of life with conscience at rest.

While we are permitted to remain let us do what we can for the relief of our needy and infirm comrades, and for the proper education and training of the children of veterans who may be in want of our help, that they may be fitted for useful, respectable, and independent lives, and become good citizens of their respective States and of the United States.

Proud of the distinction of having been of your number—a Confederate soldier—as noble and heroic a body of men as any age or country has produced; wish-

ing for each one of you abundant peace and prosperity to the close of life, I am your comrade.

CONGRESS OF CONFEDERATE SURGEONS.

There were about one hundred and fifty present at the Congress of Confederate Surgeons. After the preliminary work was completed and the election of officers became the order, Dr. J. B. Cowan, of Tennessee, who was medical director of Forrest's Cavalry, seconded the nomination of Dr. Preston B. Scott, of Louisiana, mentioning his efficient service "from first to last," and who rose almost from the ranks to be medical director of one of the best divisions in the army. Dr. J. M. Holloway, of Louisville, paid Dr. Scott high tribute, and the Doctor was then unanimously elected President by a rising vote, with no opposing candidate. Dr. J. M. Keller, of Hot Springs, Ark., was elected Vice President; Dr. D. J. Roberts, of Nashville, Secretary; and Dr. V. G. Haight, of Atlanta, Treasurer. For Chaplain selection was made of Rev. Dr. Overton, of Louisville, who was a private in the "Orphans' Brigade." Dr. Scott accepted in a graceful and grateful acknowledgment of the honor. The special order of the day was then called for, and Dr. J. J. Knott, of Atlanta, made public his new theory of the causation of yellow fever—viz., that it is not a germ disease by any means, but is dependent upon a noncombustible form of phosphoreted hydrogen. He reported various methods of treatment. A camp fire was given by the local profession of Louisville, which was very much enjoyed. Miss Emily Davidson sang "Dixie" in a strain that brought the dignified doctors to their feet, who joined in giving the occasion the odor of a Methodist revival. Miss Davidson concluded with "My Old Kentucky Home."

ORATOR OF THE OCCASION.

The most important of all addresses was the following oration by Rev. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans:

Confederate Veterans and Fellow-Citizens: Accustomed through sixty years to address public assemblies, I am nevertheless subdued with awe in your presence to-day; for we stand together under the shadow of the past. It is the solemn reverence one might feel in the gloom of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by England's illustrious dead. Indeed, we are here the living representatives of countless comrades, who sleep in lonely cemeteries throughout the land; where perchance a single monumental shaft is the ghostly sentinel keeping watch over the bivouac of the dead.

It is five and thirty years since the Confederate war was closed and about thirty-nine years since it was begun, and it is sometimes asked why we should stir the ashes of that ancient feud, why we should not bury the past in its own grave and turn to the living issues of the present and the future. To this question, comrades, we return the answer, with a voice loud as seven thunders: Because it is history, because it is our history and the history of our dead heroes who shall not go without their fame. As long there are men who wear the gray they will gather the charred embers of their old camp fires, and in the blaze of these reunions tell the story of the martyrs who fell in the defense of country and of truth. Nay, more than this: It is the story of a strife that marks an epoch in the annals of the American people.

It is known to every schoolboy in the land that two parties existed at the formation of our government, who could not agree in locating the paramount sovereignty which should decide upon all issues arising between the States themselves—the Federalists, as they were termed, demanding a strong government, concentrating power in the national administration; the Republicans, on the other hand, contending for the distribution of power among the States, claiming their original sovereignty among their reserved rights. Both parties were too strong to allow the question to be determined by arbitration or through forensic discussion. It was therefore permitted to slumber beneath certain ambiguities of expression in the Constitution itself to be settled by the exigencies of the future—not as an abstract principle, but as an accomplished fact. I need not remind you how this issue was raised in 1832, and was postponed through the conciliatory legislation of that period. Such an issue could not, however, sleep forever. The admission of new States into the Union, with their conflicting interests, must reopen the question and compel its decision. Thus it arose in our day, leading to the establishment of the Southern Confederacy and to the civil war that followed.

Fellow-citizens, it is simple folly to suppose that such a spontaneous uprising as that of our people in 1860 and 1861 could be effected through the machinations of politicians alone. A movement so sudden and so vast, instantly swallowing up all minor contentions, would spring only from some great faith deeply planted in the human heart, and for which men were willing to die. Whatever may have been the occasion of the war, the hinge on which it turned was this old question of State sovereignty as against national supremacy. As there could be no compromise between the two the only resort was an appeal to the law of force. The surrender at Appomattox, when the tattered remnant of Lee's great army stood guard for the last time over Southern liberties and rights, drew the equatorial line dividing between the past and the future of American history. When the will of the strongest, instead of "the consent of the governed," became the base of our national structure, a radical transformation took place. The principle of confederation gave way to that of consolidation, and the American nation emerged out of the American republic.

It is not my design, however, to discuss these issues. On the contrary, I have traced the remote origin of the Confederate war for a purpose which is entirely conciliatory, and to explain some things which may appear contradictory. It enables both parties in this struggle to give full credit to each other for patriotic motives, though under a mistaken view of what that patriotism may have required. It shows why no attempt was ventured to bring attainder of treason against the Southern chiefs, which could not afford to be ventilated before any civil court under the terms of the American Constitution. It explains how, through a noble forbearance on both sides—always excepting the infamies of the reconstruction period—the wound has been healed in the complete reconciliation of a di-

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vided people. It explains how we of the South, convinced of the rightfulness of our cause, can accept defeat without the blush of shame mantling the cheek of a single Confederate of us all. And, while accepting the issues of the war as a decree of destiny, openly appeal to the verdict of posterity for the final vindication of our career. In making this appeal, Veterans, in your name, I am brought to the subject of this day's discourse, which is to set before you the tribunal of history, before which all the issues of the past continue to be tried; and which, in the view of many sound thinkers, is rendering a proximate judgment in what is occurring before us in the immediate present.

The most elaborate oration of the great Pericles, as recorded by the historian Thucydides, was that pronounced over the soldiers who had fallen in the Peloponnesian war. The nice sense of Athenian honor



REV. B. M. PALMER.

did not allow the slain to be disgraced upon the field of battle. To this sentiment of national pride was added the deeper instinct of religion, which among the Greeks enforced the strict performance of funeral rites, without which the restless shades were doomed to wander upon the banks of the gloomy Styx, forbidden to pass to the Elysium beyond. Even amidst the carnage of battle the bodies of the slain must be rescued from the foe and be borne in solemn pomp for interment in their native soil; whilst the memorial shaft blazoned their heroic deeds in double testimony of a soldier's prowess and of a nation's gratitude. It was fitting, too, that the pageant of a public funeral should be illustrated by the highest eloquence; and the first orators of Greece, such as Demosthenes and Lysias, did not disdain the opportunity for the display of their loftiest genius.

It was after the disastrous campaign of the summer of 431 B.C., when all Attica had been ravaged by the Spartan legions and her whole population was com-

pressed within the walls of Athens, that Pericles, whose name is imperishably linked with Athenian empire, ascended the bema to speak the honors of the Athenian dead. It was, however, no empty panegyric, the filigree and frost work of mere rhetoric, but statesmanlike and grand in the utterance of practical conviction. As described by Grote, "it was comprehensive, rational, and full not only of sense and substance, but of earnest patriotism, impersonal and businesslike, since it is Athens herself who undertakes to commend and decorate her departed sons, as well as to hearten and admonish the living."

I have detained you, ladies and gentlemen, with this lengthened preamble for the purpose of justifying an inference which will be found to underlie all that I shall pronounce in your hearing—to-wit, that war is not always the mere outburst of human passion, but that when projected on a large scale and protracted through a long period, and especially when occurring between members of the same race, it is the result of an antecedent conflict of opinions; which, having sought arbitration in vain, appeals finally to the sword from the simple necessity of settling the question of supremacy. With the whole of Grecian history before us, for example, it is evident that the Thirty Years' War between Athens and Sparta was but the culmination of the struggle between the Doric and Ionic elements of the Grecian stock, which emerged at the earliest dawn of authentic history. From the outset these two became the exponents of two opposing systems of government and social discipline. Lacedæmon espoused a policy which has been defined as continental and oligarchic; while Athens represented the ideas of commerce and democracy. Sparta sought to consolidate the continental States of Greece under the supremacy of the few; Athens, to weld the Maritime States into a Democratic Confederacy, of which she should be the center and soul. The antagonism was fundamental, and the two States struggled together like Jacob and Esau, even in the womb. So ancient was the feud that the armed invasion of Persia only composed it for a time—to break forth at last in the Peloponnesian war, so fatal in its issue to the independence of both. All this is, however, not a whit more clear to our critical philosophy than it was to the statesmanlike discernment of Pericles himself. We, who stand on the top of so many centuries and survey the whole landscape of the past understand perfectly that the wildness of individual freedom, so fatal to the permanence of her power, was yet the only condition through which Athens worked out her mission and became the "schoolmistress of the world." The largest liberty of speculative thought and the utmost freedom of social life, under the stimulus of a popular constitution that woke every individual into action, were perhaps the only conditions under which those exquisite models of poetry, eloquence, and art could in the first instance be created, which succeeding ages have been content simply to reproduce. And beyond the glory of her sculpture and her song, which throw such a halo around the name of Athens, is the glory of presenting the first demonstration upon the page of history of equal citizenship in a free State. All this, however, is traced as with a needle's precision by this sagacious statesman, who, in this splendid specimen

of forensic eloquence, has adroitly linked the sepulture of the heroic warrior with the position and defense of the principles for which he bled. The orator was right. With the instinct of genius he struck the keynote of that solemn dirge which weeping Greece was chanting over the tomb of her slain. It is not the sentiment of natural affection alone, seeking to hallow the remains of brothers, husbands, and sons. It is not the impulse of haughty honor only, rescuing the brave from the iron hoof of an insolent foe. It was the deep, though possibly unpronounced, conviction that the dead were martyrs to a cause for which their own blood might as easily have flowed. This made Greece weep as she drew her mantle over the slain and gave their names to lasting marble; and Pericles was eloquent simply because he interpreted the silent thought in a thousand souls, that death for a just principle was a sacrifice to the gods.

But Athens is not the only State which has mourned its dead and the principles for which they vainly fought. The wail of many such is borne on the winds of night, appealing to the judgment of posterity in the weird language of the Gaelic bard: "Our harp hangs upon a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. Did the wind touch thee, O harp, or was it some passing ghost? Another song shall rise." It shall chant "the chiefs of other times departed, who have gone without their fame. Our fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. Their dim faces shall hang with joy from their clouds. Fingal shall receive his fame. The voice of Ossian has been heard. The harp has been strung in Selma."

I have drifted insensibly into the theme of my discourse, which is to place before your eyes the solemn tribunal of history, before which all the generations of men shall bring their deeds to be adjudicated, and in whose verdict the good and true shall find vindication. It looms up through the perspective of coming centuries, when passions of the past are dead, when historic criticism shall have purged the record of prejudice and calumny, and when impartial truth shall plead before a panel beyond the reach of seduction or of fear. But is there such a tribunal this side of the great Assize, when the Ruler of the universe shall pronounce the destinies of men? The skepticism of this inquiry I propose to meet by asserting a judicial process continually going forward in the court of time and reversing the judgments which are rendered under the passions of the passing hour.

There is in the human breast a sense of justice, the noblest relic of that image of God in which man was first created. Our nature is majestic, even in its wreck. As the broken column, half hidden in the sand, reveals the ancient glory of Baalbec, so, amid the ruins of the fall, we discover traces of the grandeur of soul with which man was originally endowed. The achievements of science reveal the splendor of his intellect, though darkened by sin. The sweet charities that bloom still in the desert he has made disclose him at once the peer of the angels in love. The very superstition that cowers in fear before its bloody altars proves his early priesthood amongst the worshippers of God. And so this rugged sense of justice remains—shattered and defaced it may be, blinded by passion, warped by prejudice, blundering through error and

ignorance into a thousand mistakes; yet there it is, a permanent attribute in man, answering back through conscience as its organ to the justice that is in God.

Indeed, it is just this principle that underlies the whole framework of government and law. The magistrate would bear the sword in vain, and all the insignia of empire would be a mockery, were not the instinct of obedience planted in the human breast. The whole machinery of justice in our courts would lock, unless driven by this spirit within its wheels. Conscience becomes the organ of law, simply because it interprets before its secret tribunal that unpronounced sense of justice which lies at the foundation of our moral nature. Hence, when this becomes corrupt or fails to be duly educated, men wax impatient of the artificial restraints of law, and those gigantic systems of despotism are created which simply overwhelm resistance by the exhibition of brutal force.

The argument to our conclusion is very short. If there be in man this ineradicable principle of justice, the corner stone by which the entire fabric of society is held together, then should we expect to trace its operation through the whole domain of history. It is no dormant property of our nature, but one lying at the root of all human activity in every sphere and relation of life. It may be overlaid for a time, so as to be apparently suppressed. It may vacillate in its judgments from the conflicting evidence upon which it rests. It may oftener still take a false direction and render verdicts unsafe and untrue. It may be blinded by the mists of passion, distorting the objects presented to its view. But from these very causes will arise an unsatisfactoriness in its earlier decisions, begetting a suspicion as to the truth of the finding. It will then go back upon its path, sifting its own prejudices, breaking through the obstacles with which malevolence and ignorance block up its way, placing itself in all the cross lights shooting upon its search, until a verdict is found that shall lay its unquiet spirit to rest, and the final decision is nailed against the walls of its chancery, which the universal conscience of mankind shall recognize as "true and righteous altogether."

It will, however, be asked, Where are the chambers of this high court of commission before which old issues are to be thus tried? What judges sit, from whose decision there can be no appeal except to the bar of God? Whence the advocate who flings his broad indictment over the defamations of all the centuries? These questions are not difficult to answer. The forum where this high adjudication is held is the broad world itself. The public conscience is the judge, roused to honesty by the very responsibility of his function. The intelligence and virtue, the truth and candor, of the race constitute the panel before which the cause is pleaded. And a sublime providence raises up advocates who speak—men of judicial build, and who have a lofty scorn for all the shams and cheats which have been the idolatries of the past. Look at Motley, drawing from the archives of the Escorial the damning evidence which has slept these three hundred years, upon which the Second Philip is convicted as the blackest felon that ever disgraced the purple. On the same page, too, stands the Silent William, in all the relief of contrast—the man who, out of the loss of every battle, wrung even from defeat and massacre the

redemption of his country, and who in matchless endurance and moral sublimity is the only prototype in European history of the American Washington and of our own immortal Lee. Look again at Carlyle, with his rugged honesty piercing the flims and falsehoods circling around the corridors of history, and in his uncouth, inverted style rescuing Cromwell from the crime of regicide. Planting his burly form against the billows, he rolls back from the Puritan Protector the tide of prejudice which had swelled against his just fame these two hundred years. At the touch of his disenchanting wand the motley fool's garb, in which the wit and satire of England's great novelist has clothed those pragmatistical Roundheads, falls aside; and 'o-day the verdict of history stands recorded that all of constitutional liberty which England enjoys is due to those men of robust principle, who, beneath the mask of a fantastic piety, were yet loyal to truth, and had the stubborn will to place law and freedom upon the throne of the Stuarts. And there is Macaulay, whose gorgeous colors throw upon the canvas the long conflict of 1648 to 1688, as the struggle between prerogative and privilege, upon whose issues hang all the chartered rights possessed this day on either side of the Atlantic. Who, too, could have dreamed that under a pure sense of historic justice Mr. Bancroft would come forth from all the prejudices of his cold philosophy to be the special advocate of the great Calvin? Or that Mr. Froude would stand before the University of St. Andrew's to pronounce the eulogy of the Genevian hero in the memorable proposition that, "whatever may be thought as to the truth of his dogmatic creed, the only men who have wrestled successfully in life's great battle and rescued it from defeat have been the men who, under some form of philosophy or religion have recognized the ordinations of a supreme will ruling over the contingencies of this earthly sphere."

Surely all this does not happen by mysterious chance. These are not solitary and accidental revelations, through a wayward fancy stumbling haphazard



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Sponsor for Dibrell Camp, No. 55.

upon the truth. Consider it well, and you will find illustrations of this historic justice crowding upon you, unraveling the dark deeds of the past and bringing you face to face with prejudices that are hoary with age. Somehow the good who have been stabbed by slander will not sleep in peace. Their restless ghosts wander above their historic tombs, flitting in the dim moonlight until their spell is cast upon some champion of their wrongs. Passions, too, which have shaken the world to its center subside at last. The lists of error roll away after hanging their curtains long around the truth. A holy Providence gives the token of its own judicial process by and by in that lower tribunal it has erected in the human breast; and eternal justice throws its great shadow upon the earth in these solemn historic retractions—the last judicial findings in its court of appeal.

But we are not remanded to purely abstract reasoning in this matter. History is but the record of theories and principles, the scope of which can be fully understood only in the results they produce. And God has so conditioned this probationary life that, whether it be for good or for evil, these results are allowed to accrue with little or no intervention or restraint. By consequence history is throughout the process of a trial. The actions of men are brought under critical review in the light of the fruits they produce. In the long unfolding of these, contradictions continually emerge which are the opprobrium of Providence. Hence men of every faith, and men of no faith, stumble over the seeming scandals of the divine government. Good and evil are jumbled together in a strange mixture. The virtuous and the vile move together on the same plane, apparently under the same protection and in the enjoyment of equal blessings. Nay, the discrimination seems often to be against the good, who, though declared to be in favor with God, go

with their heads bowed like the bulrush, while the wicked prosper in the earth until "their eyes stand out with fatness," and men in their partial induction leap rashly to the epicurean conception of a Deity in stately repose, wholly unmindful of the affairs of earth. The mistake lies in forgetting the disciplinary characters of life. They measure the arc of their little segment of Providence, and think it is the diameter of the entire circle. God's comprehensive plan takes in the breadth of all the ages. The limits even of time are overstepped, and the threads broken by death are woven into a new fabric beyond the stars. Not till the vast tapestry is unrolled before us in the pavilion above, and the constituent figures are seen to be traced with an exquisite unity of design, are we prepared to form a judgment of the whole. But, though we may not be able to sum up all the equations of this problem, there is nothing to hinder the application of the great principle at each stage of the calculation. If the whole dispensation of Providence would be understood if gathered into its final result, we may truly try the separate portions by the proximate fruits which they yield. Indeed, we are shut up to this by simple necessity; and these conclusions become stations along the highway of history by which we measure our progress and at which we pause for momentary repose. They constitute new points of departure for succeeding observations, which we hang up as lanterns in the darkness of the path which we are treading.

Accepting, then, the disciplinary character of life, we have a clew to the interpretation of history. We no longer wonder at the strange tolerance of evil, which has ever been the opprobrium of Providence. God's method, we see, is to afford man his opportunity. His true character will work itself out, and the nature and worth of his principles will be determined by the issue. Nothing is wanted but the element of time. When his career is fully run, the world will pronounce its irreversible judgment. As with individuals, so with nations. These too run their allotted course, with full liberty to develop the principles on which they are based. Every false theory of government, like the flaw in the cast-iron machinery, reveals itself as soon as it has had time to grow warm by friction, and the unusual strain presses against the weak spot. It may lie hidden long, far down among the principles untested as yet; but when the crisis comes its unsuspected power is disclosed, and with it the crash that astounds the world.

Here, then, is the second joint in our argument. Misrepresentation and calumny may becloud many an honorable name, and the world lavish its praise upon the traducers for a time—and for a time so long that the decree may seem fixed forever which assigns the historic position of both. But when the policy of each shall be fully ascertained, and the remote effects as well as the near have been traced through centuries, an indignant world rises up in judicial resentment against the fraud practiced upon its credulity, and takes reprisal for the wrong in the complete reversal of its previous judgment. The decision pronounced is final, because rendered in a court of appeal and because the evidence is perfect upon which it rests.

Indeed, this is the only species of retribution which can be visited upon States as such. Individuals stand in personal relation to the divine law, and retribution



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meets them in another world. But corporations are impersonal and limited in duration to this lower sphere. If, then, the Providence of God extends over them at all, it must manifest itself in the misfortunes which befall them here. The deep conviction of this earthly retribution finds expression in the proverbs which so pithily represent the collective conscience and reason of the race. "The mills of the gods grind very slow, but they grind exceeding small." "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us"—which is but another reading of the inspired aphorism that they shall "eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." And what was that fine conception of the Greek Nemesis, checking the extravagant favors conferred by fortune and the avenging deity who sooner or later overtakes the reckless in their faults, but an impersonation of this earthly justice, which on its lower plane is the type of the divine and "vindicates the ways of God and man?"

The illustrations of this form the facts of almost the entire record. Let a few examples suffice. Every reader knows how the fierce struggle between the plebeian and patrician orders ran through the stormy period of the Roman Republic; but not until the entire history of that martial people had been subjected to reëxamination was it discovered to be the real cause of their overthrow. It had its origin in the aristocratic sentiment which identified the State with the founders of the imperial city. Its population, daily increasing by conquest, was admitted only to a qualified citizenship, forming no healthy middle order, but really the subjects of a governing class. It was inevitable that they who bore the burdens and did the fighting of the State should clamor for the recognition of their power; and their open mutiny brought the infant republic more than once to the verge of ruin. The catastrophe was delayed through the political idolatry of the State, which was the peculiar feature of Roman history. Interminable wars resulted in the gradual absorption of the Italian States; and then Rome, stepping from Sicily upon the shores of Africa, entered through the destruction of Carthage upon those imperial conquests which made her the mistress of the world. In the words of another, "Her empire spread like a vast arch over the Mediterranean basin, with one foot resting upon the Atlas and the other upon the Taurus." But there was not the inherent strength to support the mighty superstructure. With no grand commonalty with clearly defined rights, there was nothing to which the conquered races could be assimilated, and no bulwark could be raised against the corruption flowing upon the bosom of such enormous wealth. "The Roman aristocracy was intoxicated, insatiable, irresistible; the middle class was gone; there was nothing but profligate nobles and a diabolical populace." Such is the language of Draper, who tersely adds: "And now it was plain that the contest for supreme power lay between a few leading men. It found an issue in the first triumvirate. Affairs then passed through their inevitable course. The death of Crassus and the battle of Pharsalia left Cæsar the master of the world. The dagger of Brutus merely removed a man, but it left the fact. The battle of Actium reaffirmed the destiny of Rome, and the death of the republic was illustrated by the annexation of

Egypt." Thus, after the lapse of two thousand years, do we summon ancient Rome before the tribunal of history, to be weighed in the scales of equal justice. Thus do we trace the secret cause of that strange metempsychosis by which she slipped from a republic into an empire, back to a fatal schism in her original constitution, preventing her people from being welded into a homogeneous State. And thus do we see the long reproach lifted from her Gracchi, who pass from beneath the censure of an offensive agrarianism into earnest partiotis, who vainly sought to heal the wounds of "the gored State" and to stay the ruin by which it was finally overwhelmed.

Turn your attention next to Spain. Early in the sixteenth century, by the annexation of Portugal and a political combination with Austria and England, as well as by her immense possessions in the New World, Spain overshadowed all Europe with her greatness, beneath which the other powers stood shivering with fear. Yet in the bosom of her fierce despotism lay the seeds of her early dissolution. In the language of the writer whom I have already cited, "it was her evil fortune to ruin two civilizations, Oriental and Occidental, and to be thereby ruined herself." Her intolerant bigotry lost her the Netherlands, just rising into opulence and power, through which she might have controlled the commercial interests of the continent. Her expulsion of the Moors, who had become the children of her soil, enriching her with the learning, industry, and art of the East, robbed her of the opportunity which England seized of becoming through her manufactures the mart of Europe. The daily importation from her mines in America, and the consequent diversion of her people from those pursuits by which alone national wealth can be created, sank her into the condition of a mere broker in the precious metals. Now for generations she has stood, as Draper says, "a hideous skeleton among living nations," a terrible example of that avenging Nemesis following upon the track of guilty nations and scourging them for their crimes.

Shall I point you to the Communists of modern France? The fatal song of the sirens, luring the unwary mariner upon the rock of Scylla, breathed no more seducing accents than those of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which roused the passions of the wild enthusiasts dancing around the tricolor of the French revolution. But the true import of those insane ravings was soon read amid the horrors of the Bastille and the guillotine until the world stood aghast at the frightful spectacle of crime and blood. And the burning Paris, spared by the conquering Prussian only to smolder beneath the torch of her own incendiaries, tells the bitter fruit of that radicalism sweeping like a whirlwind over Europe and America; and which, unless checked by the power of God, will yet sack the world and lay the earth in ashes at his feet.

The last consideration to be urged will be presented in fewer words. It is that, whatever doubt may hang around the truth of particular and isolated facts, there is in every portion of history an amount of generalized truth, in reference to which skepticism would be simple affectation. A remarkable effort has been made in our day to reduce history to the category of a positive science by the statement of the necessary laws under which human actions are produced. In an elab-

orate work treasuring the labors of a studious life, but arrested before completion by the hand of death, Mr. Buckle pushes the reign of inexorable law into the sphere of the variable and contingent. Not content with the proposition that the volitions of the human will are determined by a law of their own, inscrutable to the reason, but perfectly consistent with freedom and responsibility, he boldly pronounces that the connections of cause and effect are as traceable here as in every other department of nature—where from given conditions the consequences may be anticipated by the processes of logic. He proceeds therefore to analyze the elements of human character and to enumerate the possible conditions of human conduct; deducing the conclusion that history, in all its forms, is a natural development, like the growth of a tree. This, at least, is the representation of his theory given by his reviewer, Mr. Froude, who, besides being a philosopher, is also a historian, and who, on the other hand, objects that the facts of history never repeat themselves exactly, and that we have not that recurrence and periodicity upon which the inductions of natural science rest. He concludes, therefore, that "it would be just as easy to calculate men's actions by laws like those of positive philosophy as it would be to measure Neptune with a foot rule or to weigh Sirius in a grocer's scale."

All this is immensely typical. Between these extremes all along the dotted line there is every shade of credulity in the facts and deductions of history, and every phase of skepticism as to both. With those who encounter disaster and defeat there is a prevailing tendency to spurn the testimony of all human records. They are in a condition to see how history is manufactured for a purpose; how an impudent partisanship manipulates the facts; how the truth, which one personally knows, is suppressed; how gross fictions are stereotyped by endless repetition; how the brand of injurious epithets is freely used to stamp falsehood

with the seal of truth; how misrepresentation and calumny are stuffed into books and circulated around the world to preoccupy the minds of men. Is it strange that some should morbidly infer all history to be a romance at best, if it be not also a libel and a slander? To which I reply that, with all the uncertainty hanging about this or that particular fact, there is a residuum* of truth which cannot be destroyed, and which constitutes a basis for a safe appeal to the judgment of posterity. For instance, throw into fable all the achievements of Semiramis and Sesostris, still Assyrian and Egyptian history will survive—which in the aggregate we are able to measure, and whose precise value we can determine. History delves amid the ruins of Nineveh and Persepolis, walks around the hanging gardens of Babylon, surveys temples and tombs and pyramids of Egypt, calculates the physical force that lay in all these ancient despotisms, and then pronounces her decree. It is that this long succession of gigantic empires simply held the world until the light of freedom could break from the West, until out of the bosom of a better civilization philosophy and science could rescue it from a superstitious and fantastic imagination. It points the wholesome moral that of all things on earth nothing is weaker than what men call force; and in its calm, judicial tone utters a withering sarcasm upon the ambition and achievements of the sword.

Regard the siege of Troy as a myth; renounce all belief in the existence of Hector and Achilles; discount the more veritable records of Xerxes binding with foolish chains the angry Hellespont, or of Leonidas holding at bay the hosts of Persia in the pass of Thermopylae, or the sublime story of Themistocles gathering her population within the wooden walls of his fleet, and, standing on the prow of his own ship, exclaiming: "This is now Athens." Yet when you have winnowed Grecian history of a thousand legends, and even of many of her accredited facts, there it stands before you with its indented coast line, and you pronounce to-day just how much Greece has been to the world. In the vast Pantheon of history she has a niche which no nation on the globe can occupy but herself.

Let Niebuhr, with his dissecting criticism, prune away the legends of ancient Rome; let the stories of Romulus and the she wolf, of Numa and the nymph Egeria, dissolve like the mountain mist—yet Roman history will remain in rugged grandeur, throwing its bleak form against the background of the sky, working out the great problems of government and law, and laying the broad foundation on which rest the systems of jurisprudence and the constitutions of civil government still obtaining amongst men. In like manner we pass through all the galleries of modern history and unlock the chambers in which the dusty archives of European diplomacy are kept, assigning to each country its proper place and the contribution made by each to the common civilization.

What I affirm, then, is this; that the value of these final generalizations is scarcely impaired by the doubts as to this or that minute fact. Contemporaneous history, written in the interest of prejudice or passion, may be largely a libel, and future criticism may be sorely puzzled to distinguish between the truth and its travesty; yet in the aggregate result these, by a strange smelting process, are sifted out as not material to the



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issue. As we may poison a fountain, but cannot poison the ocean, so we may corrupt single facts, but cannot transmute the whole history of a people into a lie. A thousand hints of the truth will lie imbedded in the record, which antiquarian research will disentomb. The long-silent voices will deliver their testimony in the court of final adjudication, and in these solemn historic retractions the good and the brave will find an honest vindication.

Fellow-citizens, the application of this discourse is left to silence and to you. That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been. Inveective and reproach will continue, in the sacred name of history, to be poured upon those who deserve only her applause. The faithful witnesses of the truth will go in cloud and sorrow to the tomb; but they will do it in the certain faith of a resurrection. As for their own fame, they can afford to wait. Eternity is long, and it is their lifetime. Upon the lip of that boundless sea their prophetic gaze is fixed upon the burnished throne which human justice makes its last tribunal, and before which the nations and the centuries are arraigned for trial. Defamation and slander rest as lightly on their calm spirits as the salt spray that crystallizes upon the silent rock. If, too, the warnings of the past, like the prophecies of Cassandra, are heard only to be disbelieved, still let the despots of earth know that they are but sowing the dragon's teeth of an armed and fierce retribution. Constitutional freedom has not come forth from the conflict of ages to be stifled now, when her broad shield is thrown over two continents. She will reappear again and again amid the birth throes of regenerated States; for regulated liberty is to the commonwealth what piety is to the Church, and the very law of its life. Both have struggled through corruption and decay to a more complete realization. But if the day should come when despotism shall so far consolidate its power as to crush all human freedom beneath its iron heel, then will be consummated the second apostasy of man after the flood in the usurpation of Nimrod. History will have completed its cycle, and nothing will remain but the call to the universal judgment.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Appeal by the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

At the last annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Richmond in November, 1899, the committee of Confederate Veterans in charge of the proposed monument to President Davis asked that the women accept the responsibility of this task which they had begun, but which they felt unable to complete; and after due deliberation they solemnly assumed the charge. The Monument Association has deposited in the State Bank of Richmond the sum of \$20,500 to their credit. With such additions as the Daughters may be able to raise they expect to complete the task begun years ago as early as practicable.

In their appeal the Daughters say: "Mr. Davis was not only the chief executive and chosen leader of the Confederacy; he was our martyr. He suffered in his own person the ignominy and the shame our enemies would have made us suffer. This was thirty-five years ago, and his monument is yet to be built. The women

of the South have solemnly sworn to wipe out this disgrace at once. Will you help us?"

Chaplain General Rev. J. William Jones, Richmond, will receive any contributions that may be sent to him.

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Central Committee: Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, Treasurer, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, 307 North Twelfth Street, Richmond, Va.

Send all contributions through your State officials, who will forward to the Treasurer of the Central Committee, Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, No. 3 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Va. Thus your States will have credit for all money collected.

At the afternoon session of the first day of the convention Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson read the address from the Daughters of the Confederacy, which was cordially received. Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General, followed Mr. Ellyson, making an earnest appeal for the monument. The Commander, Gen. J. B. Gordon, absented himself for a few minutes, and upon his return stated that he heard that part of Dr. Jones's address referring to the need of the association to raise money. "The Daughters raise it, but we have to pay the money," said some one. Continuing, Gen. Gordon said: "I have been burned out, and I am very poor, but I trust I will never hold my purse strings too tightly to contribute to a cause like this." Then he authorized a

subscription for himself of \$100. This subscription was followed quickly by the following names and amounts: Gen. S. D. Lee, \$100; Hon. J. H. Reagan, \$100; Gen. G. W. Gordon, Memphis, Tenn., \$100; Gen. J. J. Horner, Helena, Ark., \$100; Camp Holly Springs, Mississippi, \$100; J. B. Truelock, Pine Bluff, \$100; S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn., \$100; Capt. W. W. Carnes, Memphis, Tenn., \$100; Gen. V. Y. Cook, Arkansas, \$100; Camp A. C. Tompkins, Owensboro, \$100; Camp Forbes, Clarksville, \$150; Camp M. M. Parsons, Jefferson City, Mo., \$100; Camp No. 1, of the Army of Northern Virginia, New Orleans, \$250; Camp Jeff Lee, Oklahoma, \$10; Camp W. B. Horner, Chattanooga, \$100; Camp Walter P. Lowe, Orange, Tex., \$50; Camp Graves, Danville, Va., \$250; Camp Peter Turney, Winchester, Tenn., \$50; Camp Joe E. Johnston, Alamo, Tex., \$50; Camp Tom Hindman, Newport, Ark., \$25; Camp Shriver Grays, Wheeling, W. Va., \$25; Camp Stockdale, Magnolia, Miss., \$100; Camp Stonewall Jackson, McKenzie, Tenn., \$25; Camp Hardee, Birmingham, Ala., \$50; Camp Kit Mott, Bismarck, Neb., \$100; Camp Harvey W. Salmon, Clinton, Mo., \$50; Camp Dick Wells, Waynesville, N. C., \$25; Camp Gordon, Pittsburg, Miss., \$25; Camp William E. Moore, Sons of Veterans, Arkansas, \$25; Camp R. A. Smith, Jackson, Miss., \$275; Mrs. Duke and Miss Barlow, Louisville, \$150; Camp George B. Eastin, Louisville, \$250; Camp W. R. Barksdale, Grenada, Miss., \$75; Camp Indian, Son-noo-kee, N. C., \$10.

MORE MONEY RAISED AT ANOTHER SESSION.

Gen. Gordon said that subscriptions for the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund were in order. There was a rivalry between Galveston, Tex., and Richmond, Va., each city wanting to have the honor of subscribing the larger amount. The subscriptions were run up from \$200 to \$600, the Texas delegation going higher than the Richmond people would go. "We raise Galveston \$10!" "Five dollars more here!" were cries which came thick and fast. Finally, when Richmond's subscription had been run up to \$550, she dropped out with a cheer for Galveston.

While the ladies in charge of raising funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of Gen. Davis were calling for donations, aided by Gen. Gordon, little George Kirk, hailing from the birthplace of Gen. Davis, contributed \$5. Eddie Wadsworth, the Wadsworth (Ala.) lad who on Thursday made a \$5 contribution to the Confederate Monument Fund, and was christened by Gen. Gordon the "first boy of the Confederacy," announced through a delegate that he would also give \$10. This provoked loud cheering. A total of \$3,275 was subscribed. This amount, added to that subscribed during the session Thursday, makes a grand total of \$9,275 raised in two days for the fund.

There are doubtless errors in names and omissions in the list of subscriptions, and revision was requested from Richmond, but on some account it did not come in time. Corrections are requested by those who know of errors. One gentleman, Judge J. M. Dickinson, formerly of Nashville, but now (General Counsel of the Illinois Central Railroad) of Chicago, subscribed \$100 not mentioned in the list.

CHEERS FOR THE DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

In the midst of the proceedings Col. Bennett Young

escorted the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. J. A. Hayes; the General's granddaughter, Miss Varina Howell Hayes; Mrs. LaSalle Pickett, the wife of Gen. Pickett, and Mrs. Frances Kirby Smith to the platform. As they advanced to the stage Gen. Gordon recognized them, and, rapping with his gavel, observed: "I know the veterans of the Confederacy desire to greet the daughter of Jefferson Davis." The veterans arose, and their shouts of greeting to the Daughter of the South swept through the vast auditorium like a storm. Hats were lifted and handkerchiefs were waved. As they arrived on the platform they were greeted by Gen. Gordon. Mrs. Hayes was kissed by the General, and then escorted by him to the front of the stage. Gen. Gordon said: "This is the daughter of Jefferson Davis, that eminent and immortal chieftain, the idol of the Confederacy." The auditorium was still ringing with cheers, handkerchiefs were being waved, and hats were tossing in the air. Mrs. Hayes, smiling through tear-dimmed eyes, gracefully bowed repeatedly, quite overcome by the ovation. The "rebel yell" rang back and forth through the big building. As Mrs. Hayes turned to retire she caught the eye of Gen. J. H. Reagan, the only surviving member of her father's cabinet. As they clasped hands the gallant old Texan imprinted a kiss. The General and Mrs. Hayes still continued to shake hands and talk, and the delegates broke forth into another wild demonstration of enthusiasm. Mrs. Hayes was also kissed by Gen. Cabell, of Texas. Miss Hayes's reception was none the less demonstrative. When Mrs. Pickett and Miss Kirby Smith, women of rare beauty, were introduced, manifestations of gallantry, chivalry, and love came instantly from the veterans.

VETERANS VISIT MAMMOTH CAVE.

Mrs. S. L. J. writes of Mammoth Cave:

The Reunion Hall we founded in Mammoth Cave Sunday, June 3. Ours was a merry, congenial party on our way South from the enjoyable Confederate reunion at Louisville. On the "Long Route" we numbered thirty-seven, representing twelve States and the Indian Territory. We spent the day in wonder and reverential admiration of the works of the Great Creator. In solemn darkness we rowed along Echo River, singing "Lead Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," and "Sweet By and By;" and when on the heights of Giant's Causeway, with souls filled with awe and worship, with one accord we lifted our voices in praise, the grand old halls echoed and reverberated with the roll of many voices in "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

But I am digressing. After an enjoyable repast we wended our way onward under the guidance of Bob, an excellent guide, and there in the sublime hall we erected a monument to our beloved Confederacy. We laid the corner stone of Reunion Hall, and heaped it high with our memorials of love and gratitude and christened that mighty subterranean passage way the United Confederate Veteran Reunion Hall. There were but two of us from our grand old Volunteer State. The entire party of thirty-seven was composed of brave old heroes and of enthusiastic Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. We added many stones to the Tennessee monument as we passed, and piled them high in honor of our martyr hero, Sam Davis.

ATLANTA BATTLEFIELD REUNION.

R. F. Maddox, Chairman of the Committee of Invitation, writes to the VETERAN:

In advance of the formal invitation which will be sent you later I am instructed by action of our Executive Committee to give you the following general information regarding the Atlanta Battlefields Reunion to be held here July 20. This reunion will be one of the most unique gatherings imaginable. Five thousand veterans of the two armies will meet on their former battle ground. Long tables will be spread in the old trenches, and this multitude of men, who fought so valiantly thirty-six years ago, will be seated at the most elaborate barbecue ever given. The old trenches and earthworks constructed for battle defense have changed but little during the lapse of years. A delightful grove has been selected for the barbecue, where the trenches stretch away among the trees as far as the eye can reach. Special invitations will be issued to all veterans of the battles around Atlanta whose addresses can be obtained, and preparations have been made to seat five thousand people at the barbecue. Every possible arrangement will be made for the comfort of those who attend. The barbecue will be given on the field of the battle of Peachtree Creek, which was fought July 20, 1864. Special guests of the occasion will be the two senior living commanders of that battle, Gen. O. O. Howard, who commanded the Fourth Army Corps, United States troops, and Gen. A. P. Stewart, who commanded the left wing of the Confederate forces; also Gen. Albert D. Shaw, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, and many other prominent veterans of the battles around Atlanta are also expected to attend the reunion. Those who attend may purchase tickets at a rate of one fare for the round trip. This rate has been made by all the lines represented in the Southeastern Passenger Association. Northern and Western Associations have been requested to co-operate, and this arrangement will undoubtedly be made; so that tickets may be purchased anywhere in the North or West at the same rate, one fare for the round trip.

The committees are as follows:

Executive: W. A. Hemphill, Chairman; J. Wiley Pope, J. Herbert Smythe, E. P. Black, R. F. Maddox, Dr. George Brown, Joseph Jacobs, William H. Smyth, John A. Miller, H. C. Stockdell, A. J. West, Charles R. Haskins, Evan P. Howell, R. P. Beecher.

Finance: J. Wiley Pope, Charles A. Collier, Forrest Adair, Harvey Johnson.

Publicity: J. Herbert Smythe, Clark Howell, H. H. Cabaniss, John S. Prather.

Transportation: E. P. Black, J. S. B. Thompson, William M. Scott.

Invitation: Robert F. Maddox, C. T. Watson, W. D. Ellis, Sr.

Reception: Dr. George Brown, A. W. Calhoun, Fred B. Law.

Entertainment: Joseph Jacobs, Amos Fox, J. J. Donnelly.

Decoration: William H. Smyth, J. Frank Beck, R. S. Ozburn.

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Programme: John A. Miller, Livingston Mims, James P. Averill.

Barbecue: H. C. Stockdell, George S. Brown, Stovall Smith.

Music: A. J. West, L. B. Nelson, E. R. Du Bose.

Badges: Charles R. Haskins, M. Rich, T. H. Martin.

Marking Battlefields: Evan P. Howell, R. M. Clayton, Alex Mattison.

Carriages: R. P. Beecher, I. S. Mitchell, J. L. Mayson, C. H. Miller, W. O. Jones, Frank M. Stewart.

The first named of each committee is the chairman.

ROOSEVELT'S TRIBUTE TO R. E. LEE.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

I wish to call the attention of the VETERAN's readers to one of the noblest tributes to Lee and his army which I ever read. It occurs in the "Life of Thomas H. Benton," pages 37, 38, by Theodore Roosevelt, now Governor of New York, in the "American Statesmen Series." The author is speaking of the influences which formed Benton's character, among them the militant spirit of his native South; and he is then led to mention that influence in making the Southern army and its great commander. He quotes as follows: "No man who is not willing to bear arms and to fight for his rights can give a good reason why he should be entitled to the privilege of living in a free community. The decline of the militant spirit in the Northeast during the first half of this century was much to be regretted. To it is due more than to any other cause the undoubted average individual inferiority of the Northern compared with the Southern troops—at any rate, at the beginning of the great war of the rebellion. The Southerners, by their whole mode of living, their habits, and their love of outdoor sports, kept up their warlike spirit, while in the North the so-called upper classes developed along the lines of a wealthy and timid bourgeois type, measuring everything by a mercantile standard (a peculiarly debasing one, if taken purely by itself), and submitting to be ruled in local affairs by low, foreign mobs, and in national matters by their arrogant Southern kinsmen. The militant spirit of these last certainly stood them in good stead in the civil war. The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank, without any exception, as the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth; and this although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough or Wellington."

John G. Marshall, of West Point, Miss., desires to procure a list of the men of Scott's Battery. They enlisted in Memphis as Bankhead's Battery. W. L. Scott was first lieutenant and was promoted to captain after the battle of Shiloh, in which he was wounded. Comrade Marshall desires lists of Bankhead's, Polk's, and Carnes's Batteries also. The three batteries consolidated were under Capt. Marshall. They surrendered at Salisbury, N. C. At the last battle Lieut. Watson and L. A. Davis and the writer were captured with one of Bankhead's company. Scott's Battery was in Preston Smith's Brigade of Cheatham's Division.

SECOND DISPATCH FROM GRANT TO LEE.

Capt. Marcellus French writes from Houston, Va.:

In the afternoon of April 7, 1865, Col. E. V. White, in command of Dearing's Brigade of Confederate cavalry, had defeated Gregg's Division of Federal cavalry and captured Gen. Gregg. The field on the plank road from which the Federals had been stampeded was held by us, although we were fearfully shelled until darkness set in. We then bivouacked in the adjoining woods. Dearing's Brigade had been bereft of its general the day before, in the three charges on a brigade of Union infantry holding High Bridge, when the bridge was captured and 1,100 Federals were made prisoners. We presumed that Gregg's men, supposed to be thrice our number, would have returned to the rescue of their gallant commander, who refused to run away from about 400 half-starved, worn-out Confederates; but they decided to look after their supper. Circumstances made it unnecessary for us to bother about supper. Our hunger had long before assumed chronic form, from which there was no relief; so we spread our gum cloths and blankets to obtain much-needed sleep. In our weariness and recklessness we put out no pickets or guards. Our enemies were all around us, but we had traveled so far on the ways that lead to desperation that in the mere matter of a fight it was left to them to choose the time, place, and conditions.

Before the break of day, April 8, Col. White moved forward with the brigade, leaving me in command of the rear guard, with the second squadron of his (White's) battalion. He went to where I lay on my blanket and gave me his orders in person. I was to remain there until daylight, and then to follow the brigade. Capt. Myers, with the first squadron of the battalion would be next in my front, in the rear of the brigade; while my command was to act as the extreme rear guard and observe the enemy's movements. At the time specified I moved forward as ordered.

I was glad to be rid of the trains. They had been on the move all night, and were far enough in advance then to give me an uninterrupted march. The brigade, however, was much retarded by them, and, I afterwards learned, had to assist in getting the wagons out of the mud holes. We had entered on the sixth day of the retreat. The night before we went to our blankets supperless, as stated, and we had nothing more substantial for breakfast than the crisp morning air. Taking up our march, we rode along silently, gloomily; not merrily, as was the custom of the cavalry. The jokers were hushed, the songsters and even the whistlers were silent. Alas! our backs were turned on Richmond, lying in ashes and in the hands of the jubilant Yankees. Worse still for us, our backs were to be turned upon Virginia, and on everything else that was dear in this life—mothers, wives, sisters, children, homes—yea, and sweethearts. From the summit of this mountain of disaster we could see nothing but an utterly black cloud, with no fringe of brightness, no lining of silver. There was no promise of anything brighter than death and ruin. Surrounded on all sides by ten times our numbers, with only what we could get to eat by chance, and depressed by our losses, the remnant of the once peerless army of Northern Virginia, with only one in five of the infantry strong enough to carry arms, slowly we moved to meet our fate at Appomattox. With these terrible conditions, however,

stricken at every point, we struck back as vigorously as our enemies dared to attack. Starving, uncomplainingly this peerless army fought its way to the end of its glorious career. Spare me, kind reader, for a brief tribute to the memory of this gallant army. Notwithstanding the depletion of its battalions in the desperate charges at Gettysburg in 1863, it was found willing to meet the overwhelming flood of battle prepared for it by Grant in the spring of 1864. Full of a self-reliance and confidence that defied fate, it was more destructive in its fire, more impetuous in its charges, more awe-inspiring in its battle yell than ever before. At Cold Harbor, the place of Grant's last attack before he invested Petersburg, thirteen thousand Union soldiers lay on the ground in front of its lines in the space of time counted by minutes. Now, exhausted, fearfully depleted, and out of condition, it was at last in the power of its heavy-weight antagonist, the plethoric army of the Potomac, whose merciless blows were slowly driving it to its corner.

We followed the road on which the brigade had marched, on either side of which the landscape was almost entirely shut out by continuous woods, until about nine o'clock, when we came to a wide opening. A creek flowed through its central valley, and the wooded crests of the two ridges running parallel to the creek were about three-fourths of a mile apart. This clear space afforded the first open view where I was sure to get a good sight of the Federal army. We descended a long slope toward the creek, passed near a house with a gate across the road, and about a hundred paces farther crossed the creek, and ascended the rising ground on the other side to about two hundred yards from the gate, when I let the squadron move on up the road, and waited to get a view of the Union army as it came in sight. Lieut. C. A. James and Corporal Jimmy Terrell, of Company F, remained with me. Very soon the advance guards appeared on the opposite ridge, and it was but a few minutes more before the morning sun began to glisten on the long line of rifles as the skirmishers of the Second Corps of Federal infantry began to emerge from the woods into the open field, advancing in line of battle. What a splendid sight it might have been under other conditions! but the beauty of it was thrown away on us angry Confederates. In a short time there were thousands of them in view as the line of battle entered the field, for the space of half a mile in length. There was no artillery in sight, which was doubtless confined to the road in the woods. I was quite content not to see it, as my acquaintance with the artillery of the Second Corps extended back to the battles of the Wilderness, and lastly to the evening before, when Gen. Gregg's men sought shelter under its protection. I was so engrossed with the manner of their advance, with only a Confederate cavalry brigade in their front, and so fascinated with the impudence of standing in the gaze of so many thousands of hostile eyes, that I did not realize the danger of being within the range of their rifles—sensible that an army corps of veterans would disdain to fire on three men of a rear guard who thus openly exposed themselves.

Gen. Grant had been endeavoring all the morning to send a dispatch to Gen. Lee under a flag of truce; but, owing to the many difficulties in the way of getting it recognized, had succeeded only in having his order—

lies shot in the attempt. Some of them had gotten in my front, and Capt. Myers's men killed one of a party of four, of course without knowing that they carried a flag of truce. The flag was found by the body of the dead man. The flags were too small to attract attention, not being larger than good-sized handkerchiefs, and they were not as white as new-fallen snow.

Our presence, as stated, was most opportune for Gen. Grant to forward his dispatch. While looking at the unusual spectacle I saw, from the left of the line, a horseman dash out at full speed, and, taking a course obliquely across their front, he halted at the gate above referred to. He carried a small white flag, and called out: "Flag of truce." I hallooed back: "Bring it over." Passing through the gate, he galloped up to where we stood in the road. He was much agitated, and quite pale. He informed me that Gen. Williams, of Gen. Grant's staff, wished to deliver a dispatch for Gen. Lee; and then remarked, with apparent relief, at having escaped the fate of the others. He said that three orderlies had been shot in the attempt to deliver that flag of truce. I told him to return and tell Gen. Williams to stop the advance of his troops and bring his dispatch.

He lost no time in getting back, and in a few minutes the line ceased to advance, the men sitting and lying on the ground, and covering the fences. Three horsemen, one bearing the flag, soon made their appearance at the same point from which the first had come, and riding as rapidly as their horses could bring them. With the same impetuosity of speech that had characterized their approach, one of the officers, without salutation or formality, abruptly addressed Lieut. James with the question: "Who commands this rear guard?" Lieut. James, with a gesture toward me, replied: "Capt. French." "Captain," said he, "you have fired on my flag of truce, and three men have been shot trying to deliver it." Catching his manner, I replied sharply: "That is the first and only flag of truce that I have seen to-day, and I have not fired on that." He seemed surprised to learn that, and with no further allusion to the flag, his tone and manner entirely changed, and in the most gentlemanly way he informed me that he was Gen. Williams, of Gen. Grant's staff, and told me that he had a dispatch from Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee of great importance, which was in answer to one from Gen. Lee of the day before, and desired to know if I could deliver it. I at once said that I could deliver it to my division commander, Gen. Rosser. He replied: "That will do." He then rode up to me, and, drawing the dispatch from his breast pocket, gave it to me. Turning to the officer who accompanied him, he said: "Colonel, take down this officer's address." The colonel produced a notebook and pencil, and wrote my army address in full. That done, Gen. Williams commanded the orderly to get out his flask, which he said contained "some very fine brandy cocktail from Gen. Grant's headquarters." The orderly produced the flask, and, filling a small glass or cup attachment, handed it to Lieut. James, who, being between us, passed it to me, and without etiquette or ceremony I drank the contents. It was refilled, and James drank; but without noticing Terrell, who was near him, the man returned the flask to his haversack. To Terrell the snubbing was of small consequence in comparison to the deprivation of such

a select drink, over the loss of which he was inconsolable. Later he commented on Yankee manners. He did not understand that the intercourse between officers and enlisted men in the Union army was very different from that to which he had been accustomed. The two officers seemed pleased that we accepted the drink; and Gen. Williams, in a voice and manner kindly enough to justify one in supposing that he felt a solicitude for our personal safety as well as for the safe delivery of his dispatch, urged me to take the flag with us, saying that we were then far in the rear of his columns on the roads running parallel with ours on either side. His orderly, at a signal from him, passed the flag to Terrell, and the incident closed, as well as I remember, without salutation—an interview that, as far as I was concerned, had its origin in pure accident, and which was directed by circumstances.

From experiences during those last two days, Gen. Williams ought not to have had any great faith in the efficacy of his little flag. I wish now that I had preserved it as a memento.

We had quite a long gallop to overtake the squadron, which had rejoined Capt. Myers, who directed me to report to Col. White, who in turn ordered me to deliver the dispatch to Gen. Rosser, which I did.

Concerning flags of truce, it is well to consider the great improbability of getting them noticed in a wooded country on the outskirts of an army, when every scouting party, as well as foot-sore and weary straggler, is on the watch for an enemy. White flags are something so unexpected as to go unnoticed when a hostile uniform is recognized, and the parties in charge of them are nearly always fired on. Col. Herman H. Perry, who was detailed on the day before to meet the party in charge of the flag of truce bearing Gen. Grant's first dispatch to Gen. Lee demanding the surrender of our army, relates in an account in the *Atlanta Constitution* that he was fired on in his first attempt to approach the flag. Several bullets penetrated his clothing, and a soldier near him was wounded. That suspended truce operations until night, when the flag was again presented and he succeeded in obtaining an interview with Gen. Williams, who opened the proceedings by producing a flask of brandy under the same inviting brand of "Gen. Grant's Headquarters." Col. Perry gives us to understand that his soul repined at the idea of declining the much-needed tonic. With his coat tail pockets stuffed with corn, which he was anxious to parch and which he was afraid to leave behind him, and not having eaten two ounces of meat in a week, he haughtily refused the coveted stimulant, telling Gen. Williams that he was not ordered there to exchange courtesies, but to find out his business. Col. Perry was detailed on special duty to receive that flag of truce, and it may have been the correct thing to decline the liquor, but I did not feel called on to act in a pompous way. I reasoned on a different line of thought as to military proprieties.

Comrade French was captain of Company F, Thirty-Fifth Virginia Battalion of Cavalry.

STORY OF LEE'S SWORD TO GRANT.

Robert W. Medkirk writes from Indianapolis:

I was very much interested in an article in the *VETERAN* of May last from Mr. J. F. J. Caldwell, of Green-

wood, S. C., on the very interesting question of the tender by Gen. Lee of his sword to Gen. Grant, and Gen. Grant's refusing to receive the same. I am a veteran of the civil war, having served on the Federal side from Shiloh to its close as a member of Company E, Seventy-Second Ohio Veteran Infantry. The story of the tender by Gen. Lee of his sword had become one of the fixed instances growing out of the war, and it was a matter the truth of which I never thought of questioning. It was like other stories that spring up from great events or in the lives of prominent men. So when I read your correspondent's statement I was startled at it; but the reasoning of Mr. Caldwell convinces me of its truth, as the Generals met for the purpose of agreeing on the terms of surrender, and, as Mr. Caldwell says, there was no call to tender any sword. But to make assurance doubly sure, I referred to an article by Gen. Horace Porter on "The Surrender at Appomattox C. H.," in Volume IV. of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." Gen. Porter, you will remember, was a member of Gen. Grant's staff. To quote from Gen. Porter in a connected form, you will see that he plays the iconoclast with the "famous apple-tree story" as ruthlessly as Caldwell does with the sword episode. Gen. Porter says that "Gen. Grant handed a note to Col. Babcock, of the staff, with directions to take it to Gen. Lee by the most direct route. The general in chief now rode on. Babcock told me afterwards that in carrying Gen. Grant's last letter he passed through the enemy's lines and found Gen. Lee a little more than half a mile beyond Appomattox C. H. He was lying down by the roadside on a blanket, which had been spread over a few fence rails on the ground under an apple tree—part of an orchard. This circumstance furnished the only ground for the widespread report that the surrender occurred under an apple tree. Babcock dismounted upon coming near, and as he approached on foot one of Lee's staff officers came forward, took the dispatch which Babcock handed him, and gave it to Gen. Lee. Lee then mounted his horse, and directed Col. Marshall, his military secretary, to accompany him. . . . The Generals met in the house of Mr. Wilmer McLean. After some social talk Gen. Lee said: 'I presume, Gen. Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed, so that they may be formally acted upon.' 'Very well,' replied Gen. Grant; 'I will write them out.' He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending 'officers appointed by me to receive them.' Then he looked at Lee, and his eye seemed to be resting on the handsome sword that hung by that officer's side, and after a short pause he wrote the sentence: 'This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.' When he had finished the letter he handed it to Gen. Lee, and asked him to read it over."

So by the terms of the surrender the officers were especially excepted from surrendering their side arms. But to set all doubts at rest on that point Gen. Porter in his article publishes a facsimile of an extract from a letter of Gen. Grant to Mr. T. D. Jeffrees, in reply to a question. The note is as follows: "There was no demand made for Gen. Lee's sword, and no tender of it offered."

OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH.

There stands in the suburbs of Petersburg, Va., an ancient, ivy-clad, historic building, Old Blandford Church, built in 1735—its walls and roof intact, but without floors, doors, or windows. It is in full view of the great battlefields which surround Petersburg, and was in the line of fire for ten long months. It witnessed Grant's bloody assaults in the early days of June, 1864; was in sight of the fierce repulse of the Federal columns at the explosion of the crater, and in full view of the brilliant, desperate, and nearly successful charge of Gordon's gallant corps upon Fort Steadman, which was almost the last expiring struggle of the incomparable Army of Northern Virginia.

It is the purpose of the Ladies' Memorial Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy of Petersburg to rehabilitate this old structure, and to do the work so that it will be to every Southern State a non-sectarian mortuary memorial chapel, carrying to ages yet to come the story of a gallant nation's birth and early death. To accomplish this the ladies propose to rely chiefly upon the members of these two organizations and the veterans of Petersburg; but around this spot lie thousands of our heroes, who came from every State in the Confederacy—from Maryland to Texas—and, knowing the love that the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy bear to their dead, it is suggested that this memorial would not be complete without their sympathy and coöperation. Therefore it is asked that for the eleven windows in this building the ladies of each of the Southern States be invited to contribute toward a memorial window of such design as shall best portray their story of the struggle. We therefore ask the indorsement of the camps of Confederate veterans, and their recommendation to the Ladies' Memorial Associations, the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, and kindred organizations of this Southern land, that each State contribute a memorial window to be placed in this old church to commemorate the mighty deeds wrought in their behalf.

What could be better than a memorial church? William the Conqueror reared Battle Abbey upon the field of Senlac, and the government of India erected a memorial church over the scene of the massacre of Cawnpore. Here, where our great struggle was fought to its close, where thousands of our soldiers fell and are buried, let this old church, rejuvenated and readorned, stand a silent sentinel over these countless graves. And when the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, from whatsoever State they may come, wend their steps toward that shrine, and view their holy work, a melancholy pride will fill their hearts for duty well performed to those who fought and lost their lives for constitutional liberty and law.

The foregoing was read by Mrs. Meade before the convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy held in Richmond last November. Those who are interested and desire further particulars are requested to write to Mrs. H. Van L. Bird, President Ladies' Memorial Association, or to Mrs. Robert T. Meade, President Petersburg Chapter, U. D. C.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN SAN ANTONIO.

The following brief report is by Miss Lillian Byrn, Historian of Barnard E. Bee Chapter, San Antonio:

The Daughters of the Confederacy enjoy the distinction of unveiling the first monument ever erected in San Antonio. This tribute to Confederate soldiers is placed in the center of the handsomest of the many parks for which San Antonio is justly noted. The unveiling took place on Saturday, April 28, in the presence of the largest outdoor assemblage ever witnessed in the history of the city. The day was perfect, and the "sea of upturned faces," the background of tender, green spring tints, and the profusion of floral offerings presented a living picture worthy of a master brush.

The Barnard E. Bee Chapter, U. D. C., is composed of representative women of San Antonio. It is the largest chapter in the State, and numbers in its ranks those whose lives are full of social duties, of business and home cares, all united by the bonds of love and harmony and inspired by the enthusiastic zeal of their worthy President. Since its organization, in 1896, the chapter has had but one President, Mrs. A. N. Houston. She it was whose loving thought suggested the erection of a monument, and it is owing to her unflinching energy and untiring devotion that the project was so speedily and successfully carried out. Descended from the most ardent and devoted patriots of Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina, Mrs. Houston brings to her work a reverential love for and profound faith in our sacred cause, tempered by that conservatism and cool judgment so necessary for the guidance of such affairs. She is eloquent in praise of her chapter—proud not only of its numbers, but of its enthusiasm. I have never seen such eager and willing workers, such thorough devotion, and such a harmonious spirit as pervades our organization.

The money for the monument was raised by means of teas, by concerts, by dances, and by old-fashioned quilting bees. Every cent was paid before the unveiling. The materials used are native granite and marble of Texas, and the work was done by a San Antonio sculptor, Mr. Frank Teich. The design was most generously donated by Miss Virginia Montgomery, a talented young artist whom New Orleans is proud to call her own. The entire conception is symbolical. The stars bespeak the resplendent courage of the Southern soldiers, and the laurel wreaths testify to our undying memory of their matchless valor. The furled flag and the uplifted arm of the soldier represent our trust that our cause rests with God. The polished shaft rising from the rough and sturdy granite base—all are em-

blematic of the brilliant achievement, the endurance, the devotion, the unchanging devotion, that characterized all ranks of Confederate soldiers.

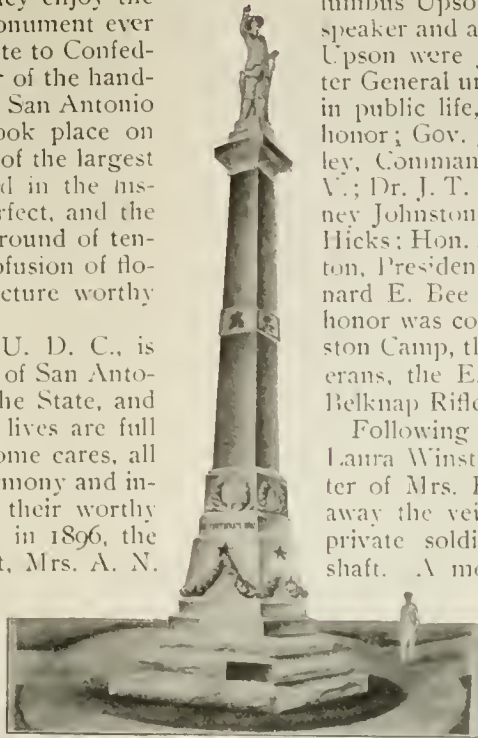
The orator chosen for the unveiling was Hon. Columbus Upson, who bears a fine reputation as a speaker and as a soldier. On the stand with Col. Upson were Judge John H. Reagan, Postmaster General under President Davis, a man skilled in public life, whom his countrymen delight to honor; Gov. Joseph D. Sayers; Gen. J. B. Polley, Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V.; Dr. J. T. Largen, Commander of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V.; Mayor Marshall Hicks; Hon. A. W. Houston; Mrs. A. W. Houston, President, and the other officers of the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, U. D. C. The guard of honor was composed of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the E. O. C. Ord Post (G. A. R.), the Belknap Rifles, and the San Antonio Zouaves.

Following Col. Upson's stirring address, little Laura Winstead, the four-year-old granddaughter of Mrs. Houston, pulled the cord that tore away the veil, revealing the heroic figure of a private soldier that surmounts the forty-foot shaft. A moment of deep feeling hushed the vast crowd, while the band softly played a dirge; then came a wild burst of spontaneous cheering, to which the veterans added the Rebel yell, and the band changed to "Dixie." It was some time before the cheers and enthusiasm subsided sufficiently to permit the reading of the congratulatory telegrams and the presentation to Mrs. Houston by Judge Reagan of a silver urn and salver, a testimonial from her loving coworkers. Mrs. Houston, completely surprised, responded in a graceful and feeling extempore speech.

After this a general reception was held, and nearly all present came forward to express their appreciation of the exercises and meet the distinguished visitors.

THE "RACCOON ROUGHS."

L. Cobb, St. Jo, Tex.: "I was a member of Gen. J. B. Gordon's Company, Sixth Alabama, the 'Raccoon Roughs,' and would like to know if any of my old comrades are living. Are there any survivors of the crowd who charged the line of dead men at Fredericksburg December 15, 1862? We fought the Federals on the 13th, and on the 14th waited for them to make some move. On the 15th volunteers were called for to feel for them. Forming in line, we advanced to where we could see them lying in line of battle. We decided to charge with fixed bayonets, believing we could whip a line of sleeping men. When we got there we found it was their dead laid in line of battle in order to deceive us and keep us off until they could cross the river."



THE SAN ANTONIO MONUMENT.



MRS. A. N. HOUSTON, PRESIDENT.

CHAT WITH COL. W. S. McLEMORE.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Comrades: Do you recall the commander of Starnes's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Col. William S. McLemore? Although in feeble health, Col. McLemore is



as genial as in days of yore. He wears the scars of battle, and bears the prestige of manipulating his men at times under Forrest and Wheeler, with credit to himself and the delight of his people. After Col. Starnes was killed, near Tullahoma in 1863, Col. McLemore commanded this gallant regiment until six months before the surrender, when he commanded Dobbrell's Brigade, and had the honor of escorting President Davis from Raleigh, N. C., to Washington, Ga., where the brigade surrendered.

Tennessee had two cavalry regiments numbered the Fourth. They are designated now as Col. Paul Anderson's Fourth and the Starnes-McLemore Fourth. They were both crack regiments. In 1863, upon going to Tullahoma to report to Gen. Stewart as aid, I spied an ambulance passing the streets, followed by a funeral cortège of soldiery, and learned it was the body of Col. J. W. Starnes, who had been shot at the head of his command in a hot skirmish a few miles out.

After the war McLemore was elected Circuit Judge of the Ninth Tennessee Circuit, and in honor of his worth to his countrymen served fourteen years. When he left the bench he came from Franklin to Murfreesboro, and as one of the law firm of McLemore and Richardson has been in full practice. Being now recovered from a slight stroke of paralysis, I concluded to draw the old war-worn Colonel out on the achievements of his old regiment. Says he:

"I can't tell you where we went in the four years,

nor can the records of the rebellion tell of half of our skirmishes and battles. We ever paid fond tribute to a heroine at Thompson's Station whose name and deed should be of foremost record. I refer to Miss Alice Thompson. She was seventeen at the time of the battle there, March 4, 1863. Van Dorn and Forrest fought Colburn's Indiana Brigade, and captured it. Miss Alice was at the residence of Lieut. Banks. The Third Arkansas, advancing through the yard, lost their colonel [Earle] and color bearer, and the regiment was thrown in disorder. Miss Alice Thompson rushed out, raised the flag, and led the regiment to victory. The enemy lauded her action. Our comrades who know of it desire her deserved prominence in history. Maj. Aiken, of Spring Hill, sends her picture to be placed in the VETERAN. She deserves record along with Emma Sansom and other heroines.

"I have another incident worth relating that took place at Sacramento, Ky. It was the only time I ever saw a hand-to-hand contest with sabers. Bill Terry, of my regiment, was killed by a saber thrust whilst he was warding off other blows. I recollect in connection with the Streight raid that there were but two regiments up when Streight surrendered. These, with parts of Forrest's escort and Ferrell's artillery, were the only troops in seventy miles of us. The two regiments were Biffle's and ours. The Biffle's Fourth Cavalry Regiment was known as both the Ninth and Nineteenth. These, with the escort and artillery, numbered in all about five hundred effectives. Col. Streight captured a soldier of my command (William Haynes) and asked him how many troops Forrest had. Haynes, knowing Forrest's game of bluff, replied: 'Roddy's Brigade, Biffle's, McLemore's, Buford, Bell, Lyon, and



COL. J. W. STARNES.

others." Upon Haynes's representation, Streight turned to his staff and said, 'Gentlemen, we are gone up.' Forrest, you know, had scattered his troops, not knowing where Streight would strike. When we got upon Streight's heels a flag of truce was sent to him

by some of Forrest's escort, demanding a surrender. The reply was: 'I will not surrender unless you have more men than I!' In an interview that followed, as Forrest's officers came up for instructions, he disposed of their commands so as to leave an impression of great force. I tell you, this capture of seventeen hundred men by five hundred of us was one of the shrewdest tricks of the war, and was played to success.

"On the advance from Chickamauga, the day after we routed them, my command reached the foot of Lookout Mountain, the farthest point to the left, and, but for orders, I believe now we could have pushed them into the river. At Richmond, Ky., a hundred men of my regiment captured four hundred, including the Federal General Manson and staff, on the Tate's Creek pike. I witnessed the scene of John Trotwood Moore's poem on Emma Sansom."

Judge McLemore's wife was the sister of the late Prof. Wharton, who, together with the gallant Capt. Isaac Newton Brown, ran the famous Arkansas ram through a Federal fleet near Vicksburg, one of the boldest naval exploits on record.

Comrades of the Army of Tennessee, do you recollect Col. Anderson Searcy, who commanded the Forty-Fifth Tennessee, and who charged through the Yankee lines in the battle of Bentonville and brought his regiment back to us intact four or five days after the fight? I am happy to say that he is to be seen on our streets in good trim. He is in good health, mentally and physically, and his years of threescore and ten

In connection with the battle of Thompson Station young Miss Fannie May Laws writes:



MISS ALICE THOMPSON.

On the morning of March 3, 1863, the battle of Thompson Station was fought. Before day the inhabitants of this little village were in great confusion. Most of the women and children who lived here left and went a mile or two away to their neighbors. The lines of the battle ran east and west, the Confederates south, and the Federals north of the station. The Confederates were commanded by Gens. Van Dorn and Forrest, and the Federals by Gen. Colburn. The battle began about nine o'clock in the morning, and lasted nearly all day. The roar of the cannon and small arms, mixed with the groans of the wounded and dying, was incessant.

Before the battle began, Alice Thompson, a young girl of sixteen, left home and started across the country to a neighbor's, but the Confederate and Federal sharpshooters began shooting at one another, and, seeing her danger, she took refuge in Lieut. Bank's cellar with his family, he being engaged in the battle. They had to remain here all day. The Confederates charged, but were driven back. This did not seem to discourage them, for they charged the third time and were being driven back the third time, and as they passed the cellar where the women were, their color bearer was shot down. When Alice Thompson (after whose father, Dr. Elijah Thompson, the place was named) saw this, she sprang out of the cellar, caught the flag, and waved it over her head. Col. S. G. Earle, of the Third Arkansas Regiment, saw her and shouted, "Boys, a woman has your flag." Then the Rebels raised a yell and drove the Yankees back. While she upheld the flag, a bombshell fell within a few feet of her throwing dirt all over her, but fortunately did not explode. The soldiers pushed her back in the cellar.



COL. ANDERSON SEARCY.

promise to be many more. He does not appear as one who had been such a terror in battle. Follow him and his regiment in the records of the rebellion, and you will find them knocking away with credit to themselves from Bowling Green to Bentonville.

She took her skirts off, and gave them to bind up the wounds of the Confederates.

Alice Thompson had a brother and a lover in this battle. She afterwards married that lover, Dr. D. H. Dungan, who was a brigade surgeon.

While the Confederates were making the third charge, firing from the rear of the Federals was heard; Forrest had taken part of his men and moved around them. He captured two thousand with their guns and ammunition. Among the gallant Confederates who fell in this battle were two officers, Col. Earle, of the Third Arkansas Regiment, and Capt. Dysart, of the First Tennessee. The cedar tree where Capt. Dysart fell is still preserved as a monument of the Confederate hero. Col. Earle is buried on the old Lavender place, not over one hundred yards from where he fell.

THE TENNESSEE SOLDIERS' HOME.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

A comrade who has been in hard lines ever since the sixties said to me: "If I can't navigate farther, won't you see that I am sent to the Soldiers' Home?"

This remark has lingered with me, and I have been moved at its meaning to visit the Tennessee Soldiers' Home and see how the decrepit monuments of military valor are being cared for. I now realize the soldier's hope. The place is beautiful, the surroundings lovely. It is eleven miles from Nashville, on the Lebanon pike, near the historic Stone's River, and is the "dream of ease and comfort" that the old comrade who has been drinking the dregs of poverty's cup has asked for. God bless Tennessee for this home! The Hermitage, the former home of the greatest character in American history, is now dedicated by his State as the resting place for her weary sons, who in hours of danger buckled on armor in her defense, and yielded only "when the news of the battle was over and the bugle no more called to war." It is also known as "Clover Bottom," and the blue grass region, covered with majestic hickories, towering poplars, and strong-armed oaks, is the place from which spring some of the most notable memories of Tennessee history. And now, to add to its sacredness, comes the Southern Soldiers' Home, where the aged "cease from troubling, and the weary may rest." I am reminded of the visits of great characters to the Hermitage—Aaron Burr, in his

mythical rôle; Lafayette as a guest of honor; James K. Polk, Felix Grundy, Gens. Coffee and Wilkinson, the Bentons, and many others of national fame—all to honor the renowned Andrew Jackson. No grander character ever entered that honored abode than the war-worn Southern soldier. What a knightly courtesy it was for Tennessee to say: "Old soldiers—without pensions, comfort, or means—enter! and as long as we are worth one to pay the weeder thy path from thy door to thy bowling green shall never grow up."

Nearly every State in the South has come to the rescue of her sons who battled for her in the sixties, and it shows the tie which binds the offspring to the father; and, while the general government still refuses to recognize their merits, each State will care for and cherish the deeds of her sons. The women of the South are ever regardful of the homes of these Confederate soldiers, and still hover around them like angels of mercy to comfort and bless the inmates. Recently the State's appropriation gave out, and since it is a year before the Legislature meets the Daughters of the Confederacy and other friends are at work. Fiddlers' contests, suppers, and various kinds of entertainments are given. The money comes, so that the old soldier never misses a meal. If I had millions, I would contribute the most of it to the Soldiers' Home. Another part of it would be devoted to a monument to the women of the South. On the shaft should be placed an unpretentious Southern matron looking to the base, where lay the sick soldier, with little angels of mercy, like fairies, hovering around him.

The management of this home, in its thorough business system, is like clockwork. You can go to the books and find what has been used and what is on hand at any time, and every employee "knows his place."

The farm contains over four hundred acres, and is so utilized as to contribute largely to the support of the home. The State of Tennessee owns it, and it is in the care of a board of trustees chosen from the bivaoucs of the State. The Daughters of the Confederacy help to maintain it. The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees have entire charge of it. These men, without any pay, are looking after it with untiring diligence. Among those "whom love of God hath blest, and in good works leading all the rest," will be found the names of Dr. McMurray, Capt. Mark S. Cockrill, Maj. R. H. Dudley, and the late Joseph B. O'Bryan.



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME FOR TENNESSEE AT THE HERMITAGE.

TACT OF A SOLDIER TO HIDE HIS "MEANNESS."

William F. Russell, Wartrace, Tenn.: "During the three years spent with the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment many things happened that will be long remembered, among which I recall an incident which no doubt many of my comrades who are now living will remember. Just before the battle of Chickamauga Company A was in camp at the wagon yard for guard duty. Two of the mess were detailed to go foraging as guards with the wagon train, E. F. Russell and Elijah Pearson. They brought in plenty of meal, bacon, hams, potatoes, etc. Rube Donohy, a member of the company, said he would get up with them, so he studied on a scheme. He went to Maj. Randolph's headquarters to be neighborly and sit awhile with the Major and Sergt. Humphrey Hastings. Their commissary stores were packed up in an old log church with large cracks, and boards nailed over the windows. Rube bade them good-night, and in passing around the old church he pulled out a two-bushel sack of meal and wagged it into camp. In pulling out the sack he tore a hole in it, and this left a nice little trail of meal all the way to camp. I saw the next morning what had happened, and told Rube about it, and that he would be caught up with. He got up rubbing his eyes, and said: 'I'll fix that.' So he went back to headquarters at the church and yelled until the Major came out. Rube said: 'Say, Major, I have lost a sack of meal, and have tracked it right here to this church.' All Maj. Randolph could say was: 'Get you a sack, Rube.' Rube came in with his second sack, and said: 'I reckon I have found what became of my meal.'"

a beautiful sword, and has his name engraved on the blade. It would, I know, please Capt. Logan, if living, to have his sword returned to him, and it will give me great pleasure to do so. If he be not alive to respond to this, perhaps he has a family who would like to have the sword as an heirloom."

QUEEN OF ENGLAND HAS THE VETERAN.

An elegantly bound copy of the VETERAN was mailed to Queen Victoria, and the following facsimile answer will be read with interest:

*Her Private Secretary is
commanded by The Queen
to thank Mr. Cunningham
for his letter with
the accompanying copy of
"The Confederate Veteran".*

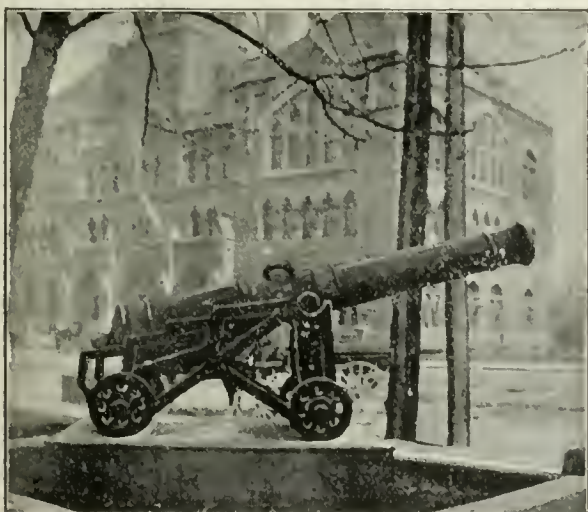
4 June 1900 W. G. L.

Buckingham Palace.



MORTON PLACE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The veteran in this picture is one of the Fort Donelson prisoners of February, 1862, and who was six months in "Division Number Nine," just about where he stands. As a small soldier he slept the first night under a stove in the hall way. The building was erected for horse stalls in the State fair grounds, and the prison was named Camp Morton.



GUN CAPTURED BY DEWEY AT MANILA.

It is a loan by the United States government to the city of Nashville. The stone building in the background is the United States Custom House property.

A. J. McPeak, Versailles, Mo.: "Having seen a copy of the VETERAN, I make inquiry through it of Capt. T. M. Logan, who belonged to a South Carolina Regiment, C. S. A. In the battle of Columbia, S. C., I was first lieutenant of the Thirty-First Iowa Infantry, and my command captured Capt. Logan. I took from him his sword, and have it yet in my possession. It is

6 ** *



Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CONFEDERATE RELIC HALLS.

Adj. W. M. McConnell, Fort Worth, Tex.: "I am, after mature deliberation, opposed to a Battle Abbey. I think that each State should take care of its own war relics."

Comrade McConnell's views are exactly those of the VETERAN. So much has occurred in connection with this subject out of harmony with the spirit of its conception that many who were zealous and even enthusiastic for it are depressed and grieved and wish such movement had never been inaugurated. Some of the States have withdrawn already, and are collecting relics in their best located cities, so that it will be impossible to carry out the original scheme suggested by Miss Nannie Nutt, of Florida. Counties might have their own collection, to be ultimately collected into the State Hall.

State pride would induce collections of relics, many times larger in the aggregate, that would never be contributed to a single place. This matter of State pride existed in a high degree among the Confederate soldiers during the war. Even Tar Heels, Goolber Grabbers, and others were often geyed in those days, and the sport-making of soldiers from other States, by any of the commands, was common. Each State owes to the memories of its Confederate dead the preservation of their best relics. When Alabama, South Carolina, or any State, has its own relic hall, its earnest plea for its own flags and other State relics would generally be successful. Every State can erect its own building for such purpose, and should do it without appealing to aliens. They would appreciate its sacredness, and so regard its every association. Let it have the simplest name practicable. The VETERAN suggests Confederate Relic Hall. It might be a building or it might be a department in the State capital or other noble structure. It ought to be the best building in each Southern State, even if small.

Let us all erect a monument to President Davis that will be an indelible honor to the South. The City of Richmond has given its most beautiful park for the purpose, and the Southern people have common cause in that, but let us pray that the Davis mansion will never be part of a merchandise "memorial." The real situation will be understood by and by. Meanwhile the VETERAN will maintain its convictions of right and propriety at every peril. It will be faithful to the Confederate cause, its dead first, and then to its faithful living.

BLENDING OF THE GRAY AND BLUE.

There is a mistaken idea by younger people of the fraternal spirit between veterans of the Confederate and Union armies. They chime in with a class who were either pig or puppy when *men* were in demand on both sides, and they think the patriotic thing is to amalgamate as speedily as possible. They mistake the spirit of the heroes of both sides. The VETERAN has had much to do with Union as well as Confederate veterans, and has never yet found a hero turn to "mugwump." They do not fancy badges with the Union and Confederate flags. The Union man who is proudest of his Confederate neighbor is pleased to see him, on special occasions, in his Confederate gray and to bear in the sunlight of heaven his "stars and bars," especially those that were riddled with bullets and smoked in the battle. On such occasions he is proud to be a guest, and of the opportunity to praise the heroism and motive even of those who shot him in battle, but these noblest of men on their side are not in the habit of blending. Each should have his day. It is especially appropriate for veterans of the two sides to meet on battlefields, to compare notes and establish historic tablets, etc. Fraternity will come between the progenitors of the two armies, but the reconstruction period will have to fade away, and hasty action will retard it. The Southern people were no more patriotic during the Spanish war and since than they have been all the time. There is nothing new in their devotion to constitutional government. The exceptions to this rule are where good men have to work with minorities.

Dr. B. M. Palmer, the orator at the Louisville reunion, was born in Charleston, S. C., January 25, 1818. He was graduated at the University of Georgia in 1838, was licensed to preach the gospel in 1841, and was ordained to the ministry in 1842. He settled as a pastor in Savannah, Ga., early in the same year. He subsequently removed to Columbia, S. C., and was there as settled pastor of the Presbyterian Church in January, 1843, from which place he removed in December, 1856, to New Orleans, and has remained pastor of the First Presbyterian Church there these forty-four years.

STATUS OF THE LIBEL SUIT.

So much solicitude is expressed for the vindication of the defendant that a recent ruling of Judge Clark, of the Federal Court, is given, together with explanation by Hon. A. S. Colyar, one of the attorneys for the defense.

To the correct understanding of the opinion of Judge Clark in the case of — Underwood vs. S. A. Cunningham and the Methodist Publishing House, herewith published, overruling a motion of the plaintiff to strike out a plea of justification, it may be well for those taking an interest in the case to explain that there has

been some delay in the court over the law bearing on this plea which is now sustained by the Court, and the case will be tried on the issues raised by this plea.

The plea simply raised the question whether the defense would be allowed to show facts known to the editor at the time of the publication outside of the plaintiff's agency in the matter of raising money for the Battle Abbey which showed him to be an unfit person for raising the money.

Overruling the motion to strike out the plea means that such proof is competent, the defense filing specifications of the facts proposed to be proved. The specifications have been filed in pursuance of the Court's ruling. This is the opinion of the Court.

WRITTEN OPINION OF JUDGE CLARK.

Upon consideration of the plea and motion to strike out, I have concluded to overrule the motion to strike out, and required the plaintiff to take issue on the plea. In doing so I am not unmindful of the fact that the plea is not one of justification strictly and purely, but still combines the features of the plea of justification and the privilege of publication as well. However, the object of a strict plea of justification is to set forth and give plaintiff notice of the facts which show the truth of the publication, and in most cases in which the publication given imbues or implies a crime, it is necessary for the plea to charge fully and clearly the facts which constitute the offense. However, the defendants offer to furnish a bill of particulars, which means a statement of the facts upon which it is intended to rely, as showing the truth of the publication, and we think this may be treated as sufficient, and we feel almost the necessity of doing so, owing to the difficulty apparently of securing a plea of justification pure and simple under which the defendant might show all of the circumstances in the plea as the defendants seem to think it necessary to do. When notice is given by a bill of particulars of any facts to be relied on the question will still be open whether such facts are relevant and competent as evidence, which question will arise when the evidence is offered and can then be relied on; and furnishing a bill of particulars, of course, settles nothing as to the competency or admissibility of any facts referred to in the particulars.

POSITION OF A HERO-PATRIOT CLEARLY SEATED.—William L. De Rossett, who commanded the Third North Carolina Regiment, C. S. A., writes: "As a member of the Committee on Resolutions at the late reunion I felt it my duty to antagonize a resolution offered by Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of North Carolina, thanking the Army of the Potomac for words spoken before them in commendation of the Confederate soldier. As I have been much misrepresented and misunderstood as to what my reasons were, I must ask that you say to my comrades of the U. C. V. that no one will be more ready to acknowledge a courtesy from any organized body of Union soldiers than I, but until we received an official communication from them or one of their organizations I did, and do, object to humiliating the U. C. V. Confederation by addressing a communication to any Union organization. This is the position I took before the committee, being the only member voting against approval of the resolution; and I cannot understand why, after the tardy recognition

by the Commander at the meeting, when I endeavored to explain, I should have been so misunderstood as to cause such adverse criticism of my position and to call forth from Rev. Hill, of Mississippi, the gratuitous remark that "the man who would vote against it was not worthy the name of soldier;" and, although he was pleased to add that "the same blood that coursed through the veins of Gen. A. P. Hill coursed through his," I simply add that such relationship to a good and great man does not justify him in attacking the motives of Confederate Veterans."

TRIBUTES TO SAM DAVIS.



H. T. C., of Cleveland, Ohio, writes to W. C. Dodson, Atlanta: "Your favor and a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at hand, and I thank you for calling my attention to the true heroism and brave, self-sacrificing act of Sam Davis, in giving his life rather than betray a trust. I, a Federal soldier and at that time a foe of the noble Davis, thank you for giving me an

opportunity to become a contributor to the fund you mention, and inclose check for \$25 for the monument."

This gentleman contributed liberally (\$100) to the Winnie Davis monument, but withholds his name.

Col. C. E. Merrill writes of Sam Davis:

Sam Davis was captured as a Confederate scout and executed as a spy November 27, 1863, important military documents being found on his person while escaping back to Bragg's army. His cool, manly bearing, his dauntless courage, so worked upon the sympathies and enlisted the admiration of men and officers, especially the great-hearted Gen. Dodge (then in command of the Department of Middle Tennessee, with headquarters at Pulaski, where young Davis was executed), that he sent to the scaffold and begged him to give up the name of the traitor from whom the papers had been gotten. But the noble boy was deaf to every appeal. He would not violate his promise. If Nathan Hale or Major Andre had been so tempted, could they have stood the test so nobly? For some years after the war this matchless boy was apparently forgotten. But the hands of another boy hero, like S. A. Cunningham, were needed to break the sod and to polish the marble. Several years ago this editor and proprietor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN went about the grateful task with that wonderful tact, energy, and capacity which have made him known throughout the country. He visited the scene of the execution, gathered relics and details of the brave boy's heroic life and death, and to-day in most Southern homes can be found a photograph or a bust in brass or marble of the little martyr, who bears an imperishable name. Gen. Dodge wrote two years ago to Mr. Cunningham, inclosing his check to help build a monument to the memory of this humble Confederate soldier, who "was not born to die." Gen. Dodge told of his earnest and persistent efforts to save "little Sam Davis" from the consequences of his raid and detection, and added that he had never seen a nobler specimen of humanity than he found under that little jacket of gray.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Biscoe Hindman, Commander in Chief, issues General Order No. 1, in which he states:

It is with a feeling of deep responsibility that I hereby assume command of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. When I think of the high objects of our Confederation; of our duty in perpetuating the proud records of our soldier fathers and of their gray-clad comrades whom we love so well; of our devotion to the sweet memories of our mothers, and of all those Spartan women of the South, who must share the honors with the old heroes themselves; and last, and above all else, of our everlasting pride in the power of our nation and eternal love for our country and our flag—the feeling of responsibility becomes likened to one of consecration.

We have seen after many years the flower of respect between the sections deepen into one of esteem, and finally blossom into the strength and fullness of brotherly love and national patriotism. And we have come to know that among all the starry gems set in the azure field of "Old Glory," none sparkle with purer patriotism or greater brilliancy than those of the Sunny South. Under that flag many of you first saw the light of day and the strength and glory of our great republic. We place it above wealth and preferment; we love it better than life itself. Our love for it began in the cradle and will end only in the grave. There was a time when our Union was shaken with the shock of contending armies and bathed in the blood of our best and bravest men. But that time has long since passed away, and the few remaining scars of conflict disappeared forever when the nation's defenders, young soldiers and old veterans alike, from all over her broad lands, marched shoulder to shoulder to drive the Spanish tyrant from the Western Hemisphere, and to raise the flag of freedom over an oppressed and down-trodden people. But you and I, who were strangers to the great conflict between the States, are no better patriots, no truer defenders of the Union to-day, than the fast decreasing gray army which meets once a year in the sweet comradeship of the olden time.

Our fathers fought for State rights, local self-government, separate nationality, and constitutional liberty, and no people ever maintained a grander or more glorious struggle. But their Confederation failed, and they accepted the arbitrament of the sword and turned with strong hearts to their desolated and impoverished homes, to take up anew the struggle of life, with the same magnificent courage which they had shown on the battlefield, and which had won for them the admiration of the brave soldiers of the Union and the plaudits of all enlightened nations.

The passing of the war-begrimed remnants of the gray-clad army from the red carnage of the battlefield, from the scenes of glorious victories and terribly contested defeats, to build up the ruins of their fortunes and their homes, to associate with manumitted slaves whose ignorance made them the pliant tools of unscrupulous adventurers that always follow in the train of a victorious army, presented a problem before which the bravest and stanchest souls might well have trembled.

But these Confederate soldiers were equal to that

problem. They had been heroes in battle; they now became heroes in peace. They had been undaunted on the field, but they became grander in their citizenship. With unfaltering steps and superb manhood, and with a courage and a patience beyond the imagination of the human mind, they laid aside their honored gray uniforms to put on the quiet clothing of the citizen, and have served their country and their God with a sublimity that shines resplendent above the fame of war, and stands unsurpassed in all the history of the world.

OUR DUTY TO THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

What supported these men, I ask you, under the great burdens laid upon them? I can hear your an-



COMMANDER IN CHIEF BISCOE HINDMAN.

swer as it comes swiftly on, "The consciousness of having done their duty." Are we their sons? And shall we not do our duty to their names by rearing monuments to their memories, and establishing in history the plain truth of their proud achievements and imperishable renown? Is it not our obligation and our duty to erect a suitable memorial to the immortal women of the South, to aid in maintaining and establishing soldiers' homes, and to urge all reasonable legislation in the Southern States for these ends and for granting pensions to needy or disabled veterans of the brave army so fast fading away? I speak for you, my comrades, when I say to the old heroes: "We could not escape these responsibilities if we would, and we would not escape them if we could. You knew how to meet cold steel and leaden hail, and you knew how to die! In every station where you have been placed you have sustained yourselves with conspicuous honor. You have endowed us with the proud heritage of your soldier names, and the debt which we owe you is so full of tenderness and love that we shall endeavor to pay it over and over again. You have nobly done your part and are entitled to call on the corporal of the guard

for relief. We will grasp you by the hands and take you to our hearts."

Among the most loyal of the nation's defenders are the leaders of the South, who voice the sentiments of their whole people. Our Joe Wheeler and our Fitzhugh Lee have lived to serve both the South and the Union, and have served both causes well, and they now wear the uniforms of generals in the army of the United States. Truly we now have

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore."

Commander in Chief Biscoe Hindman also issues Circular Letter No. 1 to the United Sons of C. V.:

My Comrades: We have two committees which I wish to indelibly impress upon you and for which I beg your most thoughtful, earnest, and loyal support: the "Historical Committee" and the "Woman's Memorial Committee." These are of tremendous significance to every true Son and Daughter, and to every battle-scarred hero of the South. They are in the keeping of committees of loyal Sons who, I hope, like their chairman, have become imbued with the intensity of love for their work and the fire of enthusiasm for its success. Department Commander James Mann, of Nottoway, Va., is Chairman of the Woman's Memorial Committee. He writes me that he will give as much time and attention to the work of his committee and his department as he can possibly spare from his private affairs, and says that "the Confederation has put its hand to this work, and our standing as an organization, our very life, is dependent upon its successful consummation. It is the work of our organization, and we must show that we are in earnest. We have gathered together on five different occasions and solemnly passed various resolutions, elected our officers, attended the reunion ball, and have then gone home to wait for another reunion; but as an organization we have accomplished practically nothing. Now we have taken upon ourselves the erecting of this memorial. The object could not be more worthy, and we must accomplish results that are in some degree commensurate with its importance." I hope that every camp, both collectively and individually, will send a contribution, no matter how small, in order that every member may have a personal interest in the memorial which we shall rear to the memories of our Southern women.

The chairman of our Historical Committee is Col. William F. Jones, Assistant Adjutant General, of Elberton, Ga. He has been so faithful and so zealous in his work as Chairman of the Historical Committee that he is deserving of special mention from the Commanding General, and I hereby publicly thank him for his loyal and efficient work, and commend him to you as worthy of your heartiest encouragement and warmest gratitude. Col. Jones writes to me that if he can possibly arrange for the support of his family and four little children he will devote his exclusive time and attention to the important work of the Historical Committee, as he has decided to resign the Presidency of the Elberton Institute after twenty years' experience in the schoolroom. He also writes: "Let me tell you in all candor that the hundreds of letters that I have received, and the conversations I have had with people from all parts of the South, all emphasize in thunder tones the immediate necessity of prompt, vigorous,

and intelligent action on our part. Contrast the number of our camps with the number that have been established by the veterans and by the Daughters of the Confederacy. We should report at least one thousand camps when we meet at Memphis next year; but if things rock along as heretofore, we shall do well to hold what we have. You have a heavy task before you if you do your duty. That you will discharge it faithfully and well, I have no doubt."

I shall do my duty, my comrades, and I believe you will do yours. You have had able and loyal Commanding Generals, but has the Confederation supported them as they should have done? Without the strength and support of his men, the commander alone cannot win a battle. I feel that you are awakening to the responsibilities and duties of our organization. Though the suggestion of Col. Jones involves great labor and numerous obstacles, I accept it and say to you, "Let there be one thousand camps reported in good standing and successful operation next year at Memphis." Will you help me to accomplish such a result? Let every comrade who is in hearty accord with us and who will aid in organizing camps at new places and strengthening those already organized, write me a *personal letter* and assure me of his sympathy and support. I believe that you will do so, and that you will show yourselves in every way worthy of your illustrious lineage and the proud names you bear.

BRIEF TALK FROM THE OLDEST CONFEDERATE.

Gen. J. M. Bulger, of Alabama, considered the oldest of all Confederates, sends notes from his address at the recent reunion in Louisville, Ky.:

Some three months ago Gen. Gordon wrote to me



MISS JEWELL L. WEIDEMEYER.

Sponsor Trans-Mississippi Department S. C. V., Dallas reunion. Daughter of Capt. J. M. Weidemeyer, Company F, Sixth Missouri Infantry, C. S. A. who was in all the battles of the Second Missouri Brigade until it was surrendered at Vicksburg. He then served on Gen. F. M. Cockrell's staff as division ordnance officer to the close of the war, surrendering at Blakely, Ala.

that on account of the intimacy existing between the Davis family and myself I would be called on to make a speech at the Louisville reunion. On Friday morning I was brought forward and introduced as the oldest surviving officer of the Confederacy. After introductory remarks I said:

"I find pinned on my coat the Winnie Davis badge, with the compliments of the L. & N. R. R. The badge carries me back to Atlanta, two years ago, where I last saw that Daughter of the Confederacy. On the last day, when I entered the hall, I was met and conducted to the stand, where Gen. Gordon seated me between Winnie Davis and her mother on one side and Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson on the other. I said to Miss Winnie: 'A man's aspirations must be very high that would not be satisfied with the honor of being seated on the stand with you and your mother on one side and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and Mrs. Gordon on the other.' Miss Winnie blandly replied: 'In so far as it is an honor, there is no man of the Confederacy that deserves it more than yourself.' Gen. Gordon at a reunion procession is like he was on the battlefield: he never stops to consider obstructions. He came to carry her to join the procession in the rising storm that will never be forgotten by those who were there. Miss Winnie rose and bade her friends farewell. She took me by the hand and said: 'Meet me at Charleston.' I told her I would, if able to be shipped. I went to Charleston, but alas! Miss Winnie was not there. You can better imagine than I can tell you how my heart saddens at her absence—the magnificent and lovable form of the Daughter of the Confederacy. Comrades, it is not probable that we will all live to meet again in this world. Hoping that we may continue to enjoy the hospitalities of this noble city, then return safely to our homes, there to live peaceful, quiet, and useful lives until our time is out, then to get an honorable discharge and transportation on the ship of hope and have a safe landing on the other side of the river of death, there to join in the glorious reunion never to be broken."

STONEWALL BRIGADE AT LOUISVILLE.

C. A. Fonerden writes as follows:

Friday night, June 1, at the reunion in Louisville, Ky., Capt. James Bumgardner, of the Fifth Regiment, was made chairman, and W. T. Baldwin, of the Fourth Regiment, was appointed Secretary, of the meeting of the Stonewall Brigade. A committee of eight was appointed to devise an appropriate medal or badge with which to designate each surviving member of the old Stonewall Brigade, whose services in that command during the war have entitled him to such distinction. The committee is as follows: Gen. James A. Walker, of Wytheville, Va. (the last commander of the Stonewall Brigade), chairman; Capt. J. H. Leathers, Second Regiment, Louisville, Ky.; Capt. J. H. Fulton, Fourth Regiment, Wytheville, Va.; Capt. J. N. McFarland, Fifth Regiment, Staunton, Va.; Capt. F. C. Wilson, Twenty-Seventh Regiment, Louisville, Ky.; Maj. Randolph Barton, Thirty-Third Regiment, Baltimore, Md.; I. K. Hitner, Rockbridge Battery; C. A. Fonerden, Carpenter's Battery.

Another committee was appointed to ascertain the present address of each member of the Stonewall Brigade, composed of J. S. Harrison, Second Regiment,

Louisville, Ky.; H. D. Wade, Fourth Regiment, Christiansburg, Va.; Col. H. J. Williams, Fifth Regiment, Greenville, Va.; Thomas I. West, Twenty-Seventh Regiment, Buchanan, Va.; Capt. J. H. Wilson, Thirty-Third Regiment.

These committees are to report at the meeting of the State Camp in the fall at Staunton, Va.

The Rockbridge and Carpenter's Batteries were eulogized by Gen. James A. Walker, Capt. James Bumgardner, and Maj. Randolph Barton; but the status of these artillery companies as to whether they composed parts of the old Stonewall Brigade was undecided. However, it is certain that at the distribution of the proposed medals of honor to the Stonewall Brigade all the living members of Carpenter's Battery who were originally members of Company A, Twenty-Seventh Regiment, or otherwise served in that famous brigade, will be entitled to such distinction, by virtue of that heroic record.

To secure this medal it will be necessary for every one entitled to it to report his name and address to some member of the above-named committee, giving the company and regiment in which he served, and this report should be made at once.

COL. R. T. DURRETT.

Reuben Thomas Durrett, a son of William and Elizabeth (née Rawlings) Durrett, was born in Henry County, Ky., January 22, 1824. He was educated at schools in his native county, at Georgetown College, Kentucky, and at Brown University, Providence, R. I., where he graduated in 1849. He then entered the Law Department of the University of Louisville, where he combined the course of study for two years into one, and was graduated with the degree of LL.B. in 1850. In 1853 the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Brown University "for continued advancement." In 1893 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Mr. Durrett by Brown University, and thus completed the full measure of these college honors. The same degree of LL.D. was afterwards conferred upon him by Georgetown College and by the University of Louisville.

Mr. Durrett began the practice of law in Louisville, and was one of the most finished scholars of his age who ever appeared at the Louisville bar. His knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and German, and his rare gifts both as a speaker and a writer, contributed largely to his success at the bar.

From 1857 to 1859 Mr. Durrett was the editor of the *Louisville Courier*, and his leaders, always distinguished for their broad range of knowledge and vigor of style, made him an enviable reputation as a journalist. In his article in the *Southern Bivouac* for March, April, and May, 1886, on the Kentucky resolutions of 1798-99 he corrected the errors which had prevailed for three-quarters of a century concerning these celebrated resolutions, and placed the authors and the resolutions themselves in their true position in history. In the annual reports of the American Historical Society, of which he is a member, several pages of the bibliography of the members are taken up with a list of the historical articles written by Mr. Durrett.

Having always bought the books he needed in his literary studies, Mr. Durrett has accumulated a large and valuable library. The volumes and pamphlets

and papers and manuscripts upon his shelves number more than fifty thousand, and he is still adding to them. His collection embraces the best works in almost every branch of human knowledge, but is particularly rich in American history. He has the principal histories of every State, as well as those of the United States at large and of the North American Continent. He is so familiar with his books that he can promptly lay his hands on any one of the fifty thousand volumes without the aid of a catalogue; but, better than this, he is as familiar with the contents of his books as he is with their location on the shelves.

In recognition of his varied attainments, Mr. Dur-



COL. R. T. DURRETT.

rett has been made a member of numerous historic, scientific, and learned societies in this country and in Europe. Unlike most men distinguished for learning, he has a clear business head and sound judgment, which has weight among men of affairs. As President, Vice President, Director, etc., he is connected with various corporations in his city, and is noted for giving as unremitting attention to those of a charitable as to those of a business character. He contributes liberally to charities which he deems worthy.

In 1852 Mr. Durrett was married to Miss Elizabeth H. Bates, the only daughter of Caleb and Elizabeth (née Humphreys) Bates, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. Durrett was a lady of rare intellectual attainments, and, like her husband, had literary tastes in a high degree. She bore him four children, three of whom preceded her to the grave. One daughter, Miss Lily Bates Durrett, who died at the dawn of young womanhood, had written a series of letters from Europe and from Florida in the winter and spring of 1880, which attracted widespread attention. The only survivor of their children is a son, named for his father.

Francis Durrett, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was with Gen. George Rogers Clark in

the Illinois campaign of 1778 to 1779, but returned to Virginia, instead of settling at once, as others did, in the new country. Early in the present century, however, he moved to Kentucky and settled upon land which he purchased in Henry County. Here William, the oldest son of Francis and the father of Mr. Durrett, became a wealthy farmer, and erected upon his plantation the first brick house that was built in Henry County. That house stands to-day, as sound as it was when erected, nearly a century ago.

Col. Durrett was of the outspoken Southerners of Kentucky in 1861. He and ex-Governor Morehead were arrested and carried to a northern prison, where they were kept for several months, and were finally liberated from Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, upon taking a modified oath. An attempt was made to arrest Mr. W. D. Haldeman at the same time, but he learned of the order and fled to the South.

Col. Durrett remembers gratefully the lieutenant having them in charge and who bought a suit of comfortable clothes for him. He was shivering with cold in a linen coat, having been carried away without notice, and he demanded of the officer a supply of comfortable garments, and to his surprise they were purchased promptly from a store in New York City, the prisoner indicating the house from which he would like them.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, Sherman, Tex.: "Two artillerymen who were manning a mortar during the siege of Petersburg were badly burned by a mortar shell falling on their bombproof at night and igniting a box of powder in the room. I put a notice of inquiry in the VETERAN several years ago, but had no response about their after fate. I should like to hear from either of them or any of their company."

Mr. H. T. Chandler, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes to Comrade W. C. Dodson, Atlanta, author of "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry":

I was deeply interested in your Wheeler book, doubly so, because I have ever admired and still admire Gen. Wheeler, and because you were the editor.



I was so pleased and interested that I continued my reading until long after the new day arrived.

Gen. Wheeler has done great deeds in uniting the North and South again, and I have just read that this great general and noble man has recently said he seeks no greater reward than being able to do what he can to unite the North and

South and obliterate sectionalism. History will give Gen. Wheeler his reward so far as that goes, but I feel that it is due him *living* rather than to wait until we do not know whether or not he can realize how much the people *all* really love him and honor him for his goodness, ability, and loyalty. I may not be competent to judge correctly, for I admit that, had I been bred and brought up in the South as were you, I too would in all probability (had I had the courage) have been fighting in the ranks with you, instead of being, as I was, one of the Yanks in front of you, and oftentimes when Wheeler was after us.

IMPRESSIVE SCENE AT CAMP CHASE.

A special from Columbus, Ohio, June 9, states:

The graves of the Confederate dead at Camp Chase were decorated this afternoon with appropriate ceremonies. Veterans who wore the blue and veterans who wore the gray—who faced each other's musket shots—stood together with bared heads and did honor to the memory of 2,260 Americans whose graves are far from that Southland for which they fought. Wreaths and posies were laid on ex-Confederate graves by gray-headed veterans of the Union army.

The scene was very impressive. A Union ex-soldier had conceived the honorable plan of decorating each year the graves of the unfortunate Southerners who had succumbed to wounds and disease in a Northern prison, and whose bodies had been laid side by side in the little burying ground just west of Columbus; and each year since then a loyal band has repeated that first ceremony. The Governor of Ohio was one of the principal speakers. Confederate Veterans Col. J. M. Arnold, of Newport, Ky., and Col. W. T. Rogers, of Knoxville, Tenn., were the orators of the day. The people of Columbus were generous with their gifts of flowers with which to decorate the graves, and many offerings came from the South. A wreath was sent from Charlotte, N. C. It was made of palmetto leaves tied together with an American flag.

All the arrangements were under the direction of Col. W. H. Knauss, the originator of the plan, and of the officers of the local camp of Confederate Veterans. The members of the G. A. R. posts and of the Union Veteran Legion took part in the affair, and were assisted by the Ladies of the G. A. R. Women's Soldiers' Aid Society. The members of these organizations met at 11:30 A.M., and proceeded by street car and carriages to the Confederate Cemetery. The exercises began at 2 P.M. The assembly was sounded by W. Y. Smith, of the G. A. R., who used in the call a trumpet captured in battle. Rev. John Hewitt, an ex-Confederate, prayed, and the children of the Chicago Avenue School sang a selection.

Ohio's Governor, George K. Nash, who was introduced by Col. Knauss, said in part:

"This is a strange scene. We are assembled about the graves of more than 2,000 soldiers who perished from 1861 to 1865. At that time they were seeking to destroy the government of the United States, and were arrayed in arms against her flag. More than thirty-five years have passed since that great contest ended, and we are here to honor them by placing tributes upon their graves. They were once our enemies. With the lapse of time all the people of this country have again become loyal to the government founded by a common country. All have again learned to love the same flag, and have been and will be its ardent supporters when danger threatens its honor. When engaged in a foreign war the sons of the South and the sons of the North again became loyal soldiers of the republic, and demonstrated that we are a united people in heart, in soul, and in every aspiration of patriotism.

"The ceremony in which we have engaged to-day is not a useless nor a meaningless one. It shows that we of the North have no hatred for the brave men who were once our foes. On the other hand, it demonstrates that for those who fell in an unavoidable con-

flict we have respect and honor and love, and that with those who still live we join hands in loyal support of the matchless government whose foundations were laid by their fathers and ours, and cemented by their blood in the days of the revolution.

"It is to be hoped that as the years go by our children's children may unite in showing honor to the soldiers of the Confederacy as well as to the soldiers of the Union. All fought most honorably in a conflict which could not have been avoided. To their names no dishonor should be attached. By thus honoring all, love for the great republic will be strengthened, and her flag will be followed as the guiding star for all the people for all time to come."

Col. J. M. Arnold, of Newport, Ky., a Confederate, responded to the sentiments of Ohio's Governor, and paid a gallant tribute to the bravery of the boys whose bones lay so far from their homes, and to the loyalty and bravery of the soldiers of the North. Col. W. T. Rogers, of Knoxville, Tenn., replying for the Confederate veterans of that State, presented to Col. Knauss for the graves at Camp Chase a handsome floral offering of blue and gray entwined, emblematical of the union of the North and South. Dr. Thomas P. Shields, Commander of the local Confederate camp, ended the formal speaking with an address.

An account of the reunion of Forrest's Cavalry Corps at Brice's Cross Roads, Miss., is delayed for some engravings. Other papers ready for this number have to be left over for lack of room.



MISS MARY M'NISH BURROUGHS,

sponsor for the Georgia Division, U. C. V., is the daughter of Dr. William Berrien Burroughs, of Brunswick, Ga. Her father left Oglethorpe University, Georgia, at the breaking out of the civil war, and followed the stars and bars for four long years as a sergeant in the Seventh Georgia Cavalry under the brilliant Pierce Young and the gallant Hampton, and surrendered at Appomattox. Miss Burroughs has been connected with newspaper work for several years, and is Society Editor of the *Brunswick Times*.

LOSSES IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

BY COL. JAMES P. DOUGLAS, TYLER, TEX.

A statement appeared in the *Dallas (Tex.) News*, written by Comrade A. T. Watts, of Dallas, in which the Confederate loss in the Atlanta campaign is placed at 35,390, while the Federal loss is placed at 31,687. I addressed Comrade Watts a letter, asserting the manifest error of this statement, to which he replied that he had taken as a basis the tabulated statement on page 379 of "The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War," by Ben La-Bree. The figures by La-Bree are as follows: "Confederate loss: killed and wounded, 21,796; captured or missing, 12,983." In response to Comrade Watts I addressed the following letter to him:

"I have your letter of the 21st inst., in which you still contend for the correctness of the estimate of the losses of the Confederates in the Atlanta campaign as contained in the La-Bree book. Following La-Bree, in your letter you say Johnston reports 21,996 killed and wounded. You add 7,000 deserters and Hood's loss, 6,000. You are in error in supposing that the loss of 21,996 was confined to Johnston's operations. These figures are taken from Medical Director Ford's report, and include the losses of the Confederates by the casualties of war up to the evacuation of Atlanta, which was the end of the campaign. You say Gen. Johnston reported 7,000 absent without leave. Now, you must consider that these men were carried on the rolls many months prior to the opening of this campaign. They were men who fell out of the ranks during the disastrous operations of Bragg around Chattanooga, and included thousands who overstayed their time when furloughed during the stay of the army in winter quarters at Dalton. The writer was one of this number, overstaying his furlough sixty days, and only reaching the army during the battle of Resaca. The item of 12,983 missing, as included in the La-Bree estimate, is wholly at variance with all Confederate reports. These figures are from an article by Gen. W. T. Sherman. We may judge of the hyperbolic character of Sherman's statements when we find in the same article that he claims Hood's losses at Peachtree Creek July 20 were 4,766 killed and wounded, while his loss was only 1,710; and in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, the Confederate loss is placed by him (Sherman) at 8,499, while his loss is put down at 3,644. These two battles were fought in the open fields, with no fortifications on either side. In front of Atlanta, July 28, he claims a Confederate loss of 4,632, while he admits a loss of only 700.

"As to the item of 12,983 prisoners, I find that on June 10 Medical Director Ford, of Johnston's army, reports 569 deserters and 1,542 captured by the enemy. At the date of this report our army had retired more than four-fifths of the distance from Dalton to Atlanta, and was located on the line of Kennesaw Mountain, Marietta, and the loss by desertion had only reached 569, and the enemy had only captured 1,542 men. The army had confronted a force of more than 100,000 men on not less than a dozen different lines of battle, and had fought pitched battles with considerable parts of the forces at Dalton, Resaca, New Hope Church, and near Dallas, May 27, and on Culp's farm. To say that this army, with such a record, was demoralized and losing many thousands by desertions is a base

slander of the gallant men who composed the Army of Tennessee.

"The Medical Director's report shows only 1,377 desertions up to July 10, only a few days before the army reached Atlanta.

"Johnston reported 36,000 men of all arms before the campaign opened. After this he had additions to his army, as shown by Maj. Dawes's (Federal) article, of 30,334. This would have given a total of 66,334. To accept the losses, as estimated, at 35,393, Hood would only have had 30,000 at the close of the campaign, and this makes no allowance for the Fifth and Forty-Seventh Georgia, which were transferred to Savannah July 3. Up to June 10 the records show 3,399 furloughed men returned to duty. This item largely offsets the item of 7,000 men absent without leave at the opening of the campaign.

"As to the Federal loss in this campaign I have an article prepared, with access to the records at Washington, by Maj. Dawes, of the Fifty-Third Ohio, who estimated the Federal loss at 40,000. He falls into the error of using Sherman's 12,000 prisoners in his estimate of the Confederate loss."

I trust you will give publicity to this letter, as it is important that the stigma of demoralization should be lifted from the fair name of the Army of Tennessee.

HOW CUPID BROUGHT US NEWS OF ASHBY.

[From a paper by Mrs. Dangerfield, Lexington, Ky.]

The glory of a June noontide was over the land. The little town of Harrisonburg, in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, lay bathed in sunshine. Great branches of the beautiful trees shaded the sidewalks and in part the horsemen in the streets. Citizens seemed to be urged by some unseen danger. Several groups of soldiers rode rapidly forward and dismounted at a large white house that stood at the end of a long



GEN. TURNER ASHBY.

Killed at Harrisonburg, Va., January 6, 1862.

street, where much merry noise and chatter were soon heard, mingled with the clatter of dishes as the soldiers were quickly served with all the rations a Southern housekeeper could command at such short notice and the havoc that contending armies had left.

The Federal army was advancing, while Jackson had been ordered to join Lee over the mountain, and that stern soldier had already advanced several miles, with Ashby's cavalry protecting his rear and making Fremont cautious in his advance.

Tom, Temple, Campbell, Col. Ball, and Capt. Grimsley had stopped to say good-by at the "white house." The venerable "Uncle Douglas" and his wife were well-known Unionists, but also well known as friends of soldiers of both armies, and especially to Maryland and Virginia boys. The soldiers did not take time to unbuckle sabers or pistols, but talked to the pretty cousins and sweethearts with watchful eyes upon their horses, which were impatiently pawing, as if they knew it was time to join the company rapidly passing.

As Uncle Douglas stood in the porch a noble-looking officer upon a large white horse stopped a moment and said: "How do you do to-day, Col. Gray? Will you tell the young men that the enemy is advancing, and to rejoin their commands at once?" His voice was as gentle as a woman's, but as clear as a silver bell. Col. Gray answered, "Certainly, Gen. Ashby!" and, turning, repeated the order to a young girl on the porch, who was saying a few last words to three or four young cavalymen gathered around her, and the order was instantly obeyed. The handsome young captain bent to whisper one parting word, the gay high private held one instant the little hand that trembled in his, there was a spirited summons from the luncheon table, packages were hastily thrust into haversacks, sabers clanked, and the group mounted quickly.

Ashby paused to accept the glass of rich milk Nellie brought to him. As he returned the glass to her, she standing near to say a farewell word to the chieftain they all loved—their Chevalier, "without fear and without reproach"—he bent till the long ostrich plume touched his saddle bow and said, so softly that only she and the young captain who stood near her could hear: "I suspect that fellow of trying to get through the lines to obtain information a little more frequently than is necessary; and if the Yankees catch my best scout, I shall know who is to blame." Nellie blushed deeply, and Capt. Hilary laughed gayly as, once more pressing the girl's little hand, he mounted his gallant steed and sat ready to ride with his chieftain.

Ashby was an idol with his men, and he looked every inch the gentleman and soldier that he was. He sat his horse as if he were a part of it. His broad back shaded a noble white forehead, his dark eyes glowed with untamable spirit, and the long black beard that fell down to his breast gave added dignity to his appearance. Brave as a lion and gentle as a woman, he was reckless in battle, but as courteous and magnanimous to prisoners as was the Black Prince of an older time. His men would have gone through fire guided by the flash of his saber.

When about starting he turned in his saddle and looked along the long, broad street, and said quietly: "Look! there is the head of the enemy's column. Ride at a quick trot, four abreast. We are leading to an

ambush, they suspect, and will not follow too closely. As soon as over the hill, gallop to the command."

On the green hill above the town a picket sat his horse, the whole figure like a statue of perfect mold outlined against the blue sky. Slowly it now moved, gradually fading behind the hill, and with a great clatter the Bucktails—a fine Pennsylvania regiment that had chosen as their emblem the buck tail, and with it decorated their hats—thundered down the street.

Already accustomed to the quick changes of the panorama of war, the gay young girls felt no terror for their soldier friends and their gallant leader. They watched with keen interest from behind the curtains as the fine-looking Bucktails dashed by, laughing secretly, for they fancied an ambush in the green meadow beyond, where their friends, the boys in gray would win a victory.

Soon the rattle of musketry was heard; then riderless horses dashed back and limping stragglers in blue went slowly by to the improvised hospital in the deserted schoolhouse. Some stopped at the white house door, and were refreshed with buttermilk by Col. Gray as he anxiously asked news of the fight. A party of surgeons and hospital attendants requested refreshments, and he courteously asked them to stay to supper. "Grandma," assisted by her servants, ministered to them, but the girls would not see them. They told of the fight; how they had tried again and again to advance, but had been obliged to retire; that Col. Percy Wyndham was captured after gallant fighting, and that the leader of the Rebel cavalry had been killed. This language was used: "Mere men could not resist them. We can stand as much as most men, but demons were too much for us. We had to back down this time, anyhow."

Col. Gray listened with grave attention. Although an earnest Union man, Gen. Ashby was his friend, and he said: "The report of Ashby's death follows every skirmish." Maj. Rankin replied courteously: "I fear you will find it is true this time, Col. Gray, for at every house we passed this afternoon we heard weeping."

When the Federal officers had gone the girls rushed in to ask what stories the "horrid old Yankees" had told. When the sad news was announced they refused to believe it; they would not admit that their hero, Ashby, was killed. But they could only wait in their anxiety. "Cupid would soon come," and they would "know all." Cupid, a tall negro man, was the body guard of Capt. Hilary and his brother. He had cared for them since their babyhood. He had taught them to ride and hunt and swim, and when Charles entered the army as captain Cupid went too, as his cook.

Night came, but they could not sleep. Piling pillows upon the floor, they gathered around "Grandma," who tried to soothe the frightened girls, while "Uncle Douglas" prayed that these awful times might soon cease and his beloved country once more be at peace. They sat in darkness, lest they arouse the suspicions of the Yankee sentinel, whose tread could be heard as he paced to and fro on the street below.

A tap at the back door was answered by Uncle Douglas, and in a moment Capt. Hilary held his sister in his arms. "Thank God!" she whispered. "O my boy! is Temple safe? Is Cupid with you?"

"Yes, yes, dear; we are all right, but nearly starved."

The girls gathered eagerly around their daring visitor, while Cupid, stationed near the door to guard against surprises, was at once supplied with pies, cheese, and biscuit—"Valley fare."

The young people spoke in whispers. As the tallow candle flickered it cast strange shadows, and as one ray fell upon the blackened face of the young captain the girls laughed hysterically. Nellie whispered: "O Charlie, that is so dangerous! You might be caught, and they would call you a spy."

"O, no fear! We are two runaway slaves. Don't look so scared, little girl. You ought to hear Cupid boss the Yankees. They always let him pass with any 'brudder' he may have along. But we must be gone in an hour," continued Capt. Hilary as he ate the lunch brought from some hidden recess.

"Charles," said Nellie, "you must tell us something. You are not like yourself. Gay words don't deceive us. Something is wrong. Is it—it isn't—Ashby?"

"I thought I could tell Uncle Douglas first," he answered, "and let him tell you all afterwards. It wasn't very brave in me, was it?" And then with a voice that all his soldier pride could hardly steady he told them of the gallant death of their paladin. "You must listen quietly and be very brave," he said; "walls have ears." If you cry out, they will suspect you; and even if we escape, they will burn your house if they think you have harbored us. They are rather sore over this evening's fight, any way. Ashby was killed while leading a wavering regiment to victory. We did not dare at first let the men know the leader they thought invincible was dead, and so we covered his face at once. But we need not have been afraid. When the men found it out each man fought like ten. Right well we avenged his death, but a thousand lives could not be worth to us as much as his—no, no one can fill his place in the hearts of his men or to our cause. After the fight was over we had his picture taken as he lay there—beautiful as if carved in marble, only there was a dark spot above the heart."

CONFEDERATE REUNION AT STURGIS, KY.

A grand reunion of Camp Adam Johnson, Confederate Veterans, was held at Sturgis, Union County, Ky., on Friday and Saturday, September 16 and 17, 1899. Between seven and eight hundred Confederate Veterans were present, with a host of their wives, children, and friends. A large number of the old soldiers had belonged to the Ninth Kentucky, Col. Adam R. Johnson's famous regiment, and it was a great disappointment to them and to all that the gallant old hero could not be present. He sent his regrets in a stirring letter. In his greeting to his former comrades he says: "'Falter' was a forgotten word with you, and with a valor unsurpassed you met the foe at every turn of the way and sustained yourselves against enormous odds." There were many ringing speeches made, especially one by Capt. Stone, who lost a leg at the battle of Perryville, Ky. Miss Clore Carville, a niece of Mr. Theodore Clore, one of the veterans, recited the following poem, by Mrs. Annie Barnwell Morton, of Beaufort, S. C., wearing the old gray jacket and haversack which her uncle had worn in that famous raid by Gen. John Morgan's command across the Ohio which resulted in his capture:

THE OLD JACKET OF GRAY.

See this old jacket, faded and torn!
In Morgan's raid it was proudly worn—
This very old jacket of gray.
It was one of many that covered then
The breasts of true-hearted Southern men,
All thrilled with the hope that filled them when
John Morgan was leading the way.

This haversack, see! it hung of yore—
Bearing of hardtack a meager store—
Across the old jacket of gray.
Though tired and ragged and hungry too,
What cared we, with victory full in view?
We feared not defeat, for well we knew
John Morgan was leading the way.

From Lee to the humblest soldier who
His sword for the honor of Dixie drew,
All wore just such jackets of gray.
Though the cause we love is a "lost cause," still
It lives in hearts that will ever thrill
At sight of the gray, though no more will
John Morgan be leading the way.

He led the way up fair glory's height
With the patriot heroes, who waged a fight
In their tattered jackets of gray
That will live for aye on the roll of fame
And carve on time's rock brave Dixie's name
To fill Southern hearts with the patriot's flame
Of Morgan while leading the way.

There are many here who fought and bled,
By love for freedom and honor led,
In just such old jackets of gray;
And many whose hearts enshrine with pride
Loved ones who fell in the battle tide
With Dixie's name on their lips, and died
While Morgan was leading the way.

O heroes of Dixie, one and all—
The living and dead—on you I call,
Who wore the old jackets of gray!
On the living to teach by tongue and pen;
On the dead, by those who loved them then,
Our youth to glory in the men
Who, like Morgan, once led the way.

To glory in Lee and old Stonewall,
In the Johnstons, Hampton, Stuart, and all
Who wore the dear jackets of gray;
In the privates who joined the hero band
From Maryland to the Lone Star's strand,
In the stars and bars of Dixie's land,
And in Davis, who led the way.

RELIEVED OF A BULLET.—During the war between the States, at the battle of Shiloh, thirty-eight years ago, Dr. W. H. Hancock, of Marvin, Tex., caught a Minie ball in the leg. He was taken to the hospital, and the surgeon operated on him to remove the ball. It was supposed that all of the bullet was removed, but about seven years after receiving the wound he felt pains in his leg, which grew more constant continually. Dr. Hancock supposed that in extracting the Minie ball the surgeon had overlooked a piece of his boot leg or clothing driven in with the ball. While the pain became more constant, it gradually moved down toward the ankle and became more severe. The doctors gave it as their opinion that he would have to undergo an operation, and that if he delayed he might have to submit finally to the amputation of his leg. Dr. Hancock finally consented to an operation, and it proved to be a part of the Minie ball. When the ball entered his leg it split in two, and for the past thirty-eight years he had been carrying a good-sized piece of lead in his leg.



DR. S. W. FRANKLIN.

In sending the following sketch of Dr. Franklin Gen. J. M. Harrell, of Hot Springs, Ark., states: "He was one of the truest embodiments of the Southern patriot that ever enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy. Modest as a girl and as tender, he was as frank and fearless as a knight of the days of chivalry. All who knew him loved him and bemoan his death."

Ex-Surgeon Sidney W. Franklin, Tenth Tennessee Confederate Infantry, and member of Albert Pike Camp, U. C. V., Hot Springs, Ark., died at the family mansion in Columbus, Miss., May 19. He graduated from the New York School of Medicine and Surgery in 1860, after being educated at Jefferson College, Tennessee. He was a member of the Columbus Rifles, ordered to East Tennessee, and then to Fort Donelson, where he was made a prisoner and sent to Camp Douglas prison, on Lake Michigan. After being exchanged he was appointed assistant surgeon in the Confederate army, and served until the close of the war, when he married Miss Kate Dougherty, of Memphis. In 1873 he established himself in the practice of medicine at Hot Springs, Ark., where he continued until failing health compelled him to retire and return to his old home. He was eminently successful, and by his ability added to the reputation of that famous resort.

Dr. Franklin's service as the surgeon of the Tenth Tennessee was in the field. He was at the side of Col. Randall McGavock when the latter was killed at the head of his regiment. His father, a native of New York, removed to Columbus, Miss., at an early day, where he married a daughter of Mr. Argyle Campbell, of the well-known family of Campbells of Mississippi and Tennessee. His father's brother resides in Brooklyn, a retired commodore of the United States navy. Although much of the time of his youth was spent at the North, Dr. Franklin was an ardent Southerner. To the day of his death he regarded the movement that culminated in the invasion of the South as a frenzy of the strangest hallucination in history. He was fond of letters, and wrote with a fascinating pen. His address, May, 1898, at the graves in the Confederate Cemetery, in which he paid a tribute to Robert E. Lee and the women of the South, was a gem of eloquence and strength. Fond of letters, he frequently quoted from the poets. Tennyson was his favorite. "Locksley Hall," which the author afterwards recanted, furnished him the couplet he often repeated when he felt like apologizing for the new order of things:

Not in vain the distance beckons,
Forward, forward, let us range!
And the great world spin forever
Down the ringing groove of change.

He was "a scholar, a ripe and good one," and very closely resembled the portrait delineated for Catherine by the "faithful chronicler," Griffith, of her former enemy, the Great Cardinal.

PROF. A. D. WHARTON.

Tribute by his pastor, W. E. Ellis, Nashville:

Prof. A. D. Wharton, the gallant lieutenant of the Confederate navy, has passed away, and we are again reminded that the honored heroes of the cause we loved will soon have passed into history.

Prof. Wharton was born at Mt. Pleasant, Ala., July 19, 1840; and died in Nashville, Tenn., April 3, 1900, in the sixtieth year of his age. His early education he received from the public schools of Nashville, and entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1856, and was graduated from there in 1860 with honors in a class of forty, with Admiral Schley, Commodore Casey, Commodore Watson, and others who have made great names for themselves in the history of our country. After finishing his education, he at once entered the naval service and at the time the civil war broke out, in 1861, was cruising in South American waters near



PROF. A. D. WHARTON.

Montevideo, and ranked as lieutenant. He told the captain of his intention to join the Confederacy, and desired to reach home as soon as possible for this purpose. He was in charge of the vessel, and though six thousand miles from home he took his bearings and drove her safe into port without a bobble. When in sight of land for the first time, and the lighthouse could be seen off Charleston harbor, the captain asked him what lights those were, and when he answered the question, he was accused of taking the vessel into a hostile port, the captain not believing his statement. His reply was: "Captain, so long as I wear this uniform, I shall be loyal to this cause. But when I reach the land and lay aside this uniform, I shall espouse the cause of my people." This trying time in his life only gave opportunity to reveal the real manhood of his character. With a definite aim in life which he never lost sight of, and deep convictions which he never disregarded, his life as a soldier, a pa-

triot, and a Christian was marked with that peculiar success that only great spirits achieve. He gave up the most brilliant prospects in life as a naval officer to serve his own part of the country in the cause of his love because he believed this was right. Regard for principle was the dominant element in his character. He was in the Confederate navy on vessels in the Mississippi and Red Rivers, where he did valiant service. He was on the ram Arkansas when the gallant dash was made at Vicksburg. He was afterwards lieutenant on the battleship Tennessee, and fought in the decisive battle of Mobile Bay, firing the last gun. He had sighted the gun, and it was about to be fired, when his comrade standing by his side was instantly killed by a shell from the enemies' gun, which struck the Tennessee, shivering it, a splinter taking off the top of his comrade's head, whereupon Lieut. Wharton fired the gun himself. He was then forced to surrender, as the ammunition was all exhausted. He was for some time a prisoner. At the close of the war, in 1865, he returned to Nashville, the home of his boyhood, where he spent the remainder of his days in as valiant service as he had rendered in war.

In 1866 he was elected principal of the High School of Nashville, and served in this capacity at different times until his death. He also served on the State Board of Education for a number of years. He was appointed by President Grover Cleveland in 1886 to serve on the Board of Visitors of the United States Naval Academy. At the time of his death he was a member of the State Text-Book Commission. He doubtless did more for the cause of education in Tennessee than any man in the State.

Nowhere will he be missed more than in his Church. He became a member at the age of twelve years, and for forty-eight years he was a consistent Christian. For thirty years he served as superintendent of the Sunday school, and his pupils are now living in many States in this Union. For thirty-two years he was an officer in the Church, and for thirty years he was leader of song. His daily life adorned his profession. His religion showed itself peculiarly in a cheerful faith which saw goodness in everything and which gave to him a very superior quality of mind. His temperament seemed to favor the spirit of gratitude that showed itself in everything. He was naturally happy, and like the magnet, which attracts the finer particles of steel, so he drew to himself the more cheerful views of Providence. "Thanks" were his common breathings in prayer. He had caught the meaning of life, and was learning while here the language of heaven and clothing himself in the garments of glory.

The end was a fitting close to such a life. Peacefully, patiently, bravely he passed away, with perfect trust in God, ending his life in the triumphs of a living faith. The Confederate veterans have laid away one of their best soldiers, the Confederate cause one of its staunchest supporters, and the Church one of its most valuable and beloved members, the home one whose place can never be filled. A useful life is ended. A bright spirit is perfected, and heaven is the richer for his presence.

COL. GEORGE WESLEY CLAYTON.

A committee composed of W. W. Stringfield,

George E. Boggs, Commander George S. Ferguson, and Adjutant J. H. Felmet, Pink Walsh Camp, Waynesville, N. C., paid this excellent tribute:

Col. George Wesley Clayton was a worthy son of a



COL. G. W. CLAYTON.

noble Scotch-Irish and Huguenot ancestry. His grandfather, Lambert Clayton, was a soldier in the revolutionary army. He was wounded at Eutaw Springs, and was in the battle at Cowpens. His maternal great-grandfather was John Davidson, who helped organize Mecklenburg County, and was one of its most influential citizens. He was a member of the Mecklenburg Convention in 1775. He was in several battles in the two Carolinas during the war,

serving with the rank of major.

His father, Ephraim Clayton, was well and favorably known throughout this region of country.

Comrade Clayton was born at Asheville, N. C., June 4, 1841. He entered the military school at West Point in 1857, and resigned and came South in 1861, just prior to the beginning of the war. He was first commissioned as a lieutenant in Preston's Battery of South Carolina Troops, and at the organization of the Sixty-Second North Carolina Regiment he was elected lieutenant colonel, and on the resignation of Robert Love became colonel.

During his absence on sick leave in the fall of 1863, his regiment was captured at Cumberland Gap and was kept in prison during the remainder of the war. Col. Clayton organized all the members of the regiment who were not at Cumberland Gap at the surrender, and retained command of this remnant, consisting of about one hundred and fifty men, during the remainder of the war.

Although not privileged to take part in any of the great campaigns or decisive battles of the war, his faithfulness, courage, and ability were apparent.

At Russellville, Tenn. (?), he repulsed with his small force, consisting of about two hundred and fifty men, a force of about two thousand five hundred cavalry under the command of Gillam, who were in pursuit of Gen. Vaughn's cavalry, and that was a timely disturbance. Early in December, 1864, he was with Gen. Breckinridge at Bull's Gap, and assisted in the defeat of Gen. Gillam and the capture of part of his command.

Late in the spring of 1865, he with about two hundred men consisting in part of Jeter's Battery of six guns, repulsed Stoneman's raid on Asheville, although, owing to the carelessness of cavalry pickets on roads at some distance from Asheville, he was virtually surprised. He quickly formed his command and made such a vigorous resistance that Stoneman made a hasty retreat, with the loss of several of his men killed and wounded. This was about May 1, and was

one of the last engagements of the war. He did not know of Gen. Lee's surrender.

Great injustice has been done the Sixty-Second North Carolina in the published reports and "Records of the Rebellion." At the time of the surrender two hundred of its men were actually fighting the Federals two miles north. Col. Clayton's untimely death delays this vindication.

Quiet and modest in demeanor, fine of purpose, and fixed in principle, Col. Clayton "stood four square to all the world," commanding the respect and winning the confidence of all who knew him. He was a consistent Christian, and elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was kind and courteous, a devoted husband and father. He married Miss Lillie McDowell, daughter of the late Dr. Joseph McDowell, who, with eight children survives him.

He was adjutant of our camp, and one of our most active and earnest members. Suitable resolutions were passed by the camp.

COL. T. T. BARNETT.

In the death of Col. T. T. Barnett at Paducah, Ky., March 12, 1899, a typical Southern gentleman passed away. He was brave and chivalrous, yet gentle, social, and kind-hearted. Col. Barnett was born in Crittenden County, Ky., October 6, 1838. When the great war came on he enlisted in the Third Kentucky Regiment, and was made captain of a company that went from Livingston and Crittenden Counties. He was promoted to the rank of major, and later was made lieutenant colonel of the Third Kentucky, which he held at the close of the war. He was in action at the siege of Vicksburg, and an active participant at Corinth and Franklin and other hard-fought battles.

LIEUT. COL. CHARLES. WINDER SQUIRES.

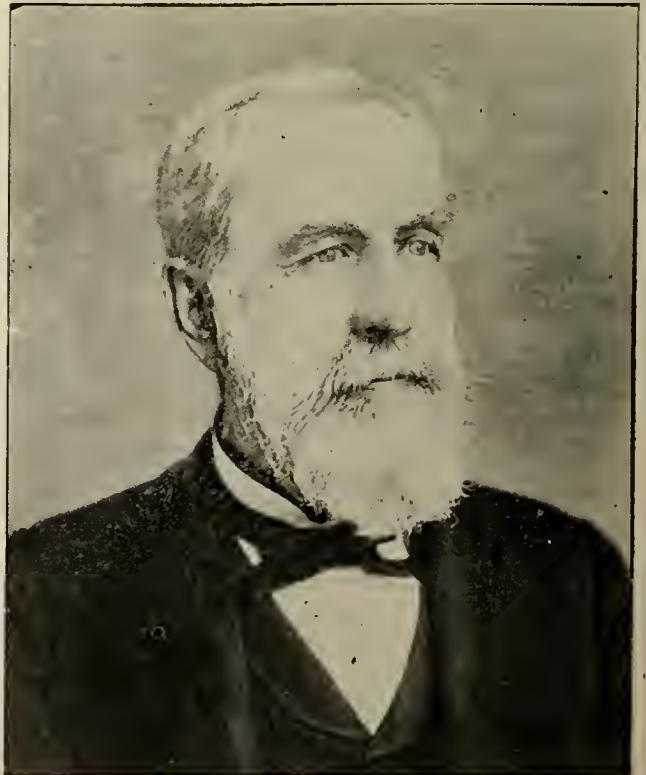
Few men of his age saw more severe fighting or made a more brilliant record than Lieut. Col. Squires, who died recently at his home in St. Louis, Mo. He was a native of New Orleans, and on the 26th of May, 1861, when only nineteen years old, he was mustered into the Confederate service as first lieutenant of the first company of the Washington Artillery. On the 26th of May, 1865, he surrendered with Gen. Kirby Smith's forces in Texas, having served his country four years to the day, a battle-scarred veteran and lieutenant colonel of artillery at the age of twenty-three.

Leaving New Orleans with his company, they reached Virginia, and at Blackburn's Ford, ten days before the battle of Manassas, Lieut. Squires and his men began to help make the fighting record for which the Washington Artillery will forever be famous. Although nothing but a boy in age, on the 21st of September he was promoted to the captaincy of his company, and in this capacity he served through most of the glorious campaigns of the army of Northern Virginia. He was twice wounded and once captured. The latter happened at Chancellorsville, when with Early he was attempting to stay the onslaught of Sedgewick's Corps of twenty thousand men. He fought his guns until the enemy were almost on the muzzles, and two of his men were actually killed after they had surrendered, so close was the work. He was soon exchanged and again in the service with six guns and one hundred men. He

served with Gen. Pickett through the Eastern North Carolina campaign. His promotion to the rank of major was confirmed by the Confederate Senate, and at the request of Gen. Dick Taylor he was ordered to report to him in the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he was made chief of artillery for Taylor's army. He held the same position under Gen. Magruder, when he succeeded Taylor; and when Gen. Buckner took command he was promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy, and was chief of his artillery. After the war Col. Squires engaged in mercantile pursuits in New Orleans and St. Louis. He married Miss Emma Tappay, of Petersburg, Va. His wife and four children survive him.

The following tributes were sent out by Gen. George Moorman, Chief of Staff, U. C. V.

Another gallant Mississippian has crossed the river of death to join Davis, Featherston, Humphreys, Walthall, George, Barksdale, Adams, Griffith, Posey, and all the rest of that shining host of intrepid leaders who have adorned the annals of that great commonwealth and of our land, who were awaiting him and beckoning to him from the other shore. On the 26th ult., at 7:30 P.M., Col. W. D. Holder, colonel of the Seventeenth Mississippi Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, ex-Commander of Robert A. Smith Camp, No. 24, U. C. V., and ex-Major General of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., drew "the drapery of his couch about him" to lie "down to pleasant dreams," as calmly as he was wont to draw his old Confederate blanket around him and lie down to rest and sleep upon the eve of battle upon the hills of old Virginia. Distinguished in war

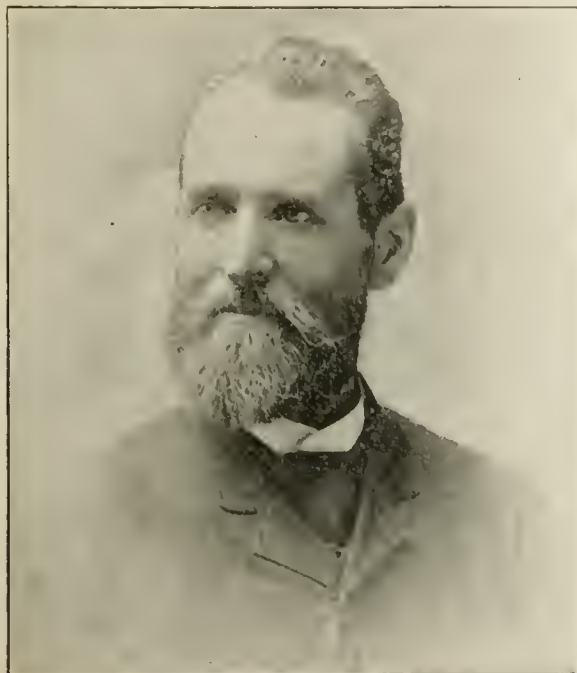


GEN. W. D. HOLDER.

and in the Legislative halls of the Confederacy, and in all the walks of peace, he has thus in his civic and military career left a name without a stain or a blemish, one which will adorn the brightest pages of the history of his State and of the South, and to which his family, his countrymen, and posterity can proudly point.

GEN. J. Y. GILMORE.

And now, again, it is the sad duty of the General Commanding to announce the death of the brave and gentle and beloved Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V. Another hero who performed deathless deeds upon the banks of the James, in the swamps of the Chickahominy, and upon every field of strife where duty called him, and whose blood freely watered the soil of old Virginia, has gone to join his comrades and those immortal commanders of that matchless army to the glory of which he so greatly contributed. At 2:35 P.M. to-day the brave spirit of Maj. Gen. J.



GEN. J. Y. GILMORE.

Y. Gilmore, Commanding the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., set out to join that spectral throng who are to-day bivouacked among the silent stars. Every head will be bowed in sorrow and every heart touched with grief at the news of the death of this noble man. What a splendid history and what a glorious life story does this grand old Confederate veteran leave for his family and for posterity! What a life of fealty, of devotion, of constancy, of courage, and of honor! Of Northern birth, he espoused the cause of the South in the sixties, and has ever been as true to the cause as has any of her sons who were to "the manner born." His constancy to the memory of our dead and his efforts for the living and his devotion to their welfare have been measured only by his ability and his strength. He sealed his devotion to the South by his courage and suffering upon the bloody field of Malvern Hill, where his body was torn and riddled almost to shreds by shot and shell,

from which he never recovered, and which finally caused his death. Pathetic indeed is his death at this moment, when his arrangements were all complete and he was about to realize the fruition of his dearest hopes of joining his surviving comrades at the Louisville reunion. What a splendid record he leaves, both in war and in peace!

COL. WILLIAM L. DOSS.

Comrade F. G. Barrey writes from West Point, Miss.: "A chivalrous gentleman and superb soldier passed away when Col. W. L. Doss expired, at his home in West Point, Miss., on January 25, 1900. He was indeed an honored veteran. He fought under the eye of Col. Jefferson Davis in the Mexican war, being a sergeant in Company A, Second Mississippi Regiment, which, with Col. Davis at its head, turned the tide of defeat into victory at Buena Vista. Serg. Doss served throughout that entire war, at its close returning to Mississippi. At the first call in 1861 he enlisted as a private, and on the organization of the Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment he was elected as its major. He was captured at Fort Donelson, with his command, in the general capitulation. He was at the time in command of the regiment. Within six months he was exchanged and promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment, and followed the fortunes of his flag till the surrender. The list of the battles and minor engagements in which this famous regiment participated would fill a column. Col. Doss leaves a priceless heritage as a soldier and a gentleman. As an officer his genial nature and generous heart would often lead him to relax the stern discipline of army life and mingle with his men as a companion and brother. His bearing was always courtly, well-bred, and kindly. He had no enemies; everybody was his friend, and he was a friend to all. He was loyal in his attachments, patriotic and brave. As a soldier and as a citizen Mississippi may well mourn his death. Col. Doss was born in Pickens County, Ala., January 8, 1825."

Memorial exercises in honor of the late soldier-priest, Father Egidius Smulders, C. SS. R., ex-chaplain of the Eighteenth Louisiana Regiment during the civil war, who recently died in St. Louis at the venerable age of eighty-five years, were held in St. Alphonsus' Hall, New Orleans, La., under the auspices of a committee from Camp No. 1, U. C. V., Army of Northern Virginia. The hall was filled with an attentive and sympathetic audience, and the ceremonies were impressive and interesting. Irrefragable testimony from those not of his faith, of distinguished officers of the Confederate army, could be adduced in proof of the remarkable work performed by the noble father. All came under the sphere of his influence, all felt the kindly magnetism of the good man, and all hailed his presence with satisfaction. Many tender words, prompted by loving hearts, were spoken in memory of the beloved ex-chaplain. The following stanzas are from a poem composed and recited by Comrade J. L. Hempstead for the occasion:

How many of the Eighth who died
Blessed Father Smulders, their priest,
As he knelt by each comrade's side,
Till the pulse throbs spasmodically ceased!

Brave monk, and brave warrior so true,
Pious, yet valiantly brave,
Immortelles we lavishly strew
Over the priest-patriot's grave.

Wrap our dear flag around him;
Listen to the drum's muffled roll—
Pale death, so relentlessly grim,
Has claimed the priest-hero's soul.
Chaplain, comrade, and friend,
Life's lease is canceled, they say—
To God's will we devoutly bend;
For the repose of his soul we pray.

Lieut. Minor B. Harris, Company C, First Arkansas Infantry, died at his home near Jackson, Miss., April 30. He was a gallant officer, and was in all the battles fought by his regiment, until disabled in the battle of Chickamauga, in which he won the distinction of having his name enrolled on the Confederate roll of honor. This tribute is paid by his captain.

MRS. M. A. COOPER.

Comrade S. C. Cooper, of Paris, Tenn., had the great sorrow to lose his wife, Mrs. M. A. Cooper. She was born in Smith County, Tenn., on the last day of the year 1838. She was born again, into the Christian life, during September, 1854, and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at her new home in Henry County, Tenn. Mrs. Cooper was an ardent Southerner and



was devoted to the principles ever set forth in this publication. Maj. Cooper was wounded and captured in the battle of Franklin and brought to Nashville, to which place she came promptly, despite all discomforts and dangers. Forty miles of this journey she made on horseback. She evaded the gunboats and crossed the Tennessee River in a boat rowed by a small boy. Thence to Dover, Tenn., she rode in an ox cart. After a month with her wounded prisoner-husband, serving him as fully as she was permitted, she returned to West Tennessee in the same way she came. She was a devout Christian, and ardently devoted to a cause the principles of which cannot be lost.

JOHN DAVIDSON FLETCHER.

John D. Fletcher was born in Neshoba County, Miss., in 1846. At the beginning of the war he was attending college at La Grange, Tenn. In 1863 he enlisted with Forrest's escort, just before the fight at Fort Pillow, and was ever at his post to the end of the war. Although in many hard battles and close places, he was never captured nor wounded.

In 1868 Comrade Fletcher removed to Arkansas, and located at Lonoke. He was one of the first settlers in that section. Consistent with his soldier life, Comrade Fletcher entered the ministry of the Baptist Church. He preached as pastor at Shiloh, New Hope, Gum Woods, Lonoke, Pecan Grove, Little Elm, Prairie Grove, and Liberty, previous to 1895, after which he was in the mission field.

In 1875 Comrade Fletcher married Miss Ida Graves, of Clinton, Miss. They reared several children, all of whom survived the husband and father, who went to his reward February 2, 1900. An interesting tribute was paid the memory of Comrade Fletcher by a committee composed of W. N. Bransford, B. T. Stokes, and George Sibley.

DR. THOMAS LEWIS OGIER.

The following notes are from an address by Dr. R. L. Brodie to Camp Sumter, Charleston:

It has passed into a routine at our usual gatherings, to pause and commemorate some veteran who has ceased to live and move among us. "The gray hairs and the fleeting time" are swelling the number of the old soldiers who are straggling on the march, and whose tottering steps are bearing them from the seen into the unseen, from the known into the unknown. Not many of us can hope that the setting sun will illuminate a journey of threescore and ten, but when fourscore and ten years of brave endeavor characterize one of our number, our sorrow for his loss is tempered with admiration for his courage and endurance.

We recall to-night the oldest and most venerated comrade of our camp, Dr. Thomas Lewis Ogier, who ceased from his labors January 21, 1900, in the ninetyeth year of his age. He was born in this city December 23, 1810, his parents being Thomas and Sarah Hendland Ogier. At the age of nine years he was sent to England, where he remained for six years under the care of his uncle, Rev. Michael Ward, when he returned to Charleston.

He commenced the study of medicine under Dr. John Edwards Holbrook in 1827, graduating at the South Carolina Medical College in 1830. Going immediately to Paris, he enjoyed singular advantages to fit him for the position to which destiny assigned him in 1861. In July, 1830, the revolution began, which resulted in the expulsion of Charles X., and which the Frenchmen termed, "Three glorious days." The ardent, enthusiastic young student gloried in the opportunities afforded for the acquisition of knowledge and experience by the barricaded streets. Wounded men, women, and children crowded Hotel Dieu, and there under the immortal Dupuytren, our comrade received his first lessons in military surgery. His stay in Paris lasted for over three years, and he had the good fortune to become a prosecutor to Magendie, at

that time the leading physiologist in Europe. Dr. Ogier assisted at the vivisections with which he illustrated his lectures, and which won for him from some of his English critics the sobriquet of "the hellish Magendie."

Returning to his native city well equipped for the practice of his profession, he had the good fortune to become associated in business with his former preceptor, Dr. John Edwards Hollbrook. This devotee to natural science found in the intercourse of his friends, Agassez Bachman and others, more congenial employment than among the inmates of sick chambers. His professorship of anatomy in the South Carolina Medical College, and the preparation of his works, "The Herpetology of North America, and the Ichthyology of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida," fully occupied his time. His young protégé was introduced to a clientage large, rich, and influential, which he held for many years. With them came reputation, money, "troops of friends."



DR. T. L. OGIER.

But the baleful shadow of civil war overtook him in the zenith of prosperity, and he freely offered to his beloved South all that self, interest, and home ties held most dear. His sons-in-law, Capt. C. W. Parker and Dr. A. M. Lynah, and his sons, Lieut. W. G. Ogier and Dr. T. L. Ogier, his namesake, all held commissions in the Confederate service. He himself became Surgeon C. S. A., and filled the position of district surgeon, having supervision of field hospitals around Charleston. When Gen. Beauregard was ordered to Petersburg, he became Medical Director of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, accompanying Gen. Hardee on the evacuation of Charleston, and doing good service at the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville. Soon after came the surrender, and our comrade wended his way back to share in the broken homes, crushed spirits, and wrecked fortunes of his former prosperous constituents. His ministrations were mostly labors of love, and thus he continued to move among them as

best he might to the end. That came to him peacefully and contentedly at the last. When called to see him two days before his death, with the bravery and composure of a nature nursed by trial and experience, he remarked: "This will kill me. I am willing to go, but don't let me suffer."

On Sunday he sat in an easy-chair until the church bells were ringing out the summons to evening service, when he walked to his bed, settled himself to rest, and was gone.

The old soldier was tried. He had battled manfully and long against adverse fortune. He heard "the recall," "taps" sounded, and "lights were out."

Resolved, That Camp Sumter, C. S. V., records its deep sorrow for the loss of our venerable comrade, Dr. Thomas Lewis Ogier, and will ever cherish his memory among us.

It was ordered that the proceedings be recorded and a copy sent to the family.

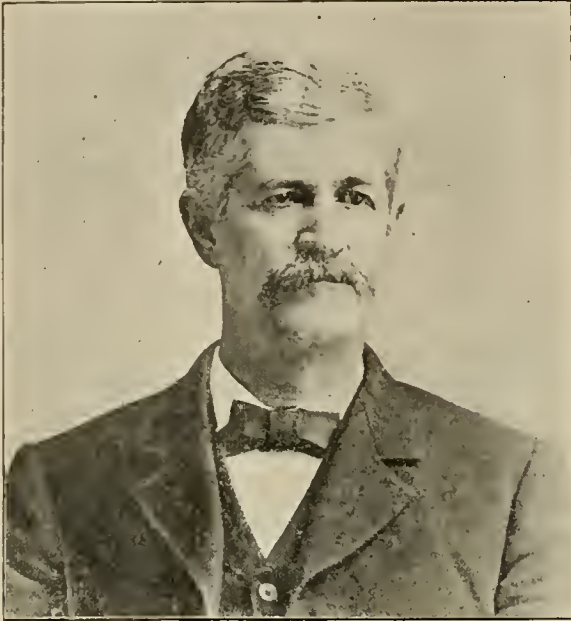
LIEUT. ROBERT W. CRAWFORD.

Robert W. Crawford, a Valley boy, born and bred in Woodstock, was just establishing himself as a farmer in the adjoining country of Frederick when Virginia seceded. Presently fifteen hundred Virginians came marching down the Valley turnpike, on their way to Harper's Ferry, and the next day word went back to the young farmer's sisters that Rob had enlisted. Elected a lieutenant in Company A, First Virginia Cavalry, he rode away under the leadership of that Prince Rupert of all our Southern cavaliers, Jeb Stuart, and he was with Stuart in all the brilliant exploits which gave him his fame, including the notable ride around McClellan's army. When at last his leader fell, Lieut. Crawford was transferred to the command of Gen. Wickham, and finally to that of Fitzhugh Lee, with whom he served until the end, showing himself always a brave and capable soldier. The war ended, Mr. Crawford came to Strasburg, where he was married to Miss Mary E. Kendrick, one of the daughters of "Martin Hill," and entered the mercantile business, which he pursued for the remaining thirty years of his life.

Mr. Crawford no doubt considered these four years of service the best of all his years. The lapse of time in no wise abated his interest in the sacred cause or the men who fought for it. An active and influential member of the Stover Camp of Confederate Veterans, the annual reunions at Fisher's Hill were always a delight to him—as, it should be added, they were also to all those who came on these occasions in reach of his wide-handed hospitality. One of the most impressive sights at his funeral was the company of gray-coated men, his comrades of thirty-five years before, who came marching into his yard and carried him away to burial. But these men were his comrades not only in the war, but afterwards. He had gone in and out among them for thirty years as neighbor and friend. They knew him long and well. His life among them had earned the warm affection of many and the respect of all.

He was a Christian from his youth, and long a loved and trusted officer in his Church. He might have succeeded in public life, but he loved the grassy path rather than the great highway; and, content with the quiet pleasures that lay within the light of his own fireside and the circle of his friends, he passed his days in peace.

His sickness was long and tedious. It began when he was in the prime of his strength, over six feet tall and magnificently proportioned. We laid him down on a sunny hillside of the beautiful cemetery that his townsmen have named "River View." The Massanutten Mountain, that looked down upon the home of his boyhood, watches in silent majesty above his grave. The Shenandoah, that sang to him in his childhood, goes singing still below the hillside where he sleeps. The



LIEUT. ROBERT W. CRAWFORD.

cemetery where he lies is a new one yet, and that June day the ground beneath our feet was covered with blooming clover. Some who stood there that day still call to mind most vividly, not the green mountain wall above us, nor the river shining between its willow trees, but the scent of that trampled bloom, like the memory of a good man, which still sweetens the world when he himself lies low.

—
WILLIAM M'NEILL WHISTLER, M.D.

Robert R. Hemphill, who was sergeant major of Orr's Rifles, A. N. V., comrade and friend of the deceased, writes of him as follows:

William McNeill Whistler, M.D., died at his home in the city of London, England, February 27, 1900, at the age of sixty-three years. Dr. Whistler was of ancient and honorable lineage, tracing his descent from an English family of celebrity in the fifteenth century. His grandfather, Maj. John Whistler, came to America and fought through the Revolutionary war under George Washington, for whom he named a son, father of the deceased, who rose in the army to the rank of major. He was skilled as an engineer, and retired from the army to devote his talents to the construction of some of the leading railroads in this country. In this line he achieved such a reputation that he was invited to Russia by the Czar Nicholas to direct the building of the great railroad from Moscow to Petersburg. This greatest railroad of Russia still stands as

a monument to his skill. He died in 1849, and his family returned to America.

William McNeill Whistler was born in America in July, 1836. He graduated with honors in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. When the war came on he cast his fortunes with the Confederate States and entered the medical department of the Confederate army. His first service was in the hospitals around Richmond and in the famous Libby Prison. Then he was assigned to Drewry's Bluff, on the James River, as assistant surgeon for the post, which was held by heavy artillery. In 1864, when Gen. Grant made his movement against Richmond, Dr. Whistler was assigned as assistant surgeon to Orr's Rifles, the celebrated command from South Carolina, which during the war had a list of 1,125 casualties. The brightest and bravest men of the State were in the organization, and Dr. Whistler found congenial comrades. When the artillery of the enemy opened at Spottsylvania Dr. Whistler ordered his servant to take his horse to the rear and out of danger, while he remained with the line of battle until it entered the Bloody Angle, and he was detained to look after such as had fallen in the charge. He thus established himself in the hearts of his comrades, and made a reputation for cool courage and fidelity to duty that is still remembered by the survivors of the historic command. He was with the regiment at the battles of Jericho Ford, Riddle's Shop, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Fussell's Mills, Reams Station, and Jones's Farm, in all of which he was conspicuous for his gallant bearing and the skill with which he performed his special duties.

When Grant sat down before Petersburg Dr. Whistler was constantly on the line, sharing the hardships, dangers, and scant rations of the men. The humblest private received the same professional attention from him as did the highest officer.

In December, 1864, the regiment left the lines at Petersburg to head off a raid of the enemy on Bellefield. The roads were covered with snow and ice, and the suffering of the men was great, for many were without shoes, and the broken ice lacerated their feet most painfully. Dr. Whistler gave up his horse to one of these wretched men, and marched on foot with the line. He walked for miles by the side of the writer. I recall as if it were but yesterday how we sat around the camp fire under a great walnut tree on the banks of the Chickahominy on a June night in 1864, and he told of his boyhood in Russia so graphically that the story has not been forgotten after the lapse of nearly thirty-six years. That day a half a mile to our left the battle of Cold Harbor had been fought, and in the short space of ten minutes 13,000 Union men had fallen in front of our lines. We were on the watch, for there was a heavy force in our front, and in the distance we could hear a random gun. These surroundings and Dr. Whistler's soft and pleasant voice made a profound and lasting impression upon us.

In February, 1865, Dr. Whistler was granted a furlough of four months for the purpose of visiting his mother, who resided in London at that time. Leaving the front at Petersburg, he reported at Richmond, and was intrusted by the Confederate government with certain dispatches of importance to deliver in England. His trip abroad was full of adventure, but he reached his destination safely and delivered his dis-

patches. He started from Richmond, intending to run the blockade from Charleston, S. C., but he only pursued that route to Columbia. When he reached that place he found everything in confusion, for it was about to be evacuated. Across the Congaree River the camp fires could be seen as far as the eye could reach. He next found it impossible to get out of the country by way of Wilmington, N. C., and then he resolved to make the trip through the enemy's lines. He began the journey March 4, 1865, paying \$500 for a seat in an ambulance going in the desired direction and \$1,400 for a suit of clothes to serve as a disguise. The country through which he journeyed was indeed desolate. For four years the contending armies had lived upon it, and it was almost depopulated. The silence was oppressive. Writing to us of this journey afterwards, Dr. Whistler said: "But O, the loneliness of that ride! Not a person did I meet to speak to. I passed by the charred ruins of more than one deserted village that marked the raids through the land. I often wished as rode along that I might be back with my comrades in the field."

When Dr. Whistler reached the Chesapeake he unexpectedly met an old friend from Maryland, who was a captain in the Confederate army, who had lost a leg at the battle of Sharpsburg, and while in prison had been supplied with a steel one of most ingenious device. When exchanged he returned to the army, and his steel leg became so rusty that it did not work satisfactorily, and he was slipping through the lines to Philadelphia to get a new leg from the original maker. They secured a canoe and lay under cover in a creek on the Virginia side all day. Then on a black and stormy night, in the canoe—thirty feet long, rigged with leg-o-mutton sails, and steered by a paddle—they made their way across the bay, passing near the stern of a gunboat which was on guard. After many narrow escapes from vigilant enrolling officers who were trying to enforce the draft law, the two Confederates reached Philadelphia, and the captain went no farther. Dr. Whistler proceeded to New York. Changing his name slightly, he sailed on the City of Manchester (Inman Line), arrived in Liverpool, delivered his dispatches to the Confederate agent, and hastened to join his mother and brother in London.

A week later news of the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox reached Dr. Whistler. He joined his elder brother in Russia, but after a year of wandering in that and other countries he took up his abode in Paris, and went to work in the hospitals and schools of medicine in that city. Finally he established himself in London, where for thirty years and more he was so busy with private practice and hospital and other public work that he never found time to revisit America, which he longed to do. He began work in London at St. George's Hospital. He aided in founding the London Throat Hospital, of which he was senior physician as long as he lived.

Dr. Whistler first married Miss Ida King, a charming young woman of Georgia, who lived but a short time. More than twenty years ago he married a lovely Greek lady, at that time a resident of London. She survives him.

James McNeill Whistler, perhaps the most celebrated artist of the world, is a brother of the deceased. One of his most noted paintings is a portrait of his

mother (who died some years ago in the Isle of Wight) in the Luxemburg Gallery, in Paris, in which city he has a studio, as well as one in London.

—
DR. J. H. JENNINGS.

Another hero veteran has gone to join the host of Confederate veterans that has gone before. Dr. Joseph H. Jennings, the subject of this sketch, was born in Edgefield County, S. C., December 11, 1823, only a few miles from where he died, March 23, 1900, in his seventy-seventh year.

At the beginning of the great war Dr. Jennings was a member of the South Carolina Legislature, from Edgefield County. When his State passed the ordinance of secession he tendered his services to Gov. Pickens, who appointed him on his staff, where he served until South Carolina troops went to Virginia.



DR. J. H. JENNINGS.

Dr. Jennings went with them, and served as aid to Gen. Bonham. When the Nineteenth South Carolina Volunteers were organized Dr. Jennings volunteered in that regiment, and was elected surgeon. After some months he was promoted to surgeon of Gen. Manigault's Brigade, of Hindman's Division, where he served until the surrender.

After the war Dr. Jennings returned to his old home in Edgefield County, S. C., and went to work to rebuild his shattered fortune. He was actively devoted to his profession and to his planting interests up to the time of his death. He was Surgeon of Camp Jim Tilman, No. 741, U. C. V.

—
H. M. EDERINGTON.

H. M. Ederington died at his home, two miles southeast of Warren, Ark., Tuesday, April 10, 1900, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. The deceased was a native of Kentucky, but settled in this county in 1853, where he has made his home continuously since. He was a successful farmer and business man. He was

not only a veteran of the Confederate army, but did service in the United States army in the Mexican war.

SEVEN ABSENT ONES.

Young County Camp, No. 127, U. C. V., May 5, 1900: "We are again called upon to note the absent ones of Young County Camp. Since the last Memorial Day seven are missing. They have gone from among us, and are now camping upon the eternal shores. Comrade T. A. Wright did service in Company B, Second Missouri Regiment; J. H. Randolph, in Company I, Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment; Maj. John T. Sibley served on Gen. Stephen D. Lee's staff; A. C. Gilmore, in Company C, Coffee's Regiment; Capt. E. V. Butler commanded Company B, Anderson's Regiment; J. H. Picket was a member of the Crescent Regiment, Louisiana; A. G. Woods was a member of Col. Overton's Regiment, of Texas. These comrades' names are not found on the pages of our country's history, but they have written the names of their leaders in letters of immortality; and while love of home and country shall occupy a place in the human breast the chivalry of the Southern soldier will be remembered and cherished."

MRS. ARABELLA H. MONTGOMERY.

This remarkable woman was born near Lexington, Ky., March 28, 1812. She spent most of her life in Frankfort, and was known during the war as "the worst Rebel in the city."

Time and old age and failing health did not reconstruct her. During the war her home was Confederate headquarters, and it was often searched for Rebel soldiers. In those trying days, when loyalty to principle cost something, she gladly sacrificed her time, property, and family for the Confederacy. Soldiers always found her home a safe refuge and her a sympathetic friend. No train of Confederate soldiers ever passed through Frankfort that she did not visit with an abundance of provisions. When Bragg's army was encamped near Frankfort she converted her house into a hospital. In person she went with her carriage and brought to her home many soldiers who were sick with typhoid and pneumonia fever, and watched over them with the tenderness and sympathy of a mother. Three soldiers died in her house. One was buried in her cemetery lot. The three who died were Privates Young (whose widow still lives in Marietta, Ga.), Kersey, and Henderson—all of the Seventh Florida. Mrs. Montgomery will be tenderly remembered by many of the survivors of this regiment. She sent three sons to the army. One was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro; W. G. Montgomery died in Louisville three years ago; the others, Maj. J. B. Montgomery, of Jel-



MRS. ARABELLA MONTGOMERY.

lico, Tenn., and F. G. Montgomery, of Covington, who was a child during the war, still live. Mrs. Montgomery died January 27, 1900. She was a loving mother, a loyal friend, and a consecrated Christian.

MAJ. SOLON A. DURHAM.

Camp Main, of Marion, S. C., has lost one of its most active members in the death of Maj. Solon A. Durham, who was Commander from its organization, and who died at his home in Marion on the first day of August, 1899. Comrade Durham enlisted in Roberts's Guards, Hatch's Battalion, as first lieutenant, and was elected captain of Company H, Twenty-Third South Carolina Regiment, Evans's Brigade, and was afterwards promoted to the rank of major for conspicuous gallantry in the service of the Confederacy, receiving a severe wound, which he bore to the grave, at or near Goldsboro, N. C., while gallantly leading his command. He was one of the "boys in gray" who helped to make the Confederate soldier famous throughout the world for chivalry, endurance, and courageous action in times of war and peace. His record is a brave soldier, a devoted husband, an indulgent father, a true friend, an honest man.



CAPT. F. Y. DABNEY, C. S. A.

A sketch of Capt. Dabney was published in the May VETERAN, p.230.

W. H. MORROW.

William Hamilton Morrow was born near Charlestown, Va., November 1, 1837, where he was reared and lived with his parents until he was nineteen. He was educated at Charlestown Academy and at the Agricultural Institute at Aldie, Va. In 1856 he went to Missouri, and engaged in teaching school for a time. He was admitted to the bar at Louisiana, Mo., in 1860. In 1861 he returned to Charlestown, W. Va., where he enlisted in the Twelfth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, and served during the war. He was promoted through all the various grades from private up to major of his regiment. He participated in many battles, some of which were Bull Run, Winchester, Manassas June-

tion, Antietam, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, and Petersburg. When his brigade was retreating from Petersburg to Appomattox he was wounded and left at a country residence, and could not be present at the general surrender; but he went to Charlestown, Va., and surrendered to Maj. Gen. Eagen, to whom he was indebted for kind treatment and generous aid. When he had recovered from his wounds he taught a private school in Charlestown until 1868, when he resumed the practice of law, in which he continued till his death, which occurred in April, 1900.

From the *Laurens County News*, Laurens, S. C.: "Capt. A. W. Teague, after a life of seventy-eight years of faithful discharge of duty in war and in peace, passed away at his home near Chestnut Ridge yesterday morning, and was buried at the Ridge graveyard. He was a veteran of the Mexican and the civil wars. . . . Mr. Bartlet Abercrombie, an aged citizen of Gray Court, died at his home last Monday after a lingering illness of several years, in his sixty-fifth year."

Comrade Antonio Pons, of Ridgedale, near Chattanooga, Tenn., died December 31, 1899, and was laid to rest in beautiful Forrest Hill Cemetery, under the shadow of grand old Lookout Mountain. He entered the Confederate army early in the war, serving in the Seventeenth Virginia Infantry, and was faithful to the end. While building pontoon bridges he was so severely injured as to be unfit for field service, but continued to serve on special duty. He was the son of Prof. A. Pons, a composer of prominence in Washington, D. C., and was reared in that city. During his many years' residence near Chattanooga he enjoyed the esteem of a large circle of friends.

P. F. Lewis, Commander of R. Q. Mills Camp, Aurora, Tex., reports the death of Comrade Lex, at his home near Springtown, Tex., at the age of seventy-nine. "Comrade Lex was a member of Mills's Tenth Texas Infantry. He was shorter of stature than any man in the regiment, but just as 'tall' a fighter. He proved his valor in several hard battles. I never saw him on double duty for violating camp discipline nor heard him scolded for cooking a bad meal for our captain, J. L. Leonard, during his long service."

J. M. Johnson, Adjutant of S. L. Freeman Camp, Tracy City, Tenn., reports the death of two Veterans: "J. Wesley Smith, a gallant soldier of the Confederate army, died recently, aged about sixty years. He belonged to Company H, Thirty-Fifth Tennessee Infantry, commanded by B. J. Hill, of McMinnville, and was seriously wounded at Shiloh, never entirely recovering. Another break in the ranks is the passing away of Comrade W. C. Stepp, of Company D, Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry, a member of this camp."

At Mineola, Tex., Thursday night, May 9, the soul of S. R. Bruce bade the world good-night and went to sleep with that "great majority" who have gone before. Mr. Bruce was born in Orange County, Vt., December 3, 1839, the son of David Bruce and Malinda Sturtevant. His paternal grandfather came from Scotland to America during the colonial period, and served as a colonel in the revolutionary army. Comrade Bruce

resided there until 1854, when he moved to Illinois, and thence to Gonzales County, Tex., in the fall of 1859. He was residing there when the call to arms came from his adopted State; and, though he was but a youth and a stranger, the sunny Southland had won his heart, and, joining his destiny to hers, he volunteered as a member of the famous regiment known as Terry's Texas Rangers, and fought in the van of that band of heroes through the four years of bloody strife. While acting as adjutant to the gallant Gen. John A. Wharton at the battle of Perryville he was shot through the leg with a grapeshot and severely wounded. Recovering from this wound, he continued with his command until the fortunes of war forced even the intrepid Terry Rangers to lay down their arms. After the war he was married in Oglethorpe, Ga., November 14, 1865, to Miss Catherine Reeves, and in 1866 moved again to Texas, and settled near where Lone Oak now stands, and remained there until 1873, when he moved to Mineola, where he resided continuously until his death. The loving appreciation of his beautiful character was shown in the tributes paid him when he had passed to his reward. He was buried under the auspices of the Masonic Fraternity.

MISSISSIPPI HEADQUARTERS, Louisville, May 31, 1900.

Worthy Commander: Your committee appointed to draft suitable resolutions in commemoration of the lives and services of our deceased officers, Past Commander J. M. Stone, Past Commander W. D. Holder, Surgeon General J. S. Carothers, and Inspector General J. F. Chapman, would respectfully submit the following:

Whereas an all-wise God, in his inscrutable providence, since our last reunion, called from the scenes of earthly strife our beloved comrades J. M. Stone, W. D. Holder, J. S. Carothers, and J. F. Chapman, and invited them "to cross over the river and rest beneath the shade of the trees" with the immortals, Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, B. G. Humphreys, L. Q. C. Lamar, J. C. George, E. C. Walthall, W. S. Featherston, and that long roll of Confederate heroes who have gone before to seize the Elysian fields and to await with expectant eagerness those of us yet on the march, therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we bow with Christian resignation to the will of Heaven, basing our hopes on the sacred Scriptures and grounding our trust in the everlasting promises of God.

2. That it is needless to review the lives and recite the virtues of our deceased comrades, because they "are known and read of all men;" and, besides, time and space would fail to enumerate their achievements in behalf of Mississippi and the South.

3. That we cannot but cherish in sincere and grateful memory their glorious deeds in war as well as their faithful and efficient services in peace.

4. That as Mississippians it shall ever be our delight to honor their memory, to emulate their example, and to perpetuate their fame.

5. That their names and fame deserve to be sacred to Mississippians and embalmed in our hearts and in the hearts of our posterity forever.

Committee: J. G. Dupree, J. L. Power, Robert Lowery.

MONUMENT TO WOMEN.

Col. George H. Packwood, of Louisiana, offered a resolution providing for the erection of a monument to Southern women. The introduction of the resolution caused the veterans to stand and cheer and wave their hats and flags. The applause was general.

The resolution contains the following:

"Beloved Commander and Comrades: We, a committee from the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., duly appointed, authorized and representing the tried and true veterans of our entire commonwealth, earnestly desire to lay before the old heroes here assembled in grand reunion a most important proposition, the very announcement of which we feel will touch a responsive chord in the heart of every gallant old soldier here, as well as it will in the bosom of every other honorable man that wore the gray uniform of a Confederate soldier through the great war, and all other true Americans, and thus prove a guarantee of success in a most sacred, long-neglected duty, the greatest yet undertaken—the building of a monument to the noble, self-sacrificing women of our great Southland, to stand for all time as a mark of the Confederate soldier's recognition of the great sacrifices made and long-suffering by those for whom every true Southern man is and ever will be ready to lay down his life.

"Therefore, we present the following, and hope for its early consummation, which we believe only awaits an immediate beginning:

"Whereas we have observed with feelings of great admiration that monuments have been and are still being erected in every section and on many battlefields in honor of and to perpetuate the names and heroic deeds of our gallant officers, and our invincible soldiers, that future generations may learn therefrom the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, with feelings of pride of the bravery and unequalled deeds performed by the most heroic men the world has ever yet produced—the Confederate soldier.

"And whereas, As time is so rapidly thinning our ranks, we are most forcibly reminded of the fact that soon our membership will be too few to undertake any great undertaking with hope to complete it.

"And whereas, in order to do honor to those to whom all honor is most justly due, the glorious, the noble, the true women of the Confederacy, who, by their constant and untiring efforts and great suffering, rendered such valuable assistance to the cause we loved so well, making all honorable sacrifice, which is to-day being continued by their worthy descendants in their grand and successful efforts to raise means to keep enfeebled veterans and their families, caring for the graves and monuments to our dead, and many reliefs extended to the needy by their loving hearts and hands; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Veterans here assembled hereby determine to build a suitable and expressive monument in Richmond, Va., and that this entire matter be given to the charge of Gen. Gordon, with full power to act in every particular.

"GEORGE H. PACKWOOD,

"LEWIS GUION,

"A. B. BOOTH."

Hon. J. H. Reagan, of Texas, the sole surviving member of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet, moved that the monument be erected in some central portion of the Confederacy, and Gen. Gordon ordered that Senator Reagan's motion be made an amendment to the resolution, and that they be referred to the Committee on Resolutions.



MRS. E. S. GABBETT,
Custodian of the Cross of Honor, U. C. V.

Cleve Rowan writes from Mileston, Miss., the following vivid incident of a charge at Gettysburg:

In perusing the columns of a *VETERAN* to-day I recalled an event in the battle of Gettysburg which has always strained my credulity, and probably some of the gallant men who faced the shot and shell at the foot of the heights on that evening which made the place awful for a time may be able to give information on the subject. It was the evening after Pickett's famous charge and repulse that the Second Mississippi Battalion, or Forty-Eighth Mississippi Regiment as then known—having been formed into a regiment only a short time before by adding three veteran companies—was deployed as skirmishers on the left wing of the troops which made the final charge the evening prior to our retreat, and for the purpose of diverting the Federal attention from the main attack. A few were fortunate enough to reach the place. There was nothing gained, and many brave men were killed. Gen. Carnot Posey was the commander of our brigade. Capt. B. F. McClellan and Lieut. N. S. Walker, of Company F—afterwards promoted to captain of Company E—Privates Richmond, Stampley, Thompson, and I were those who went to the battery. We drove the drivers from the horses and secured the guns. To our right was a Georgia regiment or battalion, the Second. Their major, whose name I could never learn, mounted one of the tongue horses in his excited condition, presumably to drive the gun back to our lines, and was shot off. I have so often thought of the incident, and wondered whether or not he was killed. In thinking of Gettysburg this is ever vivid.

STAFF OFFICER WITH WIDE EXPERIENCE.

Col. W. H. Haynes has been a member of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., from its organization as a staff officer.

Col. Haynes was in the Confederate war from start to finish, and it so happened that he was in every grand army the South had in the field. He began as a private in the Lexington Guards, of Holmes County, Miss., going into camp with them at Corinth, Miss., before the State troops had been merged into the Provisional army of the Confederate States.

In April, 1861, Charles Clark, who was a major general in command of the Mississippi troops, was commissioned a brigadier general P. A. C. S., whereupon W. H. Haynes was appointed one of his staff, serving with Clark in Virginia the first year of the war. He next served in the Kentucky and Tennessee campaigns, and next with Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge in Louisiana, at Baton Rouge and elsewhere, and finally in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Col. Haynes performed staff duty with the following generals in the order named: Brig. Gen. Charles Clark, of Mississippi, Brig. Gen. Gideon Pillow in the Fort Donelson movement as a volunteer, with Leonidas Polk, the bishop-general, at Shiloh, and later with John C. Breckinridge. Subsequently he was assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department, serving on the staff of Gens. T. C. Hindman, T. H. Holmes, and ending with E. Kirby Smith.

With these illustrious generals Col. Haynes was on many severe battlefields. At Shiloh he fell, it was then believed mortally wounded. On that memorable occasion Col. W. M. Inge, of Corinth, Miss., when Col. Haynes fell, terribly shot through the temple, causing

ston's last authenticated verbal order. It was this: "Haynes, go tell Gen. Polk to bring up Breckinridge's reserves and push them forward." How well that was done, how heroically Breckinridge's reserves were brought forward, the story of Shiloh truly discloses.



MRS. W. H. HAYNES,
Chaperon for the Arkansas Division.

Mrs. W. H. Haynes was chaperon of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V. She is the wife of Col. Haynes, is a daughter of W. A. and Caroline Deloach Sample, she was born in Arkansas and has ever been associated with the best blood of that commonwealth.

Their home is now at Little Rock, where her circle of friends is coextensive with the highest social sphere of the capital city.

PRIVATE WILL LONG STOOD IN WITH HIS GENERAL.—In the last days of the lost cause, when rations were short, W. M. Long, a member of Company D, First Kentucky Cavalry, went out foraging, and killed a razor-back hog, which was against orders. He had just finished skinning the hog, when he was arrested by the provost guard, who started with his prisoner to the guardhouse; but the prisoner refused to go there, and insisted on being taken to Gen. "Cerro Gordo" Williams's headquarters. The guard very politely saluted Gen. Williams, and stated: "Here is a young man who has violated your orders by killing a hog." The General replied that the guard had done right in bringing both the hog and the prisoner to headquarters. Then, turning to the prisoner, he said: "You little rascal, go into that tent, and I will have one of my staff punish you to the full extent of military law." After the guard had disappeared the General came into the tent, and remarked: "Billie, didn't I get rid of that guard nicely? Now go out and find my negro Jim, and tell him to divide that hog."

"WE ARE OLD-TIME CONFEDERATES."—Under this title a song is becoming popular because of its tune to "Old-Time Religion." The wording is too poor to be adopted, but it would be opportune for some one gifted in such a way to write a song suited to the tune.



COL. W. H. HAYNES.

loss of an eye, caught him in his arms, and said: "By G—, Buckner [speaking to Maj. Alex. Buckner, of Breckinridge's staff], the bravest man of Shiloh is down."

He fell while executing Gen. Albert Sidney John-

Fifty Thousand Dollars' Worth of Hardware in a Single Order.

GRAY & DUDLEY HARDWARE CO., OF NASHVILLE, FILLS IT. SOMETHING OF THE FIRM.

Wherever in the South there is established an enterprise of extraordinary success it becomes a matter of public concern. Manufacturers and jobbers in Nashville now and then surprise their own people when occasion occurs to make public their achievements. The Nashville shoe business and her manufactures have made fine records in the VETERAN, but there recently occurred a transaction in the hardware trade that practically eclipses all other mercantile enterprises.

The progressive city of Meridian, Miss., recently organized a hardware firm and concluded to make a cash purchase of fifty thousand dollars as a start in the hardware trade. The placing of this large cash order attracted much public concern, as it brought into competition the strongest houses in the country. The Nashville daily press took an interest in it.

The *American* in its account recited the following history of a deal consummated by the Gray & Dudley Hardware Company, of this city, which is not only the largest single cash purchase of hardware ever made in the South, but the contemplation of which speaks more eloquently than words for the pluck of its promoters, the possibilities of our city, and the capacity of this firm in meeting the close competition of all the other hardware concerns in the country:

In the city of Meridian, Miss., there was recently organized a company under the firm name of Meyer, Neville Hardware Co., for the purpose of conducting a wholesale and retail hardware business. Mr. Meyer, of the firm, its President, is a wealthy capitalist and banker of Meridian, who has long been identified with the commercial interests of his city and State. Mr. Neville, who is Secretary and Treasurer, is a son-in-law of Mr. Meyer, and is also quite favorably known as a young man of sterling business capacity. The other member of the firm is H. S. Gunn, who is their buyer and general manager, and who is "born to the art" of the hardware business, having been in the trade since boyhood. Early last April Mr. Gunn sent out his lists to all the representative hardware jobbers and dealers of the country, with specifications for lowest cash quotations. It had been decided to buy for spot cash, and Mr. Gunn was instructed to figure only on that basis. He advertised in the *New York Commercial*, the *Iron Age*, and other trade journals, for the representatives of firms who desired to quote, and were prepared to fill his orders to the extent of \$50,000, to meet him on a certain date at St. Louis. It is unnecessary to mention that the size of the order, the financial standing of the purchasers, and that it was to be a cash transaction "brought them all," and on June 6 there met in St. Louis, Mo., an assembly of hardware men the importance of which has seldom been equaled. Not caring to trust their affairs solely to representatives, the proprietors themselves accompanied their salesmen, and every man was prepared to enter the closest and sharpest competition.

Mr. R. Houston Dudley, Jr., looked after the interests of the Gray & Dudley firm, and there were present representatives of the largest jobbing houses in Chicago, Louisville, St. Louis, and other cities, as well as manufacturers.

If an advantage at all may be claimed by the Gray & Dudley Hardware Company, it can only lie in the fact that theirs was the first house visited, and had any one heard the praise and admiration expressed by Mr. Gunn for their new building, their manner of conducting business, and the personnel of the firm, they would have thought his order and the possibility of landing it for Nashville a certainty. But nothing is ever sure, and, knowing with whom they had to compete, without scarcely a previous acquaintance with the newly organized firm of Meyer, Neville Hardware Co., they only redoubled their efforts. How well they have succeeded is now history. The order has been placed. The meeting was held, the different representatives used every means at command to win for their particular com-

pany. The order was a monster one, and a cash one, too, and, most beautiful of all, it was not divided or bought in sections.

Mr. Gunn accepted the favors of every representative most graciously, and gave to each his most careful and respectful consideration. It took about two weeks of investigation before he could meet them all and determine who had made him the best prices and seemed more capable of giving satisfaction.

It is not only a high compliment to the thorough knowledge of the hardware business possessed by Mr. Gunn, that he should so satisfactorily consummate a cash purchase of \$50,000 general stock under the bewildering circumstances of being importuned by so many of the best salesmen at one time, but is certainly the very highest testimonial to the merit, capacity, and stability of the Gray & Dudley Hardware Company. That they should so successfully meet the sharp competition of all the largest firms in the country—that, too, on prices in every line known to the trade—should win the congratulations of every citizen of Nashville and the South.

Mr. Gunn was very busily engaged with Mr. Houston Dudley, Jr., when the writer found him, and in a conversation said:

"Yes, we decided to buy for spot cash, and will do business on that basis only, and concluded that whatever house was large enough to quote on the whole stock—all classes—would be best able to name a low price, and I am satisfied with the very low prices offered by Messrs. Gray & Dudley." He further stated that while this special order was for \$50,000 worth, it might run considerably more before he had finished buying, as he was purchasing a complete stock to open business with, being capitalized at \$100,000.

SOMETHING OF THE HISTORY OF THE GRAY & DUDLEY HARDWARE CO.

This great house was established in 1862, when Mr. John M. Gray, Sr., who has retired from active business but maintains a directory interest, became a partner in the firm of Alexander Fall & Gray. The firm was afterwards Gray, Kirkman & Co., and again Gray, Fall & Co. In 1878 Maj. R. H. Dudley established the

house of Dodd, Dudley & Lipscomb, which was succeeded by Dudley Bros. In 1895 the two strong firms consolidated, and were incorporated as the Gray & Dudley Hardware Company. While Maj. Dudley, like the senior Gray, has retired from active business, he also continues in the directory. [He endeared himself to his war comrades by his years of unremitting zeal in behalf of the Soldiers' Home, only resigning from the Board of Trustees a few years ago when elected Mayor of Nashville. He served in the ranks and at the head of a Confederate regiment during the great war.]

The active members now comprise: R. M. Dudley, President; J. M. Gray, Jr., Vice President; J. T. Jenkins, Treasurer; and R. Houston Dudley, Jr., Secretary. These young men have grown up in the business, hence know it in every detail. The business has grown until there is required in the elaborate concern hundreds of employees, including thirty-two salesmen on the road. The Gray & Dudley Company is just now finishing a superb business house extending all the way between College and Market Streets—225 feet. It is entirely of stone, steel, and light-colored, pressed brick, and the seven stories cover a floor space of 125,000 square feet. The building is lighted by 650 electric lights, is heated with steam, has three freight and one passenger electric elevators. It has a private telephone system with twenty-five phones in the building. It has a shoot for running goods from the packing room on the second floor to the wagons. The building is equipped throughout with automatic sprinkler system for extinguishing fire. The retail department is furnished entirely with Warren's patent plate glass front hardware shelving, the most improved and handsomest shelving in the world. The firm has a warehouse on the L. and N. railroad for handling heavy goods.



NEW BUILDING OF THE GRAY & DUDLEY HARDWARE CO.

Confederate Veteran.

JOLLY SIDE OF LIFE AT LOUISVILLE REUNION.

Mr. Polk Miller writes from Richmond:

I write you of a most pleasant incident of our late reunion. As I was going to Music Hall to give an entertainment, by request of the Local Committee, at one of their camp fires, Capt. Tip Harrison, of Atlanta, handed me a song set to the music of "The Old-Time Religion." With a band to accompany me, I led off, and asked the audience to "jine in the chorus." They did so with that sort of heartiness which characterized the good old Methodist and Baptist folks' way of singing in the country "befo' de war." Everbody in that crowd yelled out as if their hearts were in it, and there was more of the "old-time religion" in it than I have seen in any church for twenty years. At the conclusion of the last verse an old Confederate brother whose soul had been stirred by the music straightened up in his seat, and said: "Mr. Miller, let me add one verse to that song." He was about six feet three inches tall, and wore a beard that looked like a partiarch's of old. His verse was:

And we're all going to heaven,
And we're all going to heaven,
And we're all going to heaven,
That's good enough for me.

People who have never attended a Confederate reunion can form no idea of the intense feeling of brotherly love and good will which reigns.

I met Capt. Hines, one of Morgan's men, on the street next day, and told him about the "love feast" we had the night before. I had a copy of Tip Harrison's song in my hand, and commenced to softly hum it to him. He put in the bass, and an old brother from Augusta, Ga., stopped to listen. He began to rock his body, and put in on the tenor, and in a few minutes hundreds of people crowded around and chimed in with us. The streets were completely blocked, and, as the "keys of the city" were ours, we were not driven off by the police. This was our second "love feast;" but the grandest of all occurred in the rotunda of the Louisville Hotel a few minutes later, when the whole crowd left the street and opened up with the same exquisite strains there. The Rebel yell came forth, and there was an outburst of feeling unequalled by anything I had ever seen. Old veterans fell into each others' arms and wept like children. The ladies assembled on the balconies, and the young, fresh voices of the city boys, who were there entertaining the sponsors, made that old song ring. If men and women everywhere loved each other, and were as ready to do for each other everything in their power, as they do at Confederate reunions, we should have a Paradise on earth.

When the singing was over, Col. Lee Hathaway, of Winchester, Kv., called for the sponsors to "come down from the balconies and be introduced to the boys—the old boys." He made a nice speech about each one of them, and this was the only chance we had of knowing one from another. There were scores of pretty girls there, sponsors with their maids of honor, and I don't think they have ever been surpassed at former gatherings; but they had not been introduced, as heretofore. I presume it was due to the rain, which broke up the usual programme. The occasion was all the more pleasing because of the spontaneity which characterized the whole proceedings.

Stands Four Square to All Winds That Blow.

THE GRAND OLD Mutual Life Insurance Co., OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT

Largest, Strongest, and Best Company in the World.

The funds of the Company in 1885, when

Richard A. McCurdy became President, were.....\$103,876,179
On December 31, 1899, the funds
amounted to 301,191,286

Increase in fifteen years\$197,315,107

The Company's Contingent Guarantee Fund is now nearly \$50,000,000, in spite of the fact that it has paid to its policy holders, in dividends or profits, nearly \$100,000,000, a sum nearly equal to the combined dividends paid by the next two largest companies in the world. It has paid to and invested for its members over \$815,000,000, and now has insurance in force of more than \$1,052,000,000.

The combined capital stock of the four famous banks of the world (the banks of England, France, Germany, and Russia, aggregating \$176,822,855) could be deducted from the funds of the Mutual Life, and the company, with only two exceptions, would still be the largest life insurance company in the world, and would still have the enormous sum of \$125,021,682 with which to continue in business at the same old stand.

Its funds are large enough to absorb the entire national bank capital of the eighteen hundred and three national banks in the thirty-six most important States of the Union, and if converted into bills of one-dollar denomination and laid edgewise in a straight line, would extend to a distance of seven thousand miles—that is, across the continent to San Francisco, across the Pacific, and across China. The company could build the Nicaragua Canal and have \$150,000,000 for the construction of fifty battle ships to protect it. It could create a navy larger than that now owned by the United States, and it could equip and maintain an army of one million men for one year at full pay.

The new policies of this great company give large guaranteed cash surrender and loan values, automatic paid-up insurance, extended insurance for the full amount, and thirty days grace in payment of premiums at five per cent interest.

For information concerning policies or agencies in Kentucky or Tennessee address

BISCOE HINDMAN, Louisville, Ky.,
General Agent for Kentucky and Tennessee.

Confederate Veteran.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Few regions have been more richly endowed by nature than that famous section of Western North Carolina poetically termed the "Land of the Sky." It has a climate so dry and health-giving that it has become known the world over as a natural sanitarium for the cure of all troubles of a pulmonary or bronchial nature.

Asheville, the center of this beautiful mountain-hemmed plateau, is the highest city east of Denver, and is a busy, thriving place of twelve thousand inhabitants, with all the modernisms of city life. The city lies just at the point where the beautiful French Broad and Swannanoa Rivers join their crystal waters.

Within the city or in its suburbs many people of wealth have built beautiful and expensive homes, the most notable among them being the chateau of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, which, with its great estate, has cost upward of four million dollars.

Asheville is an all-the-year resort, for the great mountains protect it in the winter from the cold winds, and its summer climate is made delightful because of its altitude.

For descriptive matter of Asheville and vicinity call on any Southern Railway Agent, or write Mr. C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Charleston, S. C., July 7-13, 1900, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its lines to Charleston and return at rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2 membership fee. Tickets will be sold on July 3, 6, 7, and 9, and agents in Georgia will also sell on July 10. All tickets limited to return until September 1, 1900. Stop-overs will be granted on tickets in either direction, provided, on going trip, Charleston is reached before midnight of July 10, and on return trip that original starting point of ticket is reached before midnight of September 1, 1900. This enables parties to stop at the various summer resorts before returning home. For additional information, descriptive advertising matter, etc., apply to Southern Railway Ticket Agent.

"WAYSIDE FLOWERS."

An enthusiastic Confederate writes the VETERAN of "a beautiful little volume of poems," written by Miss Maggie McNinch, of Williamston, S. C., and states that she sells it for \$1 and devotes the proceeds to the care of an invalid sister. The poems deal with the South and are full of pathos. A copy can be procured by sending \$1 to the authoress, Miss Maggie McNinch, Williamston, S. C.

In Western North Carolina, between the Blue Ridge on the east and the Alleghanies on the west, in the beautiful valley of the French Broad, two thousand feet above the sea, lies Asheville, beautiful, picturesque, and world-famed as one of the most pleasant resorts in America. It is a land of bright skies and incomparable climate, whose praises have been sung by poets, and whose beauties of stream, valley, and mountain height have furnished subject and inspiration for the painter's brush. This is truly the "Land of the Sky," and there is perhaps no more beautiful region on the continent to attract pleasure tourists or health seekers. Convenient schedules and very low rates to Asheville via the Southern Railway.

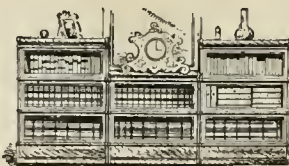
A 16x20 crayon and ink portrait of Stonewall Jackson, oak and gilt combination frame, also his life by J. E. Cooke, both for \$5. Five per cent goes to the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Association with name of purchaser. Address all orders to Jackson B. Loughridge, Goldthwaite, Tex.

Respecting Safe and Profitable Investments, Communicate with the

LANDIS BANKING CO.,

Pioneers and Leaders in Their Line.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE 94.
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WERNICKE "ELASTIC" BOOK - CASE



An ideal book-case for the home. All grades, all prices, to suit all tastes. We're glad to show it.

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\$200,000



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Branch Office:
233 N. College St., Nashville, Tenn.
Telephone 201.

Orders promptly executed by mail or telegraph. Correspondence solicited. References: Merchants' Bank, Nashville, Merchants' National Bank, Mercantile Agencies, Cincinnati, O.

Montpelier Home School for Girls.

Overlooking

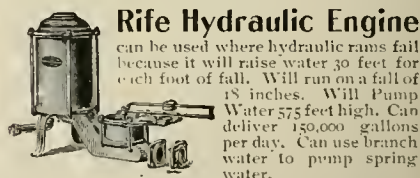
Central Park, New York.

A school of the highest order, with a limited number of students, all the care and comforts of home and the advantages of New York. For terms address

Mrs. T. Tileston Greene,
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GEN. FITZGUGH LEE, Havana, Cuba;
BISHOP T. W. DUDLEY, D.D., Louisville, Ky.;
EX-GOV. THOS. G. JONES, Montgomery, Ala.;
GEN. E. P. ALEXANDER, Savannah, Ga.;
J. M. DOCKERY, Esq., Memphis, Tenn.;
JOSHUA BROWN, Esq., 45 Wall St., New York;
and to any member of the New York or Virginia Chapters United Daughters of the Confederacy.



Rife Hydraulic Engine

can be used where hydraulic rams fail because it will raise water 30 feet for each foot of fall. Will run on a fall of 18 inches. Will Pump Water 575 feet high. Can deliver 150,000 gallons per day. Can use branch water to pump spring water.

Send your conditions for guaranteed estimate.
Chauncey C. Foster, Special Agent,
3 BERRY BLOCK, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Sprains, Bruises, Wounds, Rheumatism, Scalds, Burns, and all inflammation relieved of pain instantly and healed
GUARANTEED PAIN-RELIEF without a scar by BRIDGTON'S LIGHTNING LINIMENT. Large bottle 25c. For sale by druggists or BRIDGTON'S LINIMENT CO., NEW ORLEANS, LA. Few more agents wanted. Money made at home.

CAPABLE WOMAN WANTED for a permanent position. \$50 per month and all expenses. Experience unnecessary. **Clark & Co., 234 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

It sufficed with SORE EYES
Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Be Your Own Boss!

Many Make \$5,000.00 a Year. You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars. Y. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SCHOENING & MATTMILLER, Civil and Military Tailors,

437 WEST MARKET STREET,
Two Doors Above Fifth,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE RECOMPENSE.

We never give, but, giving, get again;
There is no burden that we may not bear;

Our sweetest love is always sweetest pain;

And yet the recompense, the recompense is there.

Who weeps, yet worships some sweet, silent star.

E'en through his tears shall catch up-lifting light.

We grow to what our aspirations are—
Look up, O soul, and be a star to-night.

Who pours his soul out to some flower rare

On scaleless cliff, above a sailless sea,
Shall drink its perfume, if he linger there,
Until his very soul that flower shall be.

Who bares his head where God's star altars rise,

Yet strives to probe with prayer their mystery,

E'en with the act claims kindred with the skies—

We are the wish of all we will to be.

Who loves his love through death and riftless ruth,

Yet ne'er shall clasp and kiss her in his leal,

Shall wedded be in spirit and in truth—
We are the deed of all we think and feel.

We never give, but, giving, get again;
There is no burden that we may not bear;

Our sweetest love is always sweetest pain;

And yet the recompense, the recompense is there.

—John Trotwood Moore.

SILK CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAGS.

The VETERAN has a lot of imported Confederate battle flags of silk, four by six inches. Send a new subscription with your own renewal, and it will be sent in return. These flags are very pretty, and are appropriate for badges.

Gen. Albert Pike, lawyer, soldier, and Mason, who was at the time of his death, in 1891, and had been for many years, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the Thirty-Third Degree, Scottish Rite Masons for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, wrote beautiful poetry for a pastime. A privately printed edition of one hundred copies of his poems was issued for his friends years ago, but, strange to say, although stray verses from his pen have been copied in almost every newspaper in the country, his poems have never been published for general circulation until this time. No little interest has been aroused by an edition which has just been brought out by the Gazette Publishing Company, Little Rock, Ark., 8vo, pp. 530, half Morocco. Price, \$2.50. The volume contains about one hundred and fifty poems, most of which are perfect gems, including "Hymns to the Gods," which Christopher North, editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, said entitled Pike to "take his rank in the highest order of his country's poets." His "Every Year" is beautiful but pathetic, and others will delight any lover of poetry.

Implicit faith may be given to any proposition the Gazette makes, and copies of this rare work will be unprocureable later on.

DABNEY'S "LIFE OF JACKSON."

Dr. Theo Noel writes from Chicago: "I inclose \$2.50 for a Dabney's 'Life of Stonewall Jackson.' Many who have not read this book as I have may be inclined to say that I am overstating facts in saying that, if I were compelled to name three books that should be exclusively read by boys until they have arrived at the age of fifteen years, I would select first the Bible, Weems's 'Life of Washington,' and Dabney's 'Life of Stonewall Jackson.' When this latter book was first published I sold many hundred copies of it in Texas, and gave many to men who were not able to buy for their family a book that no truly noble character will read without being made more noble."

CANCER.

A Blood Disease and Curable.

Positive Evidence—A Message of Hope.

To the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN: Twenty or twenty-five years ago old Dr. Gillam, the distinguished specialist on blood and skin diseases, of Atlanta, demonstrated that cancer in any form was due to a malignant, deadly poison in the blood, and by using twelve to eighteen bottles of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) this poison was gradually drained from the system; then the sores healed, and a real, permanent cure was made. Up to the present time B. B. B. has cured hundreds of cases where the knife, doctors, and patent medicines failed to cure. No sufferer need lose hope; but, in view of so many cases being actually cured, are urged to make one more effort to get cured. Blood Balm is the very remedy you have been looking for. Here is one case. Mrs. E. Story, of Fredonia, Ala., writes:

"Lately an eating cancer broke out in my head and ears, and ate all the small bones out of my mouth, and I could scarcely eat and talk. I could eat a little strained soup, but that was all. I tried nine doctors, but none could cure me. My case was pronounced hopeless, so I tried B. B. B., and was cured. The disease made me most deaf. B. B. B. helped my hearing.

"Respectfully, MRS. E. STORY."

We will give any reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a sample bottle of B. B. B. free of charge, so they may test the medicine and know for themselves that B. B. B. is the remedy for cancer, eating sores, ulcers, persistent eruptions, eczema, pains, aches, or swellings in bones, joints, or back, and all malignant blood and skin troubles. It is remarkable how quickly B. B. B. heals every sore, improves the digestion, and gives a clear, healthy appearance to the skin. B. B. B. makes the blood pure and rich. B. B. B. is for sale in large bottles by druggists at \$1, or six bottles (full treatment) \$5. Complete directions for curing every form of impure blood with each large bottle. For trial bottle and other information, address Blood Balm Company, 77 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble, and personal free medical advice will be given. Don't hesitate, but write at once. Above all things, don't despair of a cure. B. B. B. is made to heal desperate, deep-seated blood and skin troubles. It is certainly worth while trying.

CONFEDERATE HEROES.

Attention is called in this important way to the "Game of Confederate Heroes." The many splendid illustrations used are made especially for it. The theme merits the unstinted labor given to its preparation and its practically faultless presentation. The author, after completing the Game, submitted the work to the best critic in our Southern country, and after a vigilant examination he wrote: "I am thoroughly delighted with it. Aside from the laudable purpose to which the proceeds of its sale are to be devoted, it is worthy of generous encouragement throughout the South, not only because it is intrinsically interesting, but for the better and higher reason that it may be made the means of affording our boys and girls valuable instruction along lines which we have too long neglected. I think the selection of topics admirable, and see no particular in which improvement might be made in this direction."

Price, fifty cents, but it will be sent to exchanges for half price. The pack contains fifty-two cards and rules for playing the game.

Jennings BUSINESS College.

21 Soor Cumberland Presbyterian Pub. House,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

A practical school of established reputation.
No catchpenny methods. Business men recom-
mend this College. Write for circulars. Men-
tion this paper. Address
B. W. JENNINGS, PRINCIPAL.

\$5 A MONTH.

Fine Solid-Gold and Filled-Case Watches, with
Elgin or Waltham Movements, sold on payments
of \$5 a month to any honest person, and delivered
to purchaser on receipt of first payment.

W. S. FINLEY,

703 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.

Does Your Roof Leak?

OLD ROOFS MADE GOOD AS NEW.

If an old leaky tin, iron, or steel roof,
paint it with Allen's Anti-Rust Japan.
One coat is enough; no skill required;
costs little, goes far, and lasts long. Stops
leaks and prolongs the life of old roofs.
Write for evidence and circulars. Agents
wanted. Allen Anti-Rust Mfg. Co.,
413 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SALESMEN WANTED.

TRAVELING MEN desiring a salable side line of
well-established staple goods (not requiring the
carrying of samples)—commission 20 and 20—
address MANUFACTURER, P. O. Box 153,
Covington, Ky.

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TRAVEL VIA BRISTOL AND THE

Norfolk and Western RAILWAY.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAIN
MEMPHIS AND CHATTANOOGA
TO
WASHINGTON,
PULLMAN SLEEPERS

PRO:

MEMPHIS VIA GRAND JUNCTION, CORINTH, DE-
CATUR, HUNTSVILLE, AND

NEW ORLEANS VIA MERIDIAN, AKRON,
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WASHINGTON TO BALTIMORE,
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THE SHORT LINE TO
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QUICK TIME TO ALL PORTS EAST
via Bristol and Shenan-
doah Valley.

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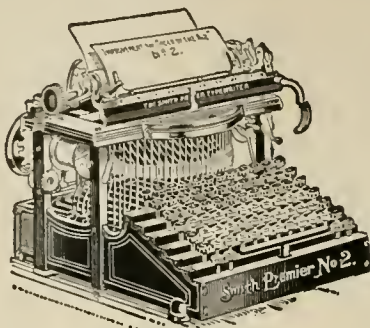


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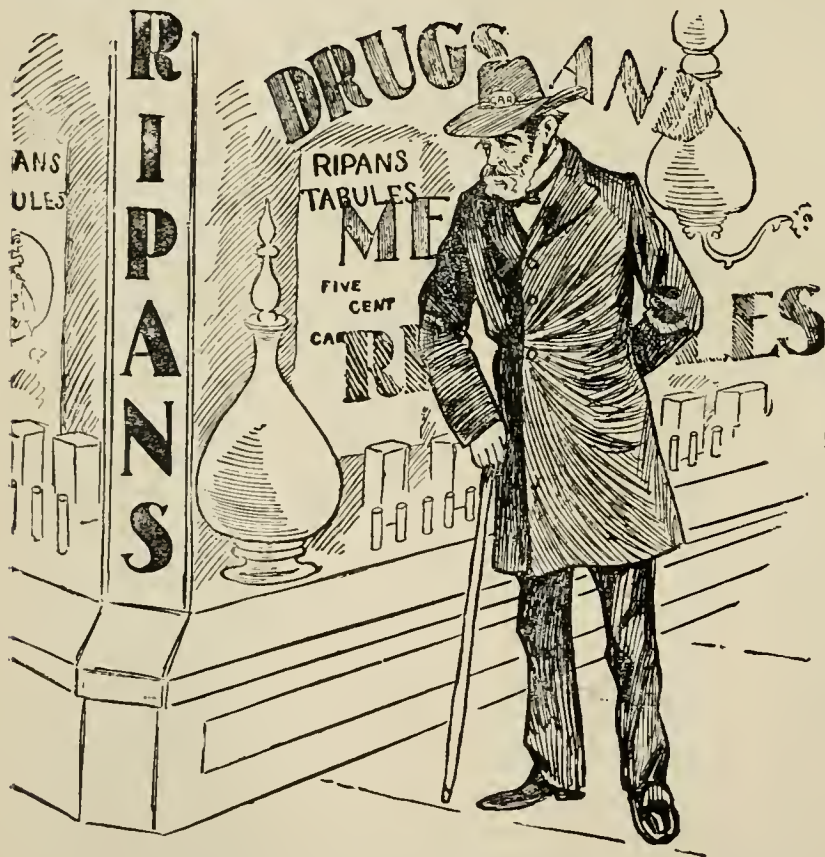


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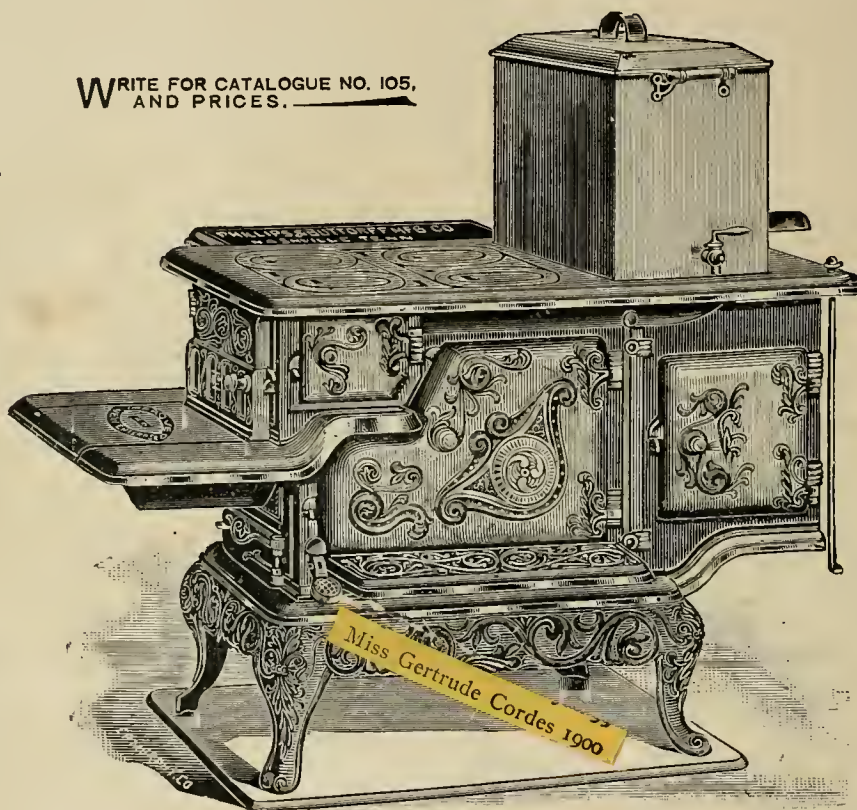
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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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Louisiana comrades arranged a reception for the Sponsor and Maids of Honor while returning from the Louisville Reunion, which was carried out in a most delightful manner. It was held in the banquet hall of the St. Charles Hotel with elaborate decorations. Miss Irene Sharp, the Reunion Sponsor for Louisiana, stood by the venerable widow of Gen. Braxton Bragg.

The Sponsor was attended by her maids, Misses Standifer and Bolton. Miss Estopinal, Sponsor for the Army of Tennessee, and Miss Walshe, for the Army of Northern Virginia, with their maids and others, were a part of the happy occasion. The arrangements were systematic and well executed in every particular under the direction of Capt. B. T. Walshe, Chairman.

REUNION OF TEXANS AT PALESTINE.

Why Mr. Reagan Did Not Serve in the Field.

The State reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, with its hundreds of representatives from seventy or eighty camps from all over Texas; Louisville, with its thousands of representatives from hundreds of camps from all over the South—both, with their music, decorations, flags, and bunting, sink into insignificance almost when measured by that standard which, after all, is the old standard: true and genuine brotherly love and personal affection, which characterized the reunion of Hood's Brigade at Palestine, Tex., last week. The two great reunions—the State at Fort Worth and the South at Louisville—were grand affairs. The survivors of all the armies of the South met at them, and all felt that "it was good to be there;" and, having been there, returned home with a truer appreciation of the men who for four years of unprecedented deprivation, suffering, and hardship taught the world the greatness of an American soldier. And yet at these reunions the individual was lost sight of except in rare instances, and personal communion between old comrades was simply a matter of chance.

At Palestine, however, the case was reversed; or, rather, there was an additional feature that far outweighed all others. The Confederate soldiers were there, but no introductions were necessary. The general was subordinated to the personal and individual, and it was a family gathering. It may not sound appropriate to compare such a gathering to an April morning, and yet one was irresistibly reminded of such a day during the first hours of the reunion, for there was a succession of smiles and tears, of sunny faces and of clouded brows, as the maimed and scarred veterans, who had shared so many dangers and who had stood side by side on so many battlefields, met and embraced each other with a heartiness whose genuineness could not be mistaken. It was as a family gathering in every sense of the word, where the absent members were asked for with eagerness and solicitude, and those who had crossed over the river were remembered with a sigh or tear.

After the general greetings were over the association settled down to business, with President J. T. Hunter, of Huntsville, in the chair, and "Perpetual Secretary" George A. Branard, of Houston, at his desk. There was little done, however, beyond the reading of a few reports and the transaction of some necessary routine business. The old fellows were too eager to get at each other to talk it all over again for them to remain quiet and attentive to what was going on; so, after the eloquent speech of welcome by Judge Gould, of Palestine, and an eloquent address by Judge Reagan, an adjournment was had for dinner, which was an ideal affair, prepared by the Daughters of the Confederacy and ladies of Palestine.

After dinner the association transacted more routine business and adjourned until the next morning.

A supper had been provided by the ladies, and after that there was an entertainment given at the City Hall in honor of the veterans, which was perfect in all its details. There was music, interspersed with eloquent and feeling addresses by Dr. Clopton, of Jefferson,

and Gen. Cabell, of Dallas. Then there was an original ode to Jefferson Davis by Miss Kate Hunter, of Palestine, which was a literary gem of the highest order.

The next morning the brigade met again, and after the election of Capt. J. T. Hunter, of Huntsville, President; Lieut. J. N. Alexander, of Austin, Vice President; George A. Branard, of Houston, Secretary; W. R. Hanby, of Austin, Treasurer; Miss Minnie Hunter, of Huntsville, Sponsor, and the election of Miss Winkler, of Corsicana, the daughter of Col. C. M. Winkler, Colonel of the Fourth Texas, as an honorary member, the association adjourned to meet next year in Galveston on June 27 and 28.

President Hunter announced that a special train would take the visitors and their friends to a reception at the home of Hon. J. H. Reagan, about two miles from the city. This special train had been placed at the disposal of the veterans by Mr. Trice, of the Inter-



MISS AGNES CLIFTON JONES, ATHENS, GA.,
Sponsor for Troup Artillery Camp.

national and Great Northern Railway, who said he felt that he could not do too much for such men as Hood's Brigade. At four o'clock the old fellows boarded the train, filling two coaches comfortably, and soon after arrived at Fort Houston, the historic county seat of Judge Reagan. Judge Reagan's home occupies the site of an old fort used in early days as a defense against Indians. The building is an old-fashioned Southern mansion, standing in the midst of eight hundred acres, two hundred acres surrounding it as a park. It is a typical Southern home now so seldom seen. Each room has an attraction peculiarly its own, and one felt that weeks might be profitably spent in exploring its treasures. The library is perhaps the finest private collection in the South, is especially rich in Southern history and literature, and the room is adorned with curios and works of art from all parts of the world, presented to Judge Reagan by friends and admirers.

The train arrived amid the firing of cannon by Judge Reagan's sons and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs by the Daughters of the Confederacy, who had been asked by Mrs. Reagan to receive the veterans. A line was formed and the veterans marched up the smooth road to the gate, where they were received by a delegation of the prettiest girls in Texas and conducted by them to the front porch, on which stood the venerable and venerated Judge Reagan, who extended to the brigade the warmest welcome, saying how great an honor he felt it to be to have such men his guests. Without further formality he shook hands with Capt. J. T. Hunter, President of the brigade, who was nearest him, and then, stepping forward, greeted each member of the brigade personally, assuring each one of the pleasure it gave him to have such guests.

Then the fun and enjoyment began. The lawn in front of the house under the great oak trees was transformed into an old-time camp ground. On one side of the walk was an old fly tent, inside of which were rough pine plank tables, on which were bread, tin cups, tin spoons, and tin plates. In front of this tent was a big camp fire, over which was suspended a huge pot of boiling coffee. A rough table near the fire had sliced bacon on it, and some sharpened sticks were placed near the bacon. Dinner was announced, but the announcement meant nothing more than permission to secure a cup, a saucer, some bread, and a slice of raw bacon. Each guest was expected to cook his own dinner, and in a few minutes the scene was an animated one. Coats were discarded, rations drawn, and the way those old fellows crowded around the fire and broiled the strips of bacon suspended at the end of sharpened sticks was a sight long to be remembered.

After the repast Judge Reagan requested each member of the brigade to keep his tin cup and saucer as a memento of the occasion, and then the forces moved over to the other side of the lawn to inspect an assortment of war relics collected by the Judge. There were old pistols, old swords, sabers, cap boxes, caps, bullets, cartridge boxes, and a hundred other things so familiar thirty-five years ago, but now almost forgotten.

Mrs. Reagan had prepared an elegant repast for her visitors, but Judge Reagan's feast on the lawn proved so attractive that her punch bowl and cake were entirely deserted for his pot of steaming coffee and his bread and bacon. However, Mrs. Reagan succeed-

ed in getting a number of the old fellows into the parlor. Some one opened the piano and struck up a lively reel. Gen. Polley, ex-Commander Texas Division, U. C. V., grabbed Mrs. Reagan, Gen. Cabell seized a partner, the others followed suit, and soon a most remarkable reel was under full headway. From the start there was intense rivalry between the old fellows. Gen. Polley glared at Gen. Cabell. Gen. Cabell expressed his utter contempt for Gen. Polley's pretensions as a dancer, while Capt. J. T. Hunter treated them both as rather "too fresh" for anything. The captain carried off the honors, too, for after about two turns both the generals gave in, Gen. Polley explaining that his artificial foot had come off, and Cabell saying he had so much work dodging Polley, who was as "awkward as a cow," that it put him quite out of breath.

That reel in the parlor was great, but it was insignificant compared with the cake walk that was going on out on the lawn. George A. Branard, the handsomest man in Hood's Brigade, the man whose beauty and grace earned for him the exalted and honorable position of perpetual secretary for the brigade, was the leader of the cake walk. And how he did it! I can close my eyes now and see him. I can see that graceful bend in his back, his noble head thrown as far back as possible, his arms extended in graceful curves from his body. O it was a sight long to be remembered! Miss Minnie Hunter, sponsor for the brigade,



MISS MARY WATTS WOOD,
Maid of Honor to Miss Varina Howell Davis Hayes.

was nominally his partner. I say nominally his partner, for the first strain of music seemed to have the same effect on him as did that shell at Gettysburg that tore the colors of the First Texas from his grasp, and left him a maniac for the time being. He shied off to the right in the most wonderful and perplexing curves, that would have caused a French dancing master to commit suicide through sheer envy. Then he shied to the left, but he did so rather less gracefully, explaining to me afterwards that his left side is rather damaged, and his sight not good on that side, anyway. He did all this entirely alone,

having forgotten all about his partner, who stood lost in admiration of his grace and agility, evidently warming himself for the real dance. However, he was in dead earnest, and when some one grabbed him to keep him from waltzing into an old well, and shook him back to a realization of things earthly, he clamored so loudly for the prize cake that he broke up the dance. Then there was a grand reel. It was a wonderful sight—made up of maimed and shattered veterans, middle-aged, very old, and very young women.

This closed the fun-making, and at a call from President Hunter Hood's Brigade lined up in front of the porch, where Judge Reagan stood conversing with some of his friends. When order was restored W. E. Barry, of Navasota, stepped in front of the brigade, and said: "Judge Reagan, I have been chosen by my comrades to return to you the thanks of Hood's Brigade for the generous hospitality and whole-souled welcome you have given us. This courtesy has but added to the debt of gratitude each member of Hood's Brigade feels he owes you. We all remember you in the stormy days from '61 to '65. We knew you then as our personal friend; as one ever ready and willing to extend a helping hand to us; and we all know how worthy you were of the place you had in our hearts, and how worthily you have held it ever since. Our feeling toward you is something more than the respect and reverence the whole South gives you. This is a personal love, a kinship which could be engendered only by relations such as have existed for so long and under such circumstances between your honored self and our fast-disappearing band. Judge Reagan, you know Hood's Brigade, and Hood's Brigade knows and loves you. We are all old men, standing in the gateway of the great hereafter. But you are older than we, and in the course of nature you are most likely to precede us across the river. When you do so I want you to tell the chivalrous Lee, to tell that knightly Christian soldier Jackson, to say to the gallant, heroic Hood that Hood's Brigade has been as true to itself in the walks of civil life as it was true to itself on a hundred battlefields under their eyes. Tell them this, for it is true."

The scene was pathetic in the extreme, and brought tears to the eyes of nearly all present. The two old men standing bareheaded, face to face; the earnest tones of Capt. Barry's voice; the message to the dead—all combined to make a memorable picture. Capt. Barry's remarks were received in silence, all being too deeply impressed by the solemnity of the scene to indulge in what they felt to be the sacrilege of applause.

When Judge Reagan could command his feelings, he said: "Sir, I thank you for the kind words you have just spoken in behalf of Hood's Brigade. It is true, as you say, that brigade has always been very near and dear to me. During the war I watched it with pride and solicitude; pride in its mighty achievement, solicitude for its welfare. I think I do no injustice to any other brigade; I think I utter but a well-known fact, borne out by the history of our war, when I say that Hood's Brigade saw more active service and accomplished more good for the Confederate States than any other brigade in our army. I know that this was the opinion of Gen. Lee and our leaders, and Gen. Lee told me on one occasion that if he had a division of

such men as composed Hood's Brigade he would not fear to meet any ordinary army the North might send against him. He told me also that at times he felt like asking pardon from Hood's Brigade for the heavy tasks he set them; that he had such confidence in them that he called on them to accomplish the most difficult and hazardous deeds, and his eyes brightened as he added that they never failed him, and always did what they were sent to do. . . . I will tell you now a bit of unpublished history. While I was in Richmond, feeling that I was of that age when I should be in the army, I sent in my resignation to President Davis with the full determination of shouldering my musket, joining Hood's Brigade, and sharing in your glory. President Davis sent for me, and protested against such an act on my part. I stood firm in my determination. A meeting of the cabinet was called. The question of accepting my resignation was freely and fully discussed. It was made plain to me that my act would be injurious to our cause; that it would be construed as an unfriendly act toward Mr. Davis, and was due to discord. All these arguments were made. I was convinced of their truth, and reluctantly withdrew my resignation. You see, I came very near sharing in your glory; and now, after the lapse of years, when I review your history and recall its brilliant pages, I sometimes regret that my original intention of resigning was not adhered to. No one knows your worth better than I; no one knows the value of your friendship better than I; no one can feel more highly the honor you have done me by this visit to-day; and I thank you sincerely and from the bottom of my heart for it. No man can ask for a higher honor than to meet and greet such men as those composing Hood's Brigade. That honor you have given me, and I thank you."

At the close of Judge Reagan's remarks there was a general handshaking. Good-bys were spoken, the march to the train was taken up, and soon the veterans were whirled back to Palestine, and one of the most enjoyable reunions that the brigade ever had for years was at an end. Other reunions may be as successful, others may be as enjoyable, but none will ever be held that will obliterate the memory of the kind and hospitable people of Palestine, and the reunion there will long remain a red letter reunion in the history of the brigade.

S. O. Y.



Scene in Banquet Hall, Atlanta, Ga., Reunion Gray and Blue.

A USEFUL COMRADE IN TEXAS.

S. O. Young, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Texas Division, U. C. V., with characteristic modesty, positively refuses to obey the order to furnish a sketch of his life. "I have done nothing for which I deserve any special credit," he says. Knowing better, the Commanding General of the Texas Division deems it his duty, as it is a great pleasure, to state differently.

Col. Young was born in Houston, Tex., January 1, 1848, his father, Dr. S. O. Young, being a native of Charleston, S. C., and his mother, whose maiden name was Fuller, being from Beaufort, S. C. It follows that he was a Confederate "to the manner born." His father dying, however, in November, 1847, it is to his mother, a lady of superior education and refinement, that he is most indebted for his admirable qualities of heart and mind, and for the love of liberty which made him a true Confederate.

During the four years of the war Mrs. Young was constantly at work for the Southern soldier, nursing in the hospitals and collecting clothing and money for distribution where needed. Her zeal untiring, her success for raising funds was greater, perhaps, than that of any other Southern woman, for through her efforts \$35,000 in gold was sent to Hood's Texas Brigade for hospital purposes. Still she found time for literary work, and the name of Mrs. M. J. Young is prominent among those of Southern poets.

Col. Young was appointed on his sixteenth birthday as aid-de-camp, with rank of first lieutenant, to Gen. J. B. Robertson, but resigned his commission on his next birthday and enlisted as a private in Company A, Fifth

University), Lexington, Va., attending that institution while Gen. Robert E. Lee was its President, and receiving his diploma as a physician in 1870. He soon abandoned the profession of medicine for newspaper work, and was one of the founders of the *Houston Post*, and was the first managing editor of the paper. Subsequently he became managing editor of the *Galveston News*, but retired from that position in 1894 to accept the secretaryship of the Galveston Cotton Exchange and Board of Trade, and has been ever since its efficient and popular Secretary.

To Col. Young more than to any other man in the State—his energy, tact, zeal, and businesslike management—is due the present efficiency and interest taken in Confederate matters of the Texas Division, U. C. V. Not only has he revived and kept burning the enthusiasm of its membership by example, but he has also established and put on a successful footing a Veterans' column in several of the leading Texas newspapers.

Performing every duty incumbent on him as the Secretary of the busy Exchange and Board of Trade, Col. Young has worked night after night until the "wee small hours" as editor of the Veterans' column and in transacting the rapidly increasing business of the division of which he is Adjutant General.

Mr. Hugh Davidson writes from Shelbyville, Tenn.:

At the time of Gen. Wheeler's stampede through Shelbyville, although quite a small lad, I witnessed and experienced many things. I write specially of a little souvenir that I possess of that event. On the night following the battle five or six wounded Confederates were brought to my father's home by the Federal troops. One of these died before we could get his name. In his haversack we found a small piece of earthenware, resembling an old-fashioned, "big-around and wide-out" tea sup, with three nubs around the outer edge, so that it could be arranged to hang over a fire. Upon one side was a rude cut of the Confederate flag, and on the opposite the figure of a man's head and the name "J. W. Davidson." On account of this name my father wrote many letters, trying to locate the relatives and home of the owner, but never secured any information. Can any reader of the *VETERAN* help me to do so?

J. G. Chambliss, Montgomery, Ala.: "While attending the reunion at Louisville I visited Cave Hill Cemetery, and in looking over the names of the Confederates buried there my attention was called to the name on a headstone of Elizabeth Teems, Calhoun, Ga., with date of her death. What impressed me so much was the inscription: 'Buried with my people.' My friend informed me that she was said to be a spy, and that she died in Louisville, and was put with her friends at her request. Her history may be of interest."

Commander James R. Brown, Gatesville, Tex., writes: "The widow of James M. McDaniel, of Coryell County, Tex., is in destitute circumstances, and desires information that will aid her in securing a pension. Her husband enlisted at Bainbridge, Ga., in 1861, as a member of the First Georgia Infantry. She does not know the company nor any of his comrades. Any information that will aid her will be thankfully received."



COL. S. O. YOUNG, ADJT. GEN., TEXAS DIVISION, GALVESTON.

Texas Regiment of Hood's Texas Brigade, his maternal uncle, the late lamented Pu Fuller, being captain of the company.

Col. Young completed his literary education at Washington College (now Washington and Lee Uni-

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

WHAT INTEREST ON FIVE DOLLARS MAY DO.

An unhappy condition of things caused delay of issues for June and July. The latter came through a ludicrous blunder in estimating the increased pages, without numbering them, above the usual forty-eight. No patron can appreciate the discontent and pain caused by these delays. No human being can be interested more in an enterprise, and any failure to meet all expectations is deeply grievous. Kindly as comrades—men and women—may regard the VETERAN, its shortcomings cannot be realized outside the office where the volume of contributions come. Reports of reunions and actions of people North as well as South that ought to be recorded in it would fill at least one hundred pages per month in the concisest manner possible.

Many seem not aware that this is an individual enterprise, and must be conducted on most economical business principles. There is not in the history of journalism a publication that has so prospered upon its subscription patronage, save the story papers of old, and they never gave a tithe of what it has to matters that are usually paid for. The "Last Roll," for instance, has contained tributes unstinted to a multitude of men and women without a cent of expense. These tributes are largely to those who left nothing whatever but a glorious record of patriotic sacrifice.

A young man suggested recently that it would be a good thing to propose a liberal concession to persons who would subscribe for poor veterans who could not do so. "For instance," he said, "give two years subscription to those who would send it for a year to five of such old soldiers." That suggestion has had much consideration, and this extraordinary offer is made: To every person who will send the VETERAN for a year to five poor old soldiers, or the families of such, their own subscription will be advanced five years.

Think of how much good can be done in this way, and, if your sentiment and judgment approve, send the five dollars and five names, and you will be credited five years. This offer will apply alike to new subscribers and to those who are on the list, the five dollars of the latter to be in addition, of course, to what they may owe. If subscribers would be diligent to commend this proposition to good and liberal men who are not familiar with the great work of the VETERAN, the result would be amazing. Think of the

thousands to whom interest and comfort would thus be given—to noble old soldiers in the last year of their lives, and how it would help to sustain the most important record possible for the Southern—yea, the American—people. A special list, an honor roll, would be kept of such benefactors.

COMPLIMENT TO "GOOD" OLD CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.—Col. Isaiah Price writes from Philadelphia at the request of Gen. G. Pennypacker, his friend and comrade, and who was his commanding officer during the civil war, the General being quite ill from the breaking out of one of his old wounds: "Dear Friend and Confederate Comrade: . . . He has felt much complimented at seeing in the May number of your interesting magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, your kindly words relative to his services in the war and afterwards in the State of Tennessee, where he has so many friends. . . . The General asks me to inclose for him three dollars. For two dollars of the amount please send the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to two good old Confederate Soldiers who may not just now feel that they can become subscribers." Attention is called to the exquisite delicacy of his request concerning the "good" old Confederate soldiers, upon whom he would bestow a kindness and in the most refined manner possible. A good Southern woman, upon seeing this notice of the gallant officer, wrote from Grenada, Miss.: "It affords me inexpressible pleasure to note your complimentary remarks concerning Gen. Pennypacker. In the long twilight of reconstruction he commanded our garrison, and was universally admired in the village for his irreproachable deportment. His headquarters adjoined our home, and afterwards the same residence was occupied for many years by our great soldier and statesman, Gen. E. C. Walthall. My father and mother esteemed Gen. Pennypacker, and he was frequently a guest in our home."



MISS MYRTLE FINN, DECATUR, ALA.,
Sponsor for Horace King Camp, U. C. V.

SHALL THE HISTORY BE PERPETUATED?

A sensation occurred at the reunion of Confederate and Federal veterans at Atlanta July 20, which is of concern to all patriots. It occurred at the after-dinner speeches in a great banquet hall.

Col. W. A. Hemphill, General Chairman of the Reunion Committees, had introduced in turn the Commanders of the two great organizations, the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans. Commander Shaw delivered a remarkable address prepared with typewritten manuscript. It was in the main of excellent spirit, decidedly the best ever uttered by a Grand Army Commander. He is a pleasing speaker, and showed a patriotic fervor much to his credit. As on previous occasions, however, he made significant statements with which Southern men will never concur. At this time he said:

There can be but one idea of American citizenship, one stars and stripes, one bulwark of future national glory, and one line of patriotic teachings for all and by all. In this view the keeping alive of sectional teachings as to the justice and rights of the cause of the South, in the hearts of the children, is all out of order, unwise, unjust, and utterly opposed to the bond by which the great chieftain Lee solemnly bound the cause of the South in his final surrender. I deeply deplore all agencies of this sort, because in honor and in chivalric American manhood and womanhood nothing of this nature should be taught or tolerated for an instant.

When he had finished Gen. Gordon was on his feet instantly. His lips were tightly compressed, and his eyes flashed as they seldom do. He stepped from his chair on to the table, where the preceding speakers had stood, and launched at once into an eloquent defense of the men of the South, who had taken up arms against the Union. Referring to Gen. Shaw's words, he said that for one he could not and would not admit nor teach his children that the cause he had fought for was wrong. He believed under God that both sides were right as they interpreted the Constitution.

Gen. Gordon spoke as seemed he never did before in a defense of the traditions and principles of the South. He paid fine tribute to the address of Gen. Shaw. Referring to the above, however, he said:

Whatever may have been my record in the past, whatever may now be my love for the South and her traditions, I claim equal loyalty with Gen. Shaw in his love for the Union and his fidelity to the stars and stripes. . . . When I saw the flag I followed and loved go down at Appomattox my heart would have broken but for my faith in God and his overruling providence.

I love this country. I love every acre of it. In these veins runs the blood of the founders of this republic. My forefathers fought and bled for this country's independence, and I believe no man is more ready to serve it in any emergency than myself. I know that my friend, Gen. Shaw, is equally devoted and

true. Every sentence of his eloquent tribute to American manhood, and his every sentiment of loyalty to our fathers' flag, finds an echo in my heart. But when he tells me and my Southern comrades that teaching our children that the cause for which we fought and our comrades died is all wrong, I must earnestly protest. In the name of the future manhood of the South I protest. What are we to teach them? If we cannot teach them that their fathers were right, it follows that these Southern children must be taught that they were wrong. Are we ready for that? For one I am not ready! I never will be ready to have my children taught that I was wrong, or that the cause of my people was unjust and unholy.

When Gen. Gordon had reached this point, he paused. He could not have continued had he desired to do so. There was one long, continuous yell throughout the large building. Resuming, he said:

O, my friends, you were right; but I too was right! We were fighting over principles that we had inherited from our fathers and our fathers' fathers. We were both right, and when we meet in that great beyond we shall both hear: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

When Alexander Hamilton wrote and Thomas Jefferson wrote, each his construction of the true meaning of the constitution, there was a conflict of opinion utterly irreconcilable. But shall we insist that the children of one or the disciples of the other shall not be taught that he was right? From that day to this the controversy has been waged in conflicting opinions, which Gen. Shaw has inherited on the one side and I on the other, and for these convictions long and devoutly cherished by each, we were both willing to labor, to fight, and to die.

The decision made by the arbitrament of war was that slavery should no longer exist, that the right of a State to secede should no more be asserted; that there should be on this continent the one great republic and one flag over all forever. But the question of which side was right in the conflict was not settled. No result on the field of battle can ever settle a question of right, and I can no more consent to deny my children the privilege of believing that their father was right than I can consent to write dishonor in my mother's dust.

This little episode is no disturbing element of this reunion. I only rose to state for our men that they were defending principles which they had inherited from their fathers. Who shall say they were wrong?

Let us settle this question now and forever. Let us settle it upon a basis consistent with the self-respect and manhood of both sides. Let us settle it upon a basis consistent with the welfare of the great republic. There is a basis on which we can all stand. It is that monumental truth which history will yet record and heaven reveal at last—namely, that both sides were right because both sides were fighting for the constitution of the fathers as they had been taught to interpret it, and both were right.

Gen. Shaw's address had much in it that concerns Confederates, which may be expected in the next VETERAN. It is unfortunate that it cannot appear now.



Members of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., from photograph made at Louisville (1900). Numbers right to left; names of members only are given. No. 3 (Leigh) is under the "sun shade." 2, W. W. Harkins; 3, J. W. Leigh; 4, W. W. Dunn; 5, O. S. Green; 6, W. H. Light; 7, A. F. Brown; 8, J. W. Willingham; 9, J. W. Faxon; 10, W. F. Allison; 11, Thomas Hill; 12, T. J. Dement; 13, Thos. W. McAfee; 15, R. M. Morris; 17, J. L. Price; 18, Col. Tomlinson Fort; 19, J. L. McCullom; 23, Paul T. Semour; 25, J. P. Bennett; 28, Capt. J. F. Shipp.

N. B. FORREST CAMP, CHATTANOOGA.

The floral design of "Sun Shade," in the picture of N. B. Forrest Camp, was made by Miss Lizzie Fort, of Nashville. When the Camp arrived at Nashville *en route* to the Louisville Reunion, Miss Fort, accompanied by two young ladies under the escort of several young gentlemen, met the Past Commander of N. B. Forrest Camp, Col. Tomlinson Fort, and after the usual happy greetings, introductions, etc., presented the beautiful sunshade, made of daisies and other flowers, seen in the photograph.

"Col. Fort was sublimely oratorical in expressing his appreciation of the beautiful testimonial of friendship in language which could be excelled only by the soft, sweet glances of the fair ladies and the silent sentiment of the beautiful flowers." Several members of the Camp volunteered to become custodian of the "treasure."

"OLD TIME CONFEDERATES."

In the June VETERAN (page 287) there was reference to a song that it is popular because of its tune to "Old-Time Religion," but with very poor words. We now have better words by G. I. Goodwin, of Brownwood, Tex.:

We are a band of brothers,
And comrades kind and true,
We've fought in many battles
'Gainst those who wore the blue.

CHORUS.

We are old-time Confederates,
We are old-time Confederates,
We are old-time Confederates,
And that's good enough for me.

Our ties are more than brothers
To those who wore the gray;
That tie will last forever,
Till time shall pass away.

Then in shades beyond the river
Our souls will there unite,
In songs of joy forever,
In worlds of heavenly light.

When Venus gleams her tinted rays,
To light a world afar,
There's not a glint of light so clear
As gleams from Forrest's star.

A REQUIEM.

BY JOHN W. FAXON, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

And all the orbs that deck the sky,
Shine brighter, as the drum,
With muffled tones and litter tells,
"Another soldier's come."

The living heroes o'er the earth,
Will point to crowns above,
Circling the brows of warriors,
Who died for country's love.

A Lee, a Jackson, Johnston, Bragg,
Await at heaven's door.
To hear the "taps" of coming years,
And welcome thousands more.

O heroes of life's valiant age,
With patriot visions bright,
There's none so brave as he who fails—
Or dies—for freedom's right.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. F. K. Roach, First Vice President, Evansville, Ind.: "On the 4th of March seven Southern women met and organized a Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in our city, naming it in honor of Gen Fitzhugh Lee. It is our desire to be known by our sister Chapters in the great organization, so ask the medium of the VETERAN through which to announce ourselves to be one with them in love, sympathy, and good works. Much interest is felt by the Southern contingent in our midst, resulting in our little band having increased to a membership of twenty-one, while several others are having application papers filled out with a view to joining. Our purpose is to study the South, both past and present—its history, resources, and progress, as well as its possibilities. At the recent reunion in Louisville, Ky., our representatives pledged their chapter for one hundred dollars to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, so you see we have not formed ourselves together simply to foster mawkish sentiment, nor animosity, nor yet for pleasure alone; but hope our works will show the result of our purposes."

CONFEDERATE DEAD, CYNTHIANA, KY.



List of those buried in Battle Grove Cemetery:

W. L. Dean, North Carolina; Thomas Rowland, Jacksonville, Ala.; — Kinslow, W. Scott, A. Herron, — Hunt, — Puckett, Capt. — Kennett, T. W. Terry, John Terrell, and — Lyons, of Morgan's Command; Peter King, Arkansas; Sergt. S. S. Jennings (New Orleans, La.) and — Harrison (Radcliffe's North Carolina Regiment), Heath's escort; William Redding; William Clark, Gen. Pat Cleburne's Division; J. K. Bloodworth, Tennessee; J. M. Middleton, Bloomfield, Ky.; Hugh Beardon, Knoxville, Tenn.; Lieut. J. H. Williamson, Floyd County, Ky.; William Dial, Alexandria, Ky.; Capt. David May, Pike County, Ky.; Joseph Chandler, Boone County, Ky.; William Bates, Georgia.

In addition to the above named, there are interred twenty whose names and residences are unknown.

SOME MEMORIES AND FACTS.

Rev. M. B. De Witt, Hopkinsville, Ky., who was chaplain of the Eighth Tennessee Regiment:

I should like to speak to the old comrades through the VETERAN. The reading of that valuable periodical has frequently awakened the liveliest emotions and stirred tenderest thoughts. It is well to record the deeds and departure of men whose history is fraught with thrilling interest to a large number of persons not only in the South, but throughout the world. The pen and the camera have done much to preserve the characters and features of noble natures for the consideration of multitudes. The sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers down to the long future of posterity will eagerly devour the story of their dauntless sires.

The reunion at Louisville was a season of fine fellowship and good will. The very rainy weather gave an excellent opportunity for long and fraternal conversations, in the fact that it kept us indoors and induced quiet. The time was fully employed by the old soldiers, and many a deed of daring and day of suffering was recounted by willing tongues to very attentive ears. Not only did old friends meet and renew their fellowship of years long gone, but many acquaintances were made which were very pleasant indeed. I regretted that I met so few of those with whom I was immediately associated in the Eighth Tennessee Infantry as chaplain, and in the Sixteenth, Twenty-Eighth, Thirty-Eighth, Fifty-First, and Fifty-Second Regiments of Wright's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee. One sterling-looking fellow by the name of West shook hands with me cordially, and said: "You don't know me, but I know you. I heard you preach many a time on the trenches." His face had a big smile on it, and I reciprocated it. His words did me good.

This reminds me of another time in Nashville, years ago. While I was at my work in the editorial rooms of my Church's Board of Publication, the solid form of Gen. Cheatham came in and marched straight to me and put those strong arms around me and squeezed me, and said to the gentlemen present: "This is one of my boys, who, whenever I wanted him, could be found." Dear old Frank! he had his faults, but we boys loved him.

One thing should be recorded here. Is there a present parallel? Up to date, in my knowledge, Col. John H. Anderson, Lieut. Col. C. C. McKinney, Maj. W.



New Cumberland Presbyterian University Buildings, Lebanon, Tenn.

G. Burford, and the present writer, chaplain of the Eighth Tennessee Volunteer Infantry staff, are still living, although it is now past thirty-five years since we surrendered under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. Our surgeon, Dr. S. E. H. Dance, died only last March. He was a fine character, a capable officer, and a Christian gentleman. Our worthy associates, Drs. Granville B. Lester and William H. Robertson, departed in peace years ago. That splendid spirit, A. J. Murphy, adjutant of the regiment, was mortally wounded at Resaca, Ga., and died in the South. At his request I kept his watch until the war was over, and sent it to his relatives in Wilson County.

On a late visit to Chattanooga, my brother, Rev. D. C. De Witt, Hillsboro, Tex., and I enjoyed very greatly visiting the Chickamauga Park, and hunting up



REV. M. B. DEWITT, LL.D.

various positions of our command and others. His memory was very accurate, and he had the sad pleasure of showing a good man from Texas the spot where his father was shot down in that terrible battle nearly thirty-seven years ago. It is a wonderful view from the top of the iron tower on Snodgrass Hill, giving a full survey of the vast field of conflict and away beyond to the distant mountains.

It is a pleasing memory now that my work during those sanguinary days was wholly ministrant to the wounded and suffering in the field hospital, and equally to captured "blue" as to the disabled "gray."

Comrades generally have learned with sorrow of the affliction of Dr. Hunter McGuire. A letter from his son, Dr. Stuart McGuire, Richmond, weeks ago, states: "As you know, my father was paralyzed five weeks ago, and is still too sick to have even the contents of his mail communicated to him; but I am glad to write that he is slowly improving, and, should he ever be able to read your letter, I know it will give him pleasure."

TRIBUTE TO SAM DAVIS IN TEXAS.

Mr. William Leidtke, a member of the graduating class of the Gainesville (Tex.) High School, in his address at the commencement, made a special theme of Sam Davis. In it he said:

Few of us, if any, will be given the opportunity to immortalize our names. Sam Davis stands out as our best example of true courage, true manhood, true patriotism. We acknowledge that the cause with which he was connected awakens within us the remembrance of a time when our fathers cast their fortunes upon the billowy sea of war in defense of their homes, their honor, and the Southern Confederacy. We see the sturdy followers of Lee as they advance to Gettysburg . . . and at last as they come back to their desolated homes, worn out in the defense of their country. . . .

The name of Samuel Davis stands without a parallel in history. Look to the heroes of Greece or of once-proud Rome. Fabius, one of the noblest of the Romans, when an invader attempted to sully his character and his honor by bribery, replied: "Poverty with an honest name is more to be desired than wealth." With that worthy sentiment compare that of this Southern hero, who, when promised both life and liberty for giving some desired information, replied majestically that if he had a thousand lives to live he would give them all before he would sacrifice his honor. Even when upon the scaffold, the rope of ignominy about his neck, he resolutely refused the proposals, and stepped serenely to his execution.

In the unknown graves which speak with silent tongues of the awful realities of war, let us forget its horrors in contemplation of that sterling manhood which knew neither fear nor selfishness. Through all ages, as long as civilization lasts, there will beat in every true Southern heart pride and gratitude for the career of that noble Christian soldier whose life was the price of Chancellorsville. There will not be one but who will remember the glorious and daring deeds of Stonewall Jackson. As we remember him, so should we remember Samuel Davis. Let us not forget in that noble letter to his mother, given out on the day of his execution: "Tell the children all to be good." In that letter he showed himself the Christian also. Tennessee should not be alone in perpetuating the memory of this gallant boy, but all over our country men should bow their heads at the grave of him who died so conspicuously for honor and for truth. Texas, the home of heroes and patriots, should remember his name while yearly she bedecks with the first flowers of spring the graves of her dead heroes. She should cherish his memory as she cherishes the martyrdom of Fannin, Bowie, and David Crockett.

CORRECTIONS IN CAMP OFFICERS.

R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V., Jacksonville, Fla.: J. C. Munnerlyn, Commander; Robert J. Magill, Adjutant.

Brown-Harman Camp, No. —, U. C. V., Tazewell, Va.: R. R. Henry, Commander; James O'Keefe, Adjutant.

Washington Artillery, No. 1102, U. C. V., Charleston, S. C.: R. J. Morris, Commander; C. L. McClennahan, Adjutant.

REUNION OF FORREST'S CAVALRY CORPS.

They Had a Joyous Time in North Mississippi.

The reunion of Forrest's Cavalry on June 10-11 at Brice's Cross Roads was possibly the most enjoyable and satisfactory ever held by a body of Confederates. It was conspicuously pleasant, as every old soldier knew his comrades and could remember accurately the many marches, battles, and campaigns of Gen. Forrest. The people were most hospitable at Corinth, Baldwyn, and Tupelo, and on the battlefield of Brice's Cross Roads there was never a more bountiful dinner set for any people; it was not only abundant, but was excellently prepared and graciously served by the fair women of that neighborhood. There were fully 6,000 present and enough provisions left over to have fed as many more. One of the managers remarked that "the heavy rains and muddy roads embarrassed those who had the dinner in charge, and they didn't have a fair chance." The gallant Gen. Rucker, like all the other soldiers, was overwhelmed with good things, and remarked: "Well, we will come again and give you a chance."

The three members present on Gen. Forrest's staff (Maj. C. W. Anderson, Capt. George Dashiell, and Capt. John W. Morton) were introduced by Col. Kelley, Major General Commanding. Gen. Rucker, Judge A. W. Hawkins, Hon. M. H. Meeks, Col. Baxter Smith, and others delivered appropriate addresses.

The accomplished Miss Cayce, sponsor for Mississippi, delivered a most beautiful address of welcome, which was gracefully and appropriately responded to by Miss Laura May Barksdale, granddaughter of Maj. J. P. Strange, sponsor for Tennessee. Miss Ford, granddaughter of Maj. Strange, and Miss Weatherford were Miss Barksdale's maids of honor, who added much to the social features of the occasion.

The battlefield of Brice's Cross Roads was visited by many of the old soldiers who had not been on this historic ground since the brilliant and ever-memorable victory of Forrest and his men. Most of the Confederate and Federal soldiers had been removed from where they were hastily buried at the time. Two soldiers, one J. C. Jourdan, First Sergeant Moreland's battalion, was buried near the Phillips house with two cedar trees to mark his resting place; the other J. S. King, Rice's Battery, was killed at the last position taken by the artillery which closed the fight. This position was two and a half miles from Brice's Cross Roads, and was stubbornly contested, the enemy charging to within a few yards of the guns.

Gen. Lyon, opportunely hurrying up to the right of the artillery with a portion of his command dismounted, raised a yell, and with double-shotted canister from the artillery the enemy were driven from the field. It was soon ascertained why this obstinate stand was made; only a few hundred yards farther on a large number of wagons and ambulances had been abandoned by the enemy.

Three members of Morton's Artillery were wounded; the gallant Lieut. Tully Brown had his horse killed, and a number of artillery horses were killed and wounded at the last position. This closed the fight of the 10th.

The artillery was constantly on the front and often

in advance of the main line from the time it reached the field until the close of this most remarkable engagement. About two miles from Brice's Cross Roads the artillery had taken the lead. It could move faster than the cavalry, as the commands fought on foot and had to remount and reform, whilst the artillery had only to limber to the front and move forward. Four guns had been passed to the front and placed in position on a wooded ridge to the left of the main road. The enemy had taken position on a parallel ridge across an old field about half a mile distant. The artillery opened a vigorous fire, and was replied to by a storm of missiles from small arms. Leaves and limbs were clipped, and trees skinned, bullets striking the tires and axles of the guns. Two men caught the lead. Not a skirmisher or single support of any kind was present. Forrest was, however, not long in reaching us. Having dismounted, he walked up the hill to the guns, when Capt. Morton, saluting, said: "General, it is pretty warm here. They'll hit you. You had better step lower down the hill." Instantly, expecting a reprimand as to this suggestion, Capt. Morton apologized by saying, "Please excuse me, General, I don't mean to say where you shall go," and turned to his guns. Gen. Forrest, without a word, walked a short distance down the hill and took a seat at the foot of a tree. The two guns from Morton and two from Rice's Batteries had hot work here. Within fifteen or twenty minutes Gen. Forrest called to Capt. Morton to come to him, when he said: "See the head of my column coming up the road. I will take command of that force and charge across that field, strike them on the flank, and double them up on that road," pointing to the place. "When you hear Gause sound his bugle for the charge, take your artillery and charge down the road, and give them h—l right yonder," pointing to the place where he said he was going to "double them up."

Forrest did exactly as he said he was going to do. The artillery was advanced rapidly down the road to within one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of the enemy's lines, speedily put into action, and directed double-shotted canister upon the enemy's disordered lines as they crowded and "doubled up" in their efforts to reach the road. Forrest's wonderful genius was shown in the success of the movement, and by the number of dead and wounded at the point where he said he would "double them up."

This was possibly the only time in the history of any battle where the general commanding gave an order to charge with artillery without support.

The people of Tupelo, one of the most enterprising towns in North Mississippi gave the veterans a fine welcome. The battlefield of Harrisburg, only about two miles distant, was visited, and a great many who were wounded on that bloody ground found the spot where they caught the enemy's lead. It was in this fight that a section of Morton's Battery, commanded by Lieut. Tully Brown, had seven out of eight men wounded at one gun, his own horse killed and a number of artillery horses killed and wounded, and the guns pulled off by Eb Titus's company. Rice's Battery was badly disabled and had to be pulled from the field by the gallant Kentuckians. Thrall's Battery was ordered to Rice's relief, and did valiant service. Harrisburg was one of the most desperately fought battles of For-

rest's Cavalry. Gen. Stephen D. Lee was in command. Nearly every field officer of Bell's, Mabry's, and the Kentucky brigades were killed or wounded, and many companies of those commands came out of that battle commanded by sergeants or corporals, the officers all having been killed or wounded.

The people of North Mississippi are properly grateful to Gen. Forrest for his protection of that rich country. It is said that Gen. Sturgis remarked: "I was only anxious to reach Columbus, Miss., the center of secession and aristocracy of the South. I would not have left one brick above another." This refined, hospitable, and patriotic people were spared. Sturgis never reached Columbus.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, the author of the most excellently written life of Gen. N. B. Forrest, says: "This was the most brilliant victory of Forrest's most remarkable campaigns." Gen. Washburn, in his official report, says: "It took Gen. Sturgis's army ten days to march from Memphis to Brice's Cross Roads, and only one day and two nights to return to Memphis." Muster rolls captured on the day of the battle gave 10,265 active for duty in the Federal command, with twenty-two pieces of artillery. Forrest's force was 3,200, with only 2,400 actively engaged, as one-fourth were horse holders. There were but two batteries of four guns each under Capt. John W. Morton, chief of artillery.



REUNION GROUP AT THE BRICE RESIDENCE.

Forrest captured as many men as he had in the fight, killed and wounded nearly as many more, captured all of their artillery except one gun, two hundred and fifty wagons and ambulances, and scattered the balance of Sturgis's army all over a large area.

Another article is to appear on this subject by Rev. S. A. Agnew, D.D., who lived there at the time.

In a letter to the *VETERAN*, June 9, 1900, R. W. Medkirk, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I see that my old-time antagonists, Forrest's veterans, will hold a reunion on the battlefield of Brice's Cross Roads (called Guntown by us) June 10, 11. I certainly would like to participate with them on that occasion, as my regiment was in that battle, and I was with it. I would enjoy very much going over the field on the thirty-sixth anniversary of the battle. Forrest's men and our brigade met frequently, and we became pretty well known to each other. Several Union soldiers who participated in that battle live in this city and vicinity."

WOMEN'S FORREST STATUE ASSOCIATION.

The following are the officers of the Women's Forrest Statue Association: Mrs. T. J. Latham, Chairman of the Executive Committee; Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, Vice Chairman; Mrs. James M. Greer, Secretary; and Mrs. Charles M. Drew, Treasurer.

To the honor of Tennessee, the Memphis women's organizations have resolved on the erection of a monument to Gen. N. B. Forrest. If ever matchless genius, the most daring courage, indomitable will and marvelous success secured imperishable fame for any hero, surely it belongs to our own "wizard of the saddle." Napoleon said: "In war men are nothing, a man everything." Truly was this exemplified in Gen. Forrest. It is well known that the military genius of Forrest was acknowledged in Europe before it was recognized in America, and that both Gens. Grant and Sherman realized his wonderful capacity before it was appreciated by the Confederate generals. The present generation is the one to claim the privilege of perpetuating in bronze, or marble, the heroic deeds of this son of Tennessee, and now is the time to begin, and this is the year to finish the work.

Mrs. Latham accepted the Presidency of the Tennessee State Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with the pledge and condition that the first work should be for the Forrest monument, believing that with the promised aid of many veterans and camps early success would be achieved.

We confidently appeal to every camp and veteran, and U. D. C. Chapters, and public-spirited citizens, for contributions.

Contributions should be sent to Mrs. C. M. Drew, Treasurer, or to Mrs. J. M. Greer, Secretary of the Women's Forrest Statue Association.

The circular is signed by George W. Gordon, Major General Commanding Tennessee Division, U. C. V.; John P. Hickman, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff; John W. Morton, Colonel; W. W. Carnes, Lieutenant Colonel; and J. S. Galloway, Major on Gen. Gordon's Staff; J. W. Crawford and W. A. Collier, Colonels on Gen. Stephen D. Lee's Staff; and Pres. Young, Secretary Confederate Historical Association. Also by Mesdames M. C. Goolett, J. P. Hickman, M. H. Cliff, J. Harvey Mathes, Vice Chairman Forrest Statue Association; Mrs. T. J. Latham, State President; and Miss Frances Kirby-Smith, Vice President, U. D. C. for Tennessee.

AUTHOR OF THE "PHANTOM HOST."—In the March number of the *VETERAN* the "Phantom Host" was published in connection with the notice of the Taylor brothers, and credit was given to Father Ryan as the composer. A sister of Rev. P. D. Hay, of Sumter, S. C., writes that he composed it, and sends a clipping from the *Sumter Watchman*, in which the following statement is made: "The above poem was written in 1866 by Rev. P. D. Hay, rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter, this city, and then a resident of this city, but at that time he had not taken orders. A short time after the poem was written it was published in the *Sumter Watchman*, which was its first publication. The poem was widely copied, and in time it was attributed to Father Ryan by nearly everybody."

COMRADE J. A. WYETH, SURGEON AND AUTHOR.

So general has become the interest, of the Southern people especially, in Wyeth's life of Gen. N. B. Forrest, that a brief personal sketch of the gifted author and eminent surgeon is given in the *VETERAN*.

John Allan Wyeth, surgeon, was born in Marshall County, Ala., May 26, 1845; son of Louis Wyeth lawyer and judge of one of the judicial districts of Alabama, who died in 1889, at the age of seventy-seven. The grandfather of Louis Wyeth was Ebenezer Wyeth, a

farmer and private in Capt. Thatcher's company of Massachusetts militia, which attacked the British and drove them into Boston on the retreat from Lexington on April 19, 1775. Thatcher's company was in the regiment of Col. Gardiner, who was killed at Bunker Hill. In this company of eighty men, of whom a list is given in Paige's "History of Cambridge," "in commemoration of their patriotism in marching to the alarm on April 19, 1775," there were five Wyeths. The founder of this family in America was Nicholas Wyeth (or Wythe, as the name sometimes appeared in the middle of the seventeenth century), who settled and became proprietor of lands in what is now Cambridge, Mass., in 1645. His mother was Euphemia Allan, daughter of John Allan, a Presbyterian clergyman, who settled in Tennessee, having emigrated from England. He afterwards removed to Huntsville, Ala. The son was educated in the common school at Guntersville, Ala., and was one year at the military academy at Lagrange, Ala. He served as a private soldier in the Confederate army, took part in sixteen engagements, was confined as a prisoner of war at Camp Morton, Ind., and published an article on the treatment of prisoners at this prison in the *Century Magazine*, April, 1890. He commenced the study of medicine in 1867, was graduated at the University of Louisville in 1869, and stood the degree of *ad*

eundem at Bellevue Medical College in 1873; was appointed assistant demonstrator of anatomy in this college in 1873, and prosecutor to the chair of anatomy in 1874 published an article on "Dextral Preference in Man" (1875); was awarded the Alumni Association prize in 1876 for "the best essay on any subject connected with surgery or surgical pathology," his subject being "Amputation at the Ankle Joint." He won the first prize of the American Medical Association in 1878 for an essay on the "Surgical Anatomy and Surgery of the Common, External, and Internal Carotid Arteries,"

and gained the second prize of the same association in 1878 for an essay on the "Surgical Anatomy and Surgery of the Innominate and Subclavian Arteries." He was appointed surgeon to Mt. Sinai Hospital in 1880; founded the New York Polyclinic, a school of clinical medicine and surgery for practitioners, in 1882; became professor of surgery in that institution, and in 1893 professor of the faculty. He is the author of "A Text-Book on Surgery" (1888); "Bloodless Amputation at the Hip Joint" (1890); "Osteo-Plastic Operation for Correction of Deformities of the Nose and Palate" (1892); a historical sketch, entitled "The Struggle for Oregon," in *Harper's Magazine* (1892); and a considerable number of contributions to various scientific periodicals. From 1895 to 1899 he gave



John A. Wyeth

much of his time and labor to his "Life of Gen. Forrest," issued by Harper & Bros. last year. His extensive acquaintance, and his strong popularity with professional men and capitalists at the North caused extensive demand for this book, and the result has made a profound impression by influential classes whose prejudices have changed to admiration. In addition to his personal reputation for veracity he verified all the principal features in the book by affidavits and other unquestioned proofs. The history of our great war would be incomplete without this book.

THE STONEWALL BRIGADE BAND.

BY J. A. HINER, STAUNTON, VA.

The last meeting of the United Confederate Veterans surpassed all previous meetings in many respects, notwithstanding the almost incessant rainfall.



CHAS. E. HAINES,

President and Original Member of the Stonewall Brigade Band.

The most noteworthy and historic attraction of the great reunion at Louisville was the famous Stonewall Brigade Band, of Staunton, Va., which is comprised of thirty-eight handsome, athletic men. While there are but six of the original veteran members in active service, the others are all sons of veterans. It is not only the high degree of musical genius that makes this band celebrated, but the magic of its name, together with the glory which it has won from its organization down to the present day.

This historic association was organized in 1855, under the name of the "Mountain Saxhorn Band," which name it retained until the commencement of the war between the States, at which time it was mustered in as the Fifth Virginia Regiment Band.

At the first engagement the Stonewall Brigade had with the enemy the band organized itself into a surgeon corps, and so faithfully and intelligently performed field and hospital duties that officers and men recognized the value of its services. In all subsequent battles the band's devoted ministrations were in requisition, and always promptly and faithfully rendered, which won for it the proud name of Stonewall Brigade Band, by an order of the immortal Christian soldier, Stonewall, read on dress parade at Camp Winder.

At Appomattox Gen. Grant issued an order to allow the members of the band to take their instruments home with them, which are now on exhibition in their band hall. These instruments are probably the only complete set in existence that were used during the entire civil war, and have attracted much attention in Northern cities. They were exhibited by the band during their engagement at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, and at the Louisville Reunion.

The band occupied a post of honor at the funeral of Gen. Grant, in New York, and has attended nearly all the famous military and civic demonstrations in this country, being the only amateur band recognized by the authorities of the World's Columbian Exposition.

This band was not only the pride of Gen. Jackson's Brigade, but each member was the personal friend of the General, and he earnestly desired its perpetuation. Only a few days before his death he expressed the

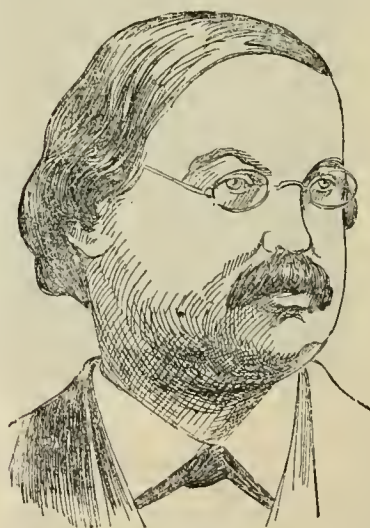
wish that the Stonewall Brigade Band would continue to live through the succeeding generations of Confederate soldiers and their sons. Soon after his death the members of the band had a conference and decided that their great general's wishes should be held sacred, and that the Stonewall Brigade Band should live.

This noteworthy company of musicians elicit the highest praises and encomiums wherever they go, and the rendition of the national airs and Southern melodies has won for them a world-wide fame as a patriotic band.

It was indeed a pathetic and touching scene to look upon the old veterans, ex-Federals as well as ex-Confederates, who crowded about the Stonewall Brigade Band to hear the soulful music of this grand organization as they discoursed the patriotic melodies at the memorial exercises in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville. In the eyes of many of these old veterans could be seen silent tears, because the impressive ceremonies brought back to them memories of friends who are no more.

The veterans were so delighted with the Stonewall Brigade Band that they said, "Surely we can never have another reunion without it."

The personnel of this band is above the average of musical aggregations. Their genteel deportment and manly bearing is so exemplified on all occasions that they are given ovations wherever they visit. The members of the band so ingratiated themselves into the good graces of the Louisville people that they were taken to the homes of some of the wealthiest citizens and banqueted in the most lavish style, and steps have already been taken by the management of the triennial conclave of Knights Templars of 1901 to have Stonewall Brigade Band participate in the festivities of that notable gathering.



PROF. T. M. TURNER,

First Band Master of the Stonewall Brigade Band.

That valley was trampled and defaced by the warring hosts who met there in mortal combat, yet after the surrender the members of the Stonewall Brigade Band returned to their desolated homes and took up the thread of life once more under the most adverse circumstances.

Such men as have been members of this band are the true lifeblood of the country to which they belong. They elevate and uphold it, fortify and enable it, and shed a glory over it by the lives and characters which they bequeath.

This famous band will be thoroughly at home to the Grand Camp of Virginia Veterans, which will convene at Staunton October 10, 1900.

OFFICERS PRISONERS ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Johnson's Island is situated at the mouth of Sandusky Bay, overlooking Lake Erie, and is about a mile long and a mile and a half wide. It was an ideal spot for a prison post. The grounds were inclosed with a fence twelve feet high, with a platform top, upon which sentinels moved night and day. To the north Lake Erie stretches away for fifty miles; on the east, separated by three miles of water, lies Sandusky; while west and south of the island are broad stretches of Sandusky Bay.

The island was used almost exclusively as a prison for officers, the total number confined there from first to last aggregating over 15,000. The first prisoners were taken there in April, 1862, and in September, 1865, the last of them were sent to Fort Lafayette, and then Johnson's Island was abandoned as a prison post. The men confined on Johnson's Island represented the chivalry of the South. They were largely professional men and planters, among them being many who were prominent in science, literature, and art.

These men were treated during the period of their imprisonment as befitted men of their station in life, so far as circumstances would permit, of course. They were lodged in comfortable houses, provided with suitable clothing, and their tables were furnished with an abundance of the substantials and many of the luxuries. They were subjected to no petty tyranny, but, on the contrary, were granted privileges enjoyed by prisoners at no other military prison in the North; an exception being made in their case, because as a class they were considered superior to ordinary prisoners, and were put upon their honor in many instances where it would have been hazardous to have trusted men with less scrupulous regard for their words.

This trust was never betrayed but once, and that was through outside influence. It was Jacob Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan; Major C. H. Cole, of the Fifth Tennessee Confederate Regiment; Major Thomas Hinds, of Bowling Green, and several others hatched a conspiracy for the liberation of all the Confederate prisoners in the North. Their object was to capture the man-of-war Michigan, which was at that time on Lake Erie, seize the steamer Philo Parsons, running between Sandusky and the islands at the head of Lake Erie, and release the 25,000 Confederates, of whom 4,000 were on Johnson's Island, 8,000 at Camp Douglas (near Chicago), 9,000 at Camp Chase (near Columbus), and 4,000 at Camp Morton (near Indianapolis). Then with the aid of over 10,000 other Confederates and Northern sympathizers, who had gathered at various points to aid in the consummation of the plot, they hoped to strike a fatal blow at the Union at a time when, according to the calculation of the conspirators, Gen. Early was to lay siege to Washington and thus make it impossible for the Federal government to send troops to the points to be attacked.

A part of the programme was carried out. Col. Cole, who had been deputed to capture the Philo Parsons, did so and sailed away with her. But the conspiracy to seize the Michigan and liberate the 25,000 Confederates failed, and Cole and his men were captured. Their betrayer was Col. Johnson, of Kentucky, a prisoner on Johnson's Island, who, seized with re-

morse for the act, committed suicide shortly afterwards.

Cole was tried and sentenced to be shot, the execution to take place on Johnson's Island. But influential friends interceded for him, and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. He was taken to Fort Lafayette in 1865, remaining there one year: was then pardoned out, and is now living on a ranch in Texas. The men captured with him were subjected to a few years' imprisonment, and were then pardoned. Thus ended one of the most gigantic conspiracies of the war for the overthrow of the North.

That portion of Johnson's Island especially devoted to the purposes of a prison remains to-day much as it



CAMP MESS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISON.

was from 1862 to 1865. The old fort is in a fair state of preservation, the blockhouse and powder house, the officer's headquarters and the parade grounds and the old church are standing yet and are objects of much interest to the sight-seer. The cemetery where 260 Confederates lie buried attracts the most attention. In 1886, when, through the influence of Gov. J. B. Foraker and his Adjutant, Gen. Axline, an appropriation was obtained from the United States government to inclose Camp Chase, there was sufficient to build not only the wall at Camp Chase, but to build the iron fence around this cemetery and fix up the last resting place of those who are dear to the South.

Several sad and pathetic incidents have lent interest to "this little city of the dead." Parents and relatives of many men of whom all trace had been lost and who were returned in the official reports of Confederate officers as "missing" after some battle, frequently search the graveyards of Northern prisons for some trace of their lost ones. It has occurred in several instances that men so missing have been found buried on Johnson's Island.

Many have corresponded with W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio, who has lists of all Confederate dead buried in the State of Ohio, and to their great joy have found date of death and number of grave of their dead relatives.

A few years ago Col. Robert Alexander, of Texas, who was making a tour of the lakes, stopped off at Sandusky and went over to Johnson's Island to see the spot where so many of his former comrades in arms had been confined. As he passed slowly through the

cemetery reading the names on the headstones he was seen to suddenly lift his hat and fall upon his knees beside one of the low green mounds. There were tears in his eyes as he bent his head over the grave, and they trickled down his furrowed cheeks and fell upon the greensward beneath which rested all that was mortal of one who had been very dear to him and for whose mysterious loss he had been inconsolable. Col. and Mrs. Alexander were childless. They had years before the war taken as their own the orphaned son of a sister of Mrs. Alexander. The war came on, the boy enlisted, was captured and died in a Northern prison. Col. Alexander never knew what his fate had been until he visited Johnson's Island. Inscribed upon the headstone were the words: "James E. Peel, Captain Eighth Arkansas Infantry. Aged 24 years."

LIST OF CONFEDERATE DEAD BURIED ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND, SANDUSKY BAY, OHIO.

Col. J. E. Cruggs (or Scruggs), Eighty-Fifth Virginia; Capt. E. M. Tuggle, Company H, Thirty-Fifth Georgia Infantry; Capt. A. E. Upchurch, Fifty-Fifth North Carolina Infantry; Second Lieut. J. P. Peden, Hamilton's Battery; Lieut. Col. Joel Barnett, Ninth Battalion Louisiana Cavalry; Lieut. W. H. Hudson, Second North Carolina Infantry; Capt. D. E. Webb, First Alabama Cavalry; Lieut. J. W. Nullins, First Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. W. E. Hansin, First Georgia Infantry; Capt. H. D. Stephenson, Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. R. D. Conass, Sixth Tennessee Infantry; J. D. Cassaway; C. B. Jackson, Guerrilla, Virginia; Lieut. J. Hupstetter (or Hoffstetter), First Battalion Arkansas; Lieut. L. B. Williams, Sixty-Third North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. W. P. Harden, Fifth North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. J. M. Dotson, Tenth Tennessee Cavalry; Private D. D. Kellar, Second Tennessee Cavalry; S. G. Jetter (or Jeters), Company H, Thirty-First Alabama Infantry; Private R. Anderson, Missouri State Cavalry; Lieut. W. W. Veasy, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry; Capt. J. W. Gregory, Ninth Virginia Infantry; Private Peter Cole, Sixtieth Virginia Infantry; E. L. Moore; Daniel Herrin, Poindexter's Missouri Cavalry; Lieut. J. W. Collier, Eighteenth Kentucky Infantry; Private W. Johnson, Poindexter's Missouri Cavalry; Capt. J. M. Kean, Twelfth Louisiana Battalion Artillery; Capt. L. W. McWhister, Company H, Third Mississippi Infantry; John Don, Pulaski, Ohio; R. (or J. R.) Hodges, Memphis, Tenn.; Lieut. E. Gibson, Eleventh Arkansas Infantry; D. Christian, Company E, One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Virginia Infantry; L. Rasins (or Rains), Company C, Forty-Sixth Virginia Infantry; S. W. C.; Col. Samuel Fox; J. Ashbury (or Ashly), Kentucky; J. Reeves, Company J, First Georgia Cavalry; Lieut. J. A. McBride, Company H, Sixtieth Tennessee Infantry; First Lieut. S. R. Graham, Company J, Third Texas Cavalry; Capt. S. W. Henry, Nineteenth Tennessee Cavalry; Lieut. E. M. Orr, Sixty-Second North Carolina Infantry; J. R. H.; Capt. Mark Backon, Company D, Sixtieth Tennessee Infantry; Capt. J. B. Hardy, Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry; Private Hugh Cobble, Company E, Fifth Kentucky; Lieut. J. B. Cash, Sixty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Capt. J. W. Johnson, Green's River (Missouri) State Guards; Capt. J. U. D. King, Company K, Ninth Georgia Infantry; Citizen M. R. Handy,

Hopkins County, Ky.; Private E. Morrison, Eighth Alabama Infantry; Col. C. H. Metlock, Fourth Mississippi; R. E. M.; Private W. W. Davis, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. W. N. Swift, Thirty-Fourth Georgia Infantry; Lieut. A. Kelley, Tenth Arkansas Infantry; Private J. D. Conmay (or L. D. Conway), Nineteenth Virginia Cavalry; Capt. J. Middlebrooks, Fortieth Georgia Infantry; Capt. J. B. Hazard (or Haggard), Twenty-Fourth Alabama Infantry; Capt. J. P. Vann, Company E, Bell's River (Arkansas) Infantry; Lieut. D. H. McKay, Company D, Forty-Sixth Alabama Infantry; Capt. John R. Jackson, Company H, Thirty-Eighth Alabama Infantry; Lieut. H. B. Dawson, Company A, Seventeenth Georgia Infantry; Lieut. D. D. (or D. S.) Johnson, Company A, Forty-Eighth Tennessee Infantry; Capt. J. B. Hardy, Company I, Fifth Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. W. T. Skidmore, Company D, Fourth Alabama Cavalry; Capt. M. D. Armfield, Company B, Eleventh North Carolina Infantry; Capt. E. W. (or G. W.) Lewis, Company C, Ninth Battalion Louisiana Cavalry; Lieut. (or Capt.) J. N. Williams, Sixth Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. J. T. Sigon, Fifty-Third Virginia (or Twenty-Third Arkansas) Infantry; Lieut. F. G. W. Coleman, Seventh Mississippi Artillery; Lieut. J. E. Threadgill, Company H, Twelfth Arkansas Infantry; Capt. J. G. Shuler, Company H, Fifth Florida Infantry; Lieut. B. J. Blount, Company H, Fifty-Fifth North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. J. D. Arrington, Company H, Thirty-Third North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. Jos. (or Jas.) Lawshe, Company C, Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry; Lieut. Jno. C. (or Jas. C.) Holt, Company G, Sixty-First Tennessee Infantry; Samuel Chornley (or Ghornley), Blount County, Tenn.; Lieut. J. W. Moore, Company B, Twenty-Fifth Alabama Infantry; Second Lieut. D. L. Scott, Company I, Third Missouri Cavalry; Lieut. W. Peel, Company C, Eleventh Mississippi; Lieut. J. L. Land, Company A, Twenty-Fourth Georgia Infantry; Capt. N. T. Barnes, Company E, Tenth Confederate Cavalry; Lieut. J. F. McElroy, Company F, Twenty-Fourth Georgia Infantry; Lieut. J. O. High, First Arkansas Battalion Infantry; Lieut. J. C. (or J. P.) Long, Company I, Sixty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. B. C. (or B. J.) Harp, Company I, Twenty-Fifth Tennessee Infantry; Lieut. W. T. Norwood (aged 30), Company E, Sixth South Carolina Infantry; Second Lieut. R. K. C. Weeks, Company F, Fourth Florida Infantry; Capt. S. P. Sullins, First Alabama Infantry; Capt. P. J. Rabeman, Fifth Alabama (or Louisiana) Infantry; Citizen R. H. Lisk; Capt. F. F. Cooper, Company K, Fifty-Second Georgia Infantry; Adj. W. E. Watson, First Tennessee Infantry; A. F. (or A. J.) Frazier, Company H, Fifteenth Mississippi (or Twenty-First G. Y. C.); Lieut. W. E. Killem, Company II, Forty-Fifth Infantry; Lieut. F. T. Coppege (or F. F. Coppuye), Tennessee Infantry; Private J. L. Dugan (or Ducan), Twenty-Second Virginia; Second Lieut. S. T. Moore, Company F, King's River (Alabama) Infantry; Lieut. J. J. Gobeau, Company B, Tenth Mississippi Infantry; Lieut. W. A. Stephens, Company K, Forty-Sixth Alabama Infantry; Capt. T. J. Lonis (or Lewis), Company C, Third Virginia Infantry; Lieut. J. W. Hill, Company L, Ninth (or Nineteenth) Virginia Infantry; Col. J. B. (or J. P.) Campbell, Twenty-Seventh Mississippi Infantry; Lieut.

J. Welch, Company B, Fortieth Virginia Infantry; Capt. S. V. (or J. E.) Hamilton, Company B, Second Choctaw Cavalry; Lieut. G. W. Swink, Company K, Eighth Virginia Infantry; Capt. A. B. Archibald, Company D, Eighth Confederate Cavalry; Lieut. J. Dean, Company H, Twenty-Eighth Tennessee (or Citizens of Tennessee) Infantry; Lieut. C. B. (or C. C.) Nash, Company H, Thirtieth Mississippi (or Sixth Louisiana) Infantry; Lieut. Francis Baya, Company H, Second Florida Infantry; Lieut. F. J. (or T. J.) Alexander, Company C, Fourth Alabama Battery; Capt. M. C. Peel, Eighth Arkansas Infantry; First Lieut. R. C. Love, Company K, First Mississippi (or Georgia) Artillery; Capt. P. Nichols (or Nicholas), Company B, Eleventh Battalion North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. R. P. Bolling (or Bowling), Company H, Sixth Georgia Cavalry (or Mississippi Artillery); Lieut. J. B. Wood, Company G, Tenth South Carolina (or Tenth Confederate) Cavalry; Lieut. B. F. Lock, Company E, Fourth Arkansas Cavalry; Lieut. P. W. Lane, Twenty-Third Arkansas Infantry; Capt. Joshua Bisell, Company G, Eighth Florida Infantry; Lieut. S. H. Bankey, Forty-Ninth Alabama; Surgeon J. J. Nichell, Second Kentucky Mounted Rifles; Capt. J. E. Webb, Eighth Arkansas; Lieut. W. Randall, Company G, Fifty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Second Lieut. W. E. Phillips, Fourth Alabama (or Forrest's) Cavalry; Lieut. E. B. (or E. R.) Holt, Lexington, N. C.; Capt. W. J. Porter, Company D, Sixty-First Alabama Infantry; Lieut. Peter Mackin (or Mankin), Company I, Sixteenth Mississippi Infantry; Col. J. W. Hanagan (or Hemugen), Eighth South Carolina Infantry; First Lieut. J. M. Henken (or Henekins), Company K, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry; Maj. J. A. Lash (or Lusk), Fourth Florida Infantry; Lieut. J. F. Brigham, Company E, Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry; Capt. W. W. Wynn (or W. H. Winn), Company G, Sixty-Fourth Virginia Infantry; Lieut. H. Wilkinson, Company B, Ninth Virginia Infantry; Capt. W. S. Helton, Company F, Twenty-Third North Carolina Infantry; Capt. J. W. Day, Company D, Fifty-Fifth Georgia Infantry; Lieut. (or Capt.) B. B. Starns, Company B, Ninth Alabama (or Louisiana); Lieut. E. N. Puckett, Company K, Twelfth (or Twenty-First) Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. J. W. Jacques, Company F, Twenty-Fourth Tennessee Infantry; Second Lieut. J. W. McRae, Company E, Sixty-Seventh Georgia Infantry; Lieut. W. P. Norton, Company D, Twenty-Second North Carolina Infantry; Lieut. H. H. Creswell, Freeman's Regiment; Citizen J. Coulter, Maryville, Tennessee; Lieut. T. Ruffin, Company D, Fourth (or Fifty-Ninth) North Carolina Cavalry; Lieut. C. B. Morris, Company I, Ninth Alabama (or Louisiana) Infantry; Third Lieut. J. Miller, Williams's Arkansas Cavalry; Second Lieut. R. Gamble, Ninth Alabama Infantry; Lieut. J. P. Noland, English's Mississippi Battalion; Capt. J. M. Hill, Company G, Dobbins's Arkansas Cavalry; W. C. Raidy (or Reading), Company G, Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry (or Eleventh Fe.); Lieut. M. H. Michael, Fifty-Ninth Virginia Infantry; Second Lieut. A. G. Pitt, Company K, Twentieth Tennessee Infantry; Adj. J. L. Hood, Fifty-Ninth Virginia Infantry.

It would be opportune and pleasing for fellow-prisoners to gather at general Confederate reunions.

UNITED STATES FORCES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Tom Hall writes from Louisville, Ky.:

Pilot Alex Evans, who was an official stargazer for the Yankees during their onslaught against Vicksburg, is hale and hearty, is a resident of Louisville, and is as nimble at the wheel as he was in the sixties. He is not quite as young, yet his memory is remarkable. It is apparent that he was not a rabid enemy of the South, because he refrains from giving all the glories of victory to the Northern troops and sailors.

Pilot Evans was at the wheel of the steamer Empire City when, on the night of April 22, 1863, she pulled away from opposite the mouth of Yazoo River to run past the batteries at Vicksburg. In the fleet that undertook this exploit was the Henry Clay, with the late John T. Taylor, also of Louisville, at her wheel. There were other boats in it, but of these two Pilot Evans says:

"When Gen. Grant determined to send the fleet below he called us pilots to headquarters near Young's Point and asked for volunteers to take the boats. I was the first man to step out, then came Taylor, Collins, Totten, and George Cox. There was a pile of six hundred bales of cotton at Lake Providence, and we were informed by Gen. Grant that if we made the trip this cotton would be divided among us, extra of our big salaries. Cotton was then bringing \$1.25 per pound, and of course this little bundle of it would have meant something to us, for the government had confiscated it, and somebody besides the rightful owner would have gotten it, anyhow. Under these promises we made the perilous journey, but not as complacently as if the batteries had not been at Vicksburg and Warrenton. Under the shades of night our fleet crawled down the river, hugging the Louisiana shore. The Henry Clay was in the lead, followed closely by the Empire City. Just as we made the sharp turn at the head of Vicksburg reach the water batteries turned loose on us, and the Henry Clay screamed "ouch!" one time after another so fast that it made things ticklish on our craft; but down, down we went, until finally the Empire City received her first shot, which tore away an iron chimney brace, a portion of which struck a soldier who was in the pilot house with me, cutting him in two. His name was Marsh, a sergeant of the Seventy-Second Indiana Infantry, who had been detailed to stay there to keep me from being frightened. I stood in Marsh's blood from that time until we landed at the James plantation, in what was then Palmyra Bend, thirty miles below Vicksburg, where



Grant had his lower headquarters. The Henry Clay was shot to pieces, and burned while floating helplessly in front of Vicksburg, and John Taylor made his escape by clambering into the river with a hatch cover and swimming the rest of the way. This was the most miraculous escape recorded by the Federals during the entire siege of Vicksburg. The wreck of the Clay followed him below Warrenton. Our craft received eleven shots, one of which burst a steam pipe, another passed through both pitmans, while the others were scattered all over the boat. One went in below the water line. I shall never forget it. It entered the hull, went into the middle of a cask of bacon and exploded there, the concussion simply cracking the main decking, doing no other damage.

"I remember, too, that after we had settled down in Palmyra Bend everybody was amazed at the accuracy of the Confederate guns, for they told their story all over our boats, three of which were rendered entirely useless for future duty, and later on they were dismantled just as they lay in front of James's plantation.

"A planter named Perkins, whom I was told was a Confederate Congressman, owned a place opposite Joseph Davis's, and just above James's. Palmyra Bend does not exist now, the Mississippi having changed its course; and the places I have named are out in the country, if they now exist at all.

"I well remember 'Whistling Dick' and a shell he sent in front of my face that left a blinding blue streak behind that burned my eyes. It was the closest call I had except the brace that killed Marsh, who was immediately behind me. Whistling Dick was located on the bluff some distance below the old Southern railway depot, about two hundred yards, I should judge, down the Warrenton road. This gun sent out more deaths to the Yankees than any of the Confederate artillery, and they all feared to be within sight of it. If they could keep away from Whistling Dick, they felt safe, and could write lies home with steady hands.

"Well, now I want to tell you about that six hundred bales of cotton. After these exploits before Vicksburg Gen. Grant moved out into the rear to meet Pemberton, and from that time on the turmoils of war increased. The Mississippi River became clear of impediments to navigation, Grant was transferred to Virginia, and eventually the war ended; but before this some unknown 'carpetbag' speculator went to Lake Providence, gobbled the cotton, and we poor pilots never did get any part of it. I have always believed, however, that if we had gone to Gen. Grant while he was President his influence would have been the means of making us independent; but none of us ever asked a farthing of the government, and now we are all poor men."

Col. William L. De Rosset, Third North Carolina Infantry, writes from Wilmington, N. C.: "During the late reunion I was told by a comrade that a gentleman called at North Carolina headquarters and asked for me, stating that as surgeon he attended me at Sharpsburg, and wanted to see a 'man who could live this long after such a wound.' I failed to get his name, but was told that he was from Texas, and was a Mexican veteran; but after two days' search at Texas headquarters I failed to locate him. It would give me much pleasure to communicate with him. He was a brigade surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia."

The following was from Gen. Joseph Wheeler to the editor of the *Courier-Journal*, dated at Washington, May 17, 1900: "It is a beautiful custom for the brave veterans of the great war of nearly forty years ago to meet each year in one of our great cities and enjoy the generous hospitality of its good citizens. These soldiers are now growing old. Their hair is gray, and many walk with slow and faltering step. It is deeply touching to see them gathered together recounting to each other stories of long-gone years. The meeting this year will have a special interest, because at the very time of this reunion in Louisville the State of Maryland, upon whose soil the first blood of 1861 was spilled, is unveiling and dedicating a monument erected by the State to the soldiers of both the Federal and Confederate armies who fell upon the field of Antietam, the purpose being to commemorate the obliteration of all animosities engendered by that strife."

John F. Dexter, now at North Ontario, Cal., writes under date of August 19, 1899: "In referring to the article in the *VETERAN* for July, 1899, from Col. Lindsay, of Louisiana, on the retreat of Wood's army from Nashville, Tenn., I do not wish to detract anything from Gen. Gibson's brave men, but will state that Clayton's Alabama Brigade, commanded by Col. Bush Jones, of Mobile, on the first night out from Nashville was entirely surrounded by the Yankees. The brigade was formed in hollow square, when the enemy charged and were driven back with the loss of ten battle flags. This put a stop to the fighting for the night. Clayton's men recaptured a Federal ordnance wagon. This information is from my brother, who was an adjutant of the Thirty-Eighth Alabama Regiment. He is now County Treasurer of Wilcox County, Ala. About this time I was under a flag of truce with Capt. W. T. McCall, of the Fifty-Third Alabama, to Gen. Sherman, near Savannah, Ga., bearer of dispatches from Gen. Joseph Wheeler. I also had Gen. Kilpatrick's cap, which the Eight or Eleventh Texas had captured a short time previous. Now let that Texas regiment tell about this cap, and about the brave artillery officers who led the charge."

Wiley F. Martin, second lieutenant of Company B, Eighteenth Alabama Regiment of Volunteers, Florida, Ala.: "My only brother, E. L. D. Martin, private of Company I, Twenty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, was wounded the 4th day of July, 1864, near Atlanta, and fell into the hands of the enemy. He was carried to the hospital at Nashville, and died the 25th day of December. If any one can tell his grave, it would be a source of relief."



THE LAST WORDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY MRS. J. WILLIAM JONES.

Brilliant, complete, but O how brief
Were the chivalrous deeds of the world's great chief!
But crowded within that little span
Were records of glory scarce known to man.

Two continents watched with wonder and awe
As he sprang, full-armed, from the god of war;
That quiet Professor, unknown to the world,
This offspring of thunder was suddenly hurled.

Into the arena, with God as his guide,
He fearlessly charged the great odds he defied;
And victory followed that old coat of gray
Till furrowed by bullets that ill-fated day.

On Sunday he heard that the end was so near,
When calmly he said, without tremor or fear:
"I have always wanted to die on this day."
So the way of his Father was Stonewall's way.

With feverish brain he's a soldier still—
Crisp orders he sends to A. P. Hill.
The fire of battle burns in his eyes—
A warrior grand, though he lowly lies.

The soldier grows weary, the camp is in sight.
His countenance beams with celestial light.
"Let us cross over"—into heaven he sees—
"The river and rest 'neath the shade of the trees."
Richmond, Va., May 28, 1900.

* COMRADE LAMB'S REMINISCENCES.

Rev. Charles E. Lamb, Dodd City, Tex.: "I entered the Confederate service May 1, 1861, in Company G, Thirteenth Louisiana Regiment, R. L. Gibson, colonel. I was wounded at Farmington, near Corinth, in May, 1862; was transferred to Fuller's Louisiana Battery, and captured on Red River in the summer of 1863; paroled and exchanged at Demopolis, Ala.; commissioned second lieutenant in a regiment from the Trans-Mississippi Department; resigned and served until the close of the war as first duty sergeant of Holmes's Louisiana Battery. Late in the winter of 1865 we were manning Battery No. 8, Shell Road, Mobile, with the Federal fleet at anchor about nine miles down the bay, when I was sent on an expedition commanded by Capt. Holmes to the Mississippi River. This expedition was under orders of Gen. Maury, and composed of picked men and officers, all from the C. S. Navy except Capt. Holmes and me. It turned out to be a fruitless attempt to regain and hold a part of the river long enough to cross men for Johnston's army. We lost many good men, among them Lieut. Elwood McDermott, as brave and noble a soul as ever died in battle. He was a past midshipman (or ensign, as they call the grade now) at the commencement of the war. He had resigned from the U. S. Navy, come South, and was lieutenant on the C. S. ironclad Tennessee at the fight in Mobile Bay. I should be delighted to hear from any of his family or friends, or any of my old comrades."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, U. D. C., of Philadelphia, desires to acknowledge their deep appreciation for the following donations from Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans, sent through Miss Gertrude Agnes Byers, member of Monument Committee for monument to be erected in National

Cemetery to Confederate dead buried here. Any who may desire to communicate with Miss Byers can do so by addressing her, 115 West Coulter Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Gen. Francis T. Nicholls Camp, Napoleonville, Fla., \$2.10; Confederate Historical Association, Memphis, Tenn., \$2.10; Samuel V. Fulkerson Camp, Bristol, Tenn., \$1; Omer R. Weaver Camp, Little Rock, Ark., \$2.50; Loring Camp, Tampa, Fla., \$2.50; Pickett Buchanan Camp, Norfolk, Va., \$5.65; Atlanta Camp, Atlanta, Ga., \$5; Goerge Dales Camp, Milledgeville, Ga., \$6.10; H. Bledsoe Camp, Santa Ana, Cal., \$2.65; Dibilee Camp, Bridgeport, Ala., \$1.15; Sam Davis Camp, Milford, Tex., \$2; A. Burnet Rhett Camp, Charleston, S. C., \$7.45; Joe Brown Camp, Covington, Tenn., \$2.25; Cape Fear Camp, Wilmington, N. C., \$1; Col. B. Tommison's Camp, Lagrange, Tex., \$1.25; Confederate Veterans Association, Washington, D. C., \$7; James Breathed Camp, Cumberland, Md., \$1.40; Holmes County Camp, Heavington, Miss., \$2.70; Thomas W. Napier Camp, Stanford, Ky., 35 cents; W. R. Barksdale Camp, Grenada, Miss., \$3; Mr. W. T. Harars, Frankfort, Ky., 25 cents; Chief Justice Hazlerigg, Frankfort, Ky., 25 cents; R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, Tex., \$2; Hart Camp, Blacksburg, S. C., \$1.65; Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C., \$15; Mr. W. S. Wilkins, Rutherfordton, N. C., \$4.50; S. L. Freeman Camp, Tracy City, Tenn., \$1; Mrs. S. B. Price, Berryville, Va., \$1.90; R. E. Lee Camp, Richmond, Va., \$5; Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, San Antonio, Tex., \$1.10; John H. Wallace Camp and Wallace Chapter, U. D. C., Shelbyville, Ky., \$3.50.

A report from Philadelphia, May 31, states that during the ceremonies incident to decorating the graves of the Union and Confederate dead in the National Cemetery at Germantown, Pa., it developed that in certain Grand Army circles opposition has appeared to the erection of a monument to the Confederate dead in that cemetery by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Col. Thomas G. Sample, of Pittsburg, a Past Commander of the G. A. R., during his oration in connection with the ceremonies, under the auspices of Ellis Post, No. 6, said: "We have buried all of our sectional feeling; we forgot all sectionalism at the close of the war. Yet, while I have no objection to our brothers in the South raising monuments to their generals—as, of course, they have a perfect right to do—I raise my voice in protest against their erecting any monument to any one who fought against the flag in any national cemetery in the country." Col. Sample said, after his oration, that he spoke only in a general way; that he had not known until he reached Germantown that there was any local feeling on the subject. It then developed that the Ellis Post had adopted resolutions protesting against the erection of the monument, laid the matter before the Grand Army Association, composed of posts in this city and vicinity, which also adopted resolutions against the proposed memorial. The plan to raise a monument to the Confederate dead took shape more than a year ago. Col. W. H. Knauss, of Ohio, a member of the G. A. R., brought to the attention of the Daughters of the Confederacy that there are in the cemeteries of the North the graves of thousands of Confederate soldiers, many of them unknown. The

organization took up the matter, and began to collect funds, principally in the South, for the purpose of raising monuments over these graves. In this city the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter undertook the work, and hoped in the beginning to have the monument ready to be unveiled yesterday. Whether the project will be dropped, now that opposition to it has developed, remains for the general society of the Daughters of the Confederacy to determine. Mrs. Halsey, Gen. Maury's daughter, has sent a report on the subject to Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, who is the chairman of the general work.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS AT WINCHESTER, KY.

Address of L. H. Bush to the Roger Hanson Camp Confederate Veterans, and to the Virginia Hanson Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, on Confederate Memorial Day, at Winchester, Ky., May 26:

My Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Confederate Veterans: Twenty-nine years ago to-day, on the 26th of May, 1871, a fair young school-teacher, after the day's labor in the schoolroom had been completed, bade her pupils put away their books and listen to what she had to say. She told them of the great civil war, and the sorrow and sadness that it had scattered broadcast all over our country; of the noble and patriotic sons of our Southland, who had willingly left their homes and their fortunes to offer their lives in defense of their country; how some of those selfsame generous and gallant heroes had been called hither by the great Creator, and were then sleeping the eternal sleep in this city of the dead. As the teacher progressed with the fervent story of unselfish patriotism displayed by the heroes of the South the hearts of the pupils, like that of the teacher, became inspired with a zeal to show in some way their appreciation and love for these noble spirits which had passed from the great battlefield of life forever. Is it a wonder, then, that the little hearts quickly responded when the teacher told them that it was her purpose to take some flowers that very afternoon and place them in loving memory upon the graves of the Confederate dead? In answer to the call for volunteers to assist in performing this loving service, I must be true to history and to the traditions of the fairer sex, and tell you that of those who responded the little girls outnumbered the boys. God bless them, I say, for the shy-faced, tender-hearted little girls, of one day and time only forecast the noble women they are to become later on. Such flowers as could be secured by this little band were soon collected, and although the afternoon was far spent and there were no carriages waiting to convey them hither, they started for the cemetery..

I can see them now as they came over the crest of yonder hill. The shimmering rays of the sinking sun, surrounding them with a flood of golden light, must needs remind them that night was coming on; still not a single heart faltered as on, on they came. The leader of the band was tenderly holding in her hands a waiter of beautiful flowers. As they draw closer methinks I can see grander flowers even than those upon the waiter, for the little band itself now appears to me a magnificent group of uncut roses. In the

center a full-blown rose, graceful and of stately dignity, exhaling over her followers a benign and gentle radiance, and clustered around her the tender, delicate little buds which are some day to burst forth into that noble and splendid womanhood which has in all times and ages made our beloved Southland famous. Ah! they have reached the first grave now, and this fair young woman bows over it with gentle reverence and places thereon a portion of the flowers.

The beautiful flowers that were so lovingly placed on the graves of our Confederate dead on that eventful day gave forth their fragrance for a while, and then, like many of the joyous things of this earth, withered and were gone forever. But the tender, thoughtful deed itself remained, and the seed had been sown that day from which a bountiful harvest of flowers blooms forth each year upon these graves, for it was the inauguration here with us of an annual custom of decorating the graves of our honored dead. Almost thirty years have elapsed since then, and the snows of winter seem now to be nestling above the brow of that fair young teacher. She has lived to see the children who were with her on that first Memorial Day grow up into magnificent manhood and womanhood. It is needless for me to say to whom I refer, for I am sure that every friend of the South, every Daughter of the Confederacy, every Confederate veteran who knows her will join me in paying homage to one of the truest and noblest Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean.

This time-honored memorial ceremony is beautiful indeed, for in thus coming here amid the flowers of May to pay tribute to the heroes of the past we are not only thinking God's thoughts after him, but we are doing for the graves of those whom we knew and loved that which God himself is doing to-day for the thousand unknown graves scattered all over our Southland. So, veterans, let not your hearts be troubled with the thought that perchance some comrade may be resting unobserved upon a distant mountain side, far removed from these flowers and tears, for God knows, and at his bidding earth and air, wind and water, awake and join hands to decorate these unknown graves, and up-springing immortelle and forget-me-nots, running vines, and creeping moss mark the spot sacred in His sight, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls unnoticed to the ground.

We have not come together here to excite anew the fierce patriotic passions which once filled the breast of every true Southern man. Nor is it our intention to say aught that is disloyal to the great Union which now protects us all. Thank God, the day has come when a part of the sad memories and bitter animosities of the past are being absorbed in a quickened public sense of the importance of business and social relations between the South and the North; but the day has not yet come when we can forget the brave men who died the death of martyrs in fighting for their convictions. In all times and ages he who has been willing to offer his life as an evidence of the faith that was in him has been deemed worthy of a place among the heroes of history. Without fear of successful contradiction we assert that this position should be accorded to every man who wore the gray.

The struggle from the beginning was an unequal

one. It was not for the promise of glory that they entered into it, not for riches or high renown, but simply because of the belief that was in them that each Southern State was a sovereign in itself, and had certain inalienable rights which should be protected even at the cost of the blood of her noblest sons. The result of that unequal conflict did not destroy the principles contended for by the South, and we speak of it now as a just cause.

"Nations die and races expire," but truth is immortal, and principles based upon truth live on forever. Those who launch them forth upon the world pass their allotted time in life and then fade from view, but the principles they have inculcated live in the lives and destinies of those who come after them.

So it is, beloved veterans, that the principle of local self-government, for which your comrades died, will live on forever. No cause is lost which in its losing forms the corner stone of liberty. Nay, even to-day we can see a bright star of hope surmounting above the sadness which steals over us all when we hear from the lips of Father Ryan—that soldier priest, that uncrowned poet laureate of the South—his famous war lyric which says to you:

Fold that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis floating dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it:
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

That star of hope which for a long time after the war was obscured from view by the straitened circumstances of our people and the desolate condition of heart-broken homes, from whose fireside a son, a father, a husband, or perhaps all three, were missing, has in late years gradually been gaining ascendancy in a brighter horizon, until to-day it spreads its effulgent rays of comfort over a proud, energetic, successful, and happy people. I dare say that the evening of this nineteenth century does not look down upon a more prosperous country, for, as the eminent Henry Grady has said, "there is centered all that can please or prosper human kind." We can be sure of this much at least, that it is the home of gallant cavaliers, of noble women, of unending hospitality and unsullied honor.

This is a memorial service, a day for memories, sad, sweet, and hallowed. Let us draw aside the curtain from some of the beautiful pictures which hang high on memory's walls. The chiefest picture in our group of treasures is the picture of that spotless, that immortal Virginian, the hero of Appomattox, the ideal of our heart of hearts, for the very sound of the name of Robert Edward Lee fills every true Southern heart with an indescribable charm, like unto the "gentle murmur of a silvery fountain stealing forth from midst a bed of roses." Amid overwhelming calamities and in defeat the true greatness of this noble chieftain came to light, for it was ever his belief and philosophy in life, as he once said in a conversation with Gen. Gordon, that "human fortitude should equal human adversity." I can see that gallant chieftain and his heroic followers on that eventful morning of the 9th

of April at Appomattox C. H. as they bravely stand ready to face that unequal foe. Ah! some of those gallant soldiers had taken part in Pickett's magnificent charge at Gettysburg. By their valor they had made the battlefield of Manassas immortal. Again at Chickamauga, where those granite shafts now point skyward in loving memory of both the gray and the blue, these war-scarred veterans had, through their prowess, felt the flush of victory. But now the end was very near, and it did not take a prophetic eye to see that Lee's illustrious army was soon only to be a matter of history. "Less than eight thousand men with arms in their hands, less than twenty-seven thousand all told, ragged and hungry, having passed through a winter of extreme privation and suffering, and knowing that the loved ones at home, through Federal invasions, had become wanderers upon the world—still the tattered gray uniforms upon which the sun shone that April morn covered as noble, as brave, as unflinching soldiers as ever breathed. Around them in massive concentric lines was the army of Grant, more than eighty thousand strong, with every hour bringing reinforcements." The inevitable had come to pass. Lee's immortal surrender was made, and it was left for that day to disclose to view the ragged Southern soldier, with head bowed in the presence of his God, to whom alone he could look in that trying hour for solace and comfort; for, though he had fought a brave fight and had done his best, "all was lost save honor."

There are many more beautiful pictures well defined upon memory's walls which could be unveiled. Among them the devout, the heroic Stonewall Jackson, whose gleaming sword was ever an inspiration to his men; the gallant young Pelham, one of the greatest artillerymen the world has ever known; Jeb Stewart, the immortal leader of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, whose quixotic men loved him better than they did their lives.

But Virginia is not the only State that weeps for her children that are gone, for Kentucky, the fair, young daughter, turns to Virginia, the mother State, and to all her sister Southern States, and points with pride to those noble sons she gave to the cause: the intrepid John H. Morgan, the matchless Albert Sidney Johnston, the brave and fearless John B. Hood, and our gallant Roger Hanson. Nor would we forget that hero of two wars who lies buried here. Although right gallantly did he lead his hosts 'neath the stars and stripes at Cerro Gordo, when that great division came Brig. Gen. John S. Williams took the side of his people 'neath the stars and bars.

I for one shall never take less pleasure in hearing that grand song, "My Old Kentucky Home," because forsooth this fair State can boast of such noble sons. But these too "have passed over the river to rest beneath the shade of the trees." Their memory shall live in our hearts forever.

Now nearly four decades it has been since, to the sound of martial music, 'neath the stars and bars, and the beloved cross of St. Andrew, you left your homes, your all, to engage in a struggle for the rights of your people. Honored sirs, I cannot describe to you the thoughts that came over me this afternoon as I saw your noble band marching to the cemetery. How your ranks have been thinned! How different was

that patriotic band when in the pride of your youth, many years ago, you marched to meet shot and shell! Some of you have long since left the crest of the hill, and are approaching the sunset of life. I see among you gray hairs, upon which perchance the frosts of even another winter may never fall. But your names and memory will be perpetuated in history. For, through all the vicissitudes of war, you displayed true, manly courage. There is not a grander band of men beneath the blue heavens than the Confederate veterans.

What shall we say of our Southern women, the fair Daughters of the Confederacy, the "uncrowned queens" of our hearts, the inspiration of every noble and chivalrous deed, the arbiters of the fortunes and political histories of nations? To the tender, modest disposition of the daughter of the South has been consigned the divine task in the great battle of life of holding aloft as an inspiration to the men the banners of truth, purity, and love. Her chiefest virtues, however, do not exhale their sweetest fragrance in the bright hours of prosperity, for it is her sacred mission to wipe away tears, to soften sorrows and heartaches, and to bind up with tender hands the open wounds of grief. How truly can all this be said of our Southern women of Confederate times! From the time the bugler's clarion sounded the first alarm of war until the smoke of the last battle had cleared away and the folds of the conquered banner drooped pathetically over a land of broken hearts, our heroic women were absolutely true. Their sacrifices were not made in the glare of the noonday sun, but in the innermost recesses of their hearts. They gave their sons, their brothers, their husbands, to the Confederacy with that willingness which could have sprung only from the truest patriotic zeal. And this they did although the mother knew in her heart that the glimpse she caught of her boy as she stood watching for the last wave of the handkerchief was perhaps the last time that her aged eyes would rest upon that stalwart form, and the young wife clasped in the farewell embrace of her husband over the cradle of their babe, praying God that

he might be spared to her and that their child should not be fatherless.

While the war was going on the misfortunes of our women were most uncommon ones. In the solitudes of their homes, once grand and magnificent, now stripped of even the necessities of life, they were left to that consuming anxiety from which there was no rest. Sewing and weaving were the occupations of the day, to support the little ones around them, and night after night they worked upon those gray uniforms which were oft sprinkled with tears.

Upon the battlefields among the wounded and in the hospitals of the sick and the dying, our Southern women did their full duty. Many a Confederate soldier just before passing on to his reward beyond, felt upon his feverish brow the soothing touch of a gentle hand and heard from fair lips words of divine hope and inspiration as soft and sweet as an angel's prayer.

When the war was over and the Confederate soldier returned home to begin anew the struggle of life the brave heart that had not quailed before a relentless foe sank deep into the depths of despair at the sight that met his gaze. The mailed hand of the enemy had left its trail upon every side. It was a ruined homestead indeed. Everything was gone except its queen. But she was there to greet him, to inspire him with new hope and with renewed zeal for life's duties, and to our women are we chiefly indebted for the healing of those terrible scars of war. Even up to this goodly day the loving hearts of our Southern women have never ceased their well-doing, for now come these fair Daughters of the Confederacy with all their kindly deeds, a noble band of true, patriotic Christian women, to care for these Confederate veterans who have been buffeted by the storms of life, and in declining years feel the need of a supporting hand. And each year at the season when the birds sing their sweetest carols and all the earth is abloom with beautiful flowers they come to scatter roses over these graves, in sacred memory of the heroes of the South.

Confederate veterans, you may be sure that these Daughters of the Confederacy will ever be true to the memory of those "who fought and died for Southern rights and Southern honor." As "the vestal virgins kept alive the sacred fire of their God upon his altar," so will these Daughters of the Confederacy ever keep before posterity your noble deeds. This Memorial Day is only one of many that are to follow, when we shall continue to assemble, as we have done to-day, out of reverence for the memory of those of you who have enlisted in the great army of the Eternal.

"Soldier Life, Army of Northern Virginia," has been added to the schoolbook list by the Virginia State Board of Education. In such connection the *Richmond Times* states: "Carlton McCarthy's well-known book, 'Soldier Life, Army of Northern Virginia,' has been added by the State Board of Education to the list of text-books for Virginia public school pupils. The Board contemplates its use for supplementary reading. Capt. McCarthy's book was highly recommended by Dr. McGuire in his report on school histories to the Virginia Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans. The action of the Board will give almost universal satisfaction in the State, especially to Confederate Veterans."



MISS CATHERINE M'INTIRE.

Sponsor for C. V. Association, No. 756, Savannah, Ga.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES AT VICKSBURG.

Able Address of T. C. Catchings, M. C.

Comrades E. S. Butts and W. M. Chamberlin have been diligent in supplying accounts of the recent Confederate memorial services at Vicksburg, Miss. Hon. J. A. P. Campbell, ex-Chief Justice of the State of Mississippi, writing of Mr. Catchings's oration, states: "The glorious cause of our loved South was never put in fairer, stronger, truer light. And the pervading spirit of the address is admirable. I wish every man, woman, and child, North and South, could read it."

The address is given herein almost complete. The editor of the *Vicksburg Herald* writes: "It consists in a simple tracing of causes, remote and proximate, that led the country up to secession and war, with the underlying and ever-present motive of vindicating the South and Southern men from imputations of treason and betrayal of trusts or obligations."

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Once more we have gathered together to pay grateful and loving tribute to the memory of the brave soldiers who went to their death in a vain but heroic struggle. Although more than the full span of a generation has been measured since the star of the Confederacy went out in the gloom of utter and irretrievable defeat, our remembrance of their supreme sacrifice is tenderly and sacredly cherished.

The great majority of their comrades who strove and battled with them, and yet who, in the providence of God, were spared their fate, have since crossed over the river to rest with them under the shade of the trees. Their survivors have passed the summit of the mountain, and are fast making their way into the shadows of the valley. Those of us who with these brave men essayed to establish a separate and independent republic which we hoped would find an abiding place among the nations of the earth have taught our children that no stain of treason or blighted faith or broken vows dims the luster of their fame or soils the escutcheon of their honor. The task will soon be theirs to defend from all imputations of crime the nation which died in its infancy, and yet lived long enough to illustrate all the glories of human endeavor; which, with all its institutions and circumstances and power, utterly perished from the face of the earth, and yet left behind it the remembrance of valiant deeds and noble performance, which will be reverentially celebrated in song and story as long as time shall last.

The great civil war, which was the most stupendous drama of all the ages, did not find its genesis in criminal conspiracy or treasonable design. The Southern States in withdrawing from the union were exercising a power which had been claimed from the very adoption of the constitution. Indeed, in the early days of the republic, the theory was recognized by American statesmen with substantial unanimity, that the constitution was but a compact between sovereign States entered into for their common welfare; that by this compact they surrendered none of the attributes of sovereignty; that because of this sovereignty, any State could lawfully withdraw from the compact whenever in its judgment its interests required it to do so; that the government created by the constitution was

a federation possessing only delegated powers: that it did not possess the power to coerce the action of the States; and that if a State chose to withdraw from the union, it was entitled to do so without control or question. At the date of his birth the hearts of the American people were yet attuned to the joyous song of newly acquired freedom, and patriotic ardor was still aflame from the remembrance of the great triumph which had crowned their endeavors. The proceedings of the convention which framed the constitution, those of the States in ratifying it, and the luminous disquisitions of Madison, Hamilton, and their contemporaries show that at that period there was little or no difference of opinion on the subject. I think it may safely be affirmed that if the framers of the constitution had avowed that their purpose was to create a supreme central government which would bind the States beyond all power of revocation, or withdrawal, it would never have been ratified.

ORIGINAL SECESSION SENTIMENT.

The States of New York, Virginia, and Rhode Island went so far as to insert in their resolutions of ratification the explicit declaration that the powers of government vested by the constitution in the United States of America might be reassumed by them whenever they should deem it necessary to their happiness or to prevent injury or oppression. By this declaration these States interpreted the constitution as admitting the right of secession, for if they had reassumed the powers granted to the United States, they would necessarily have ceased to belong to the union. Their sister States, by admitting them, with this reservation in their acts of ratification, to full copartnership in the Union, themselves necessarily recognized the soundness of their interpretation of the constitution.

The Virginia resolutions of 1798, which were written by Mr. Madison, and those of Kentucky of 1798



HON. T. C. CATCHINGS.

and 1799, which were written by Mr. Jefferson, expressly declared that in case of the exercise of powers by the Federal government which had not been granted or delegated to it, such acts would be void and of no force, and that the States would have the right to judge for themselves, as well of any infractions as of the mode and measure of redress. These resolutions announced what is commonly known as the doctrine of nullification, with which it is difficult to agree, since it is impossible to perceive how a State could remain in the Union and not obey its laws. But they are important as containing the distinct affirmation that the States were not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government, and that it had no powers, and could enforce none, except those which had been delegated to it. It necessarily followed from the doctrine of these resolutions that a State might lawfully secede from the union, since they expressly declared that it was to judge for itself of the mode and measure of redress. They were the basis of the campaign of the State rights party in 1800, which elected Mr. Jefferson to the presidency, became a part of its creed, and were approved by a majority of the American people in every presidential election thereafter except two, down to the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860.

NEW ENGLAND THE HOME OF SECESSION.

Col. Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts, a soldier of the revolution, a member of Gen. Washington's Cabinet, and for many years a representative in Congress, openly advocated the secession of Massachusetts and other Northern States, and the formation by them of a separate confederacy. In a letter to George Cabot dated January 27, 1804, he said: "The principles of our revolution point to the remedy—a separation. That this can be accomplished, and without spilling one drop of blood, I have no doubt. . . . I do not believe in the practicability of a long-continued Union. A Northern confederacy would unite congenial characters and present a fairer prospect of public happiness: while the Southern States, having a similarity of habits, might be left to manage their own affairs in their own way. If a separation were to take place, our mutual wants would render a friendly and commercial intercourse inevitable. The Southern States would require the moral protection of the Northern Union, and the products of the former would be important to the navigation and commerce of the latter. . . . It (meaning the separation) must begin in Massachusetts. The proposition would be welcome in Connecticut, and could we doubt of New Hampshire? But New York must be associated, and how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the center of the confederacy. Vermont and New Hampshire would follow, of course, and Rhode Island of necessity." It is evident from this letter of Col. Pickering that he had every reason to believe that the doctrine for which he contended—the right of the States to secede from the Union—met with approval in the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Vermont, New Jersey, and Rhode Island. And it is also to be observed that he entertained the view, which the South subsequently undertook to put into practical effect, that in case of an irreconcilable dis-

agreement it was not only the right of the States, but their duty, to peaceably separate themselves from the union, and that this right rested upon the principles of the revolution, which had led to the separation of the colonies from Great Britain. Later on, the acquisition under Mr. Jefferson of the Louisiana purchase, as it is commonly called, was denounced with surpassing bitterness, and the admission into the Union of that part of it which we now know as the State of Louisiana was violently opposed.

CONGRESS INDORSED SECESSION DOCTRINE.

Josiah Quincy, a distinguished representative in Congress from Massachusetts, said in 1811: "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of this Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligations, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation—amicably if they can; violently if they must."

Mr. Poindexter, a Southern man, and a delegate from the Mississippi Territory, excepted to the utterances of the distinguished Northern statesman, and called him to order. His point of order was sustained by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who ruled that discussion of the dissolution of the Union was out of order. From this decision of the Speaker an appeal was taken to the House, and he was overruled. Here was an open avowal in the House of Representatives by a Northern statesman of the right of secession, and a decision by the House that it was a



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT VICKSBURG.

proper and lawful matter for legislative discussion, and that it could not be ruled out upon a point of order.

CONFEDERATE CONVENTION IN CONNECTICUT.

In 1814 a convention was assembled at the city of Hartford, consisting of delegates elected by the Legislatures of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and attended also by representatives from the States of New Hampshire and Vermont. It was convened for the purpose of taking into consideration grievances under which those States were resting, growing out of the war with Great Britain. It has been commonly understood that the chief subject of their consultation was the withdrawal of those States from the Union. While they did not decide at that time to withdraw from the Union, they very clearly indicated their opinion to be that the right to withdraw existed in the States. They said: "If the Union be destined to dissolution by reason of the multiplied abuses of bad administration, it should, if possible, be the work of peaceable times and deliberate consent. Some new form of confederacy should be substituted among those States which shall intend to maintain a Federal relation to each other. Events may prove that the causes of our calamities are deep and permanent. They may be found to proceed not merely from the blindness of prejudice, pride of opinion, violence of party spirit, or the confusion of the times; but they may be traced to implacable combinations of individuals or of States to monopolize power and office, and to trample without remorse upon the rights and interests of commercial sections of the Union. Whenever it shall appear that the causes are radical and permanent, a separation by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint among nominal friends, but real enemies."

In 1844 and 1845 the proposition looking to the annexation of Texas, and its admission as a State in the Union, was violently opposed, and attended by threats from the New England States of a dissolution of the Union. In 1844 a resolution was adopted by the Legislature of Massachusetts that "the commonwealth of Massachusetts, faithful to the compact between the people of the United States, according to the plain meaning and intent in which it was understood by them, is sincerely anxious for its preservation; but that it is determined, as it doubts not the other States are, to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth." It further declared that "the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States into a dissolution of the Union." On February 11, 1845, the Legislature of Massachusetts sent to the Congress of the United States a series of resolutions on the same subject, in one of which it was declared that "as the powers of legislation granted in the constitution of the United States to Congress do not embrace a case of the admission of a foreign State or foreign territory by legislation into the Union, such an act of admission would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts." Here is an express declaration by the great State of Massachusetts that the constitution of the United States was but a compact, that the government created by it was one of delegated powers only,

and that if the government should insist upon exercising powers not delegated, its acts would have no binding force on the State. It is the doctrine of nullification pure and simple, combined with the suggestion that the exercise of such undelegated powers might drive the States into a dissolution of the Union.

The settlers on the Mississippi River and its tributaries prior to the Louisiana purchase were greatly harassed and vexed in getting their products to market, by reason of the oppressive restrictions imposed by the Spaniards, who then controlled its outlet. In a remonstrance presented by them to Congress regarding their troubles they declared: "If Congress refuses us effectual protection, if it forsakes us, we will adopt the measures which our safety requires, even if they endanger the peace of the Union and our connection with the other States. No protection, no allegiance."

CLASH OF THE TWO THEORIES.

It will be seen from what I have said that the right of a State to secede had been advocated openly by those of the North as well as those of the South, from the very foundation of the Union. In the beginning the proposition that the constitution was but a compact between the States from which they might withdraw whenever in their judgment their interests made it proper to do so was in no sense sectional. Later on the doctrine was advanced that the effect of the constitution was to bind the States together in an indissoluble union, and thereby create a nation which was dominant and supreme. The ablest men in public life arrayed themselves on the respective sides of this proposition. Calhoun on the one hand and Webster on the other may be accepted as the greatest champions of the opposing theories. . . . In his early career Calhoun had believed in and advocated the doctrine of the protective tariff, but some years later became a great champion of the contrary theory. Webster began by avowing his belief in the fallacy of the protective tariff, and ended by becoming one of its ablest advocates. The change of conviction on this great question in the minds of these statesmen was no doubt insensibly occasioned by their commercial and industrial environments. . . . Though political rivals, they were personal friends, and in his obituary address upon the death of Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster said of him: "There was nothing groveling or low or meanly selfish that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun."

The discussion was regarded as a legitimate struggle by the opposing forces to secure the acceptance of the theory of constitutional interpretation for which they respectively contended. But thoughtful men all along perceived that if both sides persisted, if neither would yield, if no middle ground could be found upon which both could stand, the time would surely come when the strife for mastery would find its settlement in another field than that of discussion and debate. Unfortunately for us, the institution of slavery had firmly established itself in the South and had grown and expanded as the country grew. It had come down to us by inheritance, and there seemed nothing left for us save to follow the path which we had trod from the beginning, and eliminate as best we could as many as possible of the evils which we all recognized

as inseparable from it. If the institution of slavery was accompanied by the suggestion of moral wrong, the States of the North were no more blameless than we; for, aside from the fact that in the early days their inhabitants were themselves owners of slaves, and had parted with them only when they ceased to be a profitable investment, and then by sale for the best price to be had, the very constitution which they helped us to frame declared it to be lawful, and provided safeguards designed to prevent its destruction. The thousands of sturdy immigrants who flocked to our shores, being white men and unaccustomed to the institution of slavery, naturally swerved from the South and swelled the population of the States and widespread territories of the North. From time to time efforts were vainly made to preserve by compromise to some extent at least the balance of power between the slave States of the South and the free States of the North. "The irrepressible conflict," as Mr. Seward called it, soon began to manifest itself in earnest. The bloody strife in Kansas; the John Brown raid in Virginia, which, if those who planned it were sane, was the most infamous crime of the century; the triumph at the presidential election in 1860 of the Republican party, which had been born but a few years previous, made it plain to all that a supreme crisis had come upon us. Intense and wild excitement swept like a storm over the land. Mr. Lincoln and his adherents protested in vain that, the institution of slavery being lawful under the constitution, no war would be made upon it by his administration, and that the right of the people of the South would in all respects be preserved inviolate. But this could not outweigh the famous and portentous declaration of this great leader, that the Union could not survive half slave and half free.

The leaders of the Southern States were convinced that the state of affairs could no longer be tolerated. Conventions were called in all of them, when they resolved that withdrawal from the Union was the only remedy which could put an end to the strife and secure that peace and quiet so essential to their prosperity and safety. The Southern States, one by one, passed ordinances of secession, and solemnly declared that they were absolved from all further allegiance to the United States. The *New York Tribune* (then as now one of the ablest and most potential Republican journals) declared that "if the cotton States wished to withdraw from the Union they should be allowed to do so;" that "any attempt to compel them to remain, by force, would be contrary to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and to the fundamental ideas upon which human liberty is based;" and that "if the Dec-

laration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of subjects in 1776, it was not seen why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861."

SECESSION NOT TREASON.

Let it be remembered and graven on the hearts of our children's children, even unto the end of time, that these ordinances of secession were not enacted in pursuance of a theory, then invented and contrived, as a cloak behind which to conceal rebellion and treason, but that they merely enunciated a doctrine which had been boldly and openly declared to be warranted by the true construction of our constitution from the moment of its promulgation, more than seventy years before. There was no treason or disloyalty in the minds and hearts of our people, nor did they essay the severance of the ties which had so long bound them to the Union without just appreciation of the solemnity of their deed. Not only this, but for many reasons they contemplated the rupture with supreme sadness and regret. They had grown up under the old flag, and had been taught to revere it as the symbol of a great and free and generous government. The policies of that government under which it had achieved a growth and prosperity unparalleled in all history, had been almost wholly shaped by Southern statesmen from the beginning. The immortal leader in the war of the revolution, whose matchless powers and masterful nature had made our freedom from British tyranny possible, was a Southern man. His was the controlling spirit in the convention which had framed the constitution, and his influence, more than that of all others, had secured its ratification by the States. He became its first President, and under his administration was laid out the course by which the ship of state had sailed its maiden voyage.

Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Polk, and Taylor, all Southern men, were afterwards elevated to the Presidency. Jefferson, as every schoolboy knows, was the author of the immortal Declaration of Independence. Under his administration was negotiated the Louisiana purchase, by which we acquired from France that imperial domain embracing the entire States of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, part of the States of Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Louisiana, all of the Indian Territory, and part of the Oklahoma Territory.

Madison, who did so much to explain and popularize its provisions, has been frequently called the father of the constitution. Under his administration the war of 1812 was fought, in which we achieved such glory upon the seas, and which forever secured our shipping and seamen from the interference of foreign powers.

Monroe promulgated the doctrine which bears his honored name, which has been accepted as a part of international law, and which warned all nations that they would not be allowed to make further acquisitions upon, or intermeddle in any manner whatsoever with, the affairs of the American continent. The wisdom and beneficent purpose of the Monroe doctrine is such that it has become one of our fundamental traditions, to be maintained and enforced at all times, at any cost,



whether of blood or treasure. Under his administration was negotiated the cession of the entire Floridas, covering 69,749 square miles, which embraced the present State of Florida and small parts of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama.

Under the administration of President Tyler was negotiated the treaty by which Texas, with 376,931 square miles, was admitted as a State of the Union.

Under the administration of President Polk was fought the Mexican War, which added fresh luster to our arms. The great leaders of our forces in that war were Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor, both Southern men.

President Polk also negotiated the treaty with Mexico, by which we acquired that immense domain which embraces California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. He also negotiated the treaty with Great Britain by which our title was confirmed to that section of our country, including the States of Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and parts of Montana and Wyoming.

Although Van Buren, Pierce, and Buchanan were Northern men, the policies of their administrations were along the lines which had been laid out by the great Southern Presidents who had preceded them.

The illustrious expounder of the constitution, whose fame as jurist has spread to the uttermost parts of the civilized world, was John Marshall, of Virginia, who for thirty-four years presided as chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The people of the South contemplated with lofty pride the greatness and glory to which the republic had attained under the leadership and guidance of their statesmen. It was with profound regret that they reached the conclusion that a just regard for their peace and safety demanded of them a severance of their relation with the Union. . . . In those ominous and storm-charged days that ushered in the tremendous struggle between the States, the passages between the contending sections on the floor of Congress reflected the intensity of the times. Replying to the exultant declaration of Senator Seward, of New York, that the power had departed from the South, that the scepter was now taken from her hands, and that henceforth the great North would grasp the power of government, Senator Hammond thus eloquently summed up the truth of history:

"Sir: What the Senator says is true. The power has passed from our hands into yours. But do not forget it, it cannot be forgotten, it is written upon the brightest pages of history, that we, the slaveholders of the South, took our country in her infancy, and after ruling her for sixty out of seventy years of her existence, we return her to you without a spot upon her honor, matchless in her splendor, incalculable in her power, the pride and admiration of the world. Time will show what you will do with her, but no time can dim our glory or diminish your responsibility."

Our love for the institutions our ancestors had aided in founding, and under which we had met with so much prosperity, was made manifest by the form of government which was immediately provided for the Confederate States of America. The Confederate constitution, with few amendments, was the same as that of the United States. The administrative features of the

new government were practically the same as those of the old. No thought of dictatorship or military supremacy on the one hand, or of lawlessness on the other, entered the minds of any. True to the principles of the revolution and of the Declaration of Independence, we provided safeguards for personal liberty and local self-government.

During the whole of the long strife, and amidst hardship and privation almost indescribable, law and order were everywhere maintained. The Legislatures of the States assembled and enacted such laws as were from time to time deemed necessary; courts of justice were opened for the enforcement and maintenance of the rights of person and property.

It has often been said that, having failed to settle by debate the issues which had so long been the subject of contention, the South deliberately appealed to the arbitrament of war. This is a mistaken notion of the view which we entertained of our relations to the Union. Under that view, as I have attempted to explain, constitution was but a compact between the States which might be dissolved by them at pleasure. Having exercised the right to withdraw from the Union, which, under their interpretation of the constitution, belonged to them, the Southern States saw no necessity for appealing to the arbitrament of war. And when war came, it was not because they had invited or sought it, but because they had determined to maintain their position, which they believed had absolved them from all allegiance whatever to the United States. We contemplated no war upon the States of the North, but hoped and believed that we would be allowed to set up a government for ourselves, and that the relations between the Confederacy which we established and the United States of America would be such as should subsist between friendly nations.

I need not attempt to describe with what valor and fortitude and heroic endeavor the armies of the South maintained themselves during four weary years of strife and bloodshed. We know, and all the world admits, that the magnificent leadership of our armies and the splendid courage of our soldiers have illustrated in the sublimest manner possible the martial spirit of the American people. The twenty-two hundred battles that were fought before our cause went down; the twenty-six hundred thousand men who were needed to conquer us; the pension roll of the government, which contains the names of nearly one million beneficiaries; the beautiful cemeteries where rest the dead heroes of the Union armies; the monuments of marble and bronze erected all over the land to perpetuate the names and fame of their great captains; all these make up a memorial of the skill and prowess and unyielding courage of our people, such as the history of the ages cannot parallel. The end came as might have been expected. Our resources were so limited in comparison with those of the Northern States that only persistence on their part was needed to bring defeat and disaster to the Southern cause.

When it came we accepted the settlement as final and irrevocable, in so far as the further agitation or advocacy of the right of secession was concerned. No matter what may have been the right or wrong of the contention in 1861, we have admitted since 1865 that the Union is indissoluble, and that the allegiance of

all the people of this great republic is due primarily and fully to the United States of America. But while admitting this, we do not and will never concede that the result of the great strife was a decision that our interpretation of the constitution was wrong. The force of arms may be such as to set a controversy at rest by precluding its further agitation, and that, as to the power of a State to secede, was undoubtedly terminated by the triumph of the Union armies, but truth is eternal and cannot be destroyed.

My purpose has simply been to present in a brief and summary manner evidence that at the beginning of our government State rights was commonly entertained, and that it was then in no sense sectional; that it had not been contrived in secret or expressed in whispers; but was openly and frankly advocated at all times and under all circumstances. The judgment of the impartial historian will never be that in standing for our interpretation of the constitution, even to the extent of maintaining it by force of arms, we made ourselves rebels or traitors.

When the present generation has passed away, and when calm and impartial inquiry is made into the cause which led up to it, I have an abiding faith that this stigma will be taken from our heroic and devoted people. No man can now be heard to impugn the loyalty of the South. There has never been a moment of time since the surrender at Appomattox when there was the slightest ground for questioning it. We knew, but for long it seemed that others could not understand, that the result had been accepted by us as final and irrevocable. We knew that our destiny thenceforth was to be the same as that of our brethren of the North; and we had no ambition left save to preserve our honor untarnished, to build up the waste places, to restore law and order, to help to bind up the nation's wounds, and to contribute what we could to its greatness and grandeur. We cherished no animosity against the brave men whose armies had been triumphant, and fondly indulged the hope that the rectitude of our purpose would be recognized. But this was not to be.

The horrors of the civil war were nothing, dreadful as they were, compared with those which came upon us during the process of reconstruction. The right of franchise was conferred upon the negroes of the Southern States, who had no preparation for its exercise, and they easily became the victims of wicked and designing men who came down upon us to consume the little substance which had escaped the ravages of war. No good purpose would be subserved by enumerating the crimes which were committed in the Southern States during that dread period, and that under the form of government. Let me say, however, that they are not justly to be attributed to the negro race. They were the work of bad white men who preyed upon the superstitions and ignorance of that race, and made it a scapegoat for their own wicked performance. It may be that under the pressure of our environments at that time some things were done by our people which had better been left undone, but when I reflect upon the enormity of our provocation, I realize that if it had not been for the patience and fortitude displayed by the veterans of the Confederate armies, which had come to them through their years of

discipline, there might, and probably would, have been such anarchy and bloodshed throughout the South as would have shocked the civilized world. We have before us the gravest social problems with which any people were ever confronted. If the negro belongs to the weaker race, so much the greater is the duty upon us of the white race, by the lessons of example, to prepare him for the proper discharge of the solemn duties of citizenship.

We must not judge the negro too hastily or too harshly, nor expect him, without that preparation which can come only from the long exercise of those duties, to measure up to the standard which we set for ourselves. If they do not understand now, they will in time, that they can have no separate foundation for happiness and prosperity from that upon which we build our own; that we must live and struggle side by side, all doing their best to work out a just solution of the problems which confront us; and that this can never be accomplished in a way which would bring the best results, except by the steady and persistent cultivation of peaceable and kindly relations.

Let us esteem ourselves fortunate that we have survived long enough to witness the total banishment of those asperities which so long existed between the different sections of our country. The mellowing influence of time has softened and cleared the vision of us all. We now see things clearly where once we could not see at all. We now know that good people are the same everywhere; that no section has a monopoly of patriotism or virtue; that our people, no matter whence they come, are flesh of one flesh and are inspired by the same lofty courage and noble purpose.

The chastening of the great war has but strengthened the American people for the work which this mighty nation must do through all the coming ages, for the advancement of civilization, and the uplifting of mankind. No human perception is keen enough to foresee the greatness and splendor which will surely come to us if we will but be true to the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence which constitute the basis of our institutions. It is given to us, in the province of God, to solve the ques-



COURTHOUSE, VICKSBURG, MISS.

tion, long pondered over and debated, as to whether the people are capable of governing themselves. If those whom we intrust with official power are honest and patriotic; if they recognize that they are trustees charged with grave responsibilities, and that there can be no excess of devotion to public duty—the republic will stand. The solution of the problem rests with the people themselves, and they cannot be too vigilant and persistent in exacting from their public servants that they shall measure up to the highest standard of official life. We of the South cannot escape our just share of the responsibilities of the future, and we would not do so if we could. We are fast passing from under the cloud of suspicion and distrust which has so long cast its cruel shadow upon us. Southern men in the future may justly aspire to the highest positions of public office and trust.

Let us so conduct ourselves that we may win anew the sympathetic confidence of all the people of this great republic. Just pride in the splendid deeds of the Southern statesmen of the past should stimulate us to emulate their example. Prosperity and disorder cannot dwell together. We should, therefore, never grow weary in teaching this great and essential truth. If we would banish disorder, we must reverentially uphold the law. It is far better that wrongdoing should go unwhipped of justice through the weakness of the law than that it should be punished through the strength of lawlessness. We must educate our children. Ignorance is the everlasting foe to progress, and we should make ceaseless war upon it, if we would secure for them a fair measure of the fruits of modern enlightenment. We must not forget that calm judgment and conservative action are the surest safeguards of peace and safety, for without them we cannot expect a just observance of the rights and privileges of all.

In conclusion let me remind you that, while contending for the purity of the motives which governed our efforts to separate ourselves from the Union in 1861, we must not fail to concede to those who differed from us the same loyal and elevated purpose which controlled our action.

On public as well as private questions men have always differed, and always will differ. It was a sad misfortune that the controversies between the two sections were such that they could not be settled by peaceful methods. Like ourselves, our brethren of the North gave abundant evidence of the sincerity of their convictions by the boundless expenditure of blood and treasure which they made to save the Union. We harbor against them no feeling of animosity or resentment. The defeat which came to us was that of brave men, by brave men, and for it we reproach neither ourselves nor them. And now that it is all over I am sure that none of us would have it otherwise.

The South is far happier, and will be far greater, than it could have been if it had succeeded in separating its fortunes from those of the Northern States. Aside from the fact that the spirit of amity now diffuses its generous influence over the whole land, the Union greatly lessens the burdens of government, and enlarges the opportunities for the peaceful pursuits of private life. The flag of the nation is ours. We take our place under its starry folds, and, whether for weal or woe, will follow and uphold it to the end. Let us

now, standing by the graves of our sainted dead, pledge to these reunited States the same passionate devotion which the illustrious statesmen of the South in the early days gave with unstinted measure to the republic as it was established by the fathers.

JOHN BROWN'S SISTER, MRS. MARTHA DAVIS.

[Extracts from the *Sunday Times-Herald*, Chicago.]

"Yes, I am the sister of a man who took up arms against his country, who attacked and captured a United States arsenal, and who was hung as a felon by the State of Virginia, and I am the only surviving member of the family which gave John Brown to the world. I am the youngest and the last of sixteen children who used to toil and romp with John when he was a boy." Mrs. Davis lives in St. John's, Mich. There was neither boast nor deprecation in tone or manner as she talked. She seemed to stand in the midst of a wonderful array of distinguished figures, while the most dramatic period of our nation's history passed like a panorama. She talked very freely concerning her brother and his deeds. She said: "O yes, I am willing to be quoted, but I wish no notoriety for myself or for my family, for we have never earned it. As I look back and think of John and what he did, I am perhaps as much surprised as any one at his raid on Harper's Ferry. It did not seem like the man I had known; and then, although he had called on me at Grafton, Ohio, when on his way to Kansas with cattle and guns in 1850, he did not tell me that he harbored any such thought as organizing a band for an aggressive campaign against the South. We were all abolitionists, and called ourselves Christians, but some of us were more tolerant than John toward others who wanted to be called 'slaveholding Christians.' He would not tolerate any man's Christianity which permitted its possessor to keep a slave."

When asked if she thought that history had done justice to her brother she replied: "No, I don't. History has been very foolish. One class of historians has called him a saint, but he was far from being one. There were thousands of other men who worked with him and held the same conviction who were just as good as John, but they have never been mentioned for a place in the calendar of saints. Another class of historians has made him out a fanatic and a fool. He was neither. He was a strong man, with strong convictions, who did not believe that he could conquer the South, but thought that the Harper's Ferry stroke would arouse both the North and the South, and would crystallize sentiment into activity. The future, though, I am sure, will judge my brother better. It will not portray him as a saint or a fool, but will simply record him as a courageous character who believed that the only solution of the problem was to be found in war, and that some one must strike the first blow. It has been forty years now since his execution, and through all that time I have attempted to see him as others see him, and then many experiences since have had a tendency to soften my nature, and I am sure that I want him to live in history for just what he was. But I was touched by a little tribute recently paid to his memory by his own townspeople of Osawatimie. The visitors to the cemetery, in hunting relics, had chipped and marred the monument at my brother's grave until the

stone was badly disfigured. The citizens of the town made up a fund, with which they had the monument repaired and an iron fence built around it."

"Don't you think that a great State like Virginia might have been more lenient toward such a small and powerless force?" she was asked. She replied: "No. John and his comrades were not lenient toward Virginia and her institutions, and I never blamed the State, as many have. According to the national and State constitutions, John was wrong. No nation or State can tolerate the depredations of marauding bands of men, no matter what their purpose is. We would not tolerate it to-day. A band from an adjoining State attempting to overthrow our local institutions would be captured, prosecuted, and probably executed as John and his men were. No doubt we have wronged the South in many ways. In the old days we thought that the only thing to be secured was the emancipation of the slaves, and we did not consider the condition the slaves would be in when they became free. Several years ago, in conversation with a Southern lady who had been a slaveholder, I became enlightened. Great tears streamed down her face as she portrayed to me the destitute condition of the negroes. Many of them who before the war had always had overseer and master and cabin and food after the war immediately found themselves with nothing, and without even a means of livelihood."

Mrs. Davis, never very tall, is now somewhat bent with her sixty-eight years and the burden she has borne.



MAJ. GEN. GABRIEL C. WHARTON.

BY J. U. H. WHARTON, ARCADIA, LA.

I write his given name thus because there was another Gen. G. C. Wharton, who was a member of an

Ohio branch of the same family, a distinguished Federal officer, who died a few years ago while filling the office of United States District Attorney at Louisville.

Gen. Gabriel C. Wharton is a native of Virginia. He was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1848, along with A. P. Hill, John C. Moncure, and others who afterwards rose to distinction. Only the protests of his father kept him out of the war with Mexico. He spent some years preceding the civil war out West, where he had valuable mining interests, especially in Arizona. Gen. A. S. Johnston once remarked humorously that Gen. Wharton captured him and his escort, alluding to his falling in with Wharton's party near the line of Texas, when both were hastening South to cast their lots on the side of the Confederacy.

Gen. Wharton entered the service of the Confederate States as colonel of the Fifty-First Virginia Regiment. He was soon promoted to the rank of brigadier general, his brigade consisting of the Fifty-First and Sixty-Second Virginia Regiments, Clark's Battalion, and a battery. He, like Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, was a victim of President Davis's personal dislike, so that, notwithstanding he was a very popular and successful officer, and had the implicit confidence of his great commander, Robert E. Lee, he was not made a major general until near the close of the war, when he was promoted to the command of Breckinridge's old division, when the latter was made a member of Mr. Davis's Cabinet. Gen. Wharton distinguished himself in several battles, but especially in the battle of New Market. He heroically served the cause of the Confederacy until the close of the war, and was in the surrender at Appomattox. His wife has long been dead, and his only child, a son, Hon. W. R. Wharton, is a captain in the United States army since the war with Spain. Gen. Wharton's home is at Radford, Va. For several years he has served in his State Senate.

THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

P. E. Hockersmith, Bowling Green, Ky.:

At the Nashville reunion I saw the cyclorama of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and listened to the description, in which I think there was an error. On that part of Gen. Cleburne's line near the large oak tree, where the Yankees charged and took the battery, the credit of retaking it was given to Pettis's Alabama Brigade, and the battery in question as that of Cobb's Kentucky; whereas the truth of the matter is that Smith's Texas Brigade and Swett's Mississippi Battery were the proper ones to receive this credit. They drove a Federal force of greatly superior numbers from the guns, and retained possession of them, and they held that part of the line throughout the battle.

Our battery, Douglass's Texas, was on our line, not over three hundred yards to the right of this point, and we knew what forces had charge of the point under the hill where this desperate struggle took place. Gen. Cleburne was sitting on his horse near by, and was in the midst of the fight. Here it was that Gen. J. A. Smith and Col. Rodger Q. Mills were wounded, and Col. (afterwards Gen.) Granbury took command.

The survivors of Swett's Battery or Smith's Texas Brigade can verify this statement. Douglass's Texas Battery, of Smith's Brigade, was enfilading the lines at the time of this charge.

DRILL AND REVIEW OF CAVALRY CONSCRIPTS.

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

Col. R., of the One Hundred and Eleventh Texas Cavalry (conscript), was a gentleman of the old school—affable, polite, none too dignified or aristocratic to call every man in the regiment by his given name and ask about the health of his wife and babies. Nevertheless he was inclined to be a martinet, for the habit of strict construction—acquired when as a lawyer he expounded and as a judge he construed and declared the law—clung to him when the exigencies of the South called him to the command of troops and to the resulting necessity of a diligent study and enforcement of military rules and regulations as laid down in Hardee's tactics. As a consequence, while loved and admired as a man, he was disliked and ridiculed as an officer, and so utterly failed to bring his regiment to that state of discipline, that perfection of drill and soldierly appearance, so pleasing to a proud and ambitious commander, that but two alternatives were left him: either resignation of mind or resignation of rank—and of course he objected to the latter. But, indeed, the Colonel was not in the least to blame. While adepts at hunting, fishing, and in chasing the "razor-backed" hogs and long-horned cattle, indigenous to the piny woods counties of Texas, his men were not only indifferent horsemen but so indifferently horsed and equipped as to be perfectly excusable for their many shortcomings.

So the Colonel "possessed his soul with patience," and might have continued doing so to the end of the war had not two little incidents, the one following closely upon the other, driven him to the verge of despair. The first happened when Gen. Debray kindly consented to give the One Hundred and Eleventh its first drill in the saber exercise, "the necessary utensils for which," Col. R. said, had just been secured, bright and new. The General was a Frenchman by birth, and, although his grammar was always perfect, his pronunciation was distinguished by a peculiar and protracted drumlike rolling of the letter "r."

"Attenzchiown, zgentlemen!" he shouted. "At ze par-r-ticular r-r-r-r-request of ze collonell of zis regimaunt I vill now pr-r-roceed to dth-r-r-rill you in ze saber-r-r exer-r-reise. De fir-r-rst command dat I s'all give eez, Dr-r-raw saber-r-r! But, Zgentlemen, dat doos not mean dat you s'all at vonce exth-r-r-ract your-r-r saber-r-rs fr-r-rom deir-r-r scabbar-r-rds. No, no. Ven I say, 'Dr-r-r-raw!' you place your-r-r right hands on de hilts of your-r-r saber-r-rs dis vay, for-r-r dat ees only de pr-r-recautionar-r-ry vor-r-rd; but ven I say, 'Saber-r-r!' you s'all den queckly extr-r-ract dem fr-r-rom de-r-r-r scabbar-r-rds, dis vay, and t'r-row deir-r-r points sthr-r-raight to the fr-r-ront, like dis. You see?" And having thus explained and illustrated the process, the General drew a long breath and continued: "Now, zgentlemen, ve vill endeavor-r-r to par-r-r-for-r-rm de exer-r-reise. Dr-r-raw!" At the word a thousand hands instantly sought the hilts of as many sabers. "Saber-r-rs!" and at this fateful word the long, shining weapons came clashing, clanging, and rattling out of their metal scabbards with a celerity and strangeness of sound that demoralized the half-broken and wholly untrained charges over whose heads the clatter took place, and precipitated a reign of confusion

impossible to be described. Horses whirled, pitched, plunged, and cavorted, and, riderless or mounted, ran away in all directions. Hats, caps, sabers, and human forms were flung and piled up over three acres of ground. It took fully half an hour to reform the sadly depleted line and restore a semblance of order. Saying to Col. R., "Your-r-r men, sar-r-r, appear-r-r to be unpr-r-repar-r-red for-r-r dth-r-r-rill in de saber-r-r exer-r-reise," the General put spurs to his steed and abandoned the field.

Mortified and disgusted by this fiasco, Col. R. was yet far from losing heart. The brigade to which this regiment belonged was to be reviewed by Gen. McCulloch on the 10th of the coming month, and during the progress of that event compensation and solace for present disappointment must be obtained. Music must be provided—martial music, soul-stirring strains to awaken the slumbering enthusiasm and patriotism of his men. Not a regiment in the brigade could boast of even a fife, drum, or bugle, much less of a full or even half fledged band; and, determining to surpass them in this respect, if they were his superiors in others, the Colonel devoted all the energies of a resolute and capacious mind to the procurement of the much-needed melody. It was no easy task, for musical instruments or capable manipulators of them were remarkably scarce in Texas in the days of 1863. Only by the most diligent inquiry and the promise of half a cart load of Confederate money did the Colonel finally secure the services of Jed Spriggins, a reputable citizen of Angelina County, who, to use his own expression, both "owned and operated a go-and-fetch-it"—in other words, a trombone—into which, as Col. R. took pains to explain to his adjutant, Bob Steager, music was first blown by the lungs and then pumped forth by hand in doses to suit the occasion.

Although urged to come a day or two ahead of time and get himself and the regiment "sorter" used to each other, Jed delayed his arrival until the very morning of the great event. Then he came on an ancient, flea-bitten gray mule, the precious brass instrument dangling and jangling from the horn of the saddle, and himself and the animal moving leisurely along under an immensely wide-brimmed, high-crowned, homemade palmetto hat. Conducted to the Colonel, who sat on his horse at the head of the already mounted regiment, neither the gracious reception accorded him by that officer nor command nor entreaty prevailed to secure a specimen of his musical skill. "Jest wait till the time comes, Judge," said he, contemptuously ignoring the military rank of his auditor, "an' I'll make myself heard; for I kin blow her as loud as the nex' man, an' don't you forgot it. Jest put me in the right place when we git tar, an' say when, an' I'll make a noise you'll be proud of, ur my name ain't Jed Spriggins."

The review ground reached, the brigade right-dressed, left-dressed, guide-centered, and formed to the satisfaction of its commanding officer. Col. R. found his regiment at the end of the line where the reviewing officers were expected to begin their gallop. Hitherto he had carefully concealed musician, mule, and trombone, but now he proudly called them to the front, saying as they approached: "Now, Jed, you take your stand right there by that little patch of blackberry vines; and when the General and his staff come sailing along and get between you and the lone pine out there

in the field begin your tooting, and keep it up quick and devilish until I say stop."

"What shall I play first, General?" asked Jed.

"What the helen blazes do I care what you play first?" testily retorted the Colonel. "Play 'Old Hundred,' if you like. What we want is a heap of noise."

"I'll make her," curtly responded Jed, trotting slowly away to his designated place.

Gen. McCulloch arrived fully two hours behind time. Whatever the impatience of the troopers for his coming, Jed and his mule and trombone awaited that event with most exemplary fortitude. In fact, both man and beast fell asleep under the grateful shade afforded by the former's hat, but not before the trombone, in order to insure its being within reach at the critical moment, was fast tied to the horn of the saddle by a long and strong buckskin string. Fanned by gentle breezes, and not a little fatigued by the ten miles he had come that very morning, Jed's slumber was so dreamless, profound, and nasally melodious that not even the vociferous and long-continued yelling which announced the arrival of the reviewing party on the field awakened him. It was only when Col. R., noticing that the reviewers were about to pass without the expected musical salute, shouted angrily, "Toot your horn, you infernal scoundrel! toot your horn!" that he was aroused to a sense of duty. Then, hastily seizing the trombone, and placing its mouth to his lips in such a way that its other end fairly split the difference between the flopping ears of the still unconscious mule, Jed put his whole soul into his lungs and right arm, and pumped forth a blast that might have been heard by listening ears ten miles away.

It was the effort of his life, but alas! it was a first and last one at this review; for, awakened, startled, scared, and deafened by the suddenness of the explosion, the old mule in one time and four motions stiffened his forelegs, stuck his already drooping head between them, humped his long back, and gave a pitch forward that landed him on an immense hornets' nest in a black-

berry patch, and sent Jed heavenward with an initial velocity of one thousand feet per second. A man perched on the atmosphere fifteen feet above terra firma, frantically clutching with feet and hands at intangibilities, a gray mule in a brier patch, and a huge trombone filling a moiety of the intermediate space between them was all that met the view of Gen. McCulloch as he glanced in the direction of the musician's stand. Shining brass instrument excepted, it was too common a sight in Texas to excite sympathy or demand a halt, and with a smile on his lips the General galloped steadily on; but the smile soon vanished, and the gallop became a mad and reckless race. No sooner had the long-eared quadruped landed amid the blackberry vines than a thousand or more clinging and peremptory notices to vacate the premises were served upon him by the insulted inhabitants, and after a moment's dancing and plunging the sagacious brute was convinced that only by an equitable distribution of his assailants among the members of the reviewing party could he hope for relief.

Before the gold-braided officers suspected what was in store for them the gray mule was in their midst, and his forty thousand (more or less) indignant pursuers began to get in their work upon new victims. Dignity and duty alike forgotten, separation and flight the sole dependence for escape, each member of the party went off at a tangent full speed, vigorously defending himself with hat or cap against the detachments of flying enemies that followed him, and spared not whip and spur nor drew rein until tall timber and consequent safety was reached.

As for the mule—the ancient, flea-bitten gray mule, whose misfortunes had kicked up all the rumpus—that worthy followed swiftly in the wake of the fleeing General for about a mile and a half. Then, apparently deeming it imprudent to overtake an officer, the movements of whose arms plainly indicated that he was still battling with the enemy, the mule came to a halt, and, tooting his own peculiar horn loudly and reproachfully,



MISS EULA MADDOX,
Sponsor for R. T. Davis Camp, Eatonton, Ga.



MISS BIRNIE CUNNINGHAM,
Sponsor for Loyd Tighman Camp, Cadiz, Ky.



MISS MABEL GRAHAM CAYCE,
Sponsor for Miss. Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry

made a wide detour and struck a bee line for Angelina County.

During the minute and a half occupied by the incidents Col. R. sat grave and silent, apparently imperturbable, on his gayly caparisoned war horse in front of his regiment. Nevertheless, his mind was sorely exercised. What had happened was far beyond his ken and understanding. Not a word or a line in Hardee's tactics even squinted in favor of such proceedings at a grand military review. Jed's sudden elevation and subsequent descent were easily comprehensible, all mules being tricky; but why, O why, should there have been such a sudden dispersal and flight of the reviewing party? and why should Jed, uninjured as he certainly was, judging by the briskness of his movements, find such difficulty in escaping from the brier patch, and keep his arms moving so regularly around his head?

These two problems agitated the doughty Colonel's mind, and when the minute and a half elapsed he determined to solve the last first and immediately. So, sheathing his bright and glittering sword, he galloped straight to the brier patch. His stay was brief and agonizing; the information received was convincing, pointed, and penetrating. The "home guards" and reserves with which Jed had been contending immediately changed front and attacked the Colonel and his steed. Whatever the staying qualities of the former may have been, they were quickly neutralized by the going qualities of his animal, which, taking the bit in his teeth, turned tail on the scene of hostilities, and, running away, carried his rider a powerless victim back to the regimental camp, four long miles away.

And thus terminated the grand review on Sabine River and the ambitions of the gallant colonel of the One Hundred and Eleventh Texas Cavalry Conscript.

"IN THE WAKE OF WAR."

The position of the South during that wretched period of our history known as reconstruction is fully vindicated. Readers of "Red Rock" will see confirmation from a different standpoint. In a story entitled "In the Wake of War," Verne S. Pease has told of our trials in a fearless manner, and has given to our final defense, by means of secret societies, an honest face.

Much has been written and published about those troublous times, but the subject generally has been handled with gloves—often with kid gloves. "In the Wake of War" lays bare the distasteful attitudes of those in power without mincing words or concealing facts.

The story opens with a prologue, in which is given a fair picture of the *ante bellum* South, located at a summing place in the hills to the west of the Great Central Basin of Middle Tennessee. The war is skipped, and the story proper begins with the homeward journey of two Confederate soldiers. The waste and devastation of our homes is strongly drawn, and the sincere purpose and heroic efforts of returned Confederates to restore order, bring back to life the almost extinct forces of commerce and society, and to make a living for their families, are not slighted.

Then the meddling of the provost marshals, the underhanded conduct of the agents for the Freedmen's Bureau, and the inciting of the negroes to deeds of lawlessness by both of these political factors are given without color.

The carpetbagger is next introduced, and who would not recognize him? In all his ignorance, malice, and cowardice he is made to appear an independent and unique creation.

As a last defense our people were driven to secret societies, commonly known to the world as the K. K. K., and the author finds only justification for the order. In closing a chapter on the subject, he says: "It quelled lawlessness, restored order, and preserved it until greed was thrown (or tumbled) from the saddle, and justice resumed her sway. All this it did, and there are grave reasons to doubt if like results could have been attained by more open means."

While the book is doubtless intended to be more historical than romantic, the tale of love is not neglected. A sweeter picture of home life is not often published, and a more dainty love story has not appeared of late.

Before the book had been out a month the publishers and author had over a score of unqualified endorsements from the Southern press.

And strange to say, our vindication in this case comes from a man of Northern birth and education, but of strong Southern sympathies. Mr. Pease lived in Middle Tennessee for ten years, and made a thorough study of his subject—not from books, but from the traditions of our people.

Col. W. T. Nixon, of Ardmore, Ind. T., who supplied the author valuable data for "In the Wake of War," is reported by the *Daily Ardmoreite* as follows:

The scene is laid in Tennessee immediately succeeding the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox. The return of the Confederate soldier to his devastated fields, his courage and energy in the effort to bring back to life and vigor the paralyzed and almost extinct forces of commerce and society, and his honest and earnest support and encouragement in this undertaking by the actual soldiers of the Federal army are brought out with a clearness and vividness which contrasts brightly with the somber picture of the carpetbagger, whom he next introduces.

In delineating the rule of the carpetbagger—the man who came upon the scene like a ghoul after the brave men of both armies had laid down their arms and clasped hands once more in fraternity—the author minces no words, but pictures him in all his venom and spicen and arrogance.

The lights and shadows of that period are blended in a masterly manner, making the story one of absorbing interest, while giving the later generation an insight of the political machinations which defeated the magnanimous purposes of Grant and Lincoln after the war. A beautiful skein of sentiment is interwoven into the dark woof which made up the history of that period.

We do not hesitate to pronounce "In the Wake of War" one of the strongest productions in literary merit that has marked the closing years of the century.

A REMARKABLE COIN.—B. F. Windham, Meridian, Miss.: "I have in my possession a silver coin the exact size of a dime, with milled edge. On one side is the bust of Beauregard, with the words, 'G. T. Beauregard, Brigadier General, C. S. A.,' and on the other, 'Manassas, 21 July, 1861,' with wreath the same as on a dime. I have tried to find out about the piece."

SIXTH GEORGIA CAVALRY AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY CURTIS GREEN, SENECA, TEX.

I was a member of Company G, Col. Hart's Regiment, Sixth Georgia Cavalry. On Friday evening before the battle of Chickamauga we went into action up Chickamauga Creek, and drove the enemy back about a mile near to Jay's sawmill. There the Third Georgia Cavalry relieved us, going on picket for the night, and we were ordered back across Chickamauga Creek to camp. The next morning before day we recrossed the Chickamauga, took position close behind the Third Georgia, and were busy cooking breakfast when the enemy fired on the pickets, who quickly fell back and let the Yankees on us. Col. Hart formed his men and charged the advancing enemy, who, doubtless thinking they had struck our main line, halted. We pressed them, and they fell back some three or four hundred yards. We were then ordered by Gen. Forrest, who had come up, to oblique to the right and let the Second Tennessee Cavalry in. We did so, and charged again, with the Tennessee Cavalry on the left, but the Yankees were reinforced, and we in turn were driven back near to where we first charged.

In the meantime Capt. Huall's Battery of six guns had been brought up to this point. We laid down behind the battery until the enemy got within sixty or seventy yards of it, when we were ordered to again charge. We drove them back close to their breastworks, where they were reinforced, and pressed us back again up the ridge to where our battery was located, which gave them a warm reception. We were ordered to oblique still farther to the right, in order to let in some fresh Georgia and Tennessee regiments. A new alignment was formed, and the order was given us again to charge. We responded, and again we failed to capture their works, and were driven back with heavy loss to Huall's Battery. Several rounds of grape and canister were poured into them, checking their advance, and we were ordered to charge again and carry their works; but after forcing them back under shelter of their fortifications we were ourselves driven back. By this time the enemy was strongly reinforced, and we were falling back rapidly, when Forrest rode along our line and said: "Stay by the battery, men; support the battery. Gen. Walker will be here in five minutes to help us."

Capt. Huall's guns were cutting great gaps in the advancing column. I looked to our rear, anxious to see the help old Bedford had promised, and, sure enough, I saw Walker's men coming at trail arms, double-quick. The order was quickly passed from Forrest for us to fall in with Walker's men and help them over the breastworks. This time we almost pushed the Yankees into their fortification, but as soon as they could use their artillery they began a hot fire on us with grape and canister. Some of Walker's men had never been under fire before, and began to waver, the whole line becoming confused. Quickly taking advantage of this, the enemy charged, and forced us back to our original position. Huall's Battery in the meantime had been reinforced with some sixteen or eighteen pieces, making about twenty-two or twenty-four guns, which opened on the advancing bluecoats. We were lying close behind the guns, and could feel the earth quiver from the shock with their discharge, and the roar was perfectly deafening. The

orders were to let them come up as close as they would, then charge, and go over their works with them. The slaughter was frightful, but they came on steadily to within thirty or forty yards of the battery before they began to waver. Instantly we were up and at them with a yell, and at a double-quick we pushed them back, and went over the works with them, capturing and killing a great many. This was seven charges made by the Sixth Georgia and Second Tennessee Cavalry over this ground before capturing the the works; and if there was a better contest spot on the field of Chickamauga, I have not heard of it.

Before we reached the breastworks our regiment suffered severely. After the works were captured we were ordered back to our horses. I was a little late in getting back, as I found a pile of unsung knapsacks and blankets. I made a draw of four blankets, two oilcloths, one canteen, and one haversack filled with cakes and fried chicken. It was then about ten or eleven o'clock, and we had been fighting since daylight. I went back leisurely eating my breakfast, feasting off the lieutenant's goodies. I don't remember his name, but it was on his haversack—"Lieut. ——. Fourth Kentucky Infantry"—and I am still indebted to him for that breakfast.

Col. William M. Price, St. Louis, Mo., writes that he was on the staff of Gen. John S. Marmaduke during the war, and at Bowling Green, Ky. He was with the army during the retreat through Nashville to Corinth, and until after the battle of Shiloh, where he saw a good deal of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman. Comrade Price states: "He and I were wounded at Shiloh the same day, and I shall never forget his kindness in having me taken to his tent to have my wounds dressed during the night of that fatal battle for the Confederacy. I have always thought that if Gen. Thomas C. Hindman had been given command of all the troops west of the Mississippi River and allowed full sway for his military genius and executive talents he would have made Missouri the battle ground in the West, as Virginia was in the East, and the chances for the success of the Confederacy would have been made more favorable."

Comrade I. N. Wilkinson, of Blooming Grove, Tex., writes: "I see in the VETERAN of February, 1900, a piece written by Comrade John M. Berry, Sedalia, Mo., in which he states that just after the battle of Shiloh the Eighth Arkansas Regiment (Churchill's) and the Seventh Battalion (Deshea) were consolidated. Is not the brother mistaken? I write for information. I know that T. J. Churchill carried out the First Arkansas Mounted Riflemen, which was dismounted and sent east of the Mississippi River after the Shiloh battle; and it was never consolidated with any regiment or battalion until after Hood's Tennessee campaign, if my memory serves me right."

Mr. Fielding Kenley, now of Kearney, Mo., was a member of Company A, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, and was a prisoner at Camp Douglas in Barracks No. 32. He writes of many hardships of prison life, as well as of some amusing incidents that occurred, and suggests that an effort be made to get together at some reunion all who were prisoners at Camp Douglas.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT WOODSTOCK.

This report was sent promptly by R. G. Anderson:

It is estimated that four thousand persons attended the unveiling ceremonies of the monument to the Confederate dead in Massanutten Cemetery, under the auspices of the Shenandoah Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy, Woodstock, Va., October 19, 1899. Hon. John W. Daniel was the orator of the occasion. An imposing procession moved to the cemetery, and after the crowd assembled around the monument Chaplain Stephenson invoked divine aid and blessing on the people. After some musical selections, Miss Adolyn Gale Miley, daughter of the adjutant of Shenandoah Camp, unveiled the monument with appropriate words. Then the cannon boomed, and the Stonewall Band played "Dixie." After Maj. Daniel's address the procession was reformed and returned to town, where a good dinner was served to the Veterans and others. Many camps and chapters participated in the ceremonies.

Woodstock is situated between the many bloody battlefields of the Shenandoah Valley, known to so many Confederates, and the few comrades who died in skirmish or from wounds received elsewhere or from disease were buried, some by comrades on the field, some in the church cemeteries in the town, and some in family burying grounds around the town. After the close of the war between the States the remains of those (except those buried at their homes) were reinterred in the church cemeteries in Woodstock. Each grave was marked with locust footboards bearing name, rank, company, and regiment of the soldier, or "Unknown."

About two years before, the Massanutten Cemetery Company, which owns the beautiful cemetery near town, donated a section in the prettiest portion of the cemetery to be set apart for the dead Confederates. The section was deeded to Shenandoah Camp, U. C. V., and Shenandoah Chapter, U. D. C., of this place, and is held by a set of trustees for them jointly. Sixty graves in the old cemeteries were opened, and the remains reinterred.

The following is the record of the dead: E. Elrod, Lieut. Bowen, R. Gargener, Private Thompson, J. H. Harris, Lieut. J. O. March, of Alabama; Lieut. McLinden, J. D. Elliot, Capt. S. Price, Col. Holt, W. Brown, of Georgia. R. M. Ackridge, Lieut. M. A. Yost, of Mississippi; George Roberts, J. E. Marsh, Private Turner, M. Black, J. P. Thomas, J. M. Shipp, S. H. Dixon, E. Guinn, of North Carolina; H. H. Zigler, P. H. Spryver, of South Carolina; S. F. Bird, P. Fearless, T. Murphy, J. McGlughlen, W. A. Hill, C. Henderson, R. Moler, J. Boley, J. Miller, J. B. Murphy, W. Harris, H. Carpenter, J. Jomer, C. F. Farrar, W. Austin, Michael Culen, J. J. Carr, J. F. Flynn, of Virginia; and E. O. Riley, H. Blith, M. S. Blith, of Louisiana. The States of J. H. Stephens, J. B. McNealy, W. Moses, W. L. Marshall, W. H. Henshaw, R. Ford, and F. Nolen are unknown. There are thirteen of the unknown dead.

The monument stands seventeen feet above the base stone and twenty-one feet above the level of the ground. It is a beautiful shaft of Italian marble. The front is toward the southeast, and the following is inscribed

thereon: "Erected by the Shenandoah Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in memory of the Confederate soldiers buried in Woodstock, Va." On sub-base stone: "1899." Southeast side: "'Cast down, but not destroyed.' (2 Cor. iv. 9.) Honor and fame the



THE WOODSTOCK MONUMENT.

record keep." Sub-base stone: "1861." Northwest: "Unknown! This voiceless stone in deathless song shall tell the story how ye fell." Sub-base stone: "1865." Northeast: "Sons of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana 'could bleed and die, but not with honor part.'" Sub-base stone: "C. S. A."

The corner stone was laid during the month of July, 1899, with imposing ceremonies in the presence of a large gathering of people.

The officers of Shenandoah Chapter, who labored so earnestly and lovingly in the work, are: President, Mrs. James H. Williams; Vice President, Mrs. George W. Miley; Secretary, Miss Nettie Kneisley; Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Grabill; Historian, Mrs. P. D. Stephenson; Registrar, Miss Bettie G. Donaldson.

Funds are in hand to fully liquidate the indebtedness of the undertaking, and the ladies are now working to place marble markers to each of the sixty-six graves of the circle. They also have a fund with which they purchase suitable stones to mark the graves of all Veterans who have died recently.

CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, LA.

Comrade J. M. Fox, Company G, Thirty-Fourth Texas Cavalry, writes from Louisville to say that the battle of Mansfield, La., was fought on the 8th day of April, 1864, and that Gen. Alfred Mouton was killed, instead of Gen. Marton, as written by Comrade Goodrich in the March VETERAN. Mr. Fox adds: "With these slight exceptions, Comrade Goodrich's statements are correct. I was there, and participated in the capture of the prisoners he refers to, and also the celebrated Neins Battery."



Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.

Mr. J. B. Allen, of Petosky, Mich., an earnest friend of the South, writes of an incident that took place there recently concerning Mr. King Bartell, an ex-Confederate soldier. He states that Mr. Bartell, formerly of North Carolina, died of spinal meningitis. He had no relatives here, but Lombard Post, G. A. R., turned out en masse, and escorted the remains with all the military parade and respect they would one of their own members. There was a very visible manifestation of sorrow and respect by the ex-Federal soldiers, and a stranger witnessing the scene would have supposed the ex-Confederate one of their own comrades.

C. C. KEY.

Columbus C. Key laid down his arms near Corinth, Miss., and his spirit passed over the river to rest beneath the shade of the trees of paradise.

At the beginning of the war he joined the Second Mississippi Regiment, of which Col. J. M. Stone (afterwards Governor Stone) was commander. The regiment was hurried to Virginia. It was in the victorious battle of Manassas. Comrade Key continued to serve with courage until the close of the war. He was always at the front when most needed. He was in all the principal battles of that army, and surrendered at Appomattox. He was a patriot in every sense, and ever clung to the Southern cause.

There were four of the Key brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army. Maj. Thomas J. Key commanded artillery under Gen. Gleburne, and is at present editor of the *Southern Agriculturalist*, Nashville. Joseph Key, Kerens, Tex., belonged to the Fifteenth Arkansas Regiment, and was in the service to the end. John T. Key, now of Nashville, although very young, was in the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment Cavalry under Forrest, and was in the battles of Athens, Sulphur Branch, Pulaski, and Elk River.

Columbus Key, at the close of the war, purchased a large farm eight miles from Corinth, Miss., where he lived until his death. He was esteemed by all his neighbors. He leaves four worthy children, one daughter and three sons, who will take care of and provide for their mother.

One by one the heroes of the greatest battles ever fought are passing to the mansions prepared by their Saviour.

MRS. W. R. HAMBY.

Many friends in Tennessee and Texas will learn with sorrow of the death of Comrade W. R. Hamby's wife, which occurred at the family residence in Austin, Tex., July 3, 1900. Mrs. Hamby was a daughter of the

late Michael Burns, of Nashville, who had lived here many years, and was one of the most prominent men in Tennessee. He was a capitalist, was for a time President of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and, though not a politician, was prominent among the candidates for Governor of Tennessee.

This lovely daughter was wooed and won by W. R. Hamby, who was one of the youngest of Confederate soldiers, was adjutant general to the Governor of Tennessee, and very popular here; but ambition and the fascinating prospects of the great Texas induced him to remove to the Lone Star. He located at Austin, where he engaged in journalism and banking.

As might have been expected, Mrs. Hamby became noted for her fine social qualities and for uncounted deeds of charity. A special from Austin to the *Galveston News* states: "She was beloved by her wealthy and by her poor friends. It was through her efforts and gifts that Austin is to have a magnificent charity hospital, though she did not live to see its construction."

ANDREW PICKENS BUTLER.

At Benton, La., on October 18, 1899, there passed to the great beyond the noble soul of Andrew Pickens Butler, well beloved and universally regretted by those who knew him.

Capt. Butler was a son of Gov. Pierce M. Butler, of South Carolina, the renowned colonel of the famous Palmetto Regiment, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Cherubusco, Mexico, August 20, 1847. Some years afterwards South Carolina, in grateful recognition of his distinguished services, presented to his eldest son, Loudon, a lad of sixteen years, a magnificent testimonial—a gold sword, ornamented with costly jewels. The youth proved himself the hero son of a hero father by his gallant and glorious death on the bloody field of Chickamauga. In a crisis of that fiercely contested battle, when victory hung in the balance, Maj. Loudon Butler, of the Nineteenth Louisiana,



A. P. BUTLER AND WIFE.

grasped the colors of his regiment and bore them aloft in advance of the Confederate lines, cheering and urging his command to follow where he led. In this heroic act he was killed.

The Butlers have always been guardians and defenders of our country. They displayed as much courage and patriotism in leading the forlorn hope of our sacred but unsuccessful cause as did their ancestors in other wars, when the nation accorded them greatness.

Capt. Butler was married October 2, 1862, at Edgefield, S. C., the place of his nativity, to Miss Maria Burt, the sweetheart of his life, at which time he was appointed by Gov. Pickens lieutenant in the First South Carolina regular infantry, and participated in the bombardment of Fort Sumter. He served in this command two years, when he resigned and joined his kinsman, Gen. M. C. Butler, in Virginia. There he received the appointment of aid-de-camp to Gen. John Dumovant, of South Carolina, with the rank of captain. He participated in the principal battles in Virginia, serving the South with distinction through the varying fortunes of that unhappy struggle.

THOMAS WALLACE, OF KENTUCKY.

Thomas Wallace, Sr., died at his home near Shelbyville, Ky., recently of heart trouble. He had been failing in health for some time. He was well-known throughout the State as a celebrated race horse breeder. Comrade Wallace was born in Crittenden County, Ky., May 8, 1841; son of Arthur H. Wallace and Letitia Preston Hart. He was reared and educated in Louisville. His was one of the most prominent pioneer families of the State. When the civil war broke out he was with the commission house of A. D. Kelly & Co., of New Orleans, of which firm his father was a retired partner. He cast his lot with the Confederate States, and joined the Crescent Regiment, being with that regiment at the capitulation of Fort Donelson. He escaped by putting on citizen's clothes and securing a pass from Gen. Grant through the Union lines. He then made his way to Kentucky, and enlisted in Basil Duke's regiment under Morgan, rising from a private to the office of captain. He was again captured near Cincinnati by a company of Michigan cavalry. He was then taken as prisoner to Johnson's Island. At the close of the war he engaged in the steamboat business on the Ohio River.

Capt. Wallace was married in 1867 to Miss Mary Dade, of Christian County, after which he settled on the farm inherited from his father in Crittenden County. He moved with his family in this county in September, 1886. There his wife died, leaving him with five children. He afterwards married Miss Mary Adair Bernoudy, of Shelbyville.

MRS. H. J. LIVINGSTON.

Sketch by one who knew and loved her:

Mrs. H. J. Livingston was born at White Sulphur Springs, Warren County, N. C., November 10, 1850, and died at her home in Brownsville, Tenn., September 8, 1899. She was the daughter of Joseph Brehon and Mary Somervell, who years before had settled on a plantation near Stanton, Tenn., bringing with them from the old North State wealth, culture, and religion. There she spent her girlhood, enjoying the advantages

of cultured home surroundings and of excellent private schools. When only about seven years of age she embraced Christ as her Saviour, and was received into the Church. A few months before her death she said: "I cannot remember when I did not love Christ and earnestly strive to do his will." The priceless treasure she kept through her school days, which ended with her graduation in 1867 at the old institute in Jackson, Tenn. On November 28, 1872, she was happily married to Judge H. J. Livingston, of Brownsville, Tenn., and resided there afterwards. In every relation of life she was "tried and true." She was the obedient child, loving sister, devoted wife and mother. She was a wise counselor and a faithful friend. Strong men and women confided to her their troubles, and sought her good advice. Her charity was boundless. She loved the Lord with all her heart, and her neighbor as herself.



MRS. H. J. LIVINGSTON.

In her precocious childhood the stormy times from 1861 to 1865 made clear and lasting impressions upon her. Reared by parents ardently devoted to the Southern cause, and who laid all upon the altar of their country, and who suffered much at the hands of the enemy, she became a sincere friend of every man who wore the gray, and to her last days the comfort and happiness of every survivor of that sacred cause was near to her heart. She was a member of the Forrest Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and ever manifested her interest and devotion to the organization. No one was more beloved by the old soldiers than Mrs. Livingston. In her death they had lost one of their best friends. The Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac escorted her remains to their final resting place. This honor was similar to that paid to the late Mrs. John Overton, of Nashville.

J. L. MAULDIN.

William F. Lee writes from Anderson, S. C.:

Joab Lawrence Mauldin, on of Anderson County's most prominent and respected citizens, died at Anderson, May 13, 1900, after a long illness. He was born in the village of Calhoun, Anderson County, S. C., November 1, 1847, and was the second surviving son

of the late Rev. B. F. Mauldin, who was a signer of the original Ordinance of Secession.

Mr. Mauldin was twice married. His last wife, who was Miss Rosa Stoy, of Augusta, Ga., survives him with four sons, an aged mother, two brothers, and a sister. The eldest son by his first wife, Guy Mauldin, holds a responsible position in the Southern Railway headquarters at Washington, D. C. His oldest brother, Maj. W. H. Mauldin, of Hampton, S. C., was second lieutenant in Company D, Hampton Legion. He was promoted to quartermaster of the legion, and later to brigade quartermaster of Gary's Brigade. J. L. Mauldin went out as a private in Company D, Hampton Legion, at the age of fifteen, and served to the end at Appomattox. He took an active part in organizing the "Gist Rifles" (Company D, Hampton Legion) Survivors Association, and was its Secretary until his death. He also took an active part in organizing Camp Stephen D. Lee, Confederate Veterans, in Anderson, and was afterwards elected colonel of the Veterans of his county.

Comrade Mauldin was an earnest worker in perpetuating the history of the Confederate soldier.

One by one the old Veterans are answering the last roll call. Our comrade was a whole-souled, generous-hearted, good fellow, and was ever ready to help a brother. He made a friend of every acquaintance.

WILLIAM BRYAN HUTTON.

William Bryan Hutton, born in Greene County, Ala., February 15, 1841, was the fifth child of Dr. A. D. and Mrs. E. H. Hutton, both of whom were natives of South Carolina, but residents of Alabama from their early youth.

Dr. Hutton was a relative of John C. Calhoun, and taught his son Calhoun doctrines of patriotism and government. As soon as his State seceded William Hutton at once left college and entered the tented field.

He was retiring and sedate, exhibiting the most delicate respect for others; he was most exemplary in his habits; he was energetic and apt in his studies, and always maintained a high position in his classes. In the fall of 1857 he matriculated at the University of Virginia. During his course of nearly four years he had received diplomas in several languages. Through the influence of Dr. Gesner Harrison he had determined to complete his study of ancient languages by a course in Germany. During his fourth session, however, Alabama withdrew from the Union, and he returned home and joined the North Sumter Rifles. His company was ordered to Lynchburg, and he re-



WILLIAM BRYAN HUTTON.

traced his steps to Virginia. In June the Rifles were regularly mustered into service, with A. S. Van de Graaf as their captain. Soon they were ordered to Stewett's Battery at Manassas, then to Cock Pit Point, and then organized with four other Alabama companies into the Fifth Alabama Battalion, under command of Capt. F. W. Frobel.

In the latter part of the winter of 1861-62 the battalion was ordered to Fredericksburg, there turned over to Lieut. Col. H. H. Walker, and attached to Fields's Brigade. Capt. Van de Graaf was promoted soon afterwards, and put in command of the battalion, which was assigned to Archer's Brigade, with which it participated in the seven days' battle before Richmond. Out of seventy in number, they lost twenty-one killed and wounded. For faithful service William Hutton was promoted as sergeant of the company.

In A. P. Hill's Division the brigade served through many memorable battles, in all of which, except one, William took part. In a letter to his home before his death he stated that he had been in thirteen battles. In all of these he had been so conspicuous and faithful that he was commissioned as third lieutenant. He met his death in the battle of Chancellorsville, leading the battalion. Maj. Van de Graaf was absent on account of wounds. About sunrise Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, he was mortally wounded in the breast, and fell. He was shot again in the arm, on the way to the division hospital. He died and was buried under an apple tree near the road. After the war his body was removed to Spottsylvania C. H., and his grave marked by a stone erected by his only sister, Mrs. D. H. Williams.

After his death, among the many letters received, one of his comrades writes: "After the first battle of Fredericksburg, he was elected junior second lieutenant, and his conduct justified the correctness of our choice. He was a skillful drillmaster. He was often consulted by his superiors in rank, when on the field, as to the proper execution of a movement, and he was regarded by all as being in the line of promotion."

JAMES POLK FIELDER.

James Polk Fielder departed this life January 21, 1900, in Greene County, Ark. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., November 28, 1837, and was reared in Hickman County. He enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, in Capt. Tom P. Bateman's Company, the first made up in Hickman County, Eleventh Tennessee Regiment, Col. Raines, and afterwards commanded by Col. (later Gen.) G. W. Gordon, now of Memphis, Tenn. Comrade Fielder was in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and all the later battles fought by that prince of warriors, Gen. Cheatham, surrendering with Joe Johnston.

A. H. LAHATTE.

Albert Henry LaHatte, of Cayuga, Miss., was accidentally killed on September 30, 1899, by a fall from the upper tier of Tallahala Bridge, upon which he was working. Comrade LaHatte was born in Georgia, and at the age of twenty enlisted at Columbus in Company E, Tenth Georgia Regiment, under Col. Cummings. He was with Johnston at Bull Run and under Lee at Seven Pines, where he was wounded in the right

temple; he was also wounded at Fredericksburg and at Gettysburg—in all, seven times during the war. He fought valiantly for Southern independence, and surrendered at Appomattox.

CHARLES W. MARSHALL.

Charles W. Marshall died at his home in Utica, N. Y., December 5, 1899. He was born in Pamela, N. Y., in 1832. When about twenty-five years old he went to Texas to engage in surveying for the United States government, and when the war broke out he enlisted in the Eighth Texas (Terry's) Cavalry, and served through the war. On the retreat of Bragg's army through Tennessee he met Miss Mary Daughtry at Gallatin, and after the war he returned to that place and they were married. They went to Watertown, and then to Utica.



CHARLES W. MARSHALL.

COL. N. W. TOWNS.

Col. Nathan W. Towns, a Confederate veteran and an old and well-known citizen of Bogata, Tex., died May 4, 1900. He was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., in 1827, and went to Texas in 1851. At the beginning of the war he organized and equipped a company of cavalry and was elected captain August 13, 1861. This company formed a part of the Ninth Texas Cavalry, and in October, 1861, he was elected major of the regiment. In April, 1862, he was elected colonel. The next month he was severely wounded in the battle of Corinth. On recovering from this wound, he continued in the army until February, 1865, when he was elected a member of the Confederate Congress, then in session at Richmond, Va.

MAJ. W. M. GEE.

Maj. W. M. Gee, of Dardanelle, Ark., passed away recently in his sixty-fourth year. He was born in Huntingdon, Tenn., in 1836, and at the age of twenty-two removed to Greenville, Tex. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served through to the end. In 1868 he went to Arkansas, and had since been a resident of the State. He held important positions in the business world and in the Masonic fraternity, having been elected as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge.

COL. JOHN BOWIE MAGRUDER.

Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va., has written a historical sketch of the life of Col. Magruder, of the Fifty-Seventh Virginia Infantry. In concluding the sketch he says:

On the morning of July 2, 1863, at two o'clock, Armistead's Brigade took up the march to Gettysburg, marching twenty-three miles, to within three miles of that place, before it was halted to rest. Early next morning it moved toward the line of battle, and in the afternoon made the great charge which immortalized and shattered Pickett's splendid division. Col. John Bowie Magruder fell mortally wounded within twenty steps of the enemy's cannon, shouting: "They are ours!" He was struck by two shots—one in the left breast, and the other under the right arm, which crossed the wound in his breast. There where he fell Col. Magruder was made a prisoner of war, carried to the hospital in Gettysburg, where he languished, and died July 5, 1863, aged twenty-three years. He was a member of the Epsilon Alpha Fraternity, and a frater caused his remains to be encased in a metallic coffin and, with all his personal effects, sent by flag of truce to Richmond in October, 1863. He was buried at Glenmore, in Albemarle County.

His cousin, James Watson Magruder, himself afterwards killed on the battlefield at Meadow Bridge, May 11, 1864, writing from camp near Fredericksburg, August 8, 1863, stated: "From last information, John now sleeps among those gallant spirits who that day bore our banner so nobly against the ramparts of the enemy on the battlefield in a foreign land. I saw him in London a short while before the army left Virginia, looking better and in better spirits than I ever knew him. It almost disposes me to quarrel with the decree of Heaven when he, the noblest of us all, in the flower of his youth, is thus untimely cut off. Why could not other men who could be better spared be taken in his stead? But our country demands the noblest for her altars."

The spirit of James Magruder's letter exhibits in every line the unselfish patriotism of the Southern youth. Their sacrifice has made the glorious history of the Confederate States. The proud record is so close to us that we should see it at every glance, feel it at every move, and touch it at every step. It is an unblighted thing, beautiful and full of luster. Its stars, like diamonds in the tomb of royalty, will be undimmed by the dust and lapse of ages.

John Bowie Magruder's name is enrolled among the heroes of his *Alma Mater*, the University of Virginia, and listed with the dead on the field of battle whose courage and chivalry made the fame of the Army of Northern Virginia."

SAMUEL HALL PRYOR.

S. Augustus Smith sent notice of the death of Comrade S. H. Pryor, of Holly Springs, Miss., a prominent Confederate, a good citizen, and a good man.

At the outbreak of our great war Comrade Pryor clung to his native section, and followed to its fall the beautiful old flag of Southern hopes. Although one of the youngest soldiers in service, he rose to the position of sergeant major of his regiment, the distinguished Nineteenth Mississippi Infantry. When Southern patriotism was no longer futile and "Dixie" was changed to a funeral march, with crushed hopes and bleeding heart he returned to his dismantled home, living his simple, loving life for others and endearing himself to friends.

For many years comrade Pryor held the position of

Chancery Clerk of Marshall County. In the devastation of the yellow fever of 1878 he revealed moral courage as sincere and typical as the bravery and fortitude a hundred battlefields called forth. Intrusted with funds of relief, he came through the turbulence and despair of those years with character unsullied. And so through life he went, lending geniality and kindness to all persons and occasions, a modest, dignified disciple of the Christian Church. He aroused into action many a slumbering impulse, and forced into being many a plan for the betterment of his fellow-man.

E. H. MORRISON.

Elam H. Morrison died at his residence in Cannon City, Colo., January, 1900, in his sixty-eighth year. He was born in Iredell County, N. C. At the first call for volunteers he enlisted in Company A, Seventh North Carolina Volunteers, C. S. A., serving under Capt. Hill. Gen. L. O. B. Branch, of North Carolina, was his first general officer. Later he served under Gens. Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, and Lee, and surrendered with Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. He was a brave and efficient soldier, alert and fearless. After the war he removed to McDowell County, N. C., and in 1886 took his family to Cannon City, Colo., and made his home there. He had been a member of the Presbyterian Church since 1870. Of his ten children, nine survive him.

EDWARD B. ROBERTS.

The Confederate Veterans of Craven County passed resolutions in recognition of the great loss in death of their friend and comrade, Edward B. Roberts, formerly captain of Company I, Seventh Regiment, North Carolina Troops, who passed away on February 5, 1900, in New Berne, N. C. In all relations of life he was honorable, high-minded, and true. As a soldier he was prompt to respond to the call of his State to resist invasion. He was brave, untiring, self-sacrificing, and faithful to the sad end.

Mrs. Mary Hall Norton, wife of Col. N. L. Norton, died at Austin, Tex., June 23, at the age of sixty-five. She was a native of Kentucky, and a resident of Missouri during the war, while her husband was in the Southern army, and suffered many privations in consequence of her devotion to the cause and people of the South. No nobler woman or purer Christian has lived or died. Comrade Norton was a member of the last Confederate Congress.

T. H. Selby, of Newton, Miss., writes: "One more old veteran, Glover Earbee, of Forest, Miss., a good and true man, a Christian gentleman, a loyal Confederate, crossed over the river in April to answer the 'last roll' call."

J. H. Cox, who was a member of Company B, Ward's Mississippi Artillery, and member of Camp Joe Johnston, U. C. V., Childress, Tex., has been transferred to the Last Roll.

Capt. Henry Guibor, noted as Missouri's greatest artist, died in St. Louis on October 17, 1899. Guibor's Battery has gone down in history, and the courage of its gallant commander has not been excelled in the annals of war.

MRS. MARGARETTA O. LEWIS.

Mrs. Margaretta O. Lewis died April 26, 1900, at River Cliff, her residence, near McMinnville, Tenn., in her eighty-eighth year. The burial was at Clarksville, Tenn., the funeral party going by special train.

Mrs. Lewis was born in Philadelphia in 1813, her people going from Virginia and Maryland. They were of English ancestry, the Barneses and Ramseys and Rumseys and Rushes being among them. In 1835 she was married to Col. George T. Lewis, and moved to the Cumberland Iron Works, in Stewart County, Tenn. Here all their children were born, three of whom, Miss Blanche Lewis (her faithful companion to the end), Maj. E. C. Lewis, and Mr. John S. Lewis, survive her.



The early home at the Cumberland Iron Works and the beautiful old homestead at Clarksville were famous for their unending hospitality. While *ante bellum* days are delightfully recalled in this connection, it is to the many who survived the fall of Fort Donelson and shared that hospitality that sweetest memories of its generous bounty are entertained, when Mrs. Lewis and her little daughter Blanche lingered like faithful angels of peace by the couches of the suffering victims of war.

Mrs. Lewis's health was so extremely delicate during the war that she was unable to take any active part in the interests of the Confederacy, but what material aid and tender, earnest sympathy she could contribute for the support and comfort of the soldiers was lavishly bestowed—especially upon the sick and wounded confined in the hospital in Clarksville after the battle of Fort Donelson. Her chief happiness and highest conception of duty was the fulfillment of the sacred obligations of wife and mother that were daily created in her home life. Frail and delicate as she was

physically, gentle, innocent, and confiding as a child, she possessed the courage and fortitude of a Spartan mother. Heavy was the weight of sorrow and anxiety when her husband, after the burning of the Cumberland Iron Works, was taken prisoner; but with unwavering faith and patience she quietly bore the burden. On one occasion during the war a wild, reckless raiding party of Federal soldiers rushed into Clarks-ville, at night, and scattered over the town; some of them entered her home, and, shaking a bunch of chickens (which had been stolen from her next neighbor) into her face, as she stood fair as a lily, frail as a delicate flower, all clothed in a becoming pure-white dress, demanded she should "cook those chickens." Promptly and boldly she replied: "*I am no cook!*" "Well, then, we'll go to the kitchen and make your *servants* cook them." "Very well," she replied, "but *I'll* never cook your chickens." Shortly after, hearing a great uproar in the kitchen—profane language, singing of indecent songs—while the soldiers flirted with the servant girls, she quickly presented herself at the door, and with commanding voice and dignity, said: "*Gentlemen, if there are such in this crowd, hush this noise! I will not allow such conduct in my kitchen!*" Had a bombshell been thrown in their midst, they could not have been more astounded. The uproar suddenly ceased, and then a saint (?) among the number meekly said: "Boys, I told you to behave yourselves."

Thus all along down the journey of life was there a commingling of frailty, tenderness, and innocence, with moral courage and decision.

After the residence at Clarks-ville, where their children grew to manhood and womanhood, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis removed to River Cliff, the beautiful country home opposite McMinnville, on a bluff overlooking the Barren Fork River. Here Mrs. Lewis resided continually after her husband's death, and it may be truly said of her latter days that between the memory of her noble husband and the anticipation of meeting him in a promised future she rested like a patient and radiant afterglow on the horizon of her useful life.

In the hearts of her three children, twenty-two grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren Mrs. Lewis remained, up to the hour of her death, the great central light in the family system, and, as was so touchingly exemplified, when she rode with her son, the genius of the Tennessee Centennial, on Director General's Day, no work was considered complete to those who loved her until she saw that it was good. For seventy years Mrs. Lewis was a faithful and consistent member of the Presbyterian faith, always combining with the courageous attributes of Christian womanhood and motherly dignity a gentle simplicity and childlike trust that rested on the shining utterance of old: "Unless ye become as little children."

CAPT. H. C. GRAHAM.

Capt. Hamilton C. Graham died in Selma, Ala., on May 15, 1900. Capt. Graham was born in Warren County, N. C., but passed his childhood and early manhood in New Berne, N. C. At the outbreak of the war between the States he left the University at Chapel Hill and enlisted in the Ellis Artillery, Company A, Tenth Regiment, North Carolina, at Raleigh. From this he was transferred to the Twenty-Second Regi-

ment Infantry, of which he was appointed Sergeant Major, and subsequently a Lieutenant of Company I. He was promoted later and assigned to Company E, of the Seventh Regiment. He was severely wounded at the battle of Gaines's Mill, Va., on June 27, 1862, and was thereafter disabled from active service in the field. He was then assigned to duty as Judge Advocate of the Military Court of Southwestern Virginia, in which capacity he served until the war ended.

After the war Capt. Graham settled in Dallas County, Ala., where he married Miss Mary J. Mosely, and was occupied in farming. He was prominent as a county official and in legislative circles in Alabama, and was associated at different times in the editorial management of the *Times* and the *Journal*, of Selma.

James Leslie Morrison was a member of the First Kentucky Cavalry that went out from near Louisville, Ky., under Capt. Sam B. Williams, who died not long after. Jefferson Rogers was then chosen Captain, and Sam D. Brooks, First Lieutenant. The regiment was assigned for a time to "Cerro Gordo" Williams, then to Gen. Joseph Wheeler. J. L. Morrison was with Brooks's company as Jefferson Davis's final escort into North Carolina, and in parting with the boys he gave them a silver dollar each.

F. M. NICHOLS.

The Leonidas Polk Bivouac, No. 3, and William Henry Trousdale Camp, No. 495, of Confederate Veterans pay tribute to the memory of F. M. Nichols:

Comrade Francis Marion Nichols enlisted in his native State (Maury County), Tennessee, July 1, 1861, in the Confederate States army as a private in Company H, First Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. His home was in Columbia, and he was a magistrate. Comrade Nichols died Wednesday night, June 13, 1900. He was sixty years old. For some time he had been in feeble health, and was confined to his bed. The funeral services took place at the residence of Mr. John Latta, Rev. A. P. McFerrin officiating. The interment was at Rose Hill Cemetery. Surviving him is a daughter, Miss Marion Nichols, who had been living in Nashville.

Comrade Nichols fought nobly for his native Southland, being twice wounded, from the effects of which he suffered many years—at one time being entirely disabled, spending several months at the Tennessee Soldiers' Home.

A committee composed of W. A. Smith, W. J. Whit-thorne, and A. O. P. Nicholson send resolutions, containing worthy tribute to the comrade.

W. H. CLARKE.

W. H. Clarke enlisted as a private in Company F, Twenty-Seventh Regiment Infantry, July, 1861, and was afterwards promoted to be Second Lieutenant. He was wounded three times, once severely, but was never furloughed. He was in every action in which his company took part, and was one of three of the original company present at the surrender of Gen. Johnston at Greenville, N. C. Comrade Clarke was an honored member of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, of McKenzie, Tenn., and departed this life May 30, 1900.

Several other tributes that were ready for this number are necessarily deferred to the next.

MISS FERIBA GRIER,

honorary member of and sponsor for Mecklenburg Camp No. 382, U. C. V., Charlotte, N. C., at the Atlanta, Charleston, and Louisville reunions, is the daughter of Capt. C. E. Grier, who was as brave a boy as ever shed blood for the Southern cause. In 1861 he was a student in Charlotte, N. C., at the Carolina Military College. Although but little more than fifteen years of age, he laid aside his books and volunteered in Company B, Thirteenth Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers. He was wounded seven times, twice the balls passing entirely through the body. When the war closed he was nineteen years old and was an Assistant Adjutant General of Scales's North Carolina Brigade. He chose law as his profession, locating in Charlotte, his native city, where he won as enviable a reputation at the law as he did on the field of battle. He was a sufferer from his wounds until the day of his death, which occurred May 1, 1889.

On her mother's side Miss Grier is a niece of the gallant Maj. Gen. S. D. Ramsuer, who gave his life to his country at the head of his division at Cedar Run, Va. She is a member of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Her bright intellect, charming manner, and devotion to the Confederates has endeared her to the veterans of Mecklenburg Camp No. 382, of which she has been an honorary member for years.

The VETERAN pays tribute to a young lady in Cuba, yet in her teens, whose childhood with her family was spent in Atlanta. A letter of introduction was sent to her and response attested the charm of her association with our people. With a driver who could "speak no English" it was difficult to find her home. When, however, happy messages had been delivered and assurance given of worthy association the guest spoke of the difficulty in finding his way and said he would be proud if she could go with him to one of the United States offices in the city. She promptly replied, "I'll go; I will speak to my mother," and returning in a few minutes, she said on entering the carriage: "We like American customs." Recently she wrote: "I send you my picture to keep me in remembrance, but please don't put it with the pictures of your other friends, for then mine would be ugly."



MISS ESTELA ALTUZARRA.

The VETERAN gives place with grateful sacred memories to mention the wedding of Miss Ellen Douglas Huston and Mr. Thomas Coleman Moxham, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pryor Huston, Anchorage, Ky., July 3, 1900.

Mr. Moxham is a Kentuckian, and of one of the best families of the State, but now resides at Sydney, Nova Scotia, to which place he has taken his bride." She is of patriotic families. Philip Pryor Huston, an ancestor, served in the revolutionary war, beginning as a drummer boy at the age of twelve; while the great-grandfather of Mrs. Huston (Anthony Bledsoe), a Virginian, was a colonel in Washington's army, and another grandfather was a captain in that war. Later generations served in the Confederate army, and some of them gave their all for the cause.

Horace Chilton, an uncle of the bride, ensign of the Fifth Alabama Regiment, was shot through the heart in the battle of Seven Pines. George P. Brown, another uncle of the bride, adjutant general under Gen. Forney, was killed in the trenches at Petersburg. Thom-

as Chilton Brown was another faithful soldier, while Hon. W. P. Chilton, a great-uncle, served in the Confederate Congress from the beginning to the end. The father of the bride, reared in Ohio, served two years in the United States signal service.

It is desired to hereby pay special tribute to the mother's mother, Margaret Barclay, the memory of whose gentle, Christian spirit remains a benediction to all who knew her.

An article in the April VETERAN (page 179) upon "Interests of the South in Cuba," and the record of the chief engineer for the United States, elicited so much concern by the friends of this publication that mention of a recent appointment seems appropriate. It explains his transfer from Cuba. Under the caption, "Called from Havana," the *Nashville American* of July 15, stated:

The *American* has heretofore noted the success of P. D. Cunningham, who has been for the past several months United States Chief Engineer for the city of Havana. In a letter received yesterday by his father, S. A. Cunningham, he quoted a cable message from Gen. Anson Mills, Commissioner, saying: "May I recommend you to the Secretary of State for Consulting Engineer, Boundary Commission; salary, — and expenses?"

It resulted in an acceptance. . . . Mr. Cunningham was engaged in this work under Gen. Mills (then Colonel) as Senior Assistant Engineer, when appointed by the Secretary of War to a position in the Rivers and Harbors Department, giving that up to go with Col. Black, Chief Engineer for the government during the Spanish-American war. To be recalled to this work in the advanced position and at a fine salary by his former chief is a high compliment, and must be well merited by the young Tennessean.



THE ACADEMY, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Now that patrons all over the country are considering schools for their daughters, The Academy, at Clarksville, is cordially commended to the thoughtful parent. It is located in the "Queen City of the Cumberland," a town of schools and churches—a community of culture, refinement, and morality. The record of The Academy for fifty-four years as a thorough, progressive institution of learning places it among the first in the education of girls and young women.

With Mrs. E. G. Buford, who is recognized as one of the leading educators of the nation, at its head, what more could The Academy ask? The past year was the most prosperous in its history, having attracted patronage from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, and Florida—from the lakes to the Gulf. The social life of the school is ideal, while the physical, moral, and intellectual training are unsurpassed. The number of boarding pupils being limited to thirty-five, they are at all times under the direct, personal care of the President, who prides herself upon her power of character-building. The distinguished alumnae of The Academy have made it famous, North, East, South, West. Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmer, the journalist; Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, the writer; and Miss Bettie Garland, the poet, honor The Academy as their *Alma Mater*, and reflect credit upon her training.

SOUTHWESTERN CO.—A SUBSCRIPTION BOOK AGENCY.

Mr. P. B. Jones, President and Manager of the Southwestern Company, embarked in the subscription book business in the year 1889, representing the Southwestern Publishing House of Nashville. Success attended his efforts from the start, and because of the need of giving the fast accumulating business of that concern prompt and satisfactory service in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and the Territories, he was sent to Texas to open a branch house in Waco. This was ten



MRS. E. D. HUSTON-MOXHAM



GROUP OF UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, TENNESSEE DIVISION, AT THE JACKSON ANNUAL MEETING, FOR 1900.

years ago. Mr. Jones was so successful as its manager that after three years he engaged in the subscription book business for himself, purchasing the entire interest of the Southwestern Publishing House for all the business done from the Waco office. The advantage of his very successful management gave a prestige that has resulted in largely increased facilities. A single illustration will give a comprehensive idea of its magnitude: In the sale of 130,000 copies of "Character Sketches," one-fourth of the sales is credited to the efforts of Mr. Jones as manager of the Waco House.

In 1899 a stock company was organized as the Southwestern Company, incorporated, B. P. Jones, President and Manager, Waco, Tex. The stockholders and managers were men of means and prominence.

The sad and untimely death of Mr. J. R. Florida, June 23, 1900, left a large vacancy and rich possibilities to be taken care of in the continuation of the subscription book business that he had so well established in the Southern States, and Mr. Jones, with his well-equipped house at Waco, consolidating with a strong stock company recently organized in Nashville, has purchased that business.

Under these very favorable conditions it may be expected that the Southwestern Company will have active agents in

every enterprising community throughout the South. See notice of its business on back cover page.



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A LIVING MONUMENT.

BY REV. C. D. WALLER.

There is in the human heart an ineradicable desire to perpetuate the memory of those we have loved and lost. Monuments of every description have been erected by the bereaved to the loving remembrance of the departed. These memorials are found among the cultured and the rude, reared by the rich and the poor. From Tennyson's "In Memoriam" to the twig wet with a child's tears and marking the resting place of the lost canary; from Westminster Abbey to the simple slab in the churchyard, these memorials peak of the devotion of the human heart, and awaken within the breast of the virtuous and the pure the sentiments of sympathy and reverence.

We are touched and subdued by the sorrow of a household as they stand in the presence of their dead; but how awful is the grief of a people as they stand weeping over the death of one whom they have learned to honor, to love, and to trust as the champion of their liberties—whose strength was their strength, whose genius was the assurance of national glory! Such was the grief, such the death of the hero of Chancellorsville. Many monuments have been reared to his memory. No one can forget that noble monument which was the expression of admiration and love from beyond the sea. We cannot but remember that statue which stands near to his grave at Lexington. We know the monuments which literary genius has reared to his fame, both in America and the old country.

But could he speak to us, what kind of a monument would he choose? It is a fact of the greatest significance that his great chieftain, ignoring the calls that came to him, offering wealth and honor and ease, chose to accept the presidency of a college for the training of the youth of the land. So if Jackson could speak to us to-day, he would select as a monument, not one of enduring brass or marble, but a living monument, an institution for the training of the youth of the land which he loved, and where that type of piety which was his might be instilled in the hearts of the youth of the land. Here every young life trained for usefulness would be a living memorial of his unselfish devotion to duty and to God. Here his very name would provoke a resolution to consistent piety, and the fragrance of his memory would awaken the hunger of the soul for the verities of the Christian life and experience. Such a monument exists.

The qualities which have most endeared this man to the world were not his bravery and hardihood, not the fierce anger of which he is capable; but he is loved chiefly for his gentleness, his truth, his devotion to his family and to his God, his love of little children, and his tender care of the suffering and bereaved. Is it not fitting, then, that the school which bears his name should be a school for the education of girls? What more fitting monument? Situated in the beautiful Southwest Virginia country, in the town of Abingdon, this school, the only Presbyterian school in the State of Virginia, is consecrated to

the cause of the highest education of girls—that education which finds its results in knowledge, art, and Christian character.

May God prosper this monument, this school which bears the name of our immortal dead—the Stonewall Jackson Institute.

Marion, Va.

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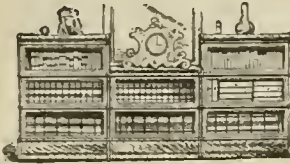
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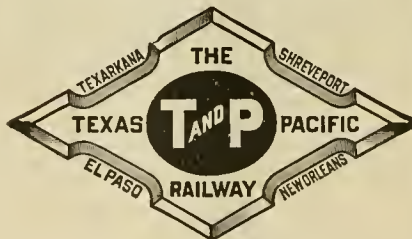
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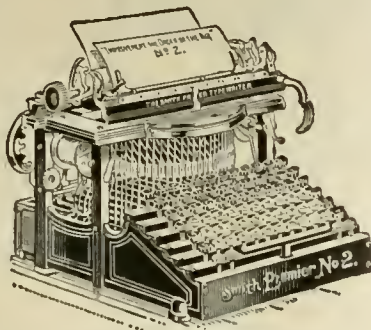
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The National Steel Range installed by you in our kitchen has proven one of the best investments we have made. Although this is a three-fire range, with eighteen holes, on which is prepared three meals a day for over seventy-five students, we find that not one-half the fuel is required for its operation that was formerly used in a single-fire range made elsewhere, and which we discarded for the National. Besides this, the range is in every other particular all we could ask.

SARAH F. CONWELL, Matron.

FROM A FAMOUS NASHVILLE RESTAURANT:

Your National Steel Range is all right. You know it takes a mighty durable range to keep us going, for "we never sleep." It takes less fuel than any I have ever used, and gives perfect satisfaction in every way. Once my cook broke a grate bar by thoughtlessly jamming a crowbar into it, and in less than thirty minutes you had a brand new one in the range and we were cooking on it like nothing had ever happened.

I would like to see it. Louis or Cincinnati beat that record.

PATRAS, The Hot Cook.

If you need a new Range this fall, or wish to save money and make home happier by buying one, write us for specifications and we'll tell you just how the NATIONAL is made. Don't trade for any other until you have heard our side.

Phillips & Buttorff Mfg. Co.,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

PLACE YOUR MONEY

with a company that has both first-class oil land and a set of men managing it that are honest, economical, and capable. The directors are Gen. Spencer R. Thorpe, President, orchardist and capitalist, formerly of Bardstown, Ky.; Judge A. W. Hutton, ex-Superior Judge of Los Angeles, formerly of Gainesville, Ala.; Judge John D. Pope, Treasurer, Counselor at Law, formerly of Atlanta, Ga.; Ben Goodrich, Attorney at Law, formerly of Grimes County, Tex.; Victor Montgomery, Secretary, Lawyer and Fruit Grower, formerly of Nashville, Tenn.

References as to members of Board, any bank in Los Angeles, Cal.

The company owns 3,880 acres of approved oil land in the richest oil sections of the State of California, which it intends to develop as rapidly, as economically, and as judiciously as possible until oil is produced in paying quantities. Then all who have invested

IN YOSEMITE

stock will rejoice with us.

The Company is organized under the laws of the Territory of Arizona. Under its Articles of Incorporation the stock, when issued, is fully paid up and non-assessable, and there is no personal liability for corporate debts, should any be contracted.

The Company is capitalized for \$1,000,000, divided into one million shares of the par value of one dollar each. Six hundred thousand shares have been set aside as Treasury Stock, to be used for the benefit of the Company; one hundred thousand shares of this have been ordered sold at twenty-five cents per share to push the development work and to meet current expenses, and will be applied exclusively to said purpose.

No royalties, no salaries, no debts, no assessments. The best buy in

OIL STOCK

to-day is Yosemite. When oil is struck in paying quantities no further sale of Treasury Stock will be made until the stockholders adopt a resolution ordering it to be sold at a price to be fixed in said resolution: thus placing

EVERY STOCKHOLDER ON AN EQUAL FOOTING.

Oil in California to-day is what gold was in 1849.

Do not fail to get a block of this stock before it is advanced in price, or taken off the market entirely. No certificate will be issued for less than one hundred shares. Every stockholder has a proportionate interest in the unsold Treasury Stock. One dollar shares are selling to-day at twenty-five cents.

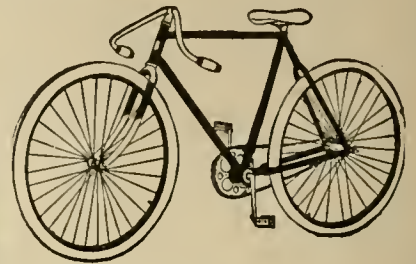
Make exchange payable to the Yosemite Oil Company. Order direct from the Company, or through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and certificate will be mailed to you.

Prospectus can be had at the VETERAN office or on application to the

YOSEMITE OIL CO.,

· 232 DOUGLAS BUILDING, * * LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OUR WATCH - WORD: ONWARD!



WE WILL STOP A MOMENT, HOWEVER,
..... TO SAY A WORD TO YOU.

WILL YOU LISTEN?

Our Motto is illustrated by the three valuable premiums shown above. We want you to secure either one or all of them. The task is easy—a little work and you are certain of success. **"Words of Comfort,"** or **"Sunday Morning Thoughts,"** by Dr. Cranfill, with introduction by Bishop Galloway, is brand new, and is already having a wonderful sale. But—we have concluded to push its sale to even greater numbers. To do this we offer the above valuable premiums as

AN ABSOLUTELY FREE GIFT!

Besides, you receive the usual commission allowed to agents.

The offers follow:

Offer No. 1—For orders for only 44 "Words of Comfort" (any binding), we present you **free**, 1 gold-filled, twenty-year, hunting-case Watch, for lady or gentleman, fitted with Elgin make, jeweled movement, and fully guaranteed by the factory and by us. Besides, you get the usual commission allowed agents.

Offer No. 2—For orders for only 22 "Words of Comfort" (any binding), we present you **free**, 1 Webster's International Dictionary, with Geographical Dictionary and Dictionary of History, full Russia leather binding, full patent index, and cannot be had for less than \$15. Besides, you receive the usual commission.

Offer No. 3—For orders for only 63 "Words of Comfort" (any binding), we present you **free**, 1 *Superior Crest Bicycle* (lady's or gentleman's), fully guaranteed, and cannot be had for less than \$50. Besides, you receive the usual commission.

Do Not Waste Valuable Time. Order Outfit To-day—75 Cents (Stamps Taken).

Address **THE SOUTHWESTERN COMPANY, Publishers,**
Nos. 31 and 32 Cumberland Building, Nashville, Tenn.

P. S.—Full Description of Books and Confidential Terms to Agents FREE.

The above Company has just consummated the purchase of the entire subscription book business of J. R. Florida & Co., including the plates, copyrights, and all rights to publish the books "Character Sketches," "Harp of Life," "Our Two Adams," etc.; has large capital and will be able to conduct business on a liberal basis and larger scale than it has heretofore been done.

The Editor of the **VETERAN** knows personally Mr. P. B. Jones, the President and Manager of the Southwestern Company, and assure its readers and patrons of the absolute reliability of the Company and that its advertised promises will be fulfilled to the letter.

MENTION THE VETERAN.

PROOF POSITIVE THAT
"WORDS OF COMFORT,"

...OR...
"SUNDAY MORNING THOUGHTS,"

Is the Greatest Success of the Year for Agents!

Our agent, G. E. L. Beatty, working in Falls County, sold during one month Four Hundred and Seventy-Five Cents (\$47.15) worth of "Words of Comfort" and Bibles. His commission for the month's work amounted to over one dollar.

R. E. L. Beatty, of Gregg County, sold 29 copies his first four and a half days. He writes, "Words of Comfort" a ready seller. I want more territory, as my two brothers will also work for the book if you can give us Smith County."

John H. Cook
1740 Pennsylvania Ave
Mar 10

Confederate Veteran.



PERRYVILLE BATTLEFIELD.

BY ALBERT KERN, DAYTON, OHIO.


Now that a movement is on foot to have the government make a park of the field, and preserve and mark the lines of battle, renewed interest will be aroused and attention directed to this historic place. So different from its neighbor, Tennessee, Kentucky has but this one battlefield of importance, and this fact will be a strong argument in favor of its preservation. The battle was fought October 8, 1862, between the Federal army commanded by Gen. D. C. Buell and the Confederate army under Gen. Braxton Bragg. The action in proportion to the numbers actually engaged was a very severe one. The Federal losses are stated at 916 killed, 2,943 wounded, and 485 captured; while the Confederate loss was 510 killed, 2,635 wounded, and 251 missing. The field lies on the second range of hills west of Perryville, the severe fighting being on the Federal left wing, which was posted across the Maxville pike.

The writer visited the field in July of the present year, and speaks for the park project the aid and interest it justly deserves.

Another reason is a sad and pathetic one. On the crest of one of the battle slopes, within easy musket range of the Maxville road, and on the west side of Doctor's Creek, at a spot in the Federal lines where the daring assault of the Confederate infantry periled the position of McCook, and where the killed and wounded lay the thickest, there is a small inclosure, the rough wall of stone partly thrown down and the place grown up in weeds and bushes. Here lie the Confederate dead, 430 in number. The only marker or monument to be seen is a small marble headstone to the memory of "Col. Samuel H. Ransom, First Tennessee, C. S. A.; killed in the battle, aged twenty-seven years." The stone was placed there by his wife. It was broken off at the base, but the top has been put upright. The appearance of neglect shown by this spot should not be allowed to continue. Willing hands should clear away the wild underbrush, and restore to neatness and security the place where the brave dead are sleeping. This burial place is on the Bottom farm, a view of which is given.

To the
MARYLAND SOCIETY, RICHMOND VA.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET



POETRY BY
JAS. R. RANDALL ESQ.
MUSIC BY
EDWARD EATON.

AUGUSTA, G. A.
Published by BLACKMAR & BRO, 199 Broad St.
J. H. DUNCAN & Co. Boston, U.S.A.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash
The tyrant's war shout comes;
Along with the cymbals' fitful clash,
And the growl of his sullen drums:
We hear it, we heed it, with vengeful thrills,
And we shall not forgive or forget—
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills
There's life in the old land yet.

Minions! we sleep, but we are not dead;
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred;
We crouch to welcome the triumph tread
Of the peerless Beauregard;
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde,
When the Southern braves are met.
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword,
There's life in the old land yet!

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they seowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble poniard dares the day
In their dear, defiant hands;
They will strip their tresses to string our bows,
Ere the Northern sun is set;
There's faith in their unrelenting woes—
There's life in the old land yet!

Bigots! ye quell not the valiant mind
With the clank of an iron chain—
The spirit of freedom sings in the wind
O'er Merryman, Thomas, and Kane;
And we, though we smite not, are not thralls:
We are piling a gory debt,
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls
There's life in the old land yet!

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

E. O. EATON.

Voice

PIANO

Tempo al marcia

By

But Pa - taps - co's bil - low - y dash The ty - rant's war - shout

comes, A - long with the cym - bles' fit - ful clash, And the growl of his sul - len

drums We hear it we heed it, with vengeful thrills, And we

shall not forgive or for - get There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills, there's

life in the old land yet! There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills, there's

life in the old land yet!

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins,
'Tis vocal without noise,
It is gushed o'er Manassas' solemn plains
From the blood of the Maryland boys;
That blood shall cry aloud, and rise
With an everlasting threat,
By the death of the brave, by the God in the skies,
There's life in the old land yet!

A CONFEDERATION OF SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

From Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary Confederate Southern Memorial Association.

During the spring of the present year the idea of combining all the Memorial Associations of the South into one united body was conceived by the Southern Memorial Association, of Fayetteville, Ark., their object being to commemorate the work already done, to insure its continuance, and to perpetuate the name "Southern Memorial Association." Appeals were sent out to all Associations whose addresses could be obtained. Most cordial responses were received, and arrangements were made for delegates from each Association to meet at the Louisville Reunion, U. C. V. A most enthusiastic meeting was held at the Galt House on May 30, at which time the organization was completed and the following officers elected: Mrs. William J. Behan, President, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Lewis Graham, Vice President for Louisiana; Mrs. J. D. Walker, Vice President for Arkansas; Mrs. David C. Richardson, Vice President for Virginia; Miss Missie Ault, Vice President for Tennessee; Mrs. Jennie Edwards, Vice President for Missouri; Mrs. D. H. Williams, Vice President for Alabama; Mrs. J. B. Mack, Vice President for South Carolina; Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary, New Orleans; Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary, Fayetteville, Ark.; Miss Julia A. Garside, Treasurer, Fayetteville, Ark.; Mrs. Sarah Polk Blake, Historian, New Orleans.

A Committee on Constitution and By-laws was appointed, and at a subsequent meeting the same was submitted and adopted. The constitution provides that this confederation of Southern, or Confederate, Associations shall be called "The Confederate Southern Memorial Association." Its object is: "Strictly Memorial and Historical." A memorial to General Gordon and the Veterans, prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth Pollard, President of the Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark., setting forth the object of the confederation, asking recognition and the privilege of holding our annual reunions at the same time and place with the Veterans, was read by the United Confederate Veterans then in session, and it was enthusiastically received and indorsed by them. This memorial was signed by the following Associations: The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Louisiana (New Orleans); Mrs. W. J. Behan, President. The Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President. The Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President. The Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark.; Mrs. Elizabeth Pollard, President. The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President. The Oakwood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Stephen Beveridge, President. The Ladies' Memorial Association, Petersburg, Va.; Mrs. H. Van L. Bird, President. The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Letitia A. Frazer, President. The Ladies' Memorial and Literary Association of Missouri (Springfield); Mrs. Leroy Valliant, President. The Warren Memorial Association, Front Royal, Va.; Mrs. — Davis, President. The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association,

Fort Mill, S. C.; Mrs. J. B. Mack, President. The Ladies' Memorial Association, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. William Caswell, President. The Ladies' Memorial Association, Gainesville, Ala.; Mrs. D. H. Williams, President. The above are the original thirteen Associations represented at the reunion. Since the organization, four others have responded, as follows: The Confederate Memorial Association, Vicksburg, Miss.; Mrs. M. A. Stevens, President. The Jefferson Davis Monument Association, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. A. W. Roberts, President. The Ladies' Memorial Association, Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. Martha Dandridge Bibb, President. The Ladies' Memorial Association, Albany, Ga.; Mrs. William L. G. Davis, Secretary.

Other names have been given us for correspondence, but doubtless there are many more whose addresses we have not learned. We, therefore, take this means to cordially invite through the columns of the VETERAN all Associations to join us who wish to perpetuate the memories and deeds of Southern heroes and to preserve their identity as Memorial Associations. All communications may be addressed to the President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, Godchaux Building, New Orleans, La.; or to the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sue H. Walker, Fayetteville, Ark.



MISS LUCRETIA GORRELL,
Sponsor at Louisville Reunion for Norfolk Camp, of Winston, N. C.

The North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy will hold their fourth annual Convention in Raleigh October 10, 11, when they will be the guests of the Johnston Pettigrew Chapter. This division is composed of representative women from all sections of the State, and their meeting promises to be beneficial to the memorial cause for which they so proudly and lovingly labor.

STORY OF OUR GREAT WAR.

BY THE LATE MERCER OTEY, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

[Continued from the March number.]

On the 17th of September our army was in position, and orders were given for a general advance along the line at break of day. The instructions were to attack as soon as we could hear the signal gun to be fired by Maj. Gen. Hindman, commanding a division; but owing to some misunderstanding, the contemplated movement was delayed for three or four hours, and the opportunity was lost whereby Thomas's entire corps might, and undoubtedly would, have been captured in McLemore's Cove, being entirely separated from Crittenden's and McCook's corps, one of which, if I remember aright, was across the mountain in Will's Valley.

For hours Gen. Polk chafed under the delay while impatiently waiting at Crawfish Springs for the warning gun. So the 17th passed in marching and counter-marching, and in the meantime Gen. Rosecrans had gotten his scattered corps well in hand and awaited the onset of the 19th. We lost no time in getting to work, and all day the battle raged furiously. I don't remember to have ever heard such continuous rolls of musketry as greeted my ears on that and the succeeding day. The Federal army was composed of Western men, who all their lives were accustomed to the rifle; and the hardy woodsmen of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa were fast assuming the title of veterans. I was directed to convey an order to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, whom I found calmly sitting his beautiful bay, stroking that long, curling mustache, for which he was noted, and apparently as indifferent to the screaming shells then hustling like hail through the tree tops overhead as if he had been on dress parade. I never saw a more godlike hero than Breckinridge at that moment. Gordon Granger's splendid division was moving into position, its location of line being manifested by the battalion of artillery covering its advance. How those gunners handled their pieces was a cause of commendation even from their foes.

It is almost impossible to describe the fiery hurricane tearing great gaps in our lines. Men were falling like grain before the sickle, but still the opening seemed to close automatically, and from every point came the encouraging news that we were forcing back the enemy along the whole line of battle. Away to our left I could hear that doughty old dog of war, Longstreet, with his Virginians, and at every foot gained came the encouraging Rebel yell that carried joy to our hearts and inspiration to do and dare all things.

Just as we were about to leave Crawfish Springs, Gen. Polk's headquarters, with his staff all gathered about him, one of his aids, Capt. Huger, who had lost a leg at Murfreesboro, rode a little too near the heels of my vicious little mare, when out flew her hoofs, planting a terrible blow full in the forehead of Huger's horse, when down he sank, "dead as a doornail." It was very unfortunate, of course, but doubly so when my friend had only one leg left to stand on. But Maj. Mason, our chief quartermaster, soon had Huger on a mount better than the one dead.

That night we camped on the battlefield, a little

beyond the line occupied by the enemy at the commencement of the day's battle. Our chief aid-de-camp, Col. William B. Richmond, was missing, though, and no tidings had been heard of him for four or five hours. This was such an unusual thing that we were quite uneasy about him. The next morning, bright and early, we had our coffee and crackers and a little fried ham and eggs, when a startling discovery was made by Col. Gale, the second aid-de-camp of Gen. Polk. Strolling near a little clump of bushes, thirty feet from where we had slept, he saw an officer in gray, stretched at full length on his back, which on close examination proved to be our fellow staff officer, Richmond, who had been shot just behind the ear, having evidently gotten into the lines of the enemy through a break in our alignment, during some shifting of the troops. The day after the battle his horse was recognized by some of the line officers, when he dashed back through our ranks, after his rider had fallen lifeless from his back. Richmond was a universal favorite, courteous and gallant to all. Especially was I attached to him, as he had been for years before the war a constant and ever-welcome guest at my father's house. Of a truth, Byron must have had his counterpart in his mind when he wrote:

Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death bolts deadliest, the thin files along
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, etc.

Rosecrans had gathered his shattered lines together during the night, and again on the morning of the 20th presented a stubborn front.



MISS ELLA CLINGAN, JACKSON, MISS.,
Sponsor at Louisville Reunion for Robert A. Smith Camp.

All day the conflict raged, and doubtful results were by evening's close resolved into certain victory for the Confederates. The shattered columns sought flight to their base of supplies at Chattanooga. As I rode over the battlefield I passed a point where many of the enemy had fallen, and among the dead I was attracted to two officers lying near each other. One I found by the name on his buckskin gauntlets to be a Lieut. Sheetz, a handsome young blonde, whose cheeks had hardly lost the ruddy glow of health that so lately pulsed through them; the other was a general officer, for whom some kind friend had hurriedly paid the last tribute of affection ere he was compelled to leave, by throwing a white handkerchief over his face, with a little piece of paper pinned on the lapel of his blouse bearing the name of Gen. William Haines Lytle. What could I do but pause and ponder over this gifted son of song? Did his prophetic eye when penning that grand poem pierce the dark curtain of futurity and catch glimpses of the shadows that beckoned him to this banquet of death, when "ebbed the crimson life's tide fast?" Did those fast-glazing orbs see the queen that would infold him, and "listen to the great heart-secrets that she and she alone must hear?"

"His scarred and veteran legions bore their eagles high no more, and as glittering guards surrounded him," he was alone with those who would not "mock the lion that laid low." Valor saluted and victory rendered votives to genius. Unhappy bard!

So, like the struck eagle stretched on the plain,
No more mid rolling clouds to soar again,
Views the feather on the fatal dart,
Winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He'd nursed the pinion that impelled the steel,
And the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life drop from his bleeding breast.

Rosecrans reached Chattanooga, and undoubtedly his army would have been destroyed had it not been for the stubborn stand made by the heroic soldier, Maj. Gen. George H. Thomas, who stayed the flight of the panic-stricken and fleeing soldiery. Well did he earn the title of the "Rock of Chickamauga."

Why Gen. Bragg did not press forward and reap the fruits of his victory is a matter of wonderment now as it was then. Calmly we viewed from Missionary Ridge the enemy as they hastily threw up fortifications until securely intrenched as in a second Savastopol, and defied our bombardment that was hurled at them on the 5th of October.

I was quite amused as I rode up to Gen. Forrest, who was watching the effect of his light battery being fired at the outer redoubt. The shot were whizzing wide of the mark as they flew a hundred feet over the redoubt. Turning to the lieutenant commanding, with a terrific oath, Forrest exclaimed: "Lieut. Sale, why don't you *elevate* those guns lower? your shot are falling in the river a half mile beyond!" Poor Sale, quite abashed, *elevated* the guns lower to the General's satisfaction and the enemy's discomfort.

For days we lay in the line of battle, our right and left resting on the Tennessee River above and below Chattanooga, forming a perfect crescent.

I once more reestablished my signal station on Lookout Mountain and watched the fighting below

me. It was a beautiful sight at night to view the skirmishers, whose rapid firing along the line could be detected only by the flash, as no sound reached me up at my station two thousand five hundred feet above; while the occasional shells from opposing batteries plowed through space like fiery comets, crossing and recrossing each other in their trajectories.

Gen. Polk being ordered to assume command of the Mississippi Department, with headquarters at Demopolis, Ala., we bade farewell to the Army of Tennessee, whose fortunes we had followed so many months. Preparatory to locating at Demopolis, we were some weeks at Enterprise, Miss., a station on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, distant some thirty or forty miles south of Meridian, Miss., where the railroad crosses leading from Jackson eastward to Selma. A military family attached to a general officer is generally composed of one or more messes, who for convenience's sake appoint one of the mess the custodian of cash funds, who also acts as caterer for all concerned. My own particular mess was composed of Lieut. William M. Polk, youngest son of the Lieut. Gen. commanding, who had been a cadet with me at the Virginia Military Institute, and Lieut. Sam Donelson, of Nashville, Tenn. I owned a colored boy, Tom, of my own age, who had been given me by my father, and who was a good cook. We were the youngest members of the staff, and congeniality had bound us together, as is apt to be the case under such circumstances, and the older members of the staff had dubbed us the "infant mess." I have before me now a small prayer book that had been given me when I left the Institute in 1861, which I carried through all my campaigns, religiously believing, as I wore it over my heart in the pocket of my blouse, that it would prove a defense to me in the day of battle; and I don't know but what it did. It also served as a sort of diary, and among the queer items I find scribbled on its blank leaves run such items as these:

OCTOBER, 1863—TO CASH RECEIVED.

Lieut. Polk.....	\$46 66
Lieut. Donelson.....	56 66
Lieut. Otey.....	36 66—\$139 98

CONTRA.

Oct. 2. By cash paid for sundry commissaries.....	\$19 50
Paid for onions and potatoes..	6 00
Paid for liver.....	1 00
3. Paid for bacon \$8.50; soap, \$2.50	11 00
4. Paid for flour and bacon.....	18 00
5. Paid for commissaries.....	26 25
8. Paid for hog brains.....	1 00
9. Paid for molasses sorghum....	1 00
10. Paid for beef \$12 00; potatoes,	
\$15.00.....	27 00
13. Paid for commissaries.....	13 00—\$123 75

Just reflect, gentle reader, this expenditure was for a period extending over ten days, and while the currency was Confederate money, it must be remembered it was the only money we had.

The author here copied the lines, "Representing nothing on God's earth now," etc., with the comment that "for pathos it is pathetic."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

EDITOR OF THE VETERAN ABSENT.

The fact that this is the first issue of the VETERAN which has ever been put to press in seven and a half years without the personal supervision of the founder and editor commends explanation.

In the hope of relief from a malady which for years had threatened serious impairment of health, he has undergone radical treatment in Dr. Wyeth's private hospital in New York, which has been eminently successful, and will restore him to such conditions that he will be able to carry on the great work of the VETERAN for many years. In passing through this greatest ordeal of his life, his deepest prayer was that he might be restored in order to carry on this sacred work.

In contemplating his large audiences of as noble men and women as live in the world, he feels deeply humbled with the great responsibility. With complete restoration to health, he is resolved upon greater effort, if possible, to pay tribute to the virtue and patriotism of all who were known as Confederates in the days of the sixties.

Unanimity of sentiment by patrons and the zeal of the founder is the cause of the VETERAN's great success, rather than the ability of its management. A Grand Army veteran and publisher makes the statement that "the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is unprecedented in its success as an army publication through the unanimity and intensity of sentiment and devotion of its patrons. That never prevailed at the North."

The completion of this issue of the VETERAN has been intrusted to its Secretary and Assistant, whose thorough knowledge of the work and its spirit is a guarantee of its issue being in the main what its patrons will expect.

The painful disappointments in delay of recent issues it is sincerely hoped will not occur again. Anyhow, the assurance is recorded in this connection that the best possible will be done all the time, and a faith be maintained as true as is the hope of a better hereafter.

J. H. Brunner, Hiwassee College, Tenn., writes: "An observer cannot but be impressed by the rapid rate of mortality among the men who participated in the Confederate war. Life has its limits, and whether clad in blue or gray, the soldiers of the 'sixties' must soon all have passed away. While we honor the dead, let us not neglect the remnant yet living. The unpensioned ones deserve attention, as there are cases of destitution which ought to be relieved."

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE, U. S. C. V.

At the recent reunion in Louisville an exhaustive report was made by Col. William F. Jones, of Elberton, Ga., chairman of the Historical Committee. He came from a sick bed to make this report, which was full of eloquence and important suggestions, and it will be published in pamphlet form for distribution among the State teachers' associations and others. The Commander in Chief, Biscoe Hindman, will designate some one to prepare an address concerning the work of the Historical Committee, to be submitted to the different State teachers' associations, asking for the cooperation of our educators; and wherever practicable some member of the Confederation of Sons will be designated to present the matter to the teachers in person. The Historical Committee is one of the most important appointed by the United Sons. Colonel Jones is a most enthusiastic and patriotic supporter of the cause, and is a man of so much ability that Gen. C. I. Walker, who will devote all his time to the historical work, is anxious for Colonel Jones to give up the presidency of the Elberton Institute and join him in his work. The Historical Committee is one which is entitled to the most earnest and urgent support of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Veterans themselves, and all friends of the South who desire to see the true facts of history made known to the people and taught in their institutions of learning.

IMPORTANT REUNION DATES.

United Confederate Veterans, 1901, Memphis, Tenn. Dates yet to be named.

United Daughters of the Confederacy, Montgomery, Ala., November, 1900.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Memphis, Tenn., same date as U. C. V.

STATE DIVISIONS.

Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers, McMinnville, Tenn., October, 1900.

Grand Camp of Virginians, Staunton, Va., October 10, 1900.

Arkansas, Little Rock, Ark., October 9, 1900.

Missouri Confederate Soldiers, Warrensburg, Mo., September 27, 28, 1900.

Mosby's Rangers, Fairfax Courthouse, Va., September 10-12, 1900.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Kentucky Division, Winchester, Ky., November 22, 23, 1900.

Arkansas Division, Helena, Ark., October 10, 1900.

Texas Division, Corsicana, Tex., December 4, 1900.

John F. Butler, of Drayton, Ga., wants to know about the burial place and condition of graves of the Confederate soldiers who were killed at Knoxville, Tenn., during the war. His brother, W. F. Butler, was killed or taken prisoner while charging the fort at that place, and he has never been able to learn what became of him. He was in Capt. Armstrong's Company, Eighteenth Georgia Regiment, made up of Doolley County boys.

INCIDENTS AND PERSONAL EXPERIENCES ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT GETTYSBURG.

Address by Capt. W. C. Ward, a private of Company G, Fourth Alabama Regiment, Law's Brigade, on Saturday, May 5, 1900, to Camp Hardee, in Birmingham, Ala.:

Commander and Comrades: I was once young, vigorous, and of strong will. Thirty-seven years ago General Lee, in command of 63,000 infantry and artillery, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, Md. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, in command of the Cavalry Corps, had crossed the river below Harper's Ferry, and moved eastward through Maryland toward Winchester, near Baltimore. When Hood's Division reached the Potomac, the river was found to be swollen and almost half a mile in width. Without regard to order, the men dropped from the banks into the swiftly-flowing stream. Our cartridge boxes had been placed about the shoulders to protect them from the water, and in this condition we waded the river. The rain was falling quite steadily; so we were thoroughly wet all over. At Williamsport, a pretty little Maryland town, we were halted, and fires were built that we might dry our clothing. The rain still falling, the Commissary Department, with whisky that cost the Confederacy nothing, undertook to wet the inside of the tired, hungry, and wet soldiers by distributing about one-half gill to each man. It was good whisky, as we had not had any for many months. Knowing how good such a stimulant was at the end of a hard day's march, this private soldier attempted to do a prudent thing. Instead of pouring his whisky into his stomach, he turned it into his canteen. The march was resumed; and after moving rapidly northward for about one hour, the division was halted to rest. All lay down on the roadside, wet though it was; and when we arose again to resume the march, the canteen into which the whisky had been so carefully poured had been reversed and all that soldier's good spirits lost. The loss produced a painful impression, and in all the years that have since gone he has remembered that loss with keen regret. All the good things that have ever come to him since have not compensated for the loss of that whisky. When the division reached a point just south of Greencastle, Pa., the men were halted and went into camp. Guns were stacked, and every preparation made for a good night. Near the bivouac there was a large spring, affording abundance of water for the weary soldiers. Many of the men went into the country foraging, returning—some, with chickens; some, with honey; some, with butter and whatever else that was edible on which their hands could be laid. It was quite dark; and while the spring could be found, its topography could not be well observed. A member of Company K, from Scottsboro, Ala., going to the spring with his camp kettle for water, reached out into the spring and filled his kettle; but as he was thin from light diet, in drawing the full kettle toward him, he staggered, and his cap, saturated with the dirt and perspiration of a long service, fell into the water and disappeared from his sight. He returned to the camp capless. Shortly afterwards Jack Stewart, a tall member of Company G, six feet six inches high, and of the thickness of a fishing pole, went to the same spring with his kettle to procure water. Reaching out the full length of his arm, he drew in his kettle filled

with water. Returning to the bivouac, he put the ration of beef for his mess into the kettle, and left it to boil over a slow fire, while the men, tired out, dropped off to sleep. Next morning at daybreak we were aroused to hastily prepare for the onward march into the land of our enemies. As rapidly as it could be done, the boiled meat was taken from the kettles and fairly divided among each mess. As this process was going on, there was heard a guttural muttering from Jack Stewart expressive of intense disgust and disappointment. It was: "—— ——— ———, boys! Just look here!" All eyes were turned on Jack Stewart. The fingers of his left hand were spread out in his right. He held a forked stick, on which was suspended the well-boiled cap of Company K. The broth in the kettle was well colored with the dirt and perspiration of the cap, and the mass in the kettle was disgusting. Poor Jack and his messmates had to go without meat.

We were a joyous crowd. Marching rapidly northward, we soon entered Greencastle. Leaning over a fence that inclosed a cottage was a man with two ladies. They appeared to be absorbed looking at us; and while we were looking at them, Company K, bareheaded, his shock of hair waving in the sunlight, went rapidly up to where the man and the ladies were standing. Not a word spoke he, not a motion made he, until he was within arm's length of the man; and then, without bow or other recognition of their presence, he simply lifted the man's hat and transferred it to his own head. The last we saw of that man and his companions he was scratching his naked head and the women were laughing at him. We were a merry lot. Entering the one long street of Greencastle, we found the people not at all afraid of us, as might have been expected. John Young, a private of Company I, of Huntsville, Ala., a man so bow-legged that he took in all sides of the street, remembering the wrongs that Huntsville had suffered at the hands of the Yankees, went up to an old gentleman standing in the presence of some ladies at the foot of a stairway that ascended immediately from the street, and lifted from the gentleman's head a beautiful new felt hat, at the same time carelessly dropping his own well-worn Confederate wool covering. The old gentleman seemed dazed. Rubbing his hands through his thin hair, he realized the situation, and was overheard to say: "I really believe that soldier has taken my hat."

While going through Greencastle, the fife and drum of the Forty-eighth Alabama Regiment played "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The doors of the houses were all closed, but there was evidence of life in the upper stories. Back in the shadow of one of the upper rooms, while the fife was screaming out, I saw a young woman singing with all her might, and with great seriousness, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," keeping perfect time, from the motion of her lips, with the drum band.

We never halted. Marching through fields, over newly-planted corn and waving wheat, through orchards and currant bushes, we reached Chambersburg about noon. It was a beautiful town. Everything was fresh, indicating prosperity, and no signs of war. The stores were all closed, and the men, bareheaded, were standing in front. To our laughing inquiry, "Where are your hats?" they replied, laughing: "We have had some experience." There was nothing to indicate from the deportment of the citizens that their country was being

invaded by a hostile army. Passing out of Chambersburg by the northeast pike, as we went through a gateway under a hill, crowned with a beautiful residence, we observed many ladies, well dressed, bearing on their bosoms the Union flag and making an ostentatious display of the Stars and Stripes. We took all of this in great good humor, neither giving nor taking offense. It was here that an incident occurred that has become famous. One of the young ladies, bolder than all the others, made a somewhat conspicuous and aggressive display of her flags and herself, accompanied by remarks. A bold Texan (and the Texans of that division were always bold) said to the brave young woman: "Madam, you are doing a very dangerous thing waving that flag at Confederate soldiers." She inquired, with spirit: "Why, sir, am I doing a dangerous thing?" His reply was: "We rebels never see that flag flying over breastworks without charging them." The young woman made no reply, but her companions had a good laugh at her expense. The Texan shouldered his Springfield and went on his way as if regretting there were no orders to charge.

The division was bivouacked in a beautiful wood just north of Chambersburg, and there remained two or three days. It was a delightful rest. There we wrote our last letters to the loved ones at home. We had left the war-wasted and battle-riven Old Dominion, and had come to the land of corn and wine, flowing with milk and honey. Everything indicated prosperity and abundance. It was at a season of the year when the trees drooped with ripening cherries, and in every direction you could see these trees filled with Confederate soldiers helping themselves to that most luscious fruit. For a few miles around the camp the men had liberty to observe the country, always under instructions to do no mischief. Just how far they observed instructions is not known. A comrade had a negro servant named Ned that was a good fellow and very much attached to "Marse Joe," for whom he cared as a father might care for a son. Having a black skin, we thought the people would like to do something for Ned, and so he was sent out with as many canteens as he could carry and such other means of foraging as we had. Ned returned late in the afternoon with every canteen full of milk. These canteens had been captured, as well as our muskets, from the Federal Army: in fact, Lee's Army appeared to be equipped from the Federal Army. One canteen filled with skimmed milk was turned up to the mouth of this private soldier, who never stopped to breathe until the entire contents—three pints—had passed into his stomach; and then, with a sigh of satisfaction, he was ready to go to sleep.

It was on Tuesday morning, the first day of July, that Law's Brigade was ordered to the east and south to New Gilford as a corps of observation. We bivouacked in a most delightful little valley. The white, fat Chester pigs were too great a temptation for men tired of poor beef, and they fell on the Chester pigs, and it was not long before the mess had boiled hog's head and spare-ribs and newly-baked wheat bread for the haversacks. We went to sleep that night with the information that we were to march at 2 o'clock the next morning. Promptly we were aroused, and began the most fatiguing march of the war. At daylight we were ascending the mountains; and, without halting, we went over

the crest and down into the valley at Cashtown. Then we began to realize what this march meant. Passing rapidly to the rear were hundreds of Federal prisoners taken in the battle of July 1, when Ewell's corps had crushed the division of General Reynolds, of the Federal Army. It was then said, and many times repeated since, that if Ewell had only advanced without waiting for supports he could have occupied Cemetery Ridge and the long crest of Little Round Top. Hood's line of march carried him to the neighborhood of General Lee's left. Approaching the line of battle, we filed shortly to the right, and moved rapidly southward, weary as we were. The roads were the roughest and the long, sloping hills the steepest. The day was hot, and we were thirsty and had not stopped to rest or drink. We had already marched twenty-four miles, and were still marching two or three miles farther in view of the Federal Army crouching along the mountain ridge. Apprehending that we would be immediately ordered into battle, water details were sent out, each man carrying a dozen canteens. After making a wide detour, the only water we could find was a little pond, where there was gathered at a water gap water quite hot and greenish, remaining from the spring rains. With this the canteens were filled, and we began making a double-quick to catch up with the marching army. Did you ever undertake to catch up with men moving away from you? This was found to be a very difficult undertaking. At last our places were reached. The canteens were distributed and our guns returned to us. Gasping and faint with weariness, we still moved to the right of the army. At last the division was halted on the first foothill west of Little Round Top, and immediately the men lay down in line. From this position the hill declined rapidly into the valley along the foot of the mountain, which was densely wooded. From this position on the right we could see occasionally puffs of white smoke on both sides of the valley as pickets engaged in desultory firing. In front of us no living thing was to be seen. There was a small, low-roofed cottage near the foot of Round Top, and adjoining it there was a picket garden. Near by was a stone fence about four feet high. Through this little valley slowly ran a stream of water that spread out some yards in width, which, like all the other water we had seen that day, was quite warm. How vividly the whole picture comes back! As we lay there making these mental notes, the soldiers overheard a comrade say: "Boys, we are going to have a battle. There is old Fairfax, Longstreet's fighting Adjutant, and we never see him that we do not have a fight." Looking over the shoulder to the rear, one saw a tall, very handsomely-dressed officer in full uniform, mounted on a magnificent horse. In front of him there were gathered the Division Generals and the Brigade Generals, with members of their several staffs, making quite a company. This man was seen pointing in the direction of Little Round Top and to the right of it and along the ridge, as if giving the position of the enemy. And who was old Fairfax, Longstreet's fighting Adjutant? And how was such a title acquired? John Walter Fairfax was a Virginia gentleman whose home, in Loudoun County, had been the home of James Monroe, once President of the United States; the descendant of one Thomas Fairfax, who, in the seventeenth century, had removed from England and settled in the State of Mary-

land. Colonel Fairfax had been opposed to secession, was a man of great wealth, living in elegant splendor. Having made provision for his family during the time he expected the war to continue, he cast his fortunes with the South and took a position as Volunteer Aid on the staff of General Longstreet, maintaining himself while serving in the army. In 1862, at the battle of Frazier's Farm, there happened an incident that brought him to the notice of General Lee. He was sent with a message to the commander of the left brigade of Longstreet's Corps. That brigade was lying under the cover of a wood in front of a long line of Federal breastworks. There was a low, dropping fire of skirmishers. While delivering his message to the Brigade Commander, suddenly the left regiment of the brigade, from some cause never known, in line of battle sprang out from the woods, with colors flying, charging toward the Federal breastworks. The Brigade Commander, quivering with excitement, called out: "My God, Fairfax, look at that regiment! It is going to destruction! What must I do?" Without replying, grasping the desperate situation, Fairfax turned his horse, and, putting spurs to the animal, dashed down between the two lines of battle, thundering like a very god of war as he rode across the volleys of cannon and musketry, uttering with every bound of his steed the command: "Charge, charge, charge!" Catching the inspiration of his great soul, the brave Confederates, without any command, dashed forward against and over the breastworks of the enemy, sweeping the Federals from the fields. On the day after the battle of Malvern Hill, while General Lee had McClellan's army cowering under the protection of the gunboats, at the headquarters of the Commanding General, which were at the residence of a private gentleman, before breakfast was served, General Lee was walking in the flower garden; and, meeting Mr. Fairfax, he plucked and handed to him a rose, addressing him as Major, saying: "This is in recognition of your gallantry in battle. Before night your commission will be received." So ever afterwards John Walter Fairfax distinguished himself in battle. It was his custom before going into battle to dress himself in his best uniform, and while in battle to be mounted upon a most magnificent horse. This was the man now giving directions to General Hood and his Brigade Commanders. Immediately the pioneer corps of Law's Brigade passed in front of the Fourth Alabama, and with their axes attacked a body of timber just in front of the right of the Fifth Texas. As soon as the timber began to fall, a Federal battery over on the mountain, and apparently near what was called the "Devil's Den," opened fire on our line of battle. The second or third shell, bursting in the right company of the Fifth Texas, killed three men. A battery serving with Hood's Division immediately occupied the cleared space, and began to reply to the Federal battery. At this time Adj. Gen. Lee Terrell, of Law's Brigade, rode in front of the Fourth Alabama Regiment and commanded: "Attention, Fourth Alabamians!" The men sprang to their feet, their guns at an order. The thought that passed through the mind of the soldier was: "O God, just for a half hour's rest!" As soon as we were at attention, the command was, "Shoulder arms!" and then, "Right shoulder; shift arms!" and then, "Forward; guide center; march!" Then arose that wild, indescribable battle yell that no one hav-

ing heard ever forgot. The men sprang forward as if at a game of ball. The air was full of sound. A long line of Federal skirmishers, protected by a stone wall, immediately opened fire. Grape and canister from the Federal battery hurtled over us as we descended the hill into the valley. We rushed through our own battery while it was firing and receiving the fire from the enemy's guns. Men were falling, stricken to death. This soldier received on the left thigh a blow from a minie ball that was exceedingly painful, but for which he did not halt. The younger officers made themselves conspicuous by rushing to the front, commanding and urging the men to come on, while Adjutant General Terrell was doing what he could to restrain the impetuosity of the Fourth Alabama, calling on the men to observe the Fifth Texas—how orderly they were marching to the charge. In the din of battle we could hear the charges of canister passing over us with the noise of partridges in flight. Immediately to the right, Taylor Darwin, Orderly Sergeant of Company I, suddenly stopped, quivered, and sank to the earth dead, a ball having passed through his brain. There was Rube Franks, of the same company, just returned from his home in Alabama, his new uniform bright with color, the envy of all his comrades, his gladsome face beaming as if his sweetheart's kiss had materialized on his lips, calling to his comrades: "Come on, boys; come on! The Fifth Texas will get there before the Fourth! Come on, boys; come on!" He shortly afterwards met the fatal shot. There was Billy Marshall, running neck and neck with this private soldier, each striving to be first at the stone fence, behind which lay protected the Federal line of skirmishers, firing into the faces of the advancing Confederates. As we dashed into the slow-running water, Billy stooped, supporting himself on his left hand, without kneeling, holding his musket in his right hand, and drank as an animal might have done. I never saw him afterwards. His body was never found, and no one has ever heard of Billy Marshall since that day. Without doubt, he was killed before he reached the mountain. Rushing up to the fence, dropping on the left knee, fixing bayonets, and springing over the wall, expecting to be riddled with bullets, was the act of a moment, not minutes. Looking around, this soldier saw his comrades quickly coming over the wall and forming into line of battle. The enemy had retreated up the sides of the mountain. The dead, fallen chestnut timber formed a natural abatis, through which passage was difficult. As soon as the line was formed, each man giving command to his fellow, the march through the abatis up the mountain side began at a quick step. There was a long line of large bowlders cropping out on the mountain side, forming a natural breastwork. Over and through this the line had to mount. The line had become broken because of the timber, and those of us in the front line, as soon as we were uncovered, received the first fire of the hidden Federals. A long line of us went down, three of us close together. There was a sharp, electric pain in the lower part of the body, and then a sinking sensation to the earth; and, falling, all things growing dark, the one and last idea passing through the mind was: "This is the last of earth." Over their fallen comrades the men rushed up the mountain side, and soon struck the main line of the enemy, for there was a clash of musketry at close range. Minie

balls were falling through the leaves like hail in a thunderstorm. Consciousness had returned. Dragging himself along the stony earth, as a wounded snake might have done, this soldier took shelter under a bowl-shaped four or five feet in height, and there he ascertained the character of the injury. A private of Company A passed by, asking that he might give succor, and was told to go to the front, that he could do no service. The man went, and was severely wounded in the chest. Another, of Company E, stopping, was asked what he was doing in the rear. He replied that his gun was useless. The wounded soldier, pointing to his own musket, said: "Take mine: it is in good condition, and in my hands can never again be of service." While lying there weltering in his blood, another crouched behind the same rock as if for protection. The soldier asked, when he saw it was one of his messmates: "What are you doing here, John?" He replied, sick and exhausted: "I have fallen behind. What can I do for you?" He was told: "You can do nothing. Your place is with our company. Do you not hear that they have joined battle with the enemy?" Without more, John Mosely, going forward to his company, then engaged in the last great struggle of the day, went to his death, falling mortally wounded. Later the line of battle fell back to where the soldier was lying, and he heard one of his comrades say: "Halt here, boys, and let us make a stand at this place!" Soon they came to him, placed him on a stretcher, and carried him to the rear, where he would be safe, comparatively, feeling certain the battle would be renewed. In the meantime the field surgeon had administered a stimulant and morphine. All night in agony he lay, until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when he, with two others, was placed in an ambulance and carried to the Plant Farm Hospital, just in rear of the line of battle. The wounded of the division were gathered there, those most severely wounded receiving surgical aid first. Under the influence of a powerful opiate, sleep came, and for a few hours there was forgetfulness. When he awoke, he felt the craving of hunger; and, feeling for his haversack, he found that it, with the good rations prepared the day before, was gone. Some rascal, supposing him dead, had carried away the provisions he needed to save life.

Here his attention was arrested by a cannonading such as earth never before heard. The one hundred and twenty-five pieces of artillery of Lee's Army replied to one hundred and twenty-five of the Federal Army. Shot and shell passed in midair, and there was elemental war such as could only be where an army of demons contended with an army of demons, shot and shell shrieking in midair as lost souls might shriek and as wild beasts might shriek when engaged in death battles.

Lying under this fearful war of shot and shell lay Pickett's Division prone on the earth, awaiting the dread command, nerves strung and minds intent. At last there was a pause in the dreadful artillery duel, and then rang out the clear bugle note, calling the men to attention. Then sprang to life from Mother Earth eight thousand Virginians. Better men never went to battle and to death. To make grander men, God must create a new world. Down they descended into the valley of death, marching elbow to elbow as if on parade; up they ascended the hill of death, gathering into their breasts the fearful shot of the enemy, protected by earth-

works, rocks, and the advantages of ground. To the right and left of this forlorn hope, led by the brave Pickett, were his supports. They were present so that when Pickett pierced the center line they might attack and drive back the foe to the right and left of him. Over the earthworks went the brave Virginians, but they had attempted more than human bravery could accomplish. They were hurled back. On the retreat they still looked back on the foe they could not conquer. The supports went substantially as far to the front as Pickett himself went, for human valor never accomplished more than they accomplished. From the point where they started to the enemy's line the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Three of the Brigade Generals had fallen; Pickett's Division had been destroyed. From Gettysburg he went back to Richmond with the remnant of his division to recruit. They did not win the battle, but they won immortality as soldiers, and, as a division, left to the survivors and to the loved ones at home a fame imperishable and undying.

O God, that I were young again!

I never hear the sound of martial music or see the brave array of men clothed in the habiliments of war that I do not say: "O that I were young again and in the long line, charging on the enemy's guns!" But it cannot be. The spirit of war still warms within me, but the chill of age has crept into my blood.

This terrible, disastrous charge substantially ended the battle of Gettysburg. On July 5 we heard the retreating tramp of comrades passing through the apple orchard where we lay holding our breath; and we knew that General Lee had retreated, though in good order. Three of my mess went down in that battle—one, to rise no more; two, to linger through many years, always with something to remind them of Gettysburg. Then began a battle grim and great—Skeleton Death against Skeleton Soldier. The little we had to eat scarcely kept life in our emaciated bodies—broth from poor boiled beef, unsalted, and broth again from the same boiled beef, and then the same unsalted, twice-boiled beef; and when at last the Federal officers took knowledge of us, they gave us as delicacies, suited to pain-racked frames and fever-burned bodies, hard-tack and pickled pork. Great green flies in swarms of millions gathered in the camp, grown unnaturally large, fattened on human blood, and contended with us for the hard-tack and pickled pork. Fever-smitten, pain-racked, there came to us another terror: we were to be devoured while living by maggots—creeping, doubling, crawling in among the nerves and devouring the soldier while yet alive. A comrade from Marion, Ala., who lay on his back on the ground until great sores had eaten into his body, discovered one day that he was bleeding very rapidly from the wound. A surgeon was summoned. The femoral artery had sloughed, and he was bleeding to death. To stay the bleeding, a tourniquet was placed over the artery, and this every movement of the body displaced. Whenever he would find himself bleeding, he would call out, "Quick, quick!" and his wounded comrade would roll over, place his thumb and finger on the bleeding artery, and cry for help. For forty-eight hours this struggle went on, the one wounded man staying the flow of the life current from the other. The blood had accumulated in a pool from the point of his hip to his heel, and in that blood at the end of the forty-eight hours the

maggot were rioting in their gory feast and reveling in the poor fellow's wound. The noise they made, as they doubled and twisted, crept and crawled, was that of hog-eating corn. Lying on his stomach (because he could not sit up), the soldier dipped away, by the aid of a spoon with which he fed himself, a half gallon of these terrible insects. The surgeons at last did something; they ligated the artery, and saved the man. The brave fellow still lives, and has served his generation well in Marion, Ala.

Notwithstanding these terrible dark days, some things occurred that meant light in the gloom. Not long after the retreat of General Lee—one sad, terrible day as we lay under the tent fly—the shadow of a woman fell over us; and, looking up, we saw a handsome young woman, whose kind and intelligent face expressed gentleness and sympathy. She called to a sister, who was not far off and who rapidly came to where we lay. We soon knew them as Misses Mary and Sally Witherow, whose home was in Gettysburg. They had heard that out in the fields, behind the line of battle, a large number of Confederate wounded were lying. Miss Mary Witherow, with different young women at different times, came out to see us, sometimes bringing little delicacies; and one time she brought a bottle marked "Madeira Wine," and with it there was some cut-loaf sugar. When my comrade, Smith, had bled so nearly to death and looked like the pale marble emblem of death, I gave him quite freely of that bottle of whisky. Whatever else I may forget, I will remember that bottle marked "Madeira Wine." In January, 1898, repenting of long years of ingratitude, I wrote to this young woman, directing the letter: "To Miss Mary Witherow, who in July, 1863, lived in Gettysburg." When I had almost forgotten that I had written the letter, I received a warm, friendly letter from Mrs. Mary Witherow Tanner, Washington, D. C. She was a Republican woman, but a Christian.

I cannot forbear to mention one other incident. When all had been removed but the helpless, three grand, Christian women from Baltimore came out to the field hospital where the badly wounded of Hood's Division had been gathered and erected a tent just outside of the ground whereon the wounded lay. In all the years that have gone since that fearful time their names have remained like the memory of sweet odors—Miss Melissa Baker, Mrs. J. L. Warfield, and Mrs. John Converse—names ever dear and never to be forgotten. They were refined, cultivated, elegant women. They came there to minister, and ministered unto the wounded prisoners. They were entitled to that commendation, the highest ever given to mortals: "I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." They knelt by the pallet of straw on which the dying soldier lay and gave him such consolation as the word of God read by them could afford to the dying. There was no minister of the gospel in that land of the enemy who sought us out and offered comfort. These women, like Sisters of Mercy, held up the light to illumine the dark road on which the dying soldiers traveled into the great beyond. In all the years that have passed I have not heard from them, but—blessed be their names!—their good deeds have long since followed after them.

For this soldier this was the end of Gettysburg. In

October, 1898, he had information from the battlefield which lifted his spirit into the very empyrean of the loftiest patriotism. To him his old company commander then, and now a Commissioner of the Battlefield of Gettysburg, wrote, saying: "The rock behind which you crawled on Little Round Top when wounded stands near Tullane avenue. On it with chisel I carved your name, the simple letters 'W-a-r-d.' Comrades, this is my epitaph and that my monument. In the future people to whom I am unknown and never will be known will find that rock bearing that name, and may ask the questions, "Who was he? Whence came he? And what was his end?" and there will be no answer. Comrades, the end will soon come to us all. We go the way of all the earth. Our history can never be written as it ought to have been. They who fell never knew the degradation and sorrow through which we have passed.

The good knights are dust;
Their good swords are rust;
And their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Adjutant General's Office, Pacific Division, U. C. V., Oxnard, Cal., June 9, 1900.—At the annual meeting and reunion of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., held in the city of Fresno, Cal., on May 12, 1900, the following Division and Brigade Commanders were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Spencer R. Thorpe, of Los Angeles, Cal., Major General Commanding Pacific Division, U. C. V.; T. H. Bell, of Fresno, Cal., Brigadier General Commanding California Brigade, U. C. V.; Frank D. Brown, of Philipsburg, Mont., Brigadier General Commanding Montana Brigade, U. C. V.; Henry T. Sale, of Denver, Col., Brigadier General Commanding Colorado Brigade, U. C. V.; Seaman Field, of Deming, N. M., Brigadier General Commanding New Mexico Brigade, U. C. V. Major General Thorpe retains his old division staff without change.

At the reunion held at Gainesville, Texas, on August 2 and 3, the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119, U. C. V., elected the following officers to serve for the ensuing year—viz.: J. M. Wright, Commander; W. A. Sims and W. B. Dennson, Lieutenants; A. J. Meriwether, Adjutant; W. W. Howeth, Quartermaster and Treasurer; C. C. Walker, Surgeon; A. S. Greer, Chaplain; F. A. Tyler, Jr., Officer of the Day; J. S. Bush, Color Sergeant; H. Barrett, Vidette.

James L. Day, 4101 Finney avenue, St. Louis, Mo., is anxious to learn of his father, Preston L. Day, who was a member of Gen. W. L. Cabell's command, which he joined in Woodruff County, Ark. He had charge of the ambulance train on General Price's last raid through Missouri, in 1864. He was last heard from in November, 1868, at Augusta, Ark. He would be about eighty-eight years of age now.

Miss F. M. Dowdy, of Clinton, Ky., inquires for William and Benjamin Meador, or any member of the family. When last heard from, they were in Texas. She does not know to what regiment they belonged.

JACKSON'S MONUMENT.

O laughing Shenandoah, in whose name
 Thy waters whisper, and thou cloud-capped wall
 Gray Massanutten, who would lightly call
 Ye aught beside must bear a lasting blame;
 Yet I, remembering whose sudden fame
 Grew where your ripples sing, your shadows fall,
 And grows forever, grandest far of all
 Your Valley's harvests, would that change proclaim:
 Yea, in his name this mount should rear its head.
 The while along its base with silvery gleam
 The river writes in lines of all men read
 His wars immortal. And the world should deem
 This just memorial to the deathless Dead.
 That Stonewall Mountain stands by Jackson's Stream.

— William Harvey Woods, in *Central Presbyterian*.

NOTE.—The Massanutten Mountain runs for forty miles through the Shenandoah Valley, the scene of Jackson's famous campaign, and is washed on both sides by the twin forks of the Shenandoah.

Gen. Henry Harnden, of the United States Volunteer Cavalry, died at Madison, Wis., in March, 1900. His death brought to light testimony concerning the capture of President Davis, etc. In the testimony General Harnden describes his march with about one hundred and fifty men through swamps in Georgia from May 6 to May 10, 1865, in the pursuit. "At the capture the first man we encountered was John H. Reagan, Postmaster General, who said: 'Well, you have taken the old gentleman at last.' In answer to a request to point him out, Mr. Reagan said, 'There he stands,' pointing to a tall, elderly, rather dignified-looking gentleman. Soon some of our men sung, 'We'll Hang Jeff. Davis to a Sour Apple Tree,' etc. He was neatly dressed," says this Federal officer, who added that the story of his wearing female apparel he believed grew out of the fact that when first seen he had Mrs. Davis' shawl on his shoulders. It seems to be not generally known that in surrounding Mr. Davis' party the Federal soldiers, in the dim twilight, fired into each other, and several of them were killed and several wounded.

R. E. Walne, Vicksburg, Miss.: "In the May VETERAN, Comrade P. K. Myers, of Scranton, Miss., states that his horse was killed under him at Dallas, Ga., in July, 1862. I note a mistake concerning the date of the Dallas fight. It occurred on May 28, 1864. Sherman made his march through Georgia in 1864. I participated in the battle as a member of Company D, Twenty-eighth Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division of Cavalry. We were dismounted and placed in the breastworks. After a desperate charge upon the enemy, we were repulsed, with a loss of about one hundred and fifty men. Our company lost four men, Lieutenant Fowler among the number. Marsh, Burdette received a flesh wound in the arm, and was offered a sixty-days' furlough, which he refused to accept, preferring to remain with his comrades. He reported for duty at the expiration of the sixty days, and participated in a fight on July 28 at Atlanta.

"I witnessed many memorable incidents during the battle of Dallas. I saw a cannon ball strike the ground at the feet of Comrade Wallace, completely covering him with the earth, but leaving him worse frightened than hurt. I was in nearly every engagement during those trying times up to the fall of Atlanta, then on to Nashville, and again on the retreat back across the Tennessee River. I was a mere boy, yet have a very retentive memory."



William L. Ritter, surviving captain of the Third Maryland Artillery, C. S. A., sends copies of correspondence with President Jefferson Davis, which merits record in the VETERAN. He wrote Mr. Davis from Baltimore, October 7, 1889, as follows:

Dear Sir: Noticing in the *Baltimore Sun* (of the 1st inst.) an editorial article, commenting on your reply to Lord Wolseley's article in the May number of the *North American Review*, it affords me pleasure to testify that while the Third battery of Maryland artillery was encamped at Dimmock, near Richmond, Va., November, 1861, preparatory to being mustered into the Confederate service, you remarked to Capt. Henry B. Latrobe, in an interview he had with you, that he need not fear that the war would terminate before he could get his battery to the front, that he would see all the service in actual conflict the most enthusiastic could desire, that the war would be a long and fierce one. The theme was one often talked over afterwards as we sat beside camp fires of the campaigns in which the battery took part. The battery was ordered to the southwest, and was surrendered at Meridian, Miss.

Mr. Davis's reply to Capt. Ritter was as follows:

BEAUVOIR, MISS., 23d October, 1889.

My Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for your kind letter of the 7th inst. Though there must be many who, like yourself, were aware of my opinions as to the duration and magnitude of the war between the States, there have been few who, like yourself, have come forward in the day of my disaster to answer the false allegations that I had precipitated the war from the belief that it would be a small matter, if indeed, there should be any war at all, and so have sought to hold me responsible for that want of preparation which was our greatest obstacle to success.

Maryland, though not a member of the Confederacy, sent many of her best sons to support the cause of State rights, and they contributed very greatly to give to the Confederate flag its immortality. The blood of the old Maryland Line might well be relied upon to tell in a forlorn hope.

Again, thanking you for the kind consideration shown in your letter, I am

Respectfully and truly yours,
 JEFFERSON DAVIS.



THE DOG THAT "WAS EAT."

H. D. Foote (Company G, First Mississippi Cavalry), Columbus, Miss., writes: "Seeing Comrade Christian's mention of Comrade Page's report in the February *VEREIAN* reminds me very forcibly of the dog incident. Well do I remember the time and circumstances. The dog—a fine, large, fat, black setter—followed the coal wagon into camp, but did not return with it. It was, I think, more of a thrust at Captain Sponable than real hunger that caused the dog to be killed, although it was most assuredly eaten. Many will remember the cry for bread and meat made by the camp on General Hooker's review, and how Captain Sponable punished us with a three-days' fast. Soon after that he lost his dog. One day the dog was missing; the next day the ad. appeared on the bulletin board, with the little epitaph as printed. While this was being read, the dog's meat and bones were boiling in the big kettle, and it made a fine dish of stew. The next day the pit cleaner found the head and hide of the dog. Then the wrath came, and who suffered the penalty? Every cook in the camp was carried to headquarters. Between two hundred and three hundred men were made to stand in line for three days, and Captain Sponable said they knew who killed his dog, and they had to tell or take the punishment every day while they remained there. On the third day one man stepped forward and owned up. The Captain asked him the names of others who helped him, when Johnnie said: 'Captain, it is not in me to tell on others; I will take the punishment.' When Reb was threatened with a ride on 'Morgan's mule' if he did not inform on the others, he said: 'Inflict any kind of punishment you may, but I would suffer death before I would expose others.' With this resolute and determined answer, he was ordered to the dungeon. In a day or so all owned up to the good dinner they had on dog meat and how they had killed him. After some days' punishment in the dungeon, they were turned out, with ball and chain as companions.

"It is my recollection that the sitting on sleet and ice was done by Barracks No. 28 for spitting on the floor, and not for killing the dog.

"Perhaps Mr. Connelly, of Company K, Third Kentucky (General Duke's regiment), can give a correct account of this incident; or Abe McMurdy, Joe Arnold, of the same company, if living, could remember more distinctly than I, who was only sixteen years old at the time."

W. P. Gresham, Simpsonville, S. C.: "A grand reunion of Company F, Hampton Legion, and several other commands of Greenville County, S. C., was held at Bethel Campground on Saturday, July 21, attended by Confederate veterans, their wives, children, and friends. This was our tenth annual reunion at this place. The interest is growing as our ranks grow thin. As years pass we feel that we should get closer together in these reunions of survivors of our cause. Several ringing speeches were made by comrades and sons of Confederates. After the closing speech all partook of the refreshments so bountifully served on the grounds; then other speeches and songs were enjoyed until adjournment, at 4 p.m., all delighted with the occasion.

PARSONS' BRIGADE REUNION.

The survivors of "Parsons' Old Brigade," Army of the Trans-Mississippi, C. S. A., closed a two-days' reunion at Corsicana, Texas, on August 3. The visitors were the guests of Camp Winkler and Navarro Chapter, U. D. C. The line of march for the parade on the 2d was formed as follows: Oil City Band leading the procession; Parsons' Brigade, Maj. L. T. Wheeler in command; Camp Winkler, A. F. Wood, commanding; Garitty Rifles, Capt. E. C. Lee; Corsicana Light Horse Cavalry, Capt. R. B. Allen, followed by the Daughters of the Confederacy in carriages—all in charge of Maj. H. W.



MISS BEULAH BELL,
Maid of Honor at Louisville Reunion for Camp
Magruder, Galveston, Tex.

Burton, Officer of the Day for Camp Winkler. Upon arriving at the City Park, the Veterans were welcomed in a address by Hon. Rufus Hardy, of Corsicana, responded to by Capt. B. F. Marchbanks, of Parsons' Brigade.

Then followed dinner, served by the Navarro Chapter, after which Maj. L. T. Wheeler, President of the Brigade Association, delivered his annual address,

which was a magnificent paper, and it was ordered to be published in pamphlet form. Maj. H. W. Burton, of Corsicana, made a speech replete with amusing anecdotes and high compliments to the Southern women in war times. He closed by singing the "Good Old Rebel," which was received with shouts of applause amid a shower of bouquets.

Among the distinguished visitors introduced to the Veterans from the rostrum was Mrs. Roberts, widow of the late ex-Governor O. M. Roberts, of Texas.

The entire morning of the second day was taken up with the annual business of Parsons' Brigade, and the following Association officers were elected for the following year: President, W. N. Kenner, of Corsicana; Vice Presidents, John Cox, E. M. Hawkins, and William Coggins; Treasurer, Captain Getzendaner, of Waxahachie; Secretary, J. A. Scales, of Corsicana (re-elected); Chaplain, F. C. Ray.

Ennis, in Ellis County, was selected as the place for the next annual meeting, on August 2, 1901. After a splendid dinner was stored away, the Veterans and their friends again assembled in the large pavilion; and after music by the band, addresses were made by Hon. R. E. Burke, Hon. George T. Jester, Colonel Bowman, and Major McKnight. The meeting was adjourned late in the afternoon, the Veterans all shaking hands and singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." Thus ended one of the most enjoyable Confederate reunions ever held in the county.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Comrade C. C. Ivey sends a photo of one of the most historic buildings in Washington City. It was the home of many distinguished men and their families previous to the war between the States, and since the office of some of the most important branches of the United States War Department.



BUILDING AS IT NOW APPEARS.

The house stands at the corner of Eighteenth and G Streets, N. W., one square west of the great granite building containing the State, War, and Navy Departments.

The first family of note to reside here was that of Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, then Secretary of State, and it is now the property of his granddaughter. They were followed by William L. Marcy, Secretary of State, and later by Jefferson Davis and family while he was Secretary of War; and from his occupancy it is called the "Jeff Davis Mansion."

During the war it was used variously as office for the Quartermaster General, Paymaster General, U. S. Signal Corps, and then of compilation of the "Rebellion War Records."

It is now occupied by the Property, Examining, and Correspondence Division of the United States Ordnance Department, and presided over by Maj. A. H. Russell, Assistant Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A. This gentleman has endeared himself to a large body of civilian employees by his courteous conduct and almost fatherly interest displayed in their welfare.

Mr. John Moran, the chief clerk, is a veteran of the civil war. He possesses an enviable record for distinguished service, and has by his kindness of heart won the love and confidence of every clerk in the office, among whom are several of his former foes upon the battlefield.

WILLIAM TRACY (OR TREACY), OF CASS COUNTY, GA.—L. C. Price, Lexington, Ky.: "About the 1st of September, 1862, one of Gen. E. Kirby Smith's men, named Tracy (or Treacy), was taken sick on the road and went to a house upon a farm now owned by my mother, which is near this city. Another, named William Irvine, was detailed to wait upon him. Treacy grew worse rapidly, and in November died. He was buried in what was then the orchard. During his illness he repeatedly called for his wife, Amanda, and

expressed a great desire to see her once more. Before his death, Irvine was arrested and sent North, and the kind people into whose hands fate had placed the sick soldier patiently and kindly nursed him, and after death made a coffin from boards taken from a building on the place and laid him away. For giving him shelter and showing him kindness the young men had to flee from the house, and the three *old* men, who gave him a decent burial, were arrested and thrown into prison, leaving their families without a protector, with the country overrun by a gang of thieves and murderers. They were the scum of the earth, but wearing blue clothes and drawing thirteen dollars per month from the 'Union,' as they called it. I obtained this information from the only survivor of the family, and my purpose in writing you is to learn of the family of William Treacy, and to know if they have any desire to have his remains removed. If not, it is my purpose to have them removed to the Confederate lot in our beautiful 'City of the Dead,' and laid beside his comrades, where a sentinel in marble stands overlooking the group of mounds under which lie the remains of many who faltered not at their country's call, and gave their lives for what they believed right. The address given by the poor fellow was Cass County, Ga."

Commander of Pelham Camp, at Bowie, Texas, writes of their reunion on July 21: "A stream of vehicles, loaded with the 'old boys,' their wives, sons, and daughters, wended their way to the grounds, until there were fifteen hundred or two thousand present, waiting anxiously the coming of Gen. W. L. Cabell, who was to address them. A royal welcome was extended by our worthy Mayor, B. C. Mitchell, who wore the gray, to all of the boys and to every one present. At this hour the train rolled in from Dallas, met by myself and Captain Beauchamp, of the Sons, to escort the honored guest to the grounds.

"General Cabell is getting old; his limbs begin to totter; but when he got up to talk to the 'old boys,' you could see the fire of youth flash from those keen, blue eyes, especially so when recounting the causes that led up to the four-years' struggle. He urged the 'old boys' to stay with their organization, to organize new Camps; and he especially enjoined upon the Sons and Daughters to organize Camps and Chapters, and to see to it that future historians did not distort facts to the prejudice of the South and the justness of our cause in defending with our lives our constitutional rights. He urged this duty upon the Sons and Daughters of Veterans, for each recurring year reduced the ranks of those who wore the gray, and at each roll call some dear old comrade would be absent, as the summons had come calling him home. He made us a talk that thrilled the heart of every old soldier.

"Hon. Oscie Speer responded in behalf of the Sons of J. A. Cummins Camp, assuring General Cabell and all the old Veterans that the Sons would do their duty in defense of 'a cause that was just, a cause that was holy, a cause that would go down in history as righteous in every particular, notwithstanding the calumny attempted by some to class us as *rebels*.' Short talks were made by many of the old Veterans, calling up incidents of camp life and of the battlefield."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BOLIVAR, TENN.



The inscriptions on this monument are:

South side: To the Confederate Dead of Hardeman County.

West side: Hardeman County erects this monument to the memory of her sons, fallen in the service of the Confederate States.

North side:

Though men deserve,
They may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave,
Vanquished none the less.

East side: In hope of a joyful resurrection.

George R. Allen, Adjutant, Childress, Tex.: "Camp Joe Johnston, No. 259, U. C. V., held its annual meeting on Saturday, July 7, in a grove near Childress. Speeches, essays, recitations, songs, and a grand picnic dinner were the prominent features of the occasion.

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The following were elected officers for next year: W. H. Crawford, Commander; S. L. Childress and Judge R. D. Bailey, Lieutenant; George R. Allen, Adjutant; W. C. Montgomery, Chaplain; Dr. V. Norris, Surgeon; William Randall, Sergeant Major; S. I. Roberts, Color Sergeant; and Miss Tinney Bailey, Sponsor."

REUNION AT ABBEVILLE, S. C.

The annual reunion of the Abbeville Regiment, South Carolina Division, U. C. V., was held at Abbeville on July 18. The regiment is composed of eight camps, all of them being well represented. Not less than two hundred veterans were in attendance, and it was truly an occasion of real pleasure to every one. After the veterans' parade, which was witnessed by several thousand people, the regiment was called to order for a business meeting in Academy Hall. Memorials were read for some of our distinguished dead—to wit, Gen. Samuel McGowan, Col. James S. Cothran, and Col. William M. Grier, D.D. The last named was the colonel commanding the regiment when he died. The death of these comrades is universally regretted.

The regimental officers were all reelected. Col. J. Fuller Lyon, who lost his left arm in the battle at Ezra Church, Atlanta, Ga., and who is proud of his Confederate service, is the Commander of the regiment. Rev. J. Lowry Wilson, D.D., Chaplain, is a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church, and wears an artificial leg gracefully and without complaint. Adjutant W. A. Templeton was in many battles of the war, and has a maimed hand. Each of these battle-marked officers is held in high esteem by their comrades and the general public.

We had addresses by Maj. Gen. C. I. Walker, Commanding the South Carolina Division, U. C. V.; Brig. Gen. T. W. Carwile, Commanding this the Second Brigade, U. C. V.; and our own resident Gen. R. R. Hemphill. All of the speeches were good and were heartily enjoyed.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted requesting the State Board of Education to put only such histories and books into our schools as set forth impartially the facts as to the South in the war.

Gen. Walker stated that this was the largest regiment in the division, and was second to none in organization. This is due to the efficiency of Col. Lyon, who organized the Camps composing it.

The thriving Camp of Daughters of the Confederacy of this city furnished a sumptuous dinner for the veterans.

The Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Charlestown, W. Va., at its recent meeting elected the following comrades for the ensuing year to the office indicated: J. O. Dickinson, Colonel; A. F. Wallen, Lieutenant Colonel; W. H. Lynn, Major; Levi Welch, Adjutant; A. W. Huffman, Quartermaster; Dr. Lawrence Carr, Surgeon; J. Z. McChesney, Chaplain; J. T. Payne, Officer of the Day; Dr. J. F. Wilcox, Treasurer; J. W. Vickers, Sergeant Major.

Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac (Camp No. 426, U. C. V.), Brownsville, Tenn., will hold its ninth annual reunion August 16. A cordial invitation is extended to all comrades to be present.

WHAT A MISSOURI CAMP HAS DONE.

Capt. P. W. Reddish, Liberty, Mo., in January, 1900, wrote the following without thought of its publication, but as an example to other camps in our organization it is too good not to be brought before them. Not that all need the example, but some have lost heart and need this reviving influence:

We have a good home in Missouri for the Confederates who cannot care for themselves. It was first bought and paid for by the old veterans, but is now supported by the State. We have a fine State Confederate Cemetery at Springfield, and money is now being raised to build a handsome monument therein to the honored dead. Our camp subscribed two hundred dollars to this monument fund. The amount is in the bank, and ready when the noble work begins. Years ago our little camp paid to that cemetery fund \$555. Our comrades who have crossed the river are not forgotten.

We sent the Sam Davis Monument Fund \$10; the J. E. B. Stuart Fund, \$25; to Corinth, Miss., \$50; to Gen. Evans, for the "Battle Abbey," \$100; for the relief of Mac Stuart, imprisoned in Mexico, \$21. We will not attempt to mention all the small amounts we have sent to monument funds and for charity. Our camp numbers less than ninety members. Many of them are poor men, nursing old wounds received in battle, and too proud to go to the Confederate Home. Some have large families to support.

I consider our little camp second to none. It represents almost every battlefield of any note from the Missouri River to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

At the close of the war we sent from this place several thousand dollars to the destitute ex-Confederates and their families. Confederates and their friends here are liberal to the cause. A short time since we sent eight dollars to the Bull Run Chapter, U. D. C., to help build a fence around Manassas battlefield.

Yet that camp is small, and is growing smaller.

M. R. Coffman, of Paragould, Ark., who served in Company F, Thirty-Ninth Regiment, Indiana Infantry, McCook's Army Corps, has in his possession a small pincushion taken from a knapsack picked up on the battlefield of Stone's River, January, 1863. It is heart-shaped, and the name of S. A. H. Young is nicely worked on the inside. Mr. Coffman thinks it may have belonged to some member of Gen. Cleburne's command, as they had been engaged. It will be a pleasure to him to return this relic to the owner or some member of his family.

T. G. Ivie, Murfreesboro, Tenn., inquires if any members of the Eighth Texas Cavalry (Terry's Rangers) remember Capt. William Newby, who was in command of Company K. Capt. Newby is totally disabled by reason of wounds received in the battle of Knoxville, and is in destitute circumstances. He wishes to apply for a pension from the State if he can establish his identity through two persons who knew him during the war. There are no members of his command living in his county.

FOUR OF FIVE BROTHERS VETERANS.

Of the five brothers Jones in this picture, four were in the service of the Southern Confederacy. N. G., Russell and R. L. Jones enlisted in February, 1862, at Brunswick, Tenn., in Capt. Weaver's company of the Fifty-First Regiment. All three served with the command continuously through the Kentucky campaign, when Russell was detailed for special duty on account of the loss of speech. The other brothers continued with the command out of Kentucky, participating in the battle of Murfreesboro, the Tullahoma campaign, and in the battle of Chickamauga, where R. L. Jones was severely wounded, a shrapnel shot three-fourths of an inch



in diameter passing through his left thigh. After seven months in the hospitals at Atlanta and Griffin, he was still unfit for duty, and was honorably retired from service. N. G. Jones, the eldest brother, was slightly wounded, but remained with the army till the end of the war. M. B. Jones, the youngest of the four, was with Gen. Forrest, and in the raid into Memphis was quite seriously wounded, but got out with the command and down in the edge of Mississippi, where he was cared for until recovered enough to get home.

The youngest brother, J. M. Jones, was not old enough to be of service, being only about fifteen years old when the war closed. All five brothers are living within a radius of five miles of Brunswick, Tenn., and all have families.

B. A. Sperry, Mayville, N. Y., writes of a Bible picked up on the battlefield of Fredericksburg, whose owner he is anxious to trace. It is bound in red morocco, and in the front part is written the name of "James O. Glassell, July 22, 1844." In the back part is written, "William and Margaret A. Glassell were married February 4, 1819," and on the same page: "William E. Glassell and Harriet W. Glassell were married the 19th of October, 1833." Dates of births and deaths in the family are also given. This book would evidently be highly prized by the owner or his family, and Mr. Sperry hopes to be able to return it to them.

C. C. Cox, Petey, Ala., would like to correspond with any member of Company E, Third Confederate Regiment, Polk's Brigade, Cleburne's Division.

THE ORPHAN BRIGADE REUNION.

The reunion of the Orphan Brigade was held at Louisville. It was estimated that fully two hundred veterans who served in this organization were present. The meeting was called to order by Commander Joseph H. Lewis, of Frankfort. Mrs. Ida Goldsmith Morris, of Glasgow, Ky., read an original poem on "The Orphan Brigade." Recognition of her compliment was shown by the reading of the poem by Gen. John H. Murray, a member of Gen. John H. Leathers's staff. The veterans rose and cheered enthusiastically.

A number of short talks were made by members of the brigade. Of those who spoke, were: Gen. Fayette Hewitt, of Frankfort; Lieut. Spencer, of Graves's Battery, and only one of five survivors; W. E. Thomson; Ben Moffett; Robert Dudley, Lynchburg, Va.; Lyman Pierce, of Owensboro; and John Thomasson.

Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, "mother of the Orphan Brigade," was introduced to the veterans by Gen. Lewis. Mrs. Helm was cheered for several minutes.

Gen. Lewis next brought forth John Oldham, color-bearer for the Second Kentucky Regiment, and the same flag carried by Mr. Oldham thirty-five years ago was placed in his hands. This flag was made from the wedding dress of Mrs. John C. Breckinridge, wife of the first commander of the Orphan Brigade. It was presented to them for the victory in a competitive drill. It shows the marks of service.

The following were appointed a committee to arrange for the next reunion of the brigade: Second Kentucky, John Murray, Glasgow, Ky.; Fourth Kentucky, John H. Weller, Louisville; Fifth Kentucky, John T. Gaines, Louisville; Sixth Kentucky, W. T. Winlock, Glasgow; Ninth Kentucky, Norborn S. Gray, Louisville; Forty-First Alabama, M. L. Stancill; Cobb's Battery, W. E. Thompson; First Kentucky Cavalry, Wallace W. Herr; Graves's Battery, John Thomasson.

A motion to reelect the present officers—Joseph H. Lewis, Commander, and Thomas D. Osborne, Secretary—was unanimously carried.

The Orphan Brigade was organized at Bowling Green in 1861 by Gen. S. B. Buckner. The first commander was John C. Breckinridge, who was later made a major general, and Brig. Gen. Roger W. Hanson took command. Gen. Hanson was killed at Murfreesboro, and in his place Benjamin Hardin Helm, a brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, was appointed. Gen. Helm fell at historic Chickamauga.

The now famous brigade received the title of "Orphan Brigade" from its first commander, Gen. Breckinridge, who applied the title to the men when they became cut off from Kentucky, their mother State, by reason of the 100,000 or more Federal soldiers between them and the Ohio River. The supplies from Kentucky were of course denied them, and they had to fall back on the generosity of other States. The brigade was not composed entirely of Kentucky regiments, however, there being one from Alabama, the Forty-Ninth. The Kentucky regiments were the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth.

W. A. Dover, of Pisgah, Ala., a helpless veteran of Company C, Twenty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, wishes the address of some comrade who can aid him in proving his claim as a member.

ONE OF THE CONFEDERATE BOYS.

One of the youngest ex-Confederates of Kentucky, is Robert S. Shreve, of Louisville. He was born August 27, 1848, and enlisted with Forrest's Cavalry at Port Gibson, Miss., where he was then living, August 17, 1862, just ten days before he was fourteen years of age. Mr. Shreve served throughout the war, and was paroled on May 12, 1865, at Gainesville, Ala. During the Confederate reunion at Louisville he had charge of the Mississippi headquarters, where he "lived over again the old times of the sixties" with old friends, many of whom he had not seen for over thirty years. In token of Mississippi's esteem for Mr. Shreve, the delegates from that State presented him with a gold-headed cane and a gold medal. Gen. Gordon, the



ROBERT S. SHREVE.

Commander in Chief, appointed him a colonel on his staff. This picture was taken during the reunion, and the medal presented to Col. Shreve appears on his coat.

An official tribute was paid to Comrade Shreve by the Mississippi Division at Louisville, in which it was resolved that the "sincere and heartfelt thanks of that division of the United Confederate Veterans from the State of Mississippi be tendered our comrade, Robert S. Shreve, Chairman of the Mississippi Headquarters, and his First Lieutenant and Clerk, Mr. John Ropke, for their uniform courtesy and kindness extended us in providing for our care and comfort at this reunion." R. A. Owen, C. R. Nesmith, and Samuel Bridges comprised the committee.

J. O. Belmar, of Jackson, Mo., wishes to hear from comrades of the Seventeenth Arkansas Regiment. He was under Col. McCarver, and participated in the battle of Corinth, at the siege of Vicksburg, and in other engagements. He was captured at Port Gibson and taken to Alton.

BRILLIANT CAREER OF THE MERRIMAC.

BY COMRADE JOHN F. HIGGINS, OF VIRGINIA.

Having been one of the Merrimac's men, I gladly give some reminiscences of her short but heroic and victorious career as a part of the very honorable history of the Confederate States navy during our late civil war.

The Merrimac, for that was her original name, was prior to the civil war one of the United States wooden frigates of war. When the Federals, in April, 1861, evacuated Norfolk and Portsmouth and the navy yard, they sank her. The Confederates, immediately occupying the place, raised her, and in the summer of 1861 put her into dry dock to be rebuilt as an ironclad.

The novel plans of her construction were suggested by Lieut. John M. Brooke, who had been in the old navy but had resigned and joined the Confederates. According to his plan the frigate was housed over and made into an ironclad floating battery, the sides of her and both ends too being inclined at such an angle as to make shot and shell striking her glance off into the air. The iron plating was two by four inches, and laid on to a thickness of eight inches upon a wooden deck twenty-four inches thick. She had also an iron-sheathed prow for ramming purposes. When going into action her iron-plated decks were coated with thick grease—*slush*. Her equipment consisted of ten guns, two of them—one fore and one aft—being seven-inch rifles. The rest were nine-inch Dahlgrens, two of them being hot shot guns.

It may be safely said that the plan of the Merrimac, a floating ironclad battery (as designed by Lieut. Brooke, of Virginia), marked a new era in the history of naval warfare. Wooden ships were put out of service from the day the Merrimac appeared.

After having been made ready for service it was christened Virginia (but has ever been known in naval annals as the Merrimac). She was placed under the charge of Com. Franklin Buchanan, Lieut. Catesby Jones being second in command.

On the 8th of March, 1862, she steamed out of Norfolk Harbor down the Elizabeth River, headed for Newport News. The intention was to attack the Federal fleet lying in the mouth of the James, off Newport News point.

The Merrimac opened fire with her starboard battery first on the Congress, compelling her to run ashore; then paying respects to the Cumberland with her bow guns, she ran into her and sank her. All efforts were promptly made to save the Cumberland's men from drowning, but as the Federals on shore began to fire upon our boats, and our flag officer and others were wounded while engaged in this act of mercy, the Confederates were commanded aboard. The result was that a good many perished who might have been rescued.

The Merrimac now turned attention again to the Congress, and in her straits she ran up the white flag. Boats were ordered alongside to bring off prisoners, valuables, etc., but at this juncture the Minnesota came to her relief by opening fire upon us, and the Congress, changing her mind, suddenly hauled down the white flag and ran up again the stars and stripes, whereupon the Merrimac's two hot shot guns began to play upon her, and in a short while the Congress was afire. The

Minnesota, having entered Hampton Roads by the North Channel, ran aground during the engagement; but the Merrimac, being a heavier draft vessel, did not venture into that channel. The St. Lawrence also appeared in that same channel and opened fire upon us, but soon had enough and withdrew. The Merrimac then trained her guns upon the shore batteries of Newport News, and with fine effect, for all of them were silenced. Our mode of attack was that known as "circle firing"—i. e., the Merrimac kept moving in a circle as she fired.

Com. Buchanan was a brave officer, and remained on the spar deck until he was shot down by a Minie ball from the shore. Lieut. Jones then took command.

When the night fell upon that Saturday a notable victory had been won by the Merrimac. She withdrew for the night under the batteries of Sewells Point. The next morning, Sunday, the 9th, a strange-looking craft was discovered lying between us and the Minnesota, which proved to be Ericsson's Monitor—an ironclad built to float under water except the turret. The fight was begun by the Merrimac. She attempted to ram her enemy, but having injured her prow the day before in ramming the Cumberland, the Monitor was unhurt. In this engagement the Merrimac was under further disadvantage because her solid shot had been about exhausted the day before. One single vessel fighting so many others, and playing upon shore bat-



JOHN F. HIGGINS.

teries as well, soon exhausted her ammunition. But notwithstanding this, she put her enemy, the Monitor, on the defensive, and in chasing her ran aground upon the Newport Middle Grounds. Pulling off and renewing the fight, it was kept up until her ammunition was about exhausted, when she withdrew and went into dry dock at the navy yard for repair of her prow. Thus ended the battle of the ironclads on the 9th of March, 1862, in Hampton Roads.

The Merrimac continued to be the terror of her foes. When on April 11 she came forth again, the Monitor prudently kept out of the way under the protection of the guns of Fortress Monroe. Com. Tatnall had now taken command of our gallant ship.

On the 8th of May the Monitor, having been reënforced by two other ironclads and other heavy ships, began to shell the batteries of the Confederates at Sewells Point; but when the Merrimac came out and made straight for the Monitor she and all the other vessels ceased firing and sought cover under the guns of Fortress Monroe.

For hours the Merrimac remained in Hampton Roads, defiantly sailing up and down; but her foe, although heavily reënforced, was unwilling to accept the challenge. Thus ended the short but ever-memorable fighting career of the Merrimac.

On the 12th of May, to the great grief of her crew, she was abandoned and blown up. The circumstances



THE MERRIMAC (VIRGINIA) WHEN AFLOAT.

were these: On Saturday, the 11th, a gig was sent from the vessel to Norfolk to get news from Gen. Huger, who was in command of the city and vicinity. He had just evacuated the place, but from some cause had not informed the Merrimac. Barely escaping from the fire of the Federals, who had occupied the city and neighboring batteries on the Elizabeth River, the gig returned with the sad news to the vessel. Immediately a council of war was called on board. The chief pilot assured the council that if the ship were lightened as much as four feet he could take her up the James River, sixty miles, to Harrison's Bar. All the crew was called on deck, and the statement of the pilot repeated. All hands fell to lightening the ship, and they worked till a late hour at night, believing that their ship was destined to go up the James and continue in the service by protecting that approach to Richmond, the Confederate capital. But for some reason, instead of putting out for the James the vessel was turned about and headed up the Elizabeth to Craney Island Bight, where she was run ashore. By order all boats were called away, and preparations made to abandon the vessel. Com. Tatnall was the first to leave the ship and reach the land. Nothing was now to be done by the crew but to get to shore. The last boat to leave the Merrimac was ordered to blow her up. It was a bitter hour for the men.

Left by Com. Tatnall, the brave Lieut. Jones took command of the crew and marched them to Suffolk. When they reached the turnpike road leading from the city to Suffolk, Lieut. Jones halted and addressed a few encouraging words to his men. He then said that if any one had a family or friend in Norfolk or Portsmouth he would not blame him for returning home, "but be men," said he, meaning by the words,

"be true to the South." Only two men stepped out of ranks, and the crew resumed their march to Suffolk.

The good and elegant ladies of this town, having heard of the evacuation of Norfolk and the blowing up of the Merrimac, prepared for us bountiful tables on both sides of the street, and dispensed gracious and patriotic hospitality to the tired and hungry men, accompanied with words of cheer for their hearts, made sad by the loss of their gallant vessel.

It would be interesting to follow the Merrimac's noble crew still farther, for it is by no means to be supposed that they closed up their heroic career when their beloved ship went down; on the contrary, they continued in various branches of the service, and were always at the post of duty and danger.

WANTS TO KNOW OF COMRADE JOHN CARTER.

Joseph W. Cook, of Helena, Ark., would like to know the whereabouts of John Carter, who was of Company C, Forty-Third Mississippi Volunteers. Comrade Cook writes of him as follows:

He enlisted at Aberdeen, Miss., May, 1862, at a very early age (about sixteen). He performed one gallant act in front of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., in June, 1864, that ought to live in song and story. I and most of my company (A, Forty-Third Mississippi) were on the advance skirmish line, and I, with Corp. Freeling H. Johnson, occupied a rifle pit two hundred yards in front of the main skirmish line. The fighting was much fiercer than usual that morning. The enemy did not recognize our infirmiry corps, but fired on a man with a litter as quickly as one with a musket. Our litter bearers were finally driven off the field, and would not return. About 9 o'clock F. H. Johnson was desperately wounded in the head. After temporarily reviving him, the writer realized that keeping him there in the hot sun meant certain death, and called for a litter bearer; but none would respond. Finally I got the ear of John Carter. As soon as he took in the situation he came with his litter through a storm of shot and shell to us. We placed our fallen comrade on the litter and carried him back over the same ground. But we never knew how we escaped the terrible fusillade. Johnson died a few hours later. John Carter was a volunteer in the strictest sense of the term, being under age and having a defect in one eye that would have kept him from conscription. I have not seen nor heard from him since Hood's march into Tennessee, but should like ever so much to know where he is, if alive.

Dr. R. A. Doyle, East Prairie, Mo.: "I like your editorial on 'Blending of the Blue and the Gray.' I don't like the union of the flags for badges. Separate, they mean something; together, they don't represent anything but measly, slipshod sentiment."

SHOT IN THE FACE AT BULL RUN.—"One day," said Chauncey Depew, "I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle it occurred. 'In the battle of Bull Run, sir,' he replied. 'But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?' I asked. 'Well, sir,' said the man, half apologetically, 'after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back.'"

Mr. J. A. Zimmerman, a hardware merchant of Louisville, who was active in reunion matters, was given one of the street crossings to illuminate some Confederate hero, to "name any general he desired." He had named a son (for General) Roger Hanson, but in this instance he said that as it was left to him he would illuminate a hero without rank, and there appeared the significant name "Private Sam Davis."

The noble Zimmerman has done many generous deeds. While devoted to the South of his adopted country, he is not as exacting as to the color of the

uniform as some are. When President Cleveland gave Gen. D. C. Buell a lucrative appointment Mr. Zimmerman was the friend to whom he reported embar-

Lexington Va: 19 Sept 1870

My dear Professor —

We have had a pleasant visit from Fitzhugh he was called home the other day but left his wife & boy with us. P. Hart is also here. I wish you were with us my dear Professor — with a. Could gratify us in the same way that it has. You & Gustus must sit out & do something creditably for yourselves. Give my love to your mother. All would join me did they know I was writing. Remember me to the boys. I have been much interrupted by the students who are coming in fast, arranging their studies, boarding houses —

Good bye, with prayers for you
happily & I am most truly your affectionate

Wm. — R. R. —

Kind regards —

Springfield Ill. Dec 30. 1860
Hon. A. A. Stephens
My dear Sir —
I have read in the newspapers your speech recently delivered (I think) before the Georgia Legislature or its assembled members — If you have revised it as is probable I shall be much obliged if you will send me a copy —
Yours very truly
A. Lincoln.

New York City.
June 14th 1887.

Dear Sir —

Your letter of the 14th of May, enclosed to me, in which you ask a few words from me expressing my estimate of the late Honorable Alexander H. Stephens — reached my office during my absence — In all his public utterances & H. Stephens

impressed me as a man who was never ashamed to speak his honest convictions without regard to whether they would be popularly received or not. On the day of his death I retained the high estimate of his life and character formed before I knew him — increased by a personal acquaintance.
Very truly yours
U. S. Grant

General James Longstreet
Atlanta —
Gen.

rassment about the necessary bond. It was soon made for duplicates in value. The General's sword, carried in the Mexican war, is kept as a souvenir.

The original letters herewith printed, which have been engraved by courtesy of Mr. Zimmerman, are his personal property.

A CONFEDERATE HOME FOR SOUTH CAROLINA.

The *Laurens County* (S. C.) *News* states that Capt. John F. Bell, a farmer and veteran of the Renno section, gives five hundred dollars to start a subscription of one hundred thousand dollars for a home for old, infirm, and disabled Confederate soldiers of that State. The *News* asserts that with little effort the whole amount can be raised, and adds: "There are a number of old soldiers who made the sacrifice for their country when the call to arms was made who are living now in poverty and want. Some of them are unable to work because of wounds received in battle, and are compelled to live in our 'county homes.' The poorhouse is no place for such. There never was such a band of men on the face of the earth before, and there never will be again. While they are living give them a decent home, and when dead put a marble shaft over their last resting place. This is our duty."

GEN. GRANT AND LEE'S SWORD.

Capt. Thomas D. Jeffress, Esq., of Chase City, Va., writes and incloses a facsimile of Gen. Grant's letter:

In the June number of the *VETERAN*, page 260, I noticed a writer refers to a letter of Gen. Grant to me in regard to Gen. Lee's sword at the surrender, and quoted by Gen. Porter in Volume IV., "Battles and Leaders of Civil War."

I send you an exact copy of the correspondence. The original letter was sold by me to the *Century Magazine* in 1885 for thirty dollars. A facsimile of the letter was published and a copy of the same sent me by that company.

Comrade Jeffress is Commander of Camp L. A. Armistead, No. 26, Chase City, Va.

Capt. Jeffress's letter to Gen. Grant was as follows:

Sir: In a friendly discussion between several gentlemen of Northern and Southern proclivities, as to the "truth of history," a question arose whether Gen. Lee, at the surrender, actually tendered and you received his sword. It was mutually agreed that you should be written to for a decision.

There is no idle curiosity or desire for notoriety in regard to this request, and a reply from you would be highly appreciated.

Gen. Grant replied in his own writing, on the bottom of the same sheet of paper, as follows:

Gen. Badeau's book, now in the hand of the printer, will give the exact truth of the matter referred to in this letter.

There was no demand made for General Lee's sword, and no tender of it offered.

Comrade C. W. Shipp, of Mississippi, writes that his State is doing well by its crippled Confederates. The State gives \$150,000 a year to them. Mr. Shipp was thrown from a horse March 6, 1880, and his spine broken and his entire body partially paralyzed and his lower extremities completely paralyzed, which has confined him to his bed for more than sixteen years. When the war bugle sounded in 1861 he enlisted in Company G, First Mississippi Infantry. He was in the battle and surrender of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and remained a prisoner until fall, when the regiment was reorganized, and he entered the service again. He was wounded at the battle and siege of Port Hudson in July, 1863, and surrendered with the army, and was a prisoner until exchanged, when the regiment again entered the service and took a prominent part in the Georgia campaign in Featherston's Brigade, and took part in all the battles around Atlanta and with Gen. Hood in the Tennessee campaign. He was in the battle of Franklin, was wounded, and made a prisoner, and remained a prisoner until the close of the war. He has written a good tribute to the "Gray and the Blue."

MEMORIAL FOR SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Sons of Confederate Veterans are to provide one, and thereby honor themselves and the South.

One of the most important committees named by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans is the Woman's Memorial Committee, which has for its object the establishment of a suitable memorial in memory of the devoted women of the Confederacy. James Mann, Esq., of Nottoway, Va., who was recently elected Department Commander for the Army of Northern Virginia, is chairman of the committee. The following letter from Chairman Mann, omitting, by request, the name of the comrade who received it, is self-explanatory, and is given as an indication of the beginning of a great movement:

"Please accept my warmest thanks for your check for \$25, your contribution to the fund for the erection of a suitable memorial to the women of the Confederacy, which was inclosed in your letter of the 16th inst. If all of our comrades would view this matter as you do, and give it the same liberal support, we should soon do ourselves the honor to erect a memorial to these noble women in some degree worthy of their great services to the struggling Confederacy. From the bottom of my heart I hope the people of the South will be liberal in their donations to this fund."

Now let all true Sons and Southerners and friends everywhere send in their offerings, large and small, to Chairman James Mann, Nottoway, Va., or to Gen. Biscoe Hindman, of Louisville, the Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

There was no demand made for Gen. Lee's sword and no tender of it offered

A. L. Grant

WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY JAMES D. RICHARDSON, JR., MURFREESBORO, TENN.

In turning the bright pages of American history many dark chapters may be found which are devoted to the great war between the States. Thrilling battles have been described, bloody encounters set forth, and fearful struggles painted by the genius of learned historians. And while many tales remain untold, many fatal skirmishes unchronicled, it does seem that a country's gratitude should suggest to some historian the pleasing duty of paying tribute to those loving guardians of our homes, the ministering angels of our beings, the women of the Confederacy. And yet we may search the pages of history in vain to find records of the sad but beautiful story of their matchless devotion to the cause they loved so well. However, when these historians shall have come and gone, when their writings, pregnant, as a rule, with poisonous germs of prejudice, shall have rotted away, the recollection of the danger, the hardships, and the triumphs of the Southern woman shall be as ripe in our memories as the sacred teachings of a godlike mother. The unyielding devotion of Southern women to the Confederacy stands unparalleled in the annals of the world's history; not a devotion that manifested itself publicly; not of the same character that prompted Joan of Arc to lead the warriors of France, or that suggested to the late Belle Boyd the most fearless deeds of daring. The devotion of the Southern women was more deeply rooted, more widely manifested, more generally felt than this.

The influence of their love and purity of purpose asserted itself at the very inception of that awful struggle. They realized that a crisis was at hand. They doubted not that a conflict between the North and South was inevitable. The "peace" which prevailed rather resembled the dreadful calm, with all of its awful forebodings, which precedes the storm, and the very atmosphere seemed to be permeated with danger. As the weeks passed by, the passions of hostile sections aroused knew no bounds, and the final day came. The iron bands of an unpopular conservatism could no longer hold in check the bitter animosities that had been aroused. They were burst and shattered by the popular will. Fort Sumter, under the galling fire of the Confederate batteries, was compelled to surrender. President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to put down "the rebellion," and the mobilizing of troops in the Southern States started the most stupendous struggle of all times.

Then it was that the self-sacrifice of the women of the Confederacy was first in evidence. Through their undying love for the Southern cause, debarred as they were by their sex from carrying muskets to the front, they dedicated to the Confederate army their beauty, their affection, and their prayers. But let us not underestimate the value of their services. The courage manifested by the few Boer women in the South African struggle has won for them the admiration of the world, yet, in my judgment, the indomitable courage, the anxious solicitude which filled the heart of the Southern mother for the safety of her boy who had gone forth

to battle for their civil and religious liberty, is the sublimest picture ever painted.

How painful must have been their last, sad, silent good-by! I fancy even now that I can see where some family circle is about to be broken by the departure of a boyish soldier for the war. A little home, where, before the war, the sunlight of happiness had shone in all of its brightness and glory, and no cloud of sorrow had ever darkened its threshold; a family circle complete, unbroken, and whose contentment was supreme!



MISS ETHEL LOUISE PETIT, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

But they say good-by! I see the old father, bowed with age, his scanty locks tinged with gray, as he grasps the hand of his only boy and turns half away to shield his grief. I can see the smaller children as they cling in their own baby way to his shaking limbs; and then I can see the old mother, whose love is the sweetest of all, trembling with emotion as she says good-by. Yes, that farewell is sad and silent. Sad because as she holds him tenderly yet firmly to her bosom in a long, loving embrace, she already mourns, perhaps, the loss of another martyr whose life had been sacrificed in the defense of his country; and silent save for the pitiful, half-suppressed sobs as she plants upon his determined lips the feverish kisses of a mother's burning love. Her sorrow is unspeakable, her grief unutterable.

And then the scene is changed. Days, weeks, months pass by. The old mother listens to the words of encouragement spoken by her husband. He tells her that a failure to hear must be construed as good news, that she must not despair, that she must put her faith in Him who has so long presided over their destinies, and that her darling boy will some day return to her. But she still appears incredulous. Each night as she kneels in supplication to her God her prayers are more earnest, more fervent. I can see her now as she nervously takes a crumpled newspaper sent in

by a neighbor. Eagerly, breathlessly she scans the list of casualties, and then falls heavily to the floor. The name of her own loving boy stands out in cold, black type in the list of killed. The bitter cup of disappointment has been pressed to her lips, and she has sipped its very dregs.

But what does she do? Does she curse the cause that has robbed her of her last boy? Does she forget the blows which his surviving comrades are striking for independence and self-government? Does she turn her back in horror and yearn for peace, either glorious or dishonorable? No, thank God, she does not! Her household is shrouded with gloom, but she is not dismayed. Her family circle is now truly broken, and permanently, but a vacant chair reminds her that her boy fought and died in a righteous cause, and has been gathered together with the other heroes who rest under the shade of the trees. She may suffer the anguish of separation, but not of remorse. She feels that his peerless deeds of heroism shall shine forth throughout the struggle like guiding stars to point out to his surviving comrades the way of reaching that goal which has been their souls' ambition, and for the accomplishment of which they have undergone the severest trials. She does not falter, but more resolute than ever she spends her time in providing for the ill-fed and needy and in caring for the sick and wounded.

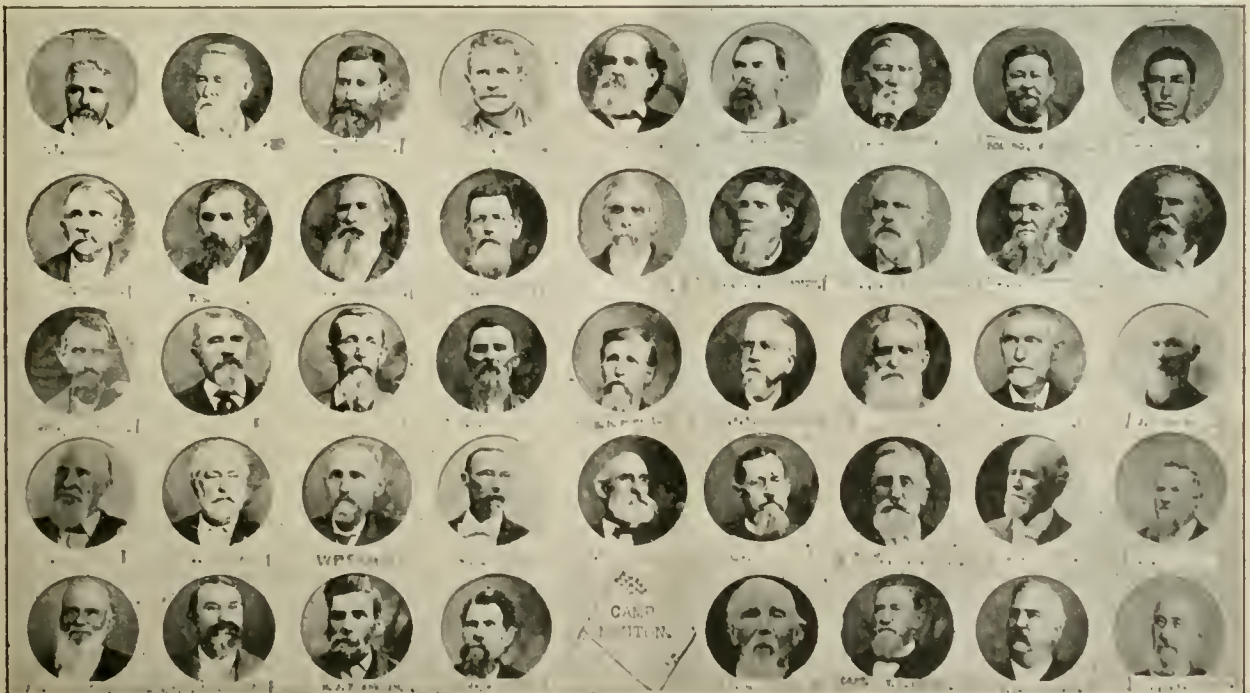
I ask, therefore, in greatness of soul, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, in the sublimity of devotion, what people of any age can compare with the women of the Confederacy? And while our country is again united, while the voice of secession has been hushed forever and its flag put away in the silken folds of a sacred past, the precious memories and the trials of the Southern mothers and daughters in that conflict which arrayed brother against brother and filled the land with mourning, are the glorious heritage of their posterity.

and the sad, sweet recollections of their sufferings and devotion to the Confederacy will feed the fires of their children's pride while the generation maintains the flag of an unbroken union.

Miss Kate McGinnis, Dyersburg, Tenn., on May 22, wrote: "We have just had our Confederate Memorial Day, which was quite a success. We had forty Confederate and several Federal graves to decorate, and heard two good addresses. Since coming home from the Convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy in the city of roses (Jackson), our little Chapter has begun work in earnest, and at the next convention will have as good report to make as any Chapter in the State. We hope to build it up, so that before long we can ask the good people of Jackson over to our little town and try to show them just half the cordial hospitality which was extended to us. There never was a delegation more royally treated, both by the citizens and those dear old Confederates. Not a stone was left unturned toward making our stay a pleasant one."

The Chapter at Dyersburg was organized in the early winter, and named in honor of Capt. John W. Lauderdale, who served the Confederacy loyally and well, and whose memory is cherished by those who followed him through the war. His wife, Mrs. Queenie Lauderdale, was elected President of the Chapter.

James L. Lemon, Acworth, Ga.: "Some time ago Mr. R. A. Cheatham, living near Acworth, found in the vicinity of Kennesaw, Ga., on the old battle ground, a silver star bearing the name of 'W. G. Allen, Scout.' Also, not far from the same place, a badge bearing the name of 'Sergt. Wash Holland, Eighth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.' I give you this information for the benefit of the friends and relations of these men."



MEMBERS OF CAMP MOUTON, MANSFIELD LA.

ADDRESS BY THE SURGEON GENERAL, U. C. V.

Dr. C. H. Tebault, of New Orleans, writes valuable history:

Let us turn our faces to the past. There arises before us a land as fair as any that ever dawned on human vision. It stretches from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Its western frontier lies far in the woods beyond the Mississippi. Its eastern and southern coasts are washed for two thousand miles by the Atlantic waves. Four of the original colonies of Great Britain which proclaimed themselves at Philadelphia in 1776 to be free and independent States are embraced within it—Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. To them are added Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri divide between it and its Northern neighbor. On its map you may read the names of Alamance, where American freemen first defied the power of the English king before Concord or Bunker Hill were heard of; of Mecklenburg, where first was sounded the note of independence before the proclamation of Philadelphia; of Williamsburg, where



DR. C. H. TEBAULT.

the first Democratic Convention in America was held and the first State declared its independence. There, too, you may read the names of Moultrie, Camden, Cowpens, King's Mountain, Savannah, and Charleston; there you may see Yorktown, where Cornwallis gave up the ghost of conquest, leaving his sword to Washington; there you may see New Orleans, upon soil which Jefferson negotiated from the empire of Napoleon to the republic of Washington, where the fierce Democracy of Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and Louisiana, led by Andrew Jackson, gave the quietus to the veteran regulars of Great Britain, the same who later won the glories of Waterloo. There at the Alamo, in the Lone Star State, you may read the greatest epitaph of history, where

"Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

There you may see, too, Bentonville and Appomattox, where valor, unawed by fate, paid to its flag the last salute and flaunted the colors of victory over the precipice of surrender.

THE CONFEDERATE SURGEON.

What a prolific theme of hallowed memories! Every battalion, every company of artillery had its assistant surgeon; every regiment its surgeon and assistant surgeon; and this applies alike to both the infantry and to the cavalry arm. On the staff of every major general, of every lieutenant general, and of every general, there was a medical director. At every hospital post was a surgeon of the post, and every hospital had its surgeon and assistant surgeons. The navy was likewise provided with her corps of surgeons and assistant surgeons.

When the famous Alabama, that Confederate ruler and terror of the sea, fighting until her belching cannon quenched forever their flaming throats in the ocean's wave, went down to stainless sleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep," her pure and unsullied deck a stranger to foemen's tread, a Confederate surgeon bore her company and sleeps heroically on her bosom by the side of her other immortal dead.

On the more than two thousand battlefields the Confederate surgeon's duty called him where the battle waxed the hottest, and where the dead and wounded lay the thickest. His mission required him to be calm, self-possessed, and unawed where death's messengers filled the very air he breathed, with no weapon in his hand save his surgical instruments.

Gen. Joseph Hooker said of the Army of Northern Virginia ("Conduct of the War," Vol. I., page 113): "That army has by discipline alone acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any approximate to it in the other Rebel armies." He was not familiar enough to speak authoritatively of the Army of Tennessee, which, had Albert Sidney Johnston lived, or had Beauregard been in proper health when Johnston fell, Grant would have been annihilated at Shiloh, and history might have told a different story.

Matchless and stainless as were the Confederate armies, so also was that matchless and unapproached corps of Confederate surgeons in the consummation of their immortal achievements. By their skill and devotion and courage they maintained in the field the fighting men of the South.

The hospitals, constructed under the direction of the Confederate surgeons, and their management of them, stand even at this date unequalled in the matter of ventilation and in the method of caring for the sick and wounded.

With medicines, instruments, and medical works and needful delicacies made contraband of war, they turned to and developed the resources of the field and the forest; and, though charged with the care of fifty thousand more Federal prisoners than the enemy had of Confederate prisoners, yet, in spite of these adverse surroundings, lost four thousand less Federal prisoners than the Federals lost of Confederate prisoners, with every means to command better results.

This is a monument which history has erected to the Confederate surgeon that "neither time nor rust can corrode."

Of the thirty-four States and Territories, only eleven seceded. In these eleven States the men of military age—from eighteen to forty-five years—numbered 1,064,193, inclusive of lame, halt, blind, etc. On the Union side the same class numbered 4,559,872—over four to one, without estimating the constant accessions from the world at large, augmenting monthly the Union side.

The United States, in enlisted men, numbered 2,865,028 against not exceeding 600,000 on the side of the Southern Confederacy.

Counting the border States of Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, which gave 231,000 soldiers to the Union, West Virginia, which gave 32,068, and Tennessee, which gave 31,092, and the rest of the Southern States, which gave 21,755, making 316,424 soldiers given by the South—the slave States—to the armies of the Union side, more than half as many soldiers as comprised the entire Confederate armies.

These above facts, derived from the war records, show that there were four armies in the field, each one of which was as large as the entire Confederate army without including the more than 300,000 contingent from the South.

In numbers the Federal loss was 67,058 killed and 43,012 died of wounds; total, 110,070. Of the Confederates, the like total was 74,524. The Confederates had 53,773 killed outright, and 194,026 wounded on the field of battle. More than one-third of the 600,000 Confederates were, therefore, confided to the Confederate surgeons for battle wounds. For the nineteen months—January, 1862, to July, 1863, inclusive—over 1,000,000 cases of wounds and sickness were entered upon the Confederate field reports, and over 400,000 cases of wounded upon the hospital reports. It is estimated that all of the 600,000 Confederates were, on an average, disabled for greater or lesser periods by wounds and sickness about six times during the war. The heroic, untiring, important part thus borne by the skillful Confederate surgeons in maintaining in the field an effective army of unexampled Confederate soldiers must challenge particular attention.

The destruction by fire of the medical and surgical records of the Confederate States deposited in the surgeon general's office in Richmond, Va., in April, 1865, renders the roster of the medical corps somewhat imperfect, hence the need of concerted action on the part of the survivors to bridge this hiatus. The official list of the paroled officers and men of the army of Northern Virginia surrendered by Gen. R. E. Lee, April 9, 1865, furnished 310 surgeons and assistant surgeons. In my first report, presented at the Richmond reunion, I showed that the medical roster for the Army of Tennessee had been preserved in duplicate. I shall offer in a more detailed report data to prove indisputably important facts relating to the prisoners of war upon both sides, with the purpose of establishing the death rate responsibility in the premises. It will suffice to mention here that the report of Mr. Stanton, as Secretary of War, on the 19th of July, 1866, exhibits the fact that, of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war, only 22,570 died; while of the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands, 26,436 died. This

report does not set forth the exact number of prisoners held by each side respectively.

These facts were given more in detail in a subsequent report by Surg. Gen. Barnes, of the United States Army.

That the whole number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates and held in Southern prisons from the first to the last during the war was, in round numbers, 270,000; while the whole number of Confederates captured and held in prison by the Federals was in like round numbers only 220,000. From these two reports it appears that with 50,000 more prisoners in Southern stockades, or other modes of confinement, the deaths were nearly 4,000 less. According to these figures, the percentage of Federal deaths in Southern prisons was under nine, while the percentage of Confederate deaths in Northern prisons was over twelve. These mortuary statistics are of no small weight in determining on which side there was the most neglect, cruelty, and inhumanity, proclaiming, as we do, a loss by death of more than three per cent of Confederates over Federals in prisons, while the Federals had an unstinted command of everything.

The policy of the Confederates was established by law. By an Act of the Confederate Congress, passed soon after the war was inaugurated, it was provided that prisoners of war should have the same rations in quantity and quality as Confederate soldiers in the field. By an Act afterwards passed, all hospitals for sick and wounded prisoners were put upon the same footing with hospitals for sick and wounded Confederates. This policy was never changed. There was no discrimination in either particular between Federal prisoners and Confederate soldiers. Whatever food or fare the Confederate soldier had, whether good or bad, full or short, the Federal prisoners shared equally with them. Whatever medical attention the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers had, the Federal prisoners in like condition also received. Where the supply of the usual standard medicines was exhausted and could not be replenished in consequence of the action of the Federal government in holding them to be contraband of war, and preventing their introduction by blockade and severe penalties, when resort was had to the virtues of the healing herbs of the country as substitutes for more efficient remedial agents, the suffering Federals shared these equally with like suffering Confederates. All Confederate surgeons have more or less valuable data in their keeping. Gather these up at once, comrades. Each separate fact placed with others in a connected whole will fill in the needed missing links required to perfect the historic part relating to the faithfulness and unfaltering devotion of the Confederate surgeons in the thorough and conscientious performance of their humanitarian, professional obligations, regardless of creeds and of nationalities, or whether friends or foemen.

The whole number of Confederates surrendered from the 9th of April, 1865, to the 26th of May, 1865, the date of final surrender, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, was, according to muster rolls, a little under 175,000. This embraces quite a number who, from disease and wounds, were not actually in the field at the time. The whole number of Federal forces then in the field and afterwards mustered out of service, as the records show, in round numbers amounted to 1,050,000.

The total loss in killed and died of wounds in the Franco-German war was 3.1 per cent; that of the Austrians in the war of 1866, 2.6 per cent; that of the Allies in the Crimea, 3.2 per cent. But in our war the hemorrhage was far greater, for the Federals lost 4.7 per cent, and the Confederates over 9 per cent—the heaviest loss of any modern army that fell around its standard.

Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, in his two volumes entitled "The War between the States," in the chapter devoted to "Prisoners of War," writes: "Neither Libby nor Belle Island nor Salisbury nor Andersonville would have had a groaning prisoner of war but for the refusal of the Federal authorities to comply with the earnest desire of the Richmond government for an immediate exchange upon the most liberal and humane principles. Had Mr. Davis's repeated offers been accepted, no prisoner on either side would have been retained in confinement a day."

Speaking of Mr. Wirz, Mr. Stephens says: "He was a European by birth, who obtained position in our service through letters of recommendation, which warranted confidence in his intelligence and good character. . . . It is due to his memory, however, to recollect that his own dying declarations were against the truth of these accusations. This, moreover, I can and do venture to say that acts of much greater cruelty and barbarity than any which were proven against him could have been easily established, and would have been established on his trial, against numerous subordinates on the Federal side, if the tendered proof had not been rejected. . . . The Confederate authorities never in a single instance sanctioned, much less ordered, well-meaning and unoffending prisoners of war to be confined in unwholesome dungeons, and to be manacled with cuffs and irons, as was repeatedly done by orders of the authorities at Washington, in utter violation of the well-established usages of modern civilized warfare. But apart from this marked difference between the two governments, in their highest official character, in sanctioning and ordering acts of wanton cruelty, I insist upon the irrefutable fact that but for the refusal of the Federals to carry out an exchange, none of the wrongs or outrages in question, and none of the suffering incident to prison life on either side, would have occurred. Large numbers of prisoners were taken to Southwestern Georgia in 1864 because it was a section most remote and secure from the invading Federal armies, and because, too, it was a country of all others, then within the Confederate limits, not thus threatened with invasion, most abundant with food and all resources at command for the health and comfort of the prisoners. They were put in one stockade for the want of men to guard more than one. The section of the country, moreover, was not regarded as more unhealthy or subject to malarious influences than any in the central portion of the State. The official order for the erecting of the stockade enjoined that it should be in a healthful locality, plenty of pure water, a running stream, and, if possible, shade trees, and in the immediate neighborhood of grist and saw mills. The very selection of the locality, so far from being made with cruel design against the prisoners, was governed by the most humane considerations. But the great question in this matter is: Upon whom rests the tremendous responsibility of all

this sacrifice of human life with all its indescribable miseries and sufferings? The facts, beyond question or doubt, show that it rests entirely upon the authorities at Washington. It is now well understood to have been part of their settled policy in conducting the war not to exchange prisoners. The grounds upon which this extraordinary course was adopted were that it was inhumanity to the men in the field, and on their side, to let their captured comrades perish in prison rather than to let an equal number of Confederate soldiers be released on exchange to meet them in battle."

In the second of the two volumes by President Jefferson Davis, entitled "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the following is pertinent:

"The trial of Maj. Henry Wirz was the next in importance which came before the military commission. In April, 1865, President Johnson issued a proclamation, stating that from evidence in possession of the Bureau of Military Justice, it appeared that Jefferson Davis was implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln, and for that reason he offered a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for my capture. That testimony was subsequently found to be entirely false, having been a mere fabrication. The manner in which this was done will be presently stated. Meanwhile certain persons of influence and public position at that time, either aware of the fabricated character of this testimony or convinced of its insufficiency to secure my conviction on a trial, sought to find ample material to supply this deficiency in the great mortality of the soldiers we had captured during the war and imprisoned at Andersonville. Orders were therefore issued by the authority of the United States government to arrest the subaltern officer, Capt. Henry Wirz, a foreigner by birth, poor, friendless, and wounded, and held a prisoner of war. He had been included in the surrender of Gen. J. E. Johnston. On May 7, he was placed in the 'old capital' prison at Washington. The poor man was doomed before he was heard, and the permission to be heard according to law was denied him. Capt. Wirz had been in command of the Confederate prison at Andersonville. The first charge alleged against him was that of conspiring with myself, Secretary Seddon, Gen. Howell Cobb, Gen. Winder, and others, to cause the death of thousands of the prisoners through cruelty, etc. The second charge was alleged against himself for murder and violation of the law and customs of war. The military commission before which he was tried was convened by an order of President Johnson, of August 19, directing the officers detailed for the purpose to meet as a special military commission on August 20, for the trial of such prisoners as might be brought before it. The commission convened, and Wirz was arraigned on the charge above mentioned, and pleaded not guilty. At the suggestion of Judge Advocate Joseph Holt, he was remanded to prison and the court adjourned. The so-called trial afterwards came on, and lasted for three months, but no evidence whatsoever was produced showing the existence of such a conspiracy as had been charged. Wirz, however, was pronounced guilty, and, in accordance with the sentence of the commission, he was executed on November 10, 1865. On April 4, 1867, Mr. Louis Schade, of Washington, and the attorney of Wirz on the trial, in compliance with the request of Wirz to do so as soon as the times should

be propitious, published a vindication of his character. The following is an extract from this publication:

"On the night previous to the execution of the prisoner, some parties came to the confessor of Wirz (Rev. Father Boyle) and also to me. One of them informed me that a high cabinet officer wished to assure Wirz that if he would implicate Jefferson Davis with the atrocities committed at Andersonville, his sentence should be commuted. He (the messenger, whoever he was) requested me to inform Wirz of this. In the presence of Father Boyle, I told him next morning what had happened. The captain simply and quietly replied: "Mr. Schade, you know that I have always told you that I do not know anything about Jefferson Davis. He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville. If I knew anything of him, I would not become a traitor against him or anybody else to save my life."'"

The following is an extract from a letter of Capt. C. B. Winder to Mrs. Davis, dated Eastern Shore of Virginia, January 9, 1867: "The door of the room which I occupied while in confinement at the old capital prison, Washington, was immediately opposite Capt. Wirz's door—both of which were occasionally open. About two days before Capt. Wirz's execution, I saw three or four men pass into his room, and, upon their coming out, Capt. Wirz told me that they had given him assurances that his life would be spared and his liberty given to him if he (Wirz) could give any testimony that would reflect upon Mr. Davis, or implicate him directly or indirectly with the condition and treatment of prisoners of war as charged by the United States authorities; that he indignantly spurned these propositions, and assured them that, never having been acquainted with Mr. Davis either officially, personally, or socially, it was utterly impossible that he should know anything against him; and that the offer of his life, dear as the boon might be, could not purchase him to treason and treachery to the South and his friends."

The following letter is from Rev. Father Boyle, of Washington:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 10, 1860.

Hon. Jefferson Davis,

Dear Sir: I know that, on the evening before the day of the execution of Maj. Wirz, a man visited me on the part of a cabinet officer to inform me that Maj. Wirz would be pardoned if he would implicate Jefferson Davis in the cruelties at Andersonville. No names were given by the messenger, and upon my refusal to take any action in the matter he went to Mr. Louis Schade, counsel for Maj. Wirz, with the same purpose, with a like result. When I visited Maj. Wirz the next morning he told me that the same proposal had been made to him, and had been rejected with scorn. The Major was very indignant and said that, while he was innocent of the cruel charges for which he was about to suffer death, he would not purchase his liberty by perjury and crime, such as was made the condition of his freedom. I attended the Major to the scaffold, and he died in the peace of God and praying for his enemies. I know he was indeed innocent of all the cruel charges on which his life was sworn away, and I was edified by the Christian spirit in which he submitted to his persecutors. Yours very truly, F. E. BOYLE.

"The testimony of Chief Surgeon Stevenson, of the hospital at Andersonville, bears testimony to the success with which Wirz improved the post, and the good effects produced upon the health of the prisoners."

CAPT. WIRZ'S LAST LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

The following lines, the last that were written by the hand of perhaps the most ill-fated man that ever lived, can hardly fail to elicit a regretful tear to his memory:

OLD CAPITOL PRISON,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 10, 1865.

My Dearest Wife and Children: When these lines reach you, the hand which wrote them will be stiff and cold. In a few hours from now I will be dead. O, if I could express myself as I wish! if I could tell you what I have suffered when I thought about you and the children! I must leave you without the means to live, to the mercies of a cold, cruel world. Lize, do not grieve, do not despair; we will meet again in a better world; console yourself; think as I do, that I die innocent.

Who knows better than you that all those tales of cruelties and murder are infamous lies, and why should I not say it? A great many do call me hard-hearted, because I tell them that I am not guilty, that I have nothing to confess. O think for a moment how the thought that I must suffer and die innocent must sustain me in the last terrible hour, that when I stand before my Maker, I can say: "Lord, of these things you know I am not guilty. I have sinned often and rebelled against thee; O let my unmerited death be an atonement." Lize, I die reconciled; I die, as I hope, as a Christian. This is His holy will that I should die, and therefore let us say with Christ. "Thy will, O Lord, be done." I hardly know what to say. O, let me beg you not to give way to despair; think that I am going to my Father, to your Father, to the Father of all, and that there I hope to meet you. Live for the dear children. O, do take good care of Cora. Kiss her for me; kiss Susan and Cornelia, and tell them to live so that we may meet again in the home above the skies; tell them that my last thought, my last prayer shall be for them.

You ask me about Cora's schooling. My dear wife, you must do now as you think best. In regard to your going to Europe, I would advise you to wait till you hear from there. I have written to my father; if he should be dead, my brother is still alive. I send you his address. You had better get a certificate of our marriage, also of Cora's birth; have it approved before a magistrate. If you should go to Europe, you would need it.

I shall hand this letter to Mr. Schade, who will send it to you with some other papers and books; this is all that I can leave you; but no, I can leave you something more, something better, my blessing. God bless you and protect you. God give you what you stand in need of, and grant that you all so live that when you die you can say: "Lord, thou callest me, here I am." And now, farewell, wife, children, all; farewell, farewell; God be with us.

Your unfortunate husband and father, H. WIRZ.
(From the *New Orleans Times*, November 21, 1865.)

The following letter will be found in the *Daily True Delta*, of New Orleans, La., in its November 17, 1865, issue:

OLD CAPITOL PRISON, November 10, 1865.

Mr. Schade,

Dear Sir: It is no doubt the last time I address myself to you. What I have said to you often and often I repeat. Accept my thanks, my sincere, heartfelt thanks, for all you have done for me. May God reward you! I cannot. Still, I have something more to ask of you, and I am confident you will not refuse to receive my dying request. Please help my poor family, my dear wife and children. War, cruel war, has swept everything from me, and to-day my wife and children are beggars. My life is demanded as an atonement. I am willing to give it, and I hope after a while I will be judged differently from what I am now. If any one ought to come to the relief of my family, it is the people of the South, for whose sake I have sacrificed all. I know you will excuse me for troubling you again. Farewell, dear sir. May God bless you! Yours thankfully, H. WIRZ.

In the same above-mentioned paper will be found the report of the execution of Capt. H. Wirz, under

date of November 24, 1865, taken from the Washington correspondent of the *New York World*. It is too horrible to reproduce. The last words of this unjustly executed officer were: "I am innocent of the charge brought against me. I am going before God, who will judge between me and my accusers."

I was not until very recently aware of the existence of these letters, and I am very sure their reproduction here will be read with sorrowing interest, not only by the Confederate South, but by all the good people of the North. Justice to this more than heroic officer and stainless character in Confederate history demands at our hands this deserved tribute to his memory, this simple vindication of his good name.

In a dispatch from Gen. Grant, dated City Point, August 18, 1864, he says: "On the subject of exchange, however, I differ from Gen. Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole, or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our own safety here."

President Davis records that: "In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to our commissioner, Mr. Ould, by the Surgeon General of the Confederate States, as to the deficiencies of medicines, Mr. Ould offered to make purchase of medicines from the United States authorities to be used exclusively for the use of Union prisoners. He offered to pay gold, cotton, or tobacco for them, and even two or three prices if required. At the same time he gave assurances that the medicines would be used exclusively for the treatment of Union prisoners, and moreover agreed, on behalf of the Confederate States, if it were insisted on, that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the United States surgeons, and dispensed by them. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless strictly true that no reply was ever received to this offer. One final effort was now made to obtain an exchange. This consisted in my sending a delegation from the prisoners at Andersonville to plead their cause before the authorities at Washington. It was of no avail. President Lincoln refused to see them. They were made to understand that the interests of the government of the United States required that they should return to prison and remain there. They carried back the sad tidings that their government held out no hope for their release."

To make the exchange of prisoners as hopeless as possible, Maj. Gen. Butler, in March, 1864, was made the United States Agent of Exchange at Fortress Monroe. The following extracts are from the official report of Maj. Gen. Butler to "the Committee on the Conduct of War," which was appointed by a joint resolution of Congress during the war: "Accident prevented my meeting the Rebel commissioner, so that nothing was done; but after conversation with Gen. Grant, in reply to the proposition of Mr. Ould, to exchange all prisoners of war, on either side held, man for man, officer for officer, I wrote an argument showing our

right to our colored soldiers. This argument set forth our claims in the most offensive form possible, consistent with ordinary courtesy of language, for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of the lieutenant general that no prisoners of war should be exchanged. This paper was published so as to bring a public pressure by the owners of slaves upon the Rebel government in order to forbid their exchange."

The report continues: "In case the Confederate authorities took the same view as Gen. Grant, believing that an exchange 'would defeat Sherman and imperil the safety of the armies of the Potomac and the James,' and therefore should yield to the argument, and formally notify me that the slaves captured in our uniform would be exchanged as other soldiers were, and that they were ready to return us all our prisoners at Andersonville and elsewhere in exchange for theirs; then I had determined, with the consent of the lieutenant general, as a last resort to prevent exchange, to demand that the outlawry against me should formally be reversed and apologized for, before I would further negotiate the exchange of prisoners. But the argument was enough, and the Confederates never offered to me afterwards to exchange the colored soldiers, who had been slaves, held in prison by them."

Further on in this report Gen. Butler gives the history of some naval exchanges, and concludes his observations on that head as follows: "It will be observed that the rebels had exchanged all the naval colored prisoners, so that the negro question no longer impeded the exchange of prisoners; in fact, if we had demanded the exchange of all, man for man, officer for officer, they would have done it."

And now I invite careful attention to the concluding words of this most extraordinary report: "I have felt it my duty to give an account with this particular carefulness of my participation in the business of exchanges of prisoners, the orders under which I acted, and the negotiations attempted, that was done, so that all may become a matter of history. The great importance of the questions; the fearful responsibility for the many thousands of lives which, by the refusal of exchange, were sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death—from cold, starvation, and pestilence of the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville—being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon; the anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, wives, to know the exigency which caused this terrible and, perhaps, as it may have seemed to them, useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them by horrible deaths—each and all have compelled me to this exposition, so that it may be seen that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the general in chief of the armies, to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact, and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan and the success won at so great a cost."

The obstacles thus thrown in the way of the exchange of prisoners of war were not only persistently interposed, but artfully designed to be insurmountable.

To quote Mr. Davis: "Having ascertained that exchange could not be made, either on the basis of the

cartel, or officer for officer and man for man, we offered to the United States government their sick and wounded without requiring any equivalents. On these terms we agreed to deliver from 10,000 to 15,000 at the mouth of the Savannah River, and we further added that if the number for which transportation might be sent could not be readily made up from sick and wounded, the difference should be supplied with well men. Although the offer was made in the summer, the transportation did not arrive until November; and as the sick and wounded were at points distant from Georgia, and could not be brought to Savannah within a reasonable time, 5,000 well men were substituted. In return some 3,000 sick and wounded were delivered to us at the same place. The original rolls showed that some 3,500 had started from Northern prisons, and that death had reduced the number during the passage to about 3,000. On two occasions we were specially asked to send the very sick and desperately wounded prisoners, and a particular request was made for men who were so seriously sick that it would be doubtful whether they would survive a removal a few miles down the James River. Accordingly, some of the worst cases, contrary to the judgment and advice of our surgeons, but in compliance with the piteous appeals of the sick prisoners, were sent away, and after being delivered they were taken to Annapolis, Md., and there photographed as specimen prisoners. They indeed were pitiable to behold, but the misery they portrayed was surpassed by some of those we received in exchange at Savannah. Why was there this delay between the summer and November in sending vessels for the transportation of sick and wounded, for whom no equivalents were asked?"

One further quotation from President Jefferson Davis: "That we might clothe our brave men in the prisons of the United States government, I made an application for permission to send cotton to Liverpool, and therewith purchase the supplies which were necessary. The request was granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York and the supplies bought there. This was done by our agent, Gen. Beale. The suffering of our men in Northern prisons caused the application; that it was granted refutes the statement that our men were comfortably maintained."

Finally, President Davis writes: "In order to alleviate the hardship of confinement on both sides, our commissioner (Judge Ould), on January 24, 1863, addressed a communication to Gen. E. A. Hitchcock, United States Commissioner of Exchange, in which he proposed that all prisoners on each side should be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, who, under rules to be established, should be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort. It was also proposed that these surgeons should act as commissaries, with power to receive and disburse such contributions of money, food, clothing, and medicine, and proposed that these surgeons should be selected by their own government, and that they should have full liberty at any and all times, through the agents of exchange, to make reports not only of their own acts, but of any matter relating to the welfare of the prisoners. To this communication no reply of any kind was ever made."

In his last message to the Senate and house of Representatives of the Confederate States of America, among many other important matters considered, President Davis proceeds: "The legislation requires, in such cases of impressment, that the market price be paid; but there is really no market price in many cases, and then valuation is made arbitrarily and in a depreciated currency. The result is that the most extravagant prices are fixed, such as no one expects ever to be paid in coin. None believe that the government can ever redeem in coin the obligation to pay fifty dollars a bushel for corn, or seven hundred dollars a barrel for flour. It would seem to be more just and appropriate to estimate the supplies impressed at their value in coin, to give the obligation of the government for the payment of the price in coin, with reasonable interest, or, at the option of the creditor, to return in kind the wheat and corn impressed, with a reasonable interest, also payable in kind; and to make the obligations thus issued receivable for all payments due in coin to the government."

With all these tremendous and insurmountable obstacles in the path of the Confederate surgeon, all our ports blockaded, medicines, instruments, and medical works contraband of war, delicacies next to impossible, the most essential provisions fabulously high, shoes and clothing even more difficult to obtain, his instruments and books taken from him when captured at his post of duty—with all these disadvantages, he points with honest and commendable pride to the unequaled record he has left behind him. I conclude with these lines from our poet-priest:

"Is it treason thus to sing?
Why, then treason let it be.
Must we stoop to fawn on wrong?
To the idol must we bring
Our heart's idolatry.
And the fealty of song?
No, no, the past is past;
May it never come again!
May no drum or bugle's blast
Summon warriors to the plain.
The battle's play is o'er;
We staked our all, and lost.
The red, wild waves that tossed
The Southland's sacred bank,
Are sleeping on the shore.
She went down in the dark:
Is it wrong for us to listen
To the waves that still will glisten
Where the wreck we loved went down?
Is it wrong to watch the willows
That are drooping o'er the grave?
Is it wrong to love our brave?"

NEW OFFICERS OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION. — Honorary President, Mrs. Stephen D. Lee, Columbus; President, Mrs. Pinckney Morrison Moody, Grenada; Vice President, Mrs. L. N. Cillier, Vicksburg; Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Washington Minor, Macon; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Eliza Featherston, Holly Springs; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Delworth Robinson, Corinth; Historian, Mrs. Josie Frazer Capleman, Okolona.

Miss F. M. Dowdy, of Clinton, Ky., inquires for William and Benjamin Meador, or any member of the family. When last heard from they were in Texas.



A TRIBUTE.

BY MRS. N. STEELE MOORE, TULLAHOMA, TENN.

To our sacred dead who sleep in the Confederate Cemetery, Tullahoma, Tenn.

Go, scatter the flowers, one by one!
 What are their names, and where are they from?
 We know not, we care not—dead and unknown,
 Without name or date to carve on the stone.
 'Tis full enough for our hearts to know
 They bravely faced and fought the foe;
 Enough on each marble slab to say:
 "A brother soldier who wore the gray."
 They fought for a cause some say is "lost;"
 But we, whose hearts fully know the cost,
 Know that for us the cause hath shed
 A glory and honor which hallows our dead.
 On the living hath fallen their mantles of trust;
 Immortal they reign, while we honor their dust.
 'Tis a history now; 'twas a poem then,
 All fraught with the glorious deeds of men.
 Women and children sang the proud song
 Which echoed our battle lines along
 And floated on breezes from shore to shore—
 Such grand achievements ne'er won before.
 We honored and loved our soldiers then,
 And crowned with laurel the bravest of men.
 A history now, with unsullied page,
 Hath been handed down to the present age;
 And the deeds of the "boys who wore the gray"
 Gives to our Southland a grandeur to-day—
 Our hearts wildly throbbing with love and with pride,
 As, shoulder to shoulder, we stand side by side.

Over four hundred slabs were given by Piedmont Marble Company, Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Chandler, the manager, is a Northerner; Gen. Phillips, his partner, a Confederate.

C. R. CAUDLE.

The "Hi Bledsoe Camp," No. 1201, records with sorrow the death of Comrade C. R. Caudle at his home in Santa Ana, Cal., April 21, 1900.

Comrade Caudle was born in Rankin County, Miss., in September, 1854. At the commencement of the war he lived near the town of Magnolia, Ark., and there joined Company A, Crawford's company of couriers, of Hawkin's Louisiana Regiment, with which he served until the surrender in 1865. All who knew him can truthfully say that he was a brave soldier, a devoted husband, an indulgent father, a true friend, and an honest man. He was one of the "beardless boys in gray," who helped to make the Confederate soldier famous throughout the world for courage and endurance, and to emblazon upon the pages of history unparalleled feats of arms.

JOSEPH C. BAILEY.

Extracts from resolutions adopted by the Abe Buford Camp, No. 97, U. C. V., Versailles, Ky., upon the death of Commander Joseph C. Bailey:

In the prime of his young manhood Comrade Bailey enlisted as a private in Company E, Fourth Regiment Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade. In 1864 he was

promoted from the ranks to adjutant of the regiment, with rank of first lieutenant, and discharged the duties of that position with satisfaction to the officers and the men until the war closed. By his soldierly qualities he contributed his share in making the Orphan Brigade world famed for all that constitutes the highest type of a soldier. He returned to Versailles at the close of the war and engaged in business, and for many years, by the suffrage of the people, he filled the position of Clerk of the Circuit Court, displaying in civil life, as well as in the army, many traits of character which endeared him to scores of friends.

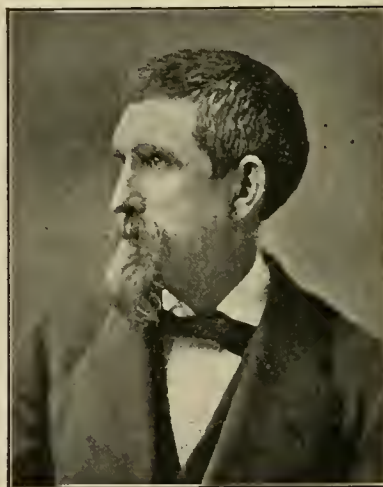
Upon the organization of the Camp he was elected Commander, and occupied that position continuously until his death. He was always zealous in everything that affected the interests of an ex-Confederate soldier, and prompt, as far as he was able, to generously contribute to those among them who needed assistance.

After a lingering illness he passed over the river on June 23, 1900.

DR. W. A. LOWE.

Col. Josiah Patterson, of Memphis, Tenn., writes:

Dr. W. A. Lowe was born near Saulsbury, Tenn., on January 21, 1838, and died at his home in Haywood County, N. C., on the 13th of December, 1899. This



is an epitome of the life of a man as modest, brave, tender, and true as ever wore the uniform of a Confederate soldier. It was such men who made Lee, the Johnstons, and Jackson possible. He was one of the units in an army which holds the first rank in the estimation of true and brave men throughout the world.

Dr. Lowe at the beginning of the war had just finished a course in medicine, and was about to enter upon the practice of his profession when his country summoned him to arms. He could easily have avoided the duties of a soldier on the fighting line, but, choosing the post of honor and patriotism, enlisted as a private in Capt. Hancock's company, of the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division, commanded by the lamented Col. Preston Smith. He was in every engagement in which that gallant regiment participated from Belmont to Murfreesboro. He was wounded at Shiloh; but it was at Murfreesboro where, dangerously and desperately wounded, he displayed heroism almost without a parallel. While in the act of loading his gun, which had just been discharged, he received a bullet in his right eye which came out at the base of the brain. His brother, James Lowe, who was by his side, immediately picked him up and bore him to the rear; but before

he had gone beyond the range of the enemy's bullets he recovered consciousness, and immediately required his brother to abandon him to his fate and return to the firing line. "Go back," he said; "you are needed there."

Dr. Lowe recovered, but was maimed by the loss of an eye. James Lowe returned to his post, and, though he escaped at Murfreesboro, afterwards fell mortally wounded at Missionary Ridge.

Notwithstanding a wound which disqualified him for active service, Dr. Lowe returned to the army as soon as he was able, and remained with it until Gen. Johnston surrendered.

While in North Carolina, and not long before the surrender, Dr. Lowe met Miss Julia P. Gwyn, a daughter of one of the best families in that State. The girl honored him for the wounds he had received. Many years thereafter, recalling that she had pitied him for the "dangers he had passed," he wrote to her, and the correspondence resulted in their marriage on the 16th of November, 1880, in which relationship they lived happily together until his death.

Dr. Lowe's life after the war befitted the character of the man. Honest, just, and true in all the relations of life, he was loved, honored, and respected by all who knew him. To the last he cherished the memory of his comrades, and lived and died as became a Confederate hero.

DR. J. DESHA PICKETT.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by Camp No. 8, United Confederate Veterans, at their meeting July 28, 1900:

The arch enemy of mankind has again invaded our ranks and taken from us our beloved comrade and revered chaplain, Dr. J. Desha Pickett.

Dr. Pickett's life was a volume of good works, kind actions, and charitable deeds. He was the highest type of the Christian gentleman—loving and confiding as a child; gentle, yet brave as a lion. It could be said of him, as was said of John Knox, "He never feared the face of man." Loved, honored, respected, and esteemed by all who knew him, he cheerfully obeyed "Dust to dust," and went to his reward in the better land beyond. Therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That by the death of Dr. Pickett, Camp No. 8, United Confederate Veterans, has lost one of her best-beloved and most highly esteemed members, whose genial smile and kind and cheering words were an inspiration to all; the community an honest and upright citizen; his family a kind and loving husband and affectionate father.

2. That this Camp extends its deepest and most heartfelt sympathy to his family in their sad bereavement.

Signed: Samuel J. Sullivan, George Forrester, George S. Bradley, Committee.

BUSHROD UNDERWOOD.

On December 25, 1890, just as the first bells were announcing the dawn of another Christmas day, the soul of Bushrod Underwood answered to the roll call on high, and passed out into the great beyond. A friend writing of him says that no sketch can do him

justice. He was universally beloved, and his example in every walk of life was never excelled.

He was born January, 1843, near Middleburg, Va., where he lived until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted in the Forty-Third Virginia Cavalry, under Col. John S. Mosby, and remained with that command until the close of the war.

Sergt. Underwood, on account of his coolness and



courage, was detailed for scout duty, and during his services in that capacity conveyed many messages to Gen. Lee.

He was with Col. Mosby during the celebrated Greenback Raid in November, 1864, when a United States paymaster and \$108,000 in greenbacks were captured. He also took a leading part in capturing Gen. Stoughton, at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., and in many other thrilling events.

On April 26, 1865, he, with ninety of the same command, surrendered to Gen. Hancock. After the war he removed to Washington, and for some time was connected with the railroad business.

JAMES LAWRENCE HONOUR.

James Lawrence Honour was born in Charleston January 22, 1828; and died at the same place July 6, 1899. He left school at an early age, and entered the countinghouse of James Chapman as a clerk, with a view of learning the mercantile business. After remaining there for a period of three years he took a fancy to a seafaring life, which he followed for several years. In 1854 he was elected Assistant Secretary and Marine Inspector of the Charleston Insurance and Trust Company. After two years he was promoted to Secretary and Treasurer. On the secession of the State of South Carolina from the Union, in 1860, Mr. Honour joined the Beauregard Light Infantry, a company attached to the rifle regiment of the South Carolina militia, and did duty on the coast until the com-

pany was disbanded on the formation of the Southern Confederacy. After the battle of Secessionville he volunteered for the war, joining Company A of the Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Volunteers, and with that command saw service on the coast, in Fort Sumter, Battery Wagner, and North Carolina and Virginia. He did good service at Fort Sumter.

At the battle of Drury's Bluff he was severely wounded in the right side. On his recovery he rejoined his command and did duty with it until August 21, 1864, when in a charge on a Federal battery at Remas's Station, on the Weldon railroad, he was again wounded, and kept on crutches for over a year. From this wound he never fully recovered, but suffered from it for nearly thirty-five years. On his return home, September 21, 1865, he again engaged in the insurance business. He left a good name to his wife and several sons and daughters.

DR. LEA WILLIAMSON.

Tribute by G. D. Shands, LL.D., Dean University of Mississippi:

Dr. Lea Williamson, of Como, Miss., died April 21, 1900, at his home, at the age of sixty-three. He was born in York District, S. C., but came to Mississippi with his parents when nine years of age, and the remainder of his life was spent with the people of this State. He was an accomplished physician, having studied in the University of Virginia, Bellevue Hospital, New York, and graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1859. At the outbreak of the war between the States he enlisted as a private in Bartlett's regiment, but was soon made assistant surgeon of his regiment, in Alcorn's brigade. Upon reorganization he attached himself to the Fourteenth Mississippi Artillery Battalion, with which he continued until the close of the war; first under Maj. Gen. Van Dorn, until the siege of Vicksburg; next under Maj. Preston, of South Carolina, who was killed at Peach Tree Creek; and finally under Maj. Truheart, who was captured at Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1864. After this the battalion, being without horses or guns, was ordered to rendezvous at Columbus, Miss. This battalion subsequently did effective service at Mobile, Spanish Fort, and were paroled at Meridian, Miss., May 11, 1865.

Dr. Williamson returned at once to his home in Panola County, Miss., and resumed the practice of his profession. From that time until the end came he served his people faithfully and capably as physician, friend, and adviser, by day and by night, in heat and in cold, and won from them such a wealth of loving esteem as is rarely ever enjoyed by any man. The cry of distress never fell unheeded on his ear. As a surgeon in the army he was cool and courageous, always on or near the firing line. No place was too hot to prevent his venturing in to the relief of his men. In his practice in peace he was likewise patient and resourceful, seemingly never actuated by a love for gain, but always prompt and persistent in giving succor and relief to the afflicted. The announcement of his sudden death brought to strong men a grief so pungent that it found expression only in a sorrowing silence; and cultivated, capable women broke down in tearful agony. In his community he was loved and

respected in a high degree, and possessed the same high qualities of sympathy and self-denial as are so faithfully and movingly described by Ian Maclaren in his tender portraiture of Dr. MacLure in the "Bonnie Brier Bush." Dr. Williamson was as true and tender and self-denying as was Dr. MacLure.

Lieut. W. H. Clarke enlisted in Company F, Twenty-seventh Tennessee Infantry, in August, 1861. Severely wounded at the battle of Perryville in October, 1862, he rejoined his command after recovery, and gave brave and gallant service until the surrender at Greenville, N. C. He was an honored member of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 42, U. C. V. He died at his residence, in McKenzie, Tenn., on May 30, 1900.

Another member of Stonewall Camp, Iverson M. Wrinkle, died in McKenzie on July 14. He enlisted in Company F, Twenty-first Tennessee Cavalry, in February, 1863, and served as sergeant until paroled on May 21, 1865.

On July 16, 1900, the spirit of James A. G. McEwen, of Trenton, Tenn., passed away to the good soldiers' home "over yonder," and his body was laid to rest by his comrades in beautiful Oakland Cemetery. Comrade McEwen entered the Confederate Army in 1861, in the Forty-seventh Tennessee Infantry, Col. M. R. Hill, of Trenton, commanding, and served faithfully throughout the war. He was reared in Davidson County, Tenn., but went to Gibson County in the fifties, where he married and afterwards resided.

Comrade S. C. Henderson, of Tracy City, Tenn., was killed by being thrown from his buggy in Chattanooga on July 16. He was a member of Company K, First Tennessee Cavalry. His burial was under the auspices of S. L. Freeman Camp, No. 884, of Tracy City.

MONUMENT TO COL. BALDWIN.

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Bryan, Tex., erected a monument over the grave of Col. Briscoe G. Baldwin, which was unveiled on Sunday, July 8, at the city cemetery.

The low mound which marks the last resting place of one of the proudest and most chivalrous soldiers of the lost cause was covered with flowers. The ceremonies were conducted by the Daughters of the Confederacy, assisted by the members of Camp J. B. Robertson, U. C. V. On the glistening shaft of marble were these words:

"In memory of Col. B. G. Baldwin, Chief of Ordnance on Staff of Gen. R. E. Lee, C. S. A. Died September 28, 1898.

"This stone is erected by L. S. Ross Chapter, U. D. C., and other friends.

Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er;
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Dream of battlefields no more—
Days of danger, nights of waking."

REBURIAL OF CONFEDERATES IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

William A. Gordon, President C. V. A. of the District of Columbia, writes from Washington, D. C., on August 13, 1900: "In the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, approved on June 6, 1900, Congress provides for the reburial, in a suitable spot in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va. (the former home of Gen. Robert E. Lee), of the bodies of about two hundred and sixty Confederate soldiers now buried near this city.

"Feeling that should the names of these heroes be published throughout the South, the bodies of some of them might be claimed by relatives, the Confederate Veteran Association of the District of Columbia, Camp 171, U. C. V., took action in the matter. It has been ascertained that the reburial will be made in a plot specially set apart and beautified, and that each grave will be marked by a headstone, with the name, State, and regiment of the deceased thereon. Should relatives desire to claim any of these remains, they should take action prior to the reburial, which will be in the month of October, 1900.

"The Confederate Veteran Association of the District of Columbia tenders itself ready to give all possible information and assistance in this matter. Communications should be addressed to the Association, No. 431 Eleventh street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

LIST OF CONFEDERATE DEAD IN THE SOLDIERS' HOME NATIONAL CEMETERY.

J. W. Wilson, Company B, Second North Carolina; R. Bibb, Company E, Fourth Virginia; W. H. Gusston, Company E, Forty-fourth North Carolina; William Keyes, prisoner; W. A. Link, Company F, Fifteenth North Carolina; J. F. Kirby, Sergeant Company C, Sixty-first Virginia; G. Monroe; A. Williams, Company I, Second North Carolina Cavalry; J. D. Bounds, Company E, Thirty-eighth North Carolina; J. Armstrong, Sergeant Company H, Fifty-fourth North Carolina; J. F. Dean, Forty-third North Carolina; T. Beaver, Company C, Fifty-seventh North Carolina; William Beal, Company C, Forty-eighth North Carolina; William Strayhorn, Company H, Fifteenth North Carolina; L. Rainey, Company I, Ninth Alabama; A. King, Company H, Fifty-fifth North Carolina; O. Reep, Company K, Twenty-third North Carolina; J. P. Thomas, citizen; J. Nail, Sixty-first Georgia; J. F. Jordan, Captain Company B, Thirtieth Virginia Cavalry; W. E. Davis, Captain Company B, Thirtieth North Carolina; E. W. Copps, Captain Company C, Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry; John Harris, Company H, Twenty-second North Carolina; W. H. Cole, Company E, Seventh Virginia; G. W. Loop, Eleventh Virginia; L. (or S.) Corder, Company I, Forty-ninth Virginia; T. Cowen, Lieutenant Company B, Third North Carolina; Andrew Pfaff, Company D, — North Carolina; J. C. (or G.) Summers, Company B, Thirteenth Mississippi; J. T. Looney, Company —, Louisiana Rifles; W. G. King, Company K, Twenty-eighth Virginia; C. B. Cholette, Company F, White's Battery; J. Nichols, Company A, Fifth North Carolina; T. C. Christopher, Company B, Fourteenth South Carolina; C. M. Jones, Company I, Fourteenth Mississippi; Frank Furr, Company B, Fourteenth Alabama; William Brown, Com-

pany F, Fifth North Carolina; H. F. Elam, Company A, Eleventh Virginia; C. R. Seroggins, Company B, Seventeenth Virginia; J. Donohue, Company C, Ninth Alabama; Rufus Walston, Company G, Thirteenth North Carolina; R. Johnson, Company I, Eleventh North Carolina; P. Prothros, Company D, Second Georgia; E. Marshall, Company G, Thirteenth North Carolina; H. A. Barber, Company F, Sixth South Carolina; Thomas Ray, Company K, Nineteenth Virginia; — Loop, Nineteenth Virginia; John Kirk, Company H, Fourteenth Virginia; W. K. Cain, Company E, Ninth Alabama; H. R. Jones, Company C, Forty-seventh Virginia; Peter Moss, Company B, First Virginia; H. W. Cannon, Company F, Third Georgia; John B. Relph, Company H, Fifth North Carolina; Thomas R. Carlton, Company B, Fifty-seventh North Carolina; George Rice, Company C, Eleventh Virginia; N. B. Bryant, Company K, Nineteenth Mississippi; John Brown; B. H. Hickman, Company F, Thirty-eighth Georgia; William H. Culquitt, Company K, Thirty-first Georgia; L. G. Geuss, Company K, Second Mississippi Battery; W. Hodgkins, Company A, One Hundred and Fifteenth Georgia (or Virginia); A. McAllister, Company H, Nineteenth Mississippi; William Esters, Company D, Fifth South Carolina Cavalry; W. Jackson, Company K, Second Florida; Jas. Beck, — Artillery; B. Hogan, Company G, Fourteenth Tennessee; B. Knowles, Company A, — Georgia; W. J. McLendon, Company K, Twenty-third Georgia; John Burns, Company B, Fifteenth North Carolina; B. Hennessey, Company I, Eighth Alabama; J. L. Murphy, Company C, Seventeenth Virginia; James Chism, Company H, Thirty-eighth Virginia; L. M. Cook, Lieutenant Company F, Tenth Alabama; E. T. Armes, Company E, Fifth South Carolina; P. H. Flannoy, Company I, Eighth Alabama; R. Wood, Company F, Nineteenth Virginia; G. W. Hubbard, Company D, Twenty-eighth Virginia; N. Farmer, Company C, Twenty-fourth Virginia; John Goodener, Company A, Twenty-fourth Virginia; William Holder, Company H, Twenty-fourth Virginia; John Mead, Company G, Tenth Alabama; Peter Yont, Company E, Fifty-seventh North Carolina; G. Joyce, Company B, Sixth Virginia; M. V. Reese, Company H, Forty-second Mississippi; John A. Poer, Company D, Fourth Georgia; D. L. Carroll, Company D, Fifth Alabama; Dan. Conley, citizen prisoner; L. (or S.) Swanson, Corporal Company K, Forty-fourth North Carolina; W. Jenkins, Company C, Forty-fourth North Carolina; J. B. Ellen, Sergeant Company D, Thirtieth North Carolina; J. B. Hubbard, Company G, Eighth Florida; A. J. Mustain, Company H, Twenty-first Virginia; John Finch, Company A, Forty-seventh North Carolina; C. Kinkin, Company C, Forty-fourth North Carolina; R. P. Many, Company —, Louisiana Artillery; G. Johnston, Company H, Seventeenth Mississippi; William Tucker, Company C, Thirty-sixth North Carolina; James Booth, Company I, Eleventh Mississippi; J. Barnes, Company D, Second North Carolina; A. A. Boston, Corporal Company K, Fifty-seventh North Carolina; J. N. Saxon, Company D, Ninth Louisiana; N. Craft, Company K, Fifty-second North Carolina; John W. Cox, Company G, Second North Carolina; D. G. Coleman, Company A, Twentieth North Carolina; W. W. Wright, Company I, Nineteenth Georgia; J. McCullen, Company C, Fifth North Carolina Cavalry; William Stone, Company K,

First South Carolina Cavalry: J. Tayles (or G. Sayles), Captain Louisiana Guards Artillery; H. Rogers, Company L, Forty-fourth North Carolina; A. Bethune, Company A, Sixty-third North Carolina; M. Meulin, citizen prisoner; George L. Holt; L. Muma, Company K, Seventh Virginia Cavalry; D. W. Berry, Company C, Sixth North Carolina; W. L. McLain, Company A, Fourth Georgia; Samuel J. Boyce, Sergeant Company K, Thirtieth North Carolina; W. O. Pollard, Company C, Forty-fourth North Carolina; H. L. Palmer, Company E, Forty-second Mississippi; H. W. Overcash, Company B, Fifty-seventh North Carolina; U. R. Rasi, Company H, Forty-fourth North Carolina; Samuel Hill, Company F, Forty-first North Carolina; John W. Dyess, Corporal Company C, Twelfth Georgia; C. W. Rich, Corporal Company H, Sixth North Carolina; Charles W. Taylor, Corporal Company C, Sixtieth Georgia.

LIST OF CONFEDERATE DEAD IN THE ARLINGTON
NATIONAL CEMETERY.

J. A. Bennett, Sergeant Seventh Georgia; Unknown Captain, Unknown, Thomas McMeekin, James W. Purse; John Anderson, Sergeant Forty-fourth Georgia; E. F. Howell, Thirty-first Georgia; H. W. Crone, Page's Battery; Harve Barnett (or Bartnett), Nineteenth Mississippi; Michael Quinn, Thirteenth Mississippi; Unknown, Unknown; James Lynn, Twelfth Mississippi; J. C. Cannon, Sixty-first Alabama; P. (or William) Crawford, Forty-fourth Georgia; W. N. Jenkins, Nineteenth Mississippi; George J. Holmes, Twenty-sixth Georgia; James McCord, Sergeant Thirteenth Georgia; J. F. Lloyd, Forty-fifth Georgia; T. H. Hudson, Page's Battery; Willis Kenneman, Twelfth Alabama; Jerry Cronan, Tenth Louisiana; Henry Lahone, Page's Battery; Jesse M. Perry, Twelfth Georgia; Miller C. Pool, Thirteenth Georgia; Thomas King, Sergeant Ninth Louisiana; James Cunningham, Thirteenth Georgia; William C. Cheseltine (Cavalry), First Maryland; Aaron Morris, Third Georgia; Andrew Waldrip, Fourteenth Georgia; William S. Renfrel, Lieutenant Company H, Twelfth Alabama; Henry Shann, Company C, Eleventh Florida; Francis M. Thielkeld (or Thialheld), Company F, Twenty-seventh Georgia; Nathaniel S. Bates, Nineteenth Georgia; Patrick Boyle, Company B, Nineteenth Georgia; Fritz Kimple, Company A, Twelfth Mississippi; Elias McElveen, Company E, Twentieth Georgia; B. F. Parsons, Lieutenant Company G, Fourth Georgia; Unknown, Unknown; E. (P.) Stanley, Sergeant Company D, Fourth Georgia; Unknown; J. A. Jackson, Company B, Twelfth Georgia; W. L. Brown, Company I, Twenty-first Georgia; William R. Deering, Company A, Nineteenth Mississippi; W. J. Perkins, Seventh Cavalry; James Russell, Forty-third Georgia; Unknown; T. W. Farell (or Farrell), Captain Company E, Twelfth Mississippi; Winston Meredith, Corporal Company —, Jones' Battery, Virginia Horse Artillery; W. L. Nicks, Company B, Sixty-first Alabama; Francis M. Autay, Company D, Twelfth Georgia; Reuben Harris, Company B, Sixth Alabama; W. P. Bernhard, Company A, Forty-fourth Georgia; Hannan (or Harman) Howard, Company A, Sixty-first Alabama; William A. Phillip, Company B, Fourth Georgia; Flemming Jordan, Company G, Fourth Georgia; Thomas A. (or H.) Hickman, Company B, Twelfth Georgia; John

A. Curry, Company E, Twelfth Georgia; Leonidas Brewer, Company I, Sixty-first Alabama; John M. Page, Company B, Thirty-seventh Georgia; J. Y. Bendingsfield (or Bedingfield), Company G, Sixtieth Georgia; Unknown; James Foreman, Company E, Fiftyninth Alabama; John Abney (or Abbey), Company D, Forty-fifth Georgia; James McClendon, Company G, Sixty-fourth Georgia; John J. Ashley, citizen; Marida Brown, Phillips' Legion (Georgia); James L. Epps, A. Cobb's Legion; A. J. Bayless, Sergeant Sixty-third Tennessee; J. A. Smith, Company H, Sixteenth Georgia; Thomas C. Truner, Corporal Company C, Twelfth Georgia; W. Reynolds, Company F, First Louisiana; Allen H. Early, Company I, Fourth Georgia; Timothy F. Morgan, Company F, Fifty-ninth Alabama; S. Jessup, Company C, Fourth Georgia; William Herod, Company B, Sixth Alabama; James F. Hardy, Sergeant Company B, Sixtieth Georgia; John Roberts, Company D, Fifteenth Alabama; Elijah N. Field, Company N, Twenty-fourth Georgia; George W. Rayner, Company G, Twelfth Alabama; Isaac Neill, Company D, Sixteenth Mississippi; J. F. Graves, Forty-fifth Georgia; Wilson Taylor, Company C, Sixty-first Alabama; John W. Barkley, Captain Company C, Fifty-ninth Alabama; David L. Taylor, Company G, Twelfth Georgia; Thelred S. Lay, Thirty-fifth Georgia; William Worley, Danville Battery; F. G. Fagans (or Hagans), Company H, Forty-fourth Georgia; Unknown; William C. West, Fourth Alabama; James Scales, Company I, Seventeenth Alabama; Jesse S. Russell, Company I, Sixty-first Alabama; Thomas Rogers, Company G, Twenty-first Georgia; John H. Rogers, Company B, Cutt's (or Curtis') Battery, Georgia; Thomas McGee, refugee, First Alabama; William Inkfield, prisoner; William Lovelace, prisoner; W. D. Amos, Company D, Fifth Georgia; J. D. Ballowe; Robert Beachman, citizen prisoner; Warren H. Brand, Thirty-fifth Georgia; Homer Broxton, Third Georgia; B. B. Burdock, Company D, Twelfth Georgia; John F. Butler, Company B, Eighteenth Georgia; Calvin M. Cannyn, Ninth Georgia; E. R. Coleman, Company A, Seventeenth Mississippi; George Daymud (or Davmud), citizen prisoner; James Emory, citizen prisoner; Joseph Genrard, Eighteenth Georgia; J. C. Green, Company B, Fourth Georgia; W. J. Gray, prisoner of war; Lewis Glease, citizen prisoner; W. A. Heavener, citizen prisoner; G. W. Hall, Company E, Sixtieth Georgia; Samuel Hughes, Company F, Twenty-sixth Georgia; William B. Jones, Company B, Ninth Georgia; Joseph Kirkland, Forty-eighth Georgia; John Leacock, citizen State prisoner; J. McDonald, Company I, Third Alabama; J. R. Mullen, Forty-second Mississippi; U. P. Nichols, First Tennessee; Joseph L. Riley, Company I, Twenty-first Mississippi; W. H. Roberts, Company H, Thirty-seventh Mississippi; C. B. Royston, Company D, Fourteenth Alabama; James Sandlin, Company D, Ninth Alabama; Henry M. Shaw, Company N, Forty-first Alabama; George H. Smith, Fourteenth Alabama; William Snyder, Company D, Sixty-second Georgia; T. B. Thompson, Fifth Alabama; William C. Tipp, Company B, Forty-fourth Tennessee; J. H. Wallace, Company F, Twenty-first Georgia; George Whaley, citizen; James West, prisoner; William Wilkison (or Winkeson), Company F, Forty-third Alabama; J. W. Norwood, Company I, Third Alabama.

SERVICE FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

BY PHILIP B. SPENCE, NEWPORT, KY.

Personal recollections of a Confederate officer who served more than four years.

Tennessee having refused in December, 1860, by a large majority, to secede, I left Nashville in February, 1861, for Montgomery, Ala., where the Provisional Congress of the seceded States was in session, and was about to enlist in an Alabama regiment; but I became acquainted with several officers who had resigned their commissions in the United States Army and were there to enlist in the Confederate service, and they persuaded me to apply for a commission in the regular Confederate army. I had never drilled a squad, and knew but little of military affairs, but these officers thought I was competent and would make a good officer. Capt. B——, of Texas, took a special interest in my behalf, giving me full instructions how to make out an application in proper military form. A few days after making the application Hon. L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, requested me to report to the war office. He informed me that my application had been strongly indorsed by prominent Tennesseans and by old army officers, but that the department was making no civilian appointments in the regular army from Tennessee, as the State had refused to secede, and intimated that I would be commissioned in the provisional army. My friends advised me to insist upon an appointment in the regular service. Through friends and near relatives I had become acquainted with Mrs. Walker, wife of the Secretary, and she became my advocate, and through her influence the objection of the Secretary was overcome. On April 14, 1861, I received my first commission as a second lieutenant of infantry in the regular Confederate States army from the State of Alabama. I was ordered to Nashville on recruiting service for the regular army. Tennessee in the meantime had joined the Confederacy with a larger majority than the one with which she had declined on a former vote. The war was actually on between the North and the South. To obtain recruits for the "regular" army was then impossible. Every man and many of the boys were joining the volunteer organizations, and asking to be sent to the front. In fact, at no time did we have a "regular" army, although many officers held commissions in the regular service.

In July, 1861, I was ordered to report to Maj. Gen. L. Polk, at Memphis, who had been assigned to the command of the Department of the Mississippi. This great and good man was an elegant and noble gentleman. He was a strict disciplinarian, and required full service from his officers and strict observance of etiquette in his military family; but he was kind and just. I have many reasons for loving the memory of this grand man, who gave his life on the line of battle for the cause he believed to be right.

I was assigned to the inspector general's department, and my first duty as a staff officer was to inspect the different commands being organized around Memphis, which frightened me a good deal at first, but my reports being approved at headquarters gave me confidence for future work.

After a short time Gen. Polk made department headquarters at Columbus, Ky. The date I don't recall. The Tennessee army volunteered as a State organiza-

tion, and, the State having joined the Confederacy, it became necessary to transfer these State troops to the army of the Confederate States. Soon after going to Columbus I was assigned to this duty at Union City, Trenton, and other camps in Tennessee, which required some time and much hard work, as the officers were necessarily poorly posted at this early date in making out muster rolls, etc. My report and muster rolls, having been approved at headquarters, were forwarded to Richmond. My fellow staff officers gave me a complimentary title as a mustering officer that stuck to me until after I left Gen. Polk's staff after the battle of Chickamauga.

Columbus was strongly fortified with heavy guns and well-constructed intrenchments. The army was well drilled and as well equipped as could be with the limited means of our ordnance quartermaster and commissary departments. A camp was established on the opposite bank of the Mississippi River, and on November 7, 1861, the Federals from Cairo under Gen. Grant made an attack upon this line of defense, and for a time, when the Federals were in possession of the Confederate camps, burning our tents, etc., it looked blue for our side, but this was soon overcome by prompt reinforcements from the Columbus side of the river, and what at first seemed to be a defeat turned to a victory for the Confederates and a rout for the enemy. We had won the battle of Belmont, the first of the war in the West.

A load having been left in one of the large Dahlgren guns of the Columbus bluff, which had been fired rapidly on the 7th, it was advised that the gun be discharged; and Gen. Polk and staff went up to see this gun fired at a target up the river. The gun, carrying a 128-pound shot, was shattered to pieces with a terrific explosion. Two of the officers and five men of the battery and Lieut. Snowden, of Gen. Polk's staff, were killed. Happily soldiers in the field do not remember the sad side of war very long. Capt. Rucker, of the general's staff, seeing his commander as he was regaining consciousness from the great shock, said to him: "General, isn't this h—l?" The prompt reply was: "Rucker, it smells like it!"

Another story is told of Gen. Polk. He was the bishop of Louisiana. On the battlefield Gen. Cheatham's favorite expression was: "Give them h—l, boys! give them h—l!" Gen. Polk would not use this strong language, but would say with much force: "Boys, give it to them like Cheatham says!" These old stories have been told often, and are known by Polk's old soldiers, but possibly the sons and daughters of the Confederacy have not heard them.

My first experience under a flag of truce was on October 14, just before the battle of Belmont. Capt. M. T. Polk (afterwards colonel), Lieut. J. A. Smith (afterwards brigadier general), and myself (afterwards colonel) were ordered to proceed by steamer to the Federal lines and try to make arrangements for the exchange of Federal prisoners in our hands for Missouri State troops in Northern prisons. The Federal outposts had evidently been poorly instructed in regard to flags of truce, for we were allowed to pass them without a shot being fired to halt us, and steamed up to the wharf at Cairo. When Gen. Grant was informed that Confederate officers were at the wharf under the white flag, he came aboard our boat seemingly in ear-

nest, and informed us that he could not allow us to leave his line and must consider us as prisoners. As I was a young officer and knew but little of the value of the white flag, this frightened me until my knees shook. At this time I had had but a taste of the fascinations of war, and a prison life ahead of me, with only a second lieutenant's commission, was distressing. Smith and Polk were graduates of the West Point Military Academy. I think one, and possibly both, were classmates of Grant, and both were perfectly cool, while I was suffering from the anticipated horrors of prison life. Smith pointed to the white flag at our mast, and said in a firm, Southern voice: "Gen. Grant, all nations respect that flag, and you must." After a little while Gen. Grant's boat was lashed to ours, and he having been convinced that we could not be considered as prisoners, we floated below his outposts and anchored. After the business of the flag was arranged, however, without accomplishing the exchange of prisoners, we spent a very pleasant time with Gen. Grant and his officers. I was on several flags of truce after this with Gen. Polk in regard to the exchange of prisoners, etc. On one of these occurred the following, which I think has been published before. After the official business had been talked over, the Federal officers were invited to luncheon aboard the steamer *Charm*, Gen. Polk's headquarters. Among the Federal officers was Col. N. B. Buford, of the Twenty-Ninth Illinois Regiment, a warm and dear old West Point personal friend of Gen. Polk in peace, but an enemy in battle. He proposed the toast, "George Washington, the Father of His Country." Gen. Polk added merrily: "And the first Rebel." The toast was drunk with much pleasure and laughter on both sides, and especially with approval by the Confederates. Flags of truce occasions were generally made pleasant by both Federal and Confederate officers, but I knew of some disagreeable features on these occasions by volunteer Federal officers, who were never gentlemen at home and had failed to learn refinement by their insignia of rank.

Although we rejoiced over the victory of Belmont, it soon became necessary for our little army to give up Columbus, with its strong works, made by much hard labor on the part of our volunteer army to make this the strongest fortified position on the Mississippi.

After the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson we were forced to establish new lines, so on March 2 Columbus was evacuated, nothing of value being left for the Federals. Gen. Polk and his staff were the last to leave. Gen. Polk's army went from Columbus to Bethel and Corinth. I was ordered to Island No. 10, to inspect and report the condition of the troops and fortifications. It was strongly fortified, and the forces there were under command of Gen. McCown, a splendid artillery officer. The island was being shelled, and many fifteen-inch shells were falling all over the island. I was kept busy running for bombproof positions, which had been constructed on every part of the island. Every shell from the enemy's fleet could be plainly seen by day, and at night that bright little burning fuse, like a shooting star, could be seen. I shall never forget the dark night we left the island. The Federals had built fortifications and mounted heavy guns below, and the only way to escape was in a rowboat with muffled

oars. The river was very high, and our boat was loaded to the water's edge. If we had been seen by the Yankees, our boat would have been upset and all gone to the bottom; but we got by safely, and hastened to Corinth, arriving there a few days before the battle of Shiloh. That was my first big battle (commencing Sunday, April 6, 1862). This and the engagements around Corinth have been thoroughly described by the best military writers. I write merely from memory of the impressions made upon me at the time.

The four corps of the army were assigned respectively to Polk, Bragg, Hardee, and Breckinridge—all commanded by that "almost godlike man," in the language of Gen. Joseph Hooker, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, with Beauregard second in command. Polk's Corps was held in reserve. The battle began early. The firing of artillery and infantry in our front was grand, especially so as our forces were driving the enemy.

The next and concluding chapter begins with a description of experiences in the great battle of Shiloh.

A REQUIEM.

BY JOHN W. FAXON, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

When Venus gleams her tinted rays,
To light a world afar,
There's not a glint of light so clear
As gleams from Forrest's star.

And all the orbs that deck the sky,
Shine brighter, as the drum,
With muffled tones and litter tells,
"Another soldier's come."

The living heroes o'er the earth,
Will point to crowns above,
Circling the brows of warriors,
Who died for country's love.

A Lee, a Jackson, Johnston, Bragg,
Await at heaven's door.
To hear the "taps" of coming years,
And welcome thousands more.

O heroes of life's valiant age,
With patriot visions bright,
There's none so brave as he who fails—
Or dies—for freedom's right.

NEW OFFICERS OF TENNESSEE DIVISION. — President, Mrs. T. J. Latham, Memphis; First Vice President, Miss Frances Kirby-Smith, Sewanee; Second Vice President, Mrs. W. D. Robinson, Murfreesboro; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. T. McCutchen, Jackson; Treasurer, Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, Columbia; Historian, Miss Mary G. Gloster, Gallatin.

Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Atlanta, Ga., is the General Treasurer of the Daughters of the Confederacy. This is her fourth term of office; the year previous she was Recording Secretary. Mrs. Thomas is thoroughly identified with the cause in which she is engaged. For many years before her removal to Atlanta she was Secretary and Treasurer of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta. The men of her family were in the cavalry service, Cobb's Legion.



CAPT. W. B. KENDRICK,
OF RALEIGH, N. C.

The *Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser* says:

Gov. W. C. Oates writes of one of his captains, "Wm. B. Kendrick was twenty-one years old when enlisted. He was an excellent soldier and always present for duty, and in all the battles in which the regiment was engaged, until elected junior second lieutenant in the Thirty-Seventh Alabama Infantry Regiment in July, 1862. He served with his company in that regiment so acceptably that Lieut. Col. A. A. Greene, commanding the regiment, Baker's Brigade, complimented him by an order read at dress parade for his gallantry and general efficiency. By the voluntary action of all the officers and men of Company E, Forty-Second Alabama Regiment, he was made captain of that company, in which he served most acceptably and gallantly and was several times wounded, and once quite severely. He now resides at Raleigh, N. C., and has won considerable distinction as an educator. Capt. Kendrick is well and favorably known, and much more could be said of him."

Col. Greene's letter, dated April 26, 1864, states:

In the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment Capt. Kendrick served through all the campaigns of Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson in the Valley of Virginia and in all the battles fought by that general distinguished himself for coolness and gallantry. He was also in the battles around Richmond, at Cedar Mountain, in all of which he behaved with distinguished gallantry. Since he has been in this command he has always shown himself to be a *most gallant and efficient officer*. At luka, Look-out Mountain, Missionary Ridge, etc., he displayed the *highest order of coolness and gallantry*. He is well acquainted with all the duties of company, regimental, field, and staff officers; *he is a Martinet in discipline*. It is with deep regret that I part with an officer so thoroughly tried and so efficient."

The following interesting data is written of him:

For more than a quarter of a century Capt. Kendrick has represented the University Publishing Company and is well informed and successful in his work. He has been a constant worker in the cause of education; and this has, of itself, made him thousands of friends. His information of books, people, and the country is such that, it is said, he is never a firesome talker. He is a great worker, never idle and never neglectful. He is so extensively and favorably known that to say more of him would be like "carrying coal to New Castle." Meet him once, and you will never forget him. His old army friends will be glad, we know, to learn he is yet "young" and draws the scales at two hundred and fifty pounds.

NEW BOOK ON CONFEDERATE NAVY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL LIFE: Including the Cruises of the Confederate States Steamers Sumter and Alabama. By Capt. John McIntosh Kell, Executive Officer. Washington: The Neale Company.

In "Recollections of a Naval Life" Capt. Kell gives us, in the events of a busy and strenuous period, a connected series of delightful sea stories. The narrative style is adopted in his relations, and necessarily throughout the book the personal pronoun is largely used, but such is the natural and easy manner of the book that any one besides himself might be the hero of his story. . . . The period embraced in these charming reminiscences covers some of the eventful epochs of the history of our common country, extending, as it does, from the conquest of California down to and through the war between the States. The story of the far-famed Alabama forms but an item in the kaleidoscope of this old sailor's life. The easy transition from the deck of a trim wooden sloop of war to the command of a nondescript Confederate ram shows the wonderful adaptability of these old-time sailors, and how well their large experiences fitted them for the emergencies and responsibilities of war.

Capt. Kell has divided his book into two parts, the first treating of old times in the navy, and he is so happy in drawing his pictures that he brings back vividly "the memory of past joys, pleasant but mournful to the soul." During the twenty years antedating the war it was his happy privilege to serve under the orders of that illustrious line of commodores, who, inheriting the traditions of our Peabodys, Decatur, Hulls, Stewarts—*nomena clarissima* of a heroic age—were careful to transmit unimpaired the honorable record. This portion of the narrative might not inappropriately be entitled the "Sailor of the Sail."

"To whom no land is distant, to whom no sea is barred;

Who battled with the current, who conquered with the wind,

Who shaped the course before him by the wake he threw behind."

And, even in this age of steel and electric appliances should possess an interest for our new navy as picturing the chrysalis from which it sprung. It was the day, too, of "smart execution," when "reefing topsails in stays," "shifting topmasts while under a taut bowline," etc., set a measure of friendly rivalry between the ships, and educated officers and men for every stress of wind, weather, and war.

It was in such a school that Capt. Kell served his country, and, having had the advantage of staff appointments during important negotiations, he was enabled to round out a thorough nautical education with valuable lessons in diplomacy.

In view of what is now happening in the far East the account of the author's visit to Japan, as one of the staff of Commodore Perry, will be found both interesting and instructive, while his observations of Chinese customs and manners prove them to have been the same yesterday as to-day, and withal "a pretty bad lot."

The cruises of the *Sumter* and *Alabama* are pleasantly told. But the *Alabama's* cruise, covering in time scarcely two years, but in distance over sixty thousand miles, is but the complement of this officer's sea life, and beyond dispute ranks him to-day the Nestor of living naval officers.

Those who have had the pleasure of personal association with the author, and call to mind what a charming raconteur he is, will be agreeably surprised in finding that his stories have not suffered by being committed to the cold custody of the printed page.

In a sailor's book one would naturally look for the frequent use of nautic phrases and professional terms, which would render it unintelligible to the ordinary reader, but in this respect the author has been careful, so that the whole three hundred pages can be read with interest by any landsman, without the aid of a glossary. That this book will be read with pleasure by that large class who delight in tales of the sea, I have no doubt, and it is to be regretted that such charming recollections should have been written *currente calamo*.

Capt. Kell has been fortunate in the selection of a publisher. The book is constructed in a "first-class and workmanlike manner;" the binding is good, typography excellent, and, best of all, pure, unadulterated white paper, with not a suspicion of abominable glaze.

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HON. B. F. GRADY'S BOOK.

REVIEW BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, OF RALEIGH.

It is not often that a North Carolinian writes a book, and when one does we are apt to pass it by as a work worthy of slight consideration. Should any one feel inclined to call public attention to it, his motive is ascribed to kindly feelings toward the author, and his laudation carries little weight.

We get our literature, like our merchandise and groceries, from the North, and do not look to the South for it. And so it happens that the rising generation is being led to view from the Northern standpoint some historical matters which the Southern people are interested in presenting from the standpoint of historic truth. It is, then, a satisfaction to us when we discover a book written by a Southerner that is calculated to promote a clear understanding of the relations that existed between the North and the South in the years prior to the war. Such a book we have found in a work entitled "The South against the North," written by Hon. B. F. Grady, of Duplin (Sampson County).

The title, we think, had better been "Some Historical Truths," for it indicates a sectional attitude that would detract from the value of the work. As it is, the facts compiled by Mr. Grady speak for themselves, and in the case they constitute—"The Case of the South against the North"—a biased partisan judgment is not needed for a conclusion favorable to the South.

Mr. Grady's book is dispassionate, clear in statement, methodically arranged, and full of facts bearing on the subjects discussed. He does not deal much in logic—the facts make the argument. And they are facts that the rising generation should be familiar with. The book ought to be on the shelf of every library. It is a valuable addition to the historical literature of the country, and we heartily commend it to the attention of the public, and wish it were accessible to all the young men of the South. Price, \$1.50.

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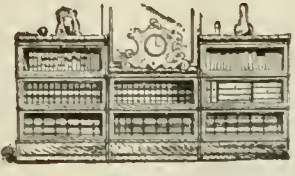
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The sword he wore who fell that day
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Three times he turned the battle round
And waved that brand on high,
While loudly rang his battle shout
And flashed his fiery eye;
And then that fourth and fated ride,
His banner floating free,
And there, where glory waited, died,
At Franklin, Tennessee.

The cause he loved in drear defeat
As death itself went down,
But never did he fear to meet
His foes, and his renown
Shall live with those that stood with him,
And fame shall tell how he
Led those who shed their blood with him
At Franklin, Tennessee.

Brave Erin's blood flowed in his veins,
And his escutcheon bright
Bore none save honor's sinless stains,
And never truer knight
Left home and country far behind
And crossed the distant sea,
And left a name incarnadined,
At Franklin, Tennessee!
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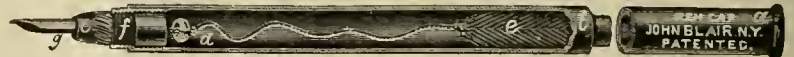
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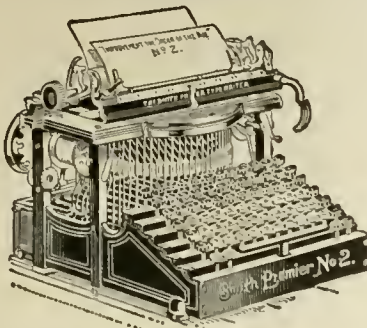
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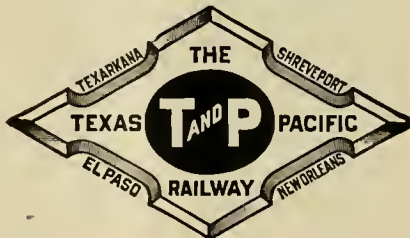
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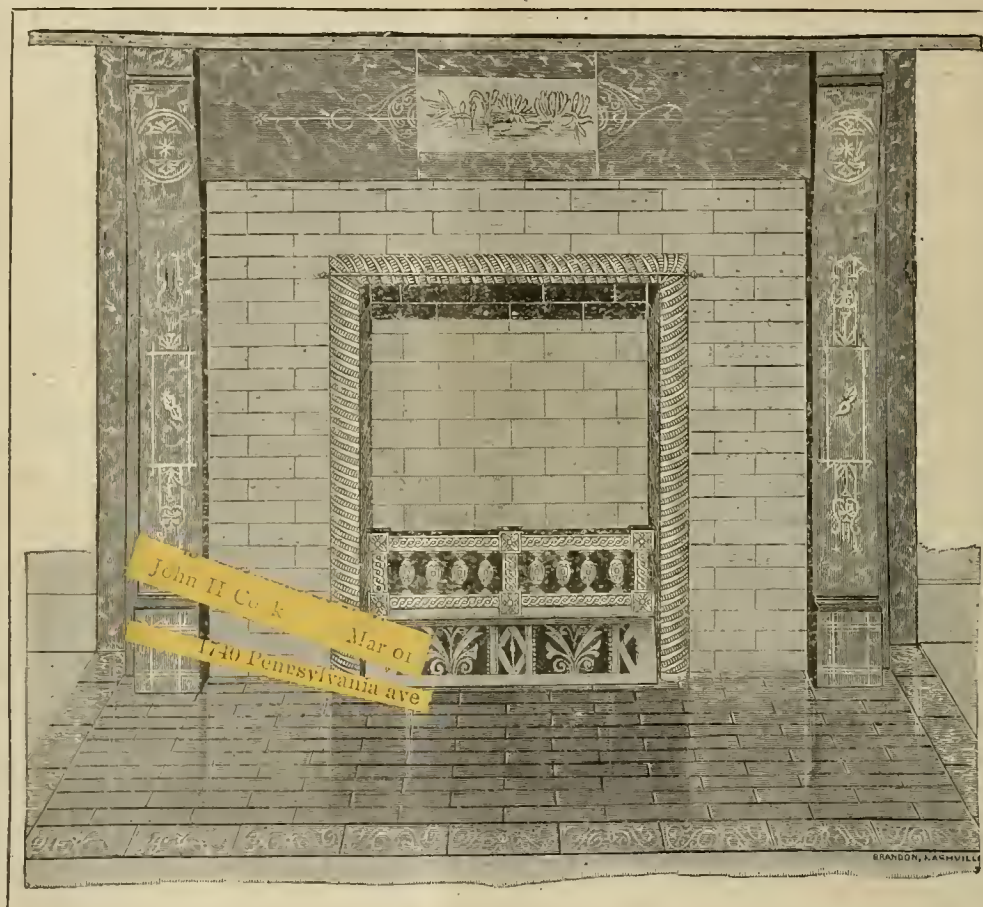
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Vol. 8.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 9.

Confederate Veteran



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT UNVEILED AT OWENSBORO, KY., SEPTEMBER 21, 1900.
MONUMENT DESIGNED BY SCULPTOR GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY. PHOTO. BY L. M. JOHN, OWENSBORO.

The statue represents a Confederate soldier in an attitude of alertness, with his gun in readiness, and looking intently for the approaching enemy.

The first sketch for the monument was made by the sculptor in the summer of 1898, and the model remained exhibited for several weeks in the courthouse. The funds at hand at that time did not warrant any contract being signed, but gradually more money accumulated in small amounts, and finally last fall the local Daughters of the Confederacy signed the contract with Mr. Zolnay, who at once went to work.

The pedestal was cut in Virginia granite by Wray & Brown, of Richmond, Va., two old Confederate soldiers, who have made an enviable reputation for themselves in such work. This firm did the work for Mr. Zolnay on the pedestals for the Jefferson Davis

and Winnie Davis monuments erected last fall at Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, Va. The pedestal weighs 33,000 pounds, and the bronze about 900. The statue has elicited a great deal of admiration.

The monument stands seventeen feet and two inches in height (not including the base), the pedestal eight feet six inches, and the statue seven feet eight inches.

On the front view of the pedestal is the inscription, "To Our Confederate Heroes, 1861-1865;" also the emblem of the Daughters of the Confederacy. On the northwest side is the following inscription: "Erected by the Breckinridge Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, 1900."

Although the monument is not elaborate, the workmanship is excellent. It is one of the finest pieces of art ever erected in the State.

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Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 9. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT OWENSBORO.

Once more our Southern women have shown to the world that whenever they decide to pay tribute to patriotism, self-sacrifice, and all that is noble in human nature, their undaunted energy will accomplish it.

Eight years ago the people of Owensboro decided to perpetuate in enduring material the memory of their Confederate heroes by erecting a monument in their honor. The idea found hearty response, and willing contributions began to flow into the treasury. But unfortunately the financial stringency of 1893 soon interfered with the movement to such an extent that the outlook became most discouraging. At this crucial moment, however, when all hope of erecting this

tribute of love had nearly vanished, our ever-faithful women came to the rescue, and as a result of their unceasing labors an imposing monument was unveiled on the 21st of September, the anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga, on the most conspicuous corner of Court Square, Owensboro, Ky. It is estimated that seven thousand people witnessed the ceremonies.

The three flags of the Confederacy formed part of the decorations—the battle flag, review flag, and the official flag. The banners of the Rice E. Graves and W. T. Aull Camps, Sons of Confederate Veterans, contributed toward giving an impressive aspect to the ceremony. The assembly was called to order by Dr. C. H. Todd, President of the Daviess County Confederate Association and Commander of the Rice E. Graves Camp, who introduced Archdeacon M. M. Benton, of Louisville, and he opened the unveiling ceremonies with a most beautiful and eloquent invocation. A magnificent address was delivered by Capt. Ellis, and he was followed by Judge Lockett, of Henderson, Ky., who paid a most touching tribute to the Confederate soldier, pronouncing him "not a failure."

A bugle call was sounded by Miss Atley, and Mrs. Sarah S. Moorman, the venerable mother of Gen. George Moorman, escorted by Commander C. H. Todd, mounted the platform. Four beautiful little girls (Sue Watkins, Edwina Rowe, Robin Brashear, and Marie Ford), each with a Confederate flag, stood on the four corners of the pedestal, and Mrs. Moorman drew the white silk ribbon that held the drapery and it fell away, leaving the heroic figure of the soldier in bold relief. There was a great cheer, the cannon (under command of Maj. Bumpus) roared, and the exercises were over. Long after the ceremonies the old Confederates lingered around the grounds.

In recounting the history of the way in which the funds were raised for the erection of this beautiful monument, it is of interest to know that the first money made was in the summer of 1893. Half a dozen women organized themselves into a body known as the Daughters of the Daviess County Confederate Association, perhaps the first organization of its kind in the South. Miss Rose Shelby Todd was President; Miss Bettie Mulligan, Vice President; and Mrs. Asa Bosley, one of the leaders in every enterprise undertaken, was one of the members. By this small or-



THE STATUE OF THE OWENSBORO (KY.) MONUMENT.

ganization, and by hard work and various entertainments, \$1,100 was earned (not contributed), and in 1899, when the U. D. C. became an organization, this money was in the treasury.

ADDRESS OF HON. W. T. ELLIS.

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The occasion which brings us together to-day revives recollections of a stormy period in our national history which will never be forgotten as long as the annals of the republic are preserved.

There are those in this audience who no doubt remember the affecting scenes they witnessed on the streets of this town, and along the country roads of this county, thirty-nine years ago, when two companies of infantry and two companies of cavalry, amid the cheers of friends and the tears of mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, with all the joyous enthusiasm of youth, turned their faces toward the sunny South and took up their line of march for the Confederate army.



COMRADE W. T. ELLIS.

For those who remember those pathetic scenes, I would, if I possessed the genius of an artist, paint a picture which to them would look brightest when viewed through tears and most sacred when contemplated under the lengthening shadows of cherished memories and disappointed hopes. An appropriate background for that picture would be the unmarked graves of all the young men from this county who afterwards died in prisons, in hospitals, or sacrificed their lives on fields of battle in behalf of the cause which they so long and heroically defended, but which went down at last at Appomattox. That picture would represent all that stands for the valor which inspired our revolutionary ancestors, and all that we love and admire of the old South.

Years have swept, and years are sweeping
Many a memory from our keeping;

but recollections of those gallant young men, though they have long since passed through the "gates ajar," remain fresh and green to-day as we come to

perform the simple ceremony of unveiling this modest monument as a slight token of the honor in which we hold their memory.

Although Kentucky had not seceded from the Union, those boys, "with gay and gladsome tread," bade good-by to home and friends, and, marching straight to the battle's front, offered their young lives upon the altar which the South had dedicated to liberty. But having decided where their path of duty led, it was as impossible to check their course or stay their action as it would have been to stay the fury of a tempest.

Moved by sentiments of duty and a patriotism born of those equal rights which liberty has always fostered in every land and age, the young men in whose honor this monument is erected cheerfully quit their peaceful and happy homes to offer their lives in defense of a cause which they believed represented a clear constitutional right. Though defeated in a court of arms, it is not the vision of a dreamer to declare that the interpretation which the young men you sent to the Confederate army gave to the organic law was not the construction which the patriotic men who wrote that instrument intended it should receive. This is not, however, an appropriate occasion to discuss questions of constitutional law, but rather a time to do tardy justice to the memory of those whom you loved while living, and whose memory you fondly cherish now that they are dead.

Though nearly a half century, with its "many-footed years," like a ceaseless procession has held the even tenor of its way since you sent those beardless boys and bold young men to aid the South in its struggle for independence, recollections of them as they "marched away to battle" return to-day as we look upon the enduring granite and bronze which tender hands and loving hearts have set in this public place as a testimonial to their virtues, their patriotism, and their valor.

Thirty-nine years ago Owensboro was little more than a straggling village, but within its limits it had as many a corps of young men as was ever reared in any community of this patriotic and historic commonwealth. Then the county of Daviess was in the first degree of a rural community, yet the young men in it sent to the Confederate army were the descendants of those who won for the republic the liberty and independence which was achieved at Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, and Yorktown.

Since those, in honor of whose memory we are here, abandoned home and friends to aid the South in its struggle for local self-government, time has wrought many a change; since then the map of the world has been rearranged; since then events at home and abroad have transpired which have tossed the affairs of nations like straws driven upon the eddies of a tempest. But neither time nor space has abated the affectionate regard in which you hold those whose heroic deeds you this day seek to perpetuate. Through the vista of years we see them again as they struggle in their icy trenches or charge through the "untrodden snow" at Fort Donelson; again we hear them singing, "Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll march away to battle," as they lead the charge of Albert Sidney Johnston's army through Grant's camps at Shiloh.

[Just here a group of persons with well-trained

voices arose suddenly upon the platform and sang that old-time thrilling war song, and the innovation gave renewed interest to the splendid address.—ED.]

We stand again to-day with uncovered heads in honor of their unsurpassed gallantry as they followed their immortal leader, John C. Breckinridge, in the bloodiest charge of the war over the frozen fields of Stone River; and we silently cheer them for the way they fought Hooker's Corps "above the clouds," at Lookout Mountain. This day we tenderly remember them as they charged over the enemy's breastworks at Chickamauga, where Helm and Graves and many another valiant Kentucky knight fought and perished just in the dawn of a victory which, if pursued to its logical results, would have sent Rosecrans's army flying like chaff before a storm out of the States of Georgia and Tennessee. We pause and turn the kaleidoscope of the past once more, and with unaffected pride point the youth of this and coming generations to that splendid array of beardless young warriors as they girded up their loins for the last desperate struggle in defense of the cause which they followed until its last hope had perished.

RECORD OF CONFEDERATES FROM THIS COUNTY.

There is not to be found in the military annals of the world a record which excels that which the Orphan Brigade made in its last great campaign of one hundred days from Dalton to Atlanta; and the men whose memory we propose to perpetuate here were among the flowers of the Orphan Brigade, and not at Marathon nor at Waterloo was the daring they exhibited in the never-to-be-forgotten campaign equaled, and in all the tide of time it has never been surpassed.

As they stood at the base of the mountains and rugged hills in North Georgia, in the spring of 1864, twelve hundred young men, of which this community furnished its quota, were in battle array with muskets in their hands. They marched and fought at Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Newnan, Kennesaw Mountain, Dallas, Decatur, Peach Tree Creek, and under the very towers of the city of Atlanta. When that campaign was ended only two hundred and forty of them remained; the rest were dead or disabled from wounds received in battle. Their shattered ranks and broken columns told the tragic story of how death and slaughter had stalked abroad in their ranks at noonday, and of casualties which ceaselessly attended them by night.

A Northern critic, a professor of Harvard College, referring to the performances of the Orphan Brigade in the campaign between Dalton and Atlanta, declares the moral patience and physical courage it exhibited without a parallel in ancient or modern times; and I do not hesitate to believe as time drifts us farther away from that thrilling period that the splendid prowess and military fame of the command to which those in honor of whose memory this monument is erected belonged will continue to grow brighter and brighter as the flight of years widens the space that separates us from those whose heroic deeds made the record of the Confederate soldier imperishable.

TIME TO BUILD A MONUMENT.

Recognizing that they are now no longer young men gleaming in sunny fields, and that every day they

are drifting farther behind the shadows of the hills that point to the "silent land," surviving Confederates, aided by their wives and children, have set here in a public place this monument as a last and perpetual token of their affectionate regard for their dead comrades. They have placed it here as a mute witness to remind all those who come after us, and who may pass this way, that while the Confederacy failed in the struggle to establish its independence, those who fought and died under its flag neither fought nor died in vain; for as long as this monument shall defy the tide of time which will beat against it, its very silence will eloquently proclaim that the men who sacrificed their lives in an effort to set up a constitutional Confederacy were not inspired by the love of conquest or a thirst for gold, but by motives of patriotism as lofty as any that ever inspired heroes and patriots of any age.

THE CONFEDERATES SURRENDERED IN GOOD FAITH.

But the brilliant record which the Confederate soldier won on fields of battle is not the sole heritage he will bequeath to those who follow him, for to his record as a soldier he will add his devotion to law and order and good government in times of peace. When he laid down his arms the Confederate soldier was confronted by difficulties more trying than those which confronted him in war, and which yet put to a higher test both his patriotism and his qualifications as a citizen worthy to control the civic affairs of States and to aid in directing the destiny of a free republic. Ragged, depressed in spirits, hungry, and sore-footed, when the armies of the South surrendered, he turned his face toward his home, which war had made desolate. Through fields, along country roads, singly and in groups, they came back to all the war had left them, which was their household gods of flesh and blood. No holiday parade had been organized to meet them, no beat of drum or blare of trumpet welcomed them back, no flying banners decorated their line of march, and no shouting multitude greeted them. Thus the old Confederate was situated as he "trode the wine press alone," and halted upon the smoldering ruins and dead ashes which four years before marked the scenes of prosperous and happy homes. But though beaten in battle, adverse fortune had not extinguished his last hope, for, after all, a welcome awaited him. It was the sacred welcome from mother, wife, and little ones, who, silently greeting him, celebrated his return as they "sobbed aloud in their fullness of heart;" and this welcome he would not to-day exchange for all the military pageants that have attended the return of conquering heroes from the days of Cesar until now.

How well the Confederate soldier succeeded in bringing order out of chaos, what progress he made in establishing law and order and reclaiming the waste places of the South, concurrent history fully attests. But I emphasize the fact that but for the sons of the old South the "n— South" would have been an impossibility. All the "n— South" is, or can be in the future, rests in and is founded upon the virtue, the integrity, and the patriotism of the old South as it lay prostrate at the close of the civil war.

From the day the Confederate soldiers laid down their arms at Appomattox and stacked their guns at Greensboro, they believed the war was over and

accepted the result. They had fought and lost, and thereafter in good faith stood ready to defend the integrity of the national flag and to uphold the constitution and laws of the United States. The sincerity of their professions was often challenged, the candor of their declarations often questioned by their countrymen of the North. For years after the close of the civil war they were, during every political campaign, paraded before the country as rebels and traitors. This they patiently endured, hoping the time would come when they would be given an opportunity to demonstrate in a practical way the utter falseness of the charges which had been so long and so unjustly preferred against them.

TIME SETS ALL THINGS EVEN.

Time, which "at last sets all things even," finally brought them an opportunity. How they and their sons improved that opportunity the official reports of the Spanish-American war establish. When bleeding Cuba, seeking to free itself from the slavery with which Spain was afflicting it, appealed to those who loved liberty to assist it in its struggle to be free, Confederate soldiers and their sons were the very first to respond to its cry for aid. They were not only the first to rush to the defense of downtrodden Cuba, but were leaders among those who impressed upon the Congress of the United States that it was the solemn duty of our government to assist those afflicted people in their struggle to free themselves from the bondage in which Spain cruelly held them.

At the very first call for volunteers, ex-Confederates and their sons responded with an enthusiasm and promptness which silenced the criticism of those who had so long misrepresented their motives and questioned their loyalty. The appeals of the helpless Cubans who sought to free themselves from the tyranny of Spanish domination at once rekindled into a flame the fires of patriotism which had so long smoldered in the breasts of Confederate soldiers, and again, as in 1861, they stood foremost as their defenders and champions of their rights. Their enthusiasm in behalf of Cuban independence thrilled the nation and elicited the applause of those who love liberty everywhere.

The men who had followed Lee, the Johnstons, Jackson, and Gordon, and who had galloped with Wheeler, Morgan, Stewart, and Forrest over many a field of glory, and their sons, who were inspired by the lofty patriotism of their fathers, were the first at the front not only to sustain the integrity of the "Stars and Stripes" but to carry the flag until it waved in triumph from the towers of every Spanish fort of that sea-girt isle.

THEIR PATRIOTISM NOT TO BE QUESTIONED.

With their own blood and that of their sons, ex-Confederates have impugned the last imputation of their disloyalty and furnished material for a revised chapter of our national history, in which the names of old Confederates and their children will appear among the patriots who are ever ready to defend the honor and guard the safety of the republic against its enemies at home and abroad. At last the South has had its inning, and the Confederates who more than a third of a century ago returning to their stricken homes then stood in the dark shadow of a great sorrow, have again returned with their sons in triumph

from a victorious war amid the cheers and joyous acclaims of their countrymen. Never again will the loyalty of the South to this union of States be questioned; never again will the patriotism of the Confederate soldiers and their descendants be challenged.

The faultless bearing the old Confederates and their sons exhibited in defense of a cause which stood for liberty reestablished the fact that it is in the South that the martial glory of this country, uncontaminated by commercial greed and selfish avarice, must be fostered. To the South the nation will hereafter turn with implicit trust to recruit its citizen soldiers, whose loyalty and courage can always be trusted when the integrity of our institutions is questioned, no matter from what quarter it comes.

Conscious of the rectitude of his own motives, with no excuse or apology to offer for his conduct, the Confederate soldier as he stands to-day in the twilight of shadows from the other shore, gathers his children and his children's children about him and reaffirms that he and his remotest posterity will forever love and cherish the memories of the dead Confederacy, and with malice toward none he looks the whole world in the face and can truthfully declare:

"Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate."



MISS R. S. TODD, PRESIDENT CHAPTER U. D. C.

Miss Rosa Shelby Todd, of Owensboro, Ky., the President of the John C. Breckinridge Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, is the great-great-granddaughter of Gen. Evan Shelby, distinguished in the French and Indian war and the Revolutionary war. She is a great-granddaughter of Gov. Isaac Shelby and Judge Thomas Todd, of the Supreme Court. She is also the granddaughter of Col. Charles S. Todd, who rendered his country distinguished service in the war of 1812. He was also minister to Russia. She is the

daughter of Dr. Charles H. Todd, who is, and has been for many years, a prominent citizen and medical practitioner of Owensboro, Ky. During the great war he was a gallant Confederate soldier, serving as surgeon in the Virginia army. On her mother's side Miss Todd is descended from the Virginia Burwells and Carters, of colonial days. Her mother was Miss Rosa Burwell, and is a granddaughter of Hon. William A. Burwell, Thomas Jefferson's private secretary.

Miss Todd has been President of the Daughters of the Daviess County Confederate Association since its organization in 1893, and her untiring zeal and success in raising funds for needy old soldiers and for the Confederate monument are gratefully appreciated by that people.

According to the official records, Miss Todd is the youngest President among all the Daughters of the Confederacy. She well maintains the splendid record of a long line of patriotic ancestors.

THE FORREST MONUMENT MOVEMENT.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 2.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY,
MURFREESBORO, TENN., September 3, 1900.

In pursuance of the expressed purpose of Forrest's Cavalry at their recent reunion held on the battlefield of Brice's Cross Roads, the Major General Commanding has determined to press during the present year the collection of funds for the Forrest monument. With this in view, he hereby appoints the following officers of his staff as the Monumental Committee of this corps—viz., Col. Charles W. Anderson, Adjutant General, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Col. W. A. Collier, Chief of Staff, Memphis, Tenn.; Col. George S. Cowan, Chief Quartermaster, Franklin, Tenn. This committee is not only instructed, but is hereby fully authorized to carry on this work by the use and adoption of such means, measures, and methods as in their judgment are deemed necessary to success.

By order of Maj. Gen. D. C. Kelley, Commanding.
CHARLES W. ANDERSON, *Asst. Adjt. Gen.*

OFFICERS OF THE MEMPHIS REUNION.

Executive Committee: Thomas B. Turley, President; W. J. Crawford, A. B. Pickett, E. Lowenstein,

John Overton, M. Gavin, Charles S. Eberhart, Joseph D. Montedonico, Oscar I. Kruger, and D. C. Govan, Vice Presidents; R. A. Parker, Secretary.

The Chairmen of the various committees are as follows: Jerome Hill, Finance; Miles S. Buckingham, Auditing; Fred Orgill, Transportation; W. A. Gage, Hotel and Accommodations; A. R. Taylor, Parade and Review; Cyrus Garnsey, Jr., Horses and Carriages, etc.; John Myers, Commissary; E. E. Wright, Military and Encampment; James S. Davant, Information; T. C. Ashcroft, Press; W. H. Bates, Printing and Advertisement; T. E. Cooper, Invitation; George Dashiell, Badges; Dr. G. B. Malone, Medical; R. Brinkley Snowden, Amusements; Re. H. Vance, Decoration and Illumination; J. M. Goodbar, Hall for Meeting of Veterans' Convention; W. B. Mallory, Headquarters; J. E. Beasley, Halls for State Organizations; T. O. Vinton, Music; Frank G. Jones, Entertainment General Officers; Robert L. McKellar, General Entertainment; J. M. Greer, Ladies; J. J. Williams, Reception.

The headquarters have been established at 21 Cotton Exchange Building.

CONFEDERATE REUNION, FAIRFIELD, TEX.

H. B. Daviss, Fairfield, Tex.: "W. L. Moody Camp, U. C. V., held its annual reunion and encampment at this place July 18-20, and the occasion proved fruitful of real pleasure to the old veterans, their families, and friends. The programme for the three days was interesting, instructive, and unique. The speech of Hon. Joe W. Bailey was the greatest feature, and was well received and enthusiastically enjoyed. Mr. Bailey's masterly treatment of the 'Confederate Soldier' and the 'War between the States' was worthy the statesman that he is, and should become the watchword of every Veteran Association of the South. The music furnished by the Ladies' Mandolin Club and the Wortham Brass Band was thoroughly enjoyed. The old fiddlers' contest, the cake walk, and the match game of baseball were each a source of interest and amusement; the baseball game exciting not a little interest, as it was a match game between the Nip and Tuck team of this county and the Dawson team of Navarro County, the former winning by a handsome score. A remarkable fact was noticeable during all the progress of the three days'



CAMP SCENE AT THE HOUSE OF HON. JOHN H. REAGAN. SEE PAGES 292-295 JULY VETERAN.

exercise: not an accident or disturbance marred the peaceful enjoyment of the splendid occasion. The writer never saw or heard of one single instance of drunkenness, and no veteran present was known to pollute his splendid individuality or befoul his sacred past by indulgence to any degree in strong drink. O what a record! Think of it, peace and harmony and brotherly love permeating and moving the vast throng of many thousands!"

THE SOUTH'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

Brief extracts from a speech delivered at the Confederate Veterans' Reunion at Cooper, Tex., August 29, 30, 1900, by Dr. J. N. Boyd:

The history of the world is a history of wars. In the year 1861 began the greatest war of the century, and for four long years the smoke of battle hung like a funeral pall over the fairest land on which the sun shines—the Sunny South. With a valor and heroism never excelled by any people of any country in any period of the world's history the Southern people met the invaders of their homes. Their courage and constancy deserved success and won the admiration and respect of the civilized world. The numerous graves in national cemeteries and the astounding length of the pension list with which the country is burdened and accursed give indisputable evidence of the valor and purpose with which they fought. They sought no war; they only sought to secure for themselves and their posterity the measure of happiness and prosperity to which they were entitled. They loved their homes, and found there that happiness, that freedom, more to be desired than fame, power, or wealth. To the Southern man the home is sacred. Its purity and sanctity he values more than he does his life or any other possession. In its defense every other consideration is of secondary importance. The invader who seeks to violate its sacred precincts takes his life in his hands, and is met on its threshold by the grim specter of death.

Who can blame us that we fought? Who can blame us that we met the invader of our homes and our country with arms in hands, and fought until from sheer exhaustion, from losses from death, wounds, capture, and hunger—outnumbered three or four to one—we were overpowered?

I bore a very humble part in that great drama of suffering, blood, and death, but I have never for a single instant felt regret for what I did. . . . The men of the North and the men of the South shoulder to shoulder now follow through flood and field,

Mid shot and shell and saber stroke,
Mid the death and hell of battle's smoke,

the flag of the Union, the stars and stripes.

Our cause was just. The record we made is imperishable, and so long as time endures, in every age and in every clime, where valor is honored and heroic deeds of daring and devotion to duty fitly appreciated, the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy will live in song and story the peers of the bravest and proudest in the annals of time.

The annual meeting of the Grand Division, U. D. C., of Virginia, will be held at Danville, October 23. Delegates to arrive on the 22d.

VIRGINIA CAMP TO MEET AT STAUNTON.

Grand Commander Stith Bolling issues General Order No. 4 to the "Commanders of Camps Composing the Grand Camp, C. V., Department of Virginia."

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Grand Camp, C. V., Department of Virginia, will be held at Staunton, Va., October 10, 1900.

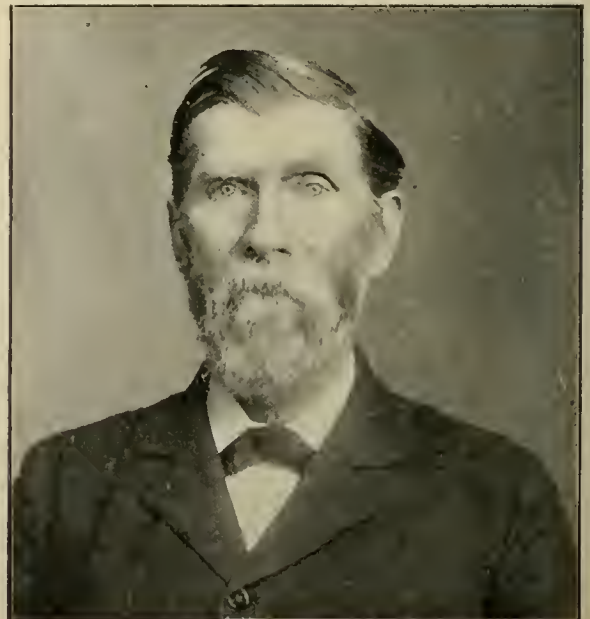
The beautiful custom inaugurated by my predecessors of having fair sponsors and maids of honor to grace these occasions, has become so popular with our comrades that the Grand Commander will, as usual, appoint one sponsor and one maid of honor for each Congressional District, and one of each from the State at large.

Every Camp that has not done so will remit the unpaid dues at once to Quartermaster General Washington Taylor, Norfolk, Va.

Capt. Micajah Woods, of Charlottesville, Va., is appointed on the School History Committee to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Col. John H. Hume, of Portsmouth, Va. Judge George L. Christian, of R. E. Lee Camp, C. V., of Richmond, is appointed sub-chairman of the School History Committee.

Special attention of the Camps is called to the active and vigorous efforts now being made by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a monument to our late President Jefferson Davis, and it is urgently requested that every Camp will put forward every effort to aid and assist this noble and patriotic band of women in this grand undertaking.

All Camps of the Sons of Veterans are entitled to send an equal number of delegates to the Grand Camp. The grand Commander, recognizing the valuable services rendered by the Sons of Veterans to the noble cause for which our organization was formed, most earnestly urges that all of the Confederate Veteran Camps use their best efforts to secure a full representation of the Sons of Veterans at the next meeting of the Grand Camp.

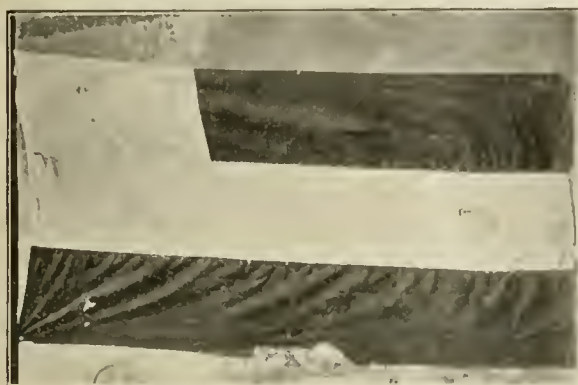


COMMANDER STITH BOLLING.

FLAGS TO BE RETURNED.

OWNERS OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG FOUND.

Lebanon, Ind., November 16.—In a charge of the Confederates at the battle of Mill Springs, Daniel Neal, of this county, captured a flag belonging to a Mississippi regiment. Mr. Neal died of typhoid fever shortly after the battle, and the body was brought home for interment. The captured flag remained in his possession until his death, when it became the property of his half-brother, C. F. S. Neal, of this city. Mr. Neal has consented to have the flag returned, and a committee of the Tenth Indiana Volunteers are making the arrangements. The committee has written to Josie Frazee Cappleman, of Okolona, Miss., Historian of the Daughters of the Confederacy for that State. Through her they expect to ascertain the identity of the original possessors, and when this is done the banner will be sent to them. The flag was owned by a company recruited near Holly Springs, Miss.



FROM A RECENT PHOTO. OF THE FLAG.

Mrs. Cappleman writes the VETERAN that after almost a year of vigilant search and inquiry she has succeeded in finding the original owners of this Confederate flag. It has been identified by Col. James R. Binford, of Duck Hill, Miss., as that belonging to the Yalobusha Rifles (Walthall's old company) of the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment.

Col. Binford says the flag was a large silk one, with the inscription, "Yalobusha Rifles," on it, and that it was presented by the ladies of Coffeeville. At the battle of Mill Springs (Ky.) the Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment was commanded by Lieut. Col. E. C. Walthall, of which Binford was major. Col. Binford relates the circumstances of the capture of the flag as follows: "We were receiving the fire from troops we thought were Confederates, and Col. (afterwards General and then United States Senator) Walthall placed the flag on a cabin to the right of our line, to show them who we were. We soon discovered our mistake, when Col. Walthall ordered a charge; and, in the hurry and excitement, it being our first engagement, we left the flag on the cabin. After advancing some distance, and driving the enemy in our front, the Tenth Indiana Regiment moved around in our rear, and when discovered was in line very near the spot where we had left our flag. My regiment lost in that fight 227 men out of the 450 that went into it."

The great difficulty in identifying the flag was that the inscription had long since been obliterated, and it

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was only by untiring inquiries that the proper person to whom to return it was found.

Col. C. F. S. Neal (whose brother took the flag) has been notified of Col. Binford's statement, and writes that the flag will be returned by the Tenth Indiana, with proper ceremonies, whenever and wherever the U. C. V. authorities of Mississippi may designate.

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER WRITES OF A FLAG.

Some time ago a lady wrote to me that she had a flag of the "Liberty Guards," which she wished to return to the company. I ascertained that the company was raised at Liberty, Miss., and a notice in the VETERAN regarding it has brought several letters from parties asking that the flag be sent to them; some from Mississippi, and some from other States. Of course the lady wishes to have it sent to the place where the greatest number of the organization now live. Some time ago I received a letter from Liberty, Miss., stating that there were thirty-three of the original members of the company now living in that county. I replied, asking that these thirty-three men sign a paper saying that they belonged to that company, and send it to me.

This would be an answer to the other smaller organizations who have written asking to have it sent to them. As soon as I hear from these people, with the list of names, the flag will be sent to them. It is a beautiful flag—one of the finest that I have seen.

DRESSED IN A CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Mrs. Lida V. Brewer sends from Holly Springs, Miss., a picture of Miss Amelia Brailsford Coffey, with the following note: "In Vicksburg last February the U. D. C. Chapter gave a mask party to raise funds for the Hospital Annex, so Amelia wrote her uncle, the late Gen. Sam H. Pryor, that she wanted to represent our flag, and he designed a costume for her. I had it made exactly after the pattern, and the General said he would like to see it in the VETERAN."

CORRECTIONS.

On page 264 of the August VETERAN, in Dr. Tebault's article, eighth line from top of right-hand column, the word "inhumanity" should be "humanity," and on page 365 Rev. Father Boyle's letter should be dated "1880" instead of "1860."



Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Greeting again to our patrons is gratefully expressed by the writer. His necessary absence, as reported in the last number, will explain and atone for defects in quantity and order of a few issues. Work is resumed with renewed aspirations and in the hope of benefits that may prolong this management and give renewed vigor to his labors. Future issues will be advanced.

Attention is called to an appeal made in the July issue to send the VETERAN to comrades who cannot pay. That proposition was that five years would be added to the subscription receipt of any one who would send the VETERAN a year to five of such comrades. Is there not one man or one woman in our list of many thousands who is willing to lead in this benevolent enterprise, when it actually is but the lending of five dollars to so great a cause?

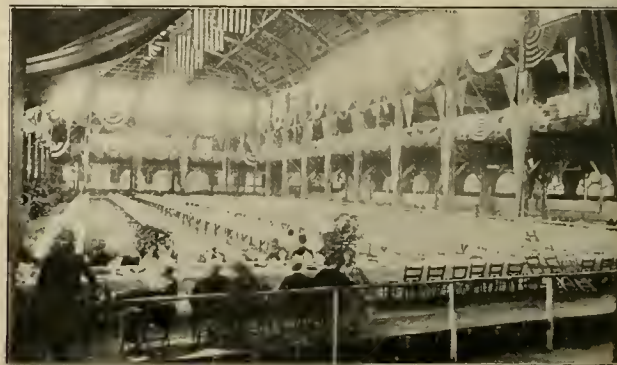
In this issue of the VETERAN is recorded the action of a number of Camps upon the resolutions concerning Gen. John B. Gordon's action in connection with the Grand Army of the Republic. Many comrades evidently misunderstand the position of Gen. Gordon in this connection. At the meeting in Atlanta, held by veterans of both armies, he was present as a citizen and as a Confederate; but by no authority did he represent the great comradeship which has continued him as its commander. The speech of Gen. Shaw was astounding alike to all Confederates present, and all were alike concerned, but Gen. Gordon was the man to arise promptly and with great vigor declare his disapprobation of Gen. Shaw's position on school books in the South, by which is manifest the Southern people's determined purpose to justify their course in the great war. Never has man risen more superbly in defense of his fellows and in behalf of the principles for which a hundred thousand gave their lives. All the Confederates present were thrilled by the white heat in which he defended his people and expressed in the strongest possible language that no sooner would he consent for his children to be taught that their father was a traitor than he would write "infamy" in his mother's dust. After admitting that the others were right according to their construction of the constitution, and declaring for the South emphatically the same, he concluded: "Let us settle this question now and forever. Let us settle it upon a basis consistent with the self-respect and manhood of both sides. Let us settle it upon a basis consistent with the welfare of the great republic."

Gen. Shaw is a humorist. At another time, according to the Associated Press, he said: "I am proud to stand here as the representative head of the G. A. R. I am proud to say that Grand Army men have done much to teach the people of the South what true manhood and courage is." Comment upon this would seem out of place.

It is well known, and may as well be recorded in the VETERAN, that Gen. Gordon and a number of other prominent Confederates, years ago adopted a policy represented conspicuously and with great ability by the lamented Grady, of conceding too much. Grady even used a term in contradiction to our dear "old" South, which has ever been revolting to a large majority of Southern people, which term has never been printed in the VETERAN except with such abbreviation as is usually given to language not suitable for the press. Gen. Gordon has been at the forefront of this more conservative element, and has accomplished much good by it doubtless. Years ago it seemed absolutely necessary to make concession in order to secure the favor of the more conservative in the North, but the time has come when such concession need not and should not be continued.

The Southern people have not been more patriotic since the declaration of war against Spain than they were at all times succeeding the surrender in 1865. But, that the truth of this be established to the satisfaction of all honest men, it behooves us to exercise eternal diligence for the posterity of all sections of the country. To insist upon this is not through sectional pride, but in the belief that by recording the whole truth the result will be all the more a credit to our republican form of government.

The action of the Grand Army in Chicago concerning school books is in deplorable taste, which the Grand Army men should concede when they recall that for a quarter century, during which the Southern people were prostrate and utterly unable to publish books for themselves, the most outrageous records were put into many school books of the country, and millions of them were sold even to children of the South. If in 1870 instead of 1900 the victors in the great war had taken action in behalf of truthful record for their children and ours, it would have given such peace as can hardly be conceived, and would have re-established relations between the sections that would have indeed blended the interests of the sections to a restored and to a perfect union.



BANQUET HALL, ATLANTA, FOR VETERANS OF THE TWO ARMIES

The truth is so well established that the South had the constitutional right to secede that the fact will be maintained in spite of opposition; and the more gracious the concession on the part of those who exercised might against right, the better it would be for all.



THE BANQUETTERS AT DINNER.

THE GREAT STORM AT GALVESTON.

It is useless to publish any general account of the great Galveston storm which occurred in September. The six thousand dead were of all classes and all sections of the city. The story is known everywhere.

Request was made of Col. R. G. Lowe, Resident Manager of the *Galveston News*, for data about comrades and their conditions. In his reply, on September 19, Col. Lowe states:

"In the midst of disaster and confusion I cannot even tell what is the condition of our Camp, or what may be the number of members who have perished. It is utterly out of the question for me to write at this time an article upon the situation. When calmed down, and matters again assume their normal condition, something of the kind I may undertake for you; but now it is utterly impossible to look more than to the rehabilitation of our own business and our city. It is not likely that any meeting of veterans will take place before the first of the month. At that time your letter will be laid before the organization. We have been through an awful ordeal. No battlefield on earth ever witnessed the scenes passed through in Galveston last week."

Reference to this unprecedented disaster should embody a record of the active fraternal spirit in Houston. True, Houston is the gateway to that awfully stricken city, and should have done all that was possible; but the unceasing zeal with which Houstonians rallied and re-rallied to help and restore, makes the true story thrilling and pathetic.

The unselfish labors of the *Houston Daily Post*, untinted and generous—as they were for the great Confederate reunion in that city years ago—should be ordially remembered by the reading and the business public.

Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenberg, President of the Jeune Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Galveston, has sent a list of members who perished in the storm that visited their fair city. One among them,

whose name is most familiar, was Miss Ruth Martin Phelps, who has been Secretary of the Chapter since its organization. All members suffered pecuniary loss, and some are mourning the fate of loved ones. The members who were lost are: Mrs. Walter Fisher, Mrs. Tom Keats, Miss Tillie Keats, Miss Phelps, and Miss Cecile Seixes, the youngest member. Mrs. Joe B. Aguilo lost her husband and two children; Mrs. Phil Blum lost her nephew, Frank Shaw; Mrs. Sam Jones, her daughter, Mrs. Burgis and child; Mrs. Prof. Leberman, her husband and son; Mrs. C. L. Pix, her husband. Miss Beulah Bell, whose picture appeared in the August *VETERAN*, as representative for Camp Magruder at the Louisville Reunion, also perished, with other members of her family.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The Official Journal of the Proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of the State of Louisiana, held in New Orleans, Tuesday, February 8, 1898, contains the following, by Dr. C. H. Tebault, a member of the Convention, and now Surgeon General, U. C. V.:

Resolved, That the following history of the last three amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which was taken down by an experienced stenographer while being delivered in connection with a law lecture before the Tulane law class by a distinguished statesman, lawyer, and professor of the Tulane Law School, is deserving of preservation. The history is succinctly and briefly stated as follows: "There were no more amendments until the civil war. Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation of 18—as a war measure for the emancipation of the negroes. Nobody believed that he had the power to emancipate slaves, but he did it. As soon as we were subjugated, in 1865, they adopted what is called the Thirteenth Amendment. The adoption of this amendment ratified what had been done by Mr. Lincoln, and made constitutional what had been unconstitutional, and abolished slavery in the United States. That was the immediate result of our subjugation. In 1866 they adopted what is called the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which declares that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, etc. Why did they do it? It was to override the celebrated Dred Scott decision (19 Howard). In that case a free negro had instituted a suit in the courts of the United States in Missouri against a citizen of another State, claiming that he was a free man. The question was whether a free negro was a citizen of the United States. The Supreme Court of the United States decided that a free negro was not and never had been regarded as a citizen either of the colonies or of the State previous to the formation of the United States; and, therefore, never could be a citizen of the United States. The Chief Justice went into the history of the African race in this country. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Seward, in the Senate, denounced this decision. The North rose up in arms. The Republican party, when it assembled to nominate a candidate, adopted as a part of its platform that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was not binding upon the country on such a question. And they would not recognize it. Mr. Lincoln was elected upon that platform, and when he

was elected the South thought that as the people of the North had claimed for half a century that the Supreme Court of the United States was the arbiter of this constitutional question, that as they had undertaken to repudiate this decision and elect a President on a platform which repudiated the authority of the United States Supreme Court, and that if there was ever a time to go to war that was the time, they went to war upon it. That is the origin of the civil war. It was not that Mr. Lincoln was elected upon a free-soil platform, but a platform which repudiated a decision of the United States Supreme Court on this subject in contradiction to which they had contended for up to that time, simply because it was in favor of the South. Slaves were after that made citizens, in 1865-66. Then came the last amendment: The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied, etc. They thought they had secured the predominance of the Republican party in the South, because the negroes in many of the States were in the majority. Note: 'That the right shall not be abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.' The Supreme Court, when this article came up for consideration, said that this did not give anybody the right to vote. It is true, negroes were citizens, but the State could discriminate as to what citizens should or should not vote for any other cause than race, color, or previous servitude. This did not secure to the negroes the right to vote, but merely secured to them that they should not be discriminated against on account of race, color, or servitude."

Resolved, That this valuable and instructive legal history be spread on the journal of this convention.

The resolutions were adopted.

CRISP RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED IN VIRGINIA.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Cabell - Graves (Danville, Va.) Camp, September 25, 1900, on motion of F. F. Bowen:

Whereas at a reunion of the blue and the gray held at Atlanta, July 30, 1900, Gen. Albert D. Shaw, Commander of the G. A. R., used the following words: "The keeping alive of sectional teachings as to the justice and right of the course of the South in the hearts of the children is all out of order, unwise, unjust, and utterly opposed to the bond by which the great chieftain Lee solemnly bound the cause of the South in his final surrender. I deeply deplore all agencies of this sort, because in honor and chivalric American manhood and womanhood nothing of this nature should be taught or tolerated for an instant. There can now be but one bulwark of patriotic teachings for all and by all." And at a reunion of the G. A. R., held at Chicago August 30, 1900, the school histories of the South were denounced by that organization. The official declaration was made that the Southern histories were written with the purpose of perpetuating in the minds of the children the sectional prejudices of the days of 1861. Resolutions were adopted calling on the public in the name of the Grand Army to banish these books from the schools of the country, and a committee was appointed to carry out the protest. And whereas the above words of Gen. Shaw and the resolutions of the G. A. R. show an intolerant and exceedingly narrow view of the case, and

that the "sectional prejudice" which they are so eager to banish from the minds of Southerners flourishes like "the green bay tree" in their own; that if these words and resolutions mean anything they mean that the South should teach histories written by Northern sympathizers, the fairest of which have been repeatedly shown, even by Federal records, to be full of inaccuracies and glaring misstatements as to the facts of the war, besides teaching that the South was traitorous during that period. The knockdown argument seems to be infallible and conclusive with them. Therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That we yield to none in loyalty—faithfulness to law—to our constitution; that we have solemnly kept the only "bond" imposed upon us when surrendered by our great commander Lee, "to go home, abide by the laws, and not take up arms against the United States until properly exchanged;" and more, we have worked earnestly for the good of the country at large.

2. That we have great respect for our brave opponents who are fair and honest, and we are always willing to meet them halfway in genuine fraternal reunions, begot in the feeling of comradeship of soldiers who shared similar dangers and hardships, and to forget for the time former and present differences and agree to disagree as to the issues of the past.

3. That in our histories we are earnestly striving for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We deny with indignation that we are striving to perpetuate the prejudices of 1861. If we can only get the facts before the grand tribunal, the public opinion of the world, we fear not the result of its decision. Truth can never be injurious; it is error which poisons.

4. That while earnestly desiring to teach our children the truth and to clear from the false imputation of treason those who took up arms in 1861-65 to repel armed invasion of their homes by the North, we gladly favor the cultivation of good will between the sections formerly at war, when done in a spirit of manliness, self-respect, and with an entire lack of servility on the part of the Southerner.

5. That if reunions of the blue and the gray are interpreted (as the above words and resolutions seem to indicate) to mean a confession of error on the part of the Southern soldier—legal, moral, or in policy—in the stand he took in 1861-65, we deprecate any more such reunions. The one alluded to seems to have done much to turn backward the good feelings generating.

6. That we will continue to teach to our children the truth. We have studied the matter assiduously for thirty-five years to prove to the world that we had law and justice on our side in 1861-65. The more we study, the more overwhelming becomes the conviction of that truth. This conviction does not impair our fidelity to the constitution.

G. D. Buchanan, Sr., Greenwood, S. C., wants to know if A. B. Casey is living—the man to whom he sold the brown jeans coat at Jackson Hospital. He lived near Grenada, Miss. Would also like to hear from Miss Kate Keiskel Wallace, Miss Holliday, and "Brother" Ergenbright, who had fever at Charlottesville, Va., and lived near Lynchburg. The others were from Maryland.

FRATERNAL RESOLUTIONS AT LOUISVILLE.

A resolution was offered by Gen. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of North Carolina, calling for expressions of fraternal feeling between the North and the South that created an animated discussion. Capt. Joseph H. Shepherd, of Richmond, Va., opposed the resolutions. He was very emphatic, and strongly denied the propriety of the South offering such expressions. "I fought for four long years," said he, "for a cause that had its birth in sectional differences—a cause almost as strong as that resulting from racial prejudice—and I know I was in the right. On the battlefields of Old Virginia it was my one ambition to run to earth the marauding blue-coats, and I do not intend to coquet with nor in any way offer compliments to the Yankees now."

Gen. Gordon rapped repeatedly for order, but it was several minutes before the assembly could be quieted sufficiently for Gen. Stephen D. Lee to speak. Gen. Lee spoke in favor of the resolution, saying: "We men of the South made as gallant a struggle as was ever made for constitutional principles. Upon the fields of battle the boys in gray fought with valor for a great cause; but now that the cruel war is over, let us do nothing to reopen the wound long since healed. The recent Spanish war has done what little was left to foster the kindly spirit between the North and the South. Under alien skies your boys and their boys struggled side by side against a foreign foe. Together they strove and together they fell. Let us do nothing to hinder the good feeling which should exist all over this broad land."

There were calls for Gordon, and he called Gen. Cabell to the Speaker's chair, and said: "I would like to utter one sentence. For myself I trust the day shall never come when I shall refuse to send a message of cordial greeting to an enemy gallant enough to greet a foe of thirty-five years ago. I know the sender of this message. On the heights of Gettysburg, when the cannon roared, I know it was this same general leading the battle. My bullets sent that general to the rear with one leg off. For one, I am going to vote to reciprocate his greetings."

The foregoing was put in type promptly after the reunion, but has been withheld until now. Judge John N. Lyle, of Waco, Tex., inquires about its nonappearance in the VETERAN, and writes:

Were you ashamed, as are thousands of comrades, of this action of the Louisville Reunion, and did you refuse on that account to publish a report of it?

We don't want any sectional bitterness kept up, but we protest against the Confederate Veteran Association being placed in a false position. There was no greeting from Gen. Sickles to the Association in session at Louisville, and, therefore, no response to his words at Fredericksburg were called for. Such proceedings made it appear that Confederates regarded themselves as people of doubtful standing in this country, and were eagerly appropriating signs of recognition intended for others. We don't care to play the rôle of "poor boys at a frolic," thankful for smiles from even a servant of the host.

And the thankfulness expressed in the resolutions that our conquerors were so condescending as to hold their meeting on our soil sounds the deepest depth of bringing snobbery.

The language of our beloved commander in chief in praise of Sickles's gallantry is in broad contrast with the views of Stonewall Jackson. Dr. Hunter McGuire tells us in his admirable booklet that at the battle of Port Republic Gen. Ewell, in a fever of chivalrous sentiment, ordered his men not to fire on a Federal officer who, mounted on a white horse, was displaying conspicuous gallantry in front of his lines. Jackson heard of it, and in a few days after the battle summoned Ewell to his presence and cautioned him never to repeat such a thing, remarking: "Those are the very ones I want killed; to be brave fighting in a wicked cause is a crime."

Some charged Jackson with cruelty; but the man was so much more like the God that made him than other men, they couldn't understand him. Whilst almost infinite in his tender mercy, he never let it becloud his sense of righteous judgment.

Gen. Gordon was so much like Jackson in his granite Christian character and brilliant military qualities that Stonewall's men in the Army of Northern Virginia gave him a place in their hearts next to that occupied by their great commander. It is with profound grief and sorrow that their survivors see him let the great amiability of his noble heart betray him into positions and utterances that are likely to compromise their cause.

They are willing to help him reconcile the sections in the proper manner. They fail to see that passing taffy will bring about a permanent peace. As well heal over a wound with foreign substance in it. There will be trouble continually. The skilled surgeon removes the irritating cause, and the cure is permanent.

The North wronged and robbed the South, and will hate her as long as a Confederate lives to remind her of her crime. There is ten times more bitterness in that section toward the South than there is here against the North. Why, look, the national cemetery at Germantown, Pa., is considered, in Grand Army circles, ground too consecrated for a monument to Confederate dead to stand upon! The injurer always hates the injured until the former repents and makes restitution. And there will be no lasting good feeling restored to the sections until the North repents of the injuries she did us, and makes restitution for the millions of property of which the South was robbed by one stroke of Lincoln's pen.

"If thy brother repent, forgive him." Forgiveness is based on repentance; and until the Yankees repent, the Confederates are under no obligation to forgive.

Instead of repenting, the Yankees are glorying in their crime against us. It is absurd, therefore, to hope to reconcile the sections by swallowing Yankee taffy and snobbishly appropriating honeyed phrases found floating in the air.

All the Camps belonging to the U. C. V. Association should by formal resolution respectfully but firmly repudiate this part of the proceedings of the Louisville assembly.

RESOLUTIONS ON CURRENT HISTORY.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Confederate Veteran Association at the great reunion at Bonham, Tex., in August:

There is now being sold and offered for sale in this county a certain book, entitled the "Students' Cyclo-

pedia," which, as a historical work, is sectional, unfair, and untruthful in this: It refers to our Southern leaders in the great war between the States as "leaders of a rebellion." And while it thus stigmatizes Jefferson Davis, it refers to Abraham Lincoln as "one commissioned by the Most High." While it devotes four and one-half columns to Abraham Lincoln, it spares only one column to Jefferson Davis. While it devotes two columns to Gen. U. S. Grant, it spares only one-third of a column to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. While it devotes two and one-half columns to Gen. W. T. Sherman, it spares only one-half of a column to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. While it devotes two columns to Gen. Phil Sheridan, it spares only one-fourth of a column to Gen. Bedford Forrest. While it devotes two and one-half columns to the infamous John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, it spares only one-half of a column to that mighty statesman, John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina. It defends the Hartford Convention, and holdly acquits it of all "treasonable designs," and falsely states that such charges as to said Convention "are now regarded as baseless." In its accounts of the battles of the great war between the States it is vague, partial, and incorrect. Therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That the aforesaid so-called "Students' Cyclopedia," edited by one C. B. Beach and published by Howard & Dixon, of Chicago, is altogether unworthy of the support or patronage of all fair-minded people.

2. That we earnestly urge all persons—especially stationers, book agents, and school-teachers—to examine closely all literary and historic works which are or may be offered for sale, with a view of banishing from our midst any and all books which teach false lessons, either of fact or sentiment, or which are in any way partisan or unpatriotic in tone.

3. That we heartily indorse all the acts of the Historic Committee of the National United Confederate Veterans from its incipency to the present time, and we heartily thank them for their arduous labors in this behalf.

4. That, as the preservation and vindication of truthful history is and should ever be the prime object of all Confederate organizations, a committee of three be appointed by this body, whose duty it shall be to watch closely the subject of history and to make a report at each annual meeting of this Association, and to support and act in concert with the State sub-committee of three as recommended by our National Historic Committee at the late Charleston reunion. (The Convention appointed as this committee Col. J. Q. Chenoweth, Capt. J. E. Deupree, and Dr. John Cunningham.)

5. That we notice with pride and gratitude the zeal manifested by the sons and daughters of the Confederacy in behalf of truthful history, and the ability they have shown in repelling and throttling the epithets "traitor" and "rebel," which have been freely applied to their fathers, and which are not sustained by the stubborn facts of history.

6. That we especially applaud the United Daughters of the Confederacy for their noble and untiring zeal displayed in the erection of Confederate monuments, and we heartily indorse the report of their Historic Committee as read at their last annual meeting at Hot Springs.

MAJ. GEN. G. R. PACKWOOD.

Comrade George R. Packwood, of Clinton, La., succeeds Gen. J. A. Chalaron as Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V. The new Commander is full of zeal for the sacred responsibilities that rest upon him, and it may be expected that he will accomplish all that is practicable for his comrades. The *New Orleans States* editorially says of him:

The selection of Capt. Packwood was a most excellent one, wise and judicious in every sense of the word.



Capt. (now General) Packwood was one of the most gallant soldiers of the Confederacy, and bore himself with magnificent devotion and heroic courage in camp and in the field. He was one of the sturdy old knots that made up the grandest army that ever moved to battle on this earth. Taken prisoner and held until cessation of hostilities, he returned home and resumed life as a business man with great success, and he was never among that class whose heroism comes chiefly in boasting of achievements. A true soldier and a noble gentleman, his career speaks for itself and speaks fully, and he has ever been honored and respected by his fellow-citizens. All honor to Gen. Packwood! Honors have fallen, in this instance at least, where they are deserved.

At the Louisville reunion Capt. Packwood introduced a resolution in favor of an organization to erect a splendid monument to the women of the South. There could have been no finer conception than that, and we trust that one of the aims of Gen. Packwood's administration as Major General of the Louisiana Division will be directed to steps to carry out that splendid, worthy, and most noble conception. All honor is due to the sturdy heroes who languished, suffered, and starved in camp and fought on the front lines of battle; but, God bless the women who toiled and struggled, wove, and wept tears of blood at their lone firesides while the battle raged and the sad news crept slowly home that there was one more beloved who would never return!

TRIBUTES TO FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

While the race problem creates serious concern for the welfare of both races and for the country, it behooves the Southern people, who are, and ever have been, their best friends, to be on the alert for opportunities to influence all classes for the general good. The VETERAN improves its opportunities to pay tribute to faithful slaves, and it bespeaks the coöperation of our people in sending concise contributions to the honor of those who have ever been faithful. Two illustrations are here given.

William Johnson (colored) lives by Nolensville, Tenn., near his birthplace. He was a slave, and the property of Mr. Ben Johnson, as was also his mother.

In 1862 a part of the army commanded by Gen. Forrest was stationed at Nolensville, and young William Johnson (fifteen years old) drove one of the wagons with provisions for the army. Capt. B. F. White, who had been assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Forrest, had been detached, and was in command of a battery of artillery captured at Murfreesboro. Seeing the boy William, he liked him, and proposed to buy him. Mr. Johnson sold him to Capt. White for \$1,200, and he went with Capt. White in the regular field service.

Soon after his purchase of William, the great battle of Murfreesboro was fought; and while on the battle-

field, during the battle, Capt. White was attacked suddenly with inflammatory rheumatism. His servant William was with the wagon train, and did not reach him until the next day. The day following, the Confederates retreated, and the Federals, who also had been falling back, retraced their movements and occupied the area in which Capt. White was left



WILLIAM JOHNSON.

in that painful and awful predicament, attended only by his servant William. For three months Capt. White was guarded by the Federals in a house on Thomas Butler's plantation, near the village of Salem. One bitter cold night the guard went to his camp some distance away, when the Captain asked William if he couldn't get him away from there. It was soon arranged for him to take a spring wagon and a broken-down army horse on the Butler farm. He put his charge in the wagon, and by a circuitous route got away without apprehension. Late in the night the horse so nearly gave out that William walked in water and ice over his boots, and would lift the wheels of the vehicle out of the mire, and moved on until they were safe in the Confederate lines. A better horse was procured, and the afflicted officer was tak-

en to Shelbyville, and from there he was permitted to visit Mobile, where he recuperated, William of course going with him. This faithful servant remained with Capt. White, who went back into field service, but his health failed, and when his constitution gave down he was put on post duty, and at the end of the war he was paroled at Albany, Ga. He brought William back to Nashville, leaving him with an uncle when he left to reside in Memphis. He afterwards moved to California. They never met again.

When the notice of Capt. White's death appeared in the December VETERAN for 1899, William saw it, and asked to pay tribute to his memory. That desire becomes the occasion for the VETERAN to pay just and well-merited tribute to William Johnson. He resumed his original name after the war.

William has lived all these years in the neighborhood of his birthplace, and has maintained a reputation as an honest, upright man—such as will ever have the devoted friendship of the white people, and who will prove it if later in life misfortunes should render him unable to support himself.

During the time of Capt. White's confinement in the Federal lines he allowed William to carry three young ladies through the lines to Shelbyville. They were Misses Sallie J. McLean and Lizzie and Julia Lillard. After his return from that trip, Capt. White gave him permission to visit his mother, at Nolensville, before they escaped to the South.

Comrade James W. Hill writes of these ladies going to Shelbyville, and that Miss McLean was his "best girl," that "she was and is the fairest rose that ever bloomed in Tennessee."

"UNCLE NED" HAWKINS.

Comrade C. L. Kalmbach, of Cobb's Legion (Ga.), procured through Samuel L. Richards, a nephew of Uncle Ned's mistress, a sketch of his labors in the sixties. The scouts generally of the Northern Virginia army knew him, and will gladly recognize his kindly face after these many years. The data furnished is as follows:

Living on the banks of the Rappahannock, in the county of Culpeper, is a venerable old colored man, known by all near him as "Uncle Ned." His fidelity to his old mistress, his loyalty to the Confederacy, and his devotion to our soldiers were truly remarkable. He risked his liberty and his life more than once for the safety of our citizens and soldiers. On one occasion some of our scouts called at the house of his mistress—knowing they were always welcome there—and while she and her sister, assisted, of course, by "Uncle Ned," were busily engaged in preparing for them a much-needed breakfast, the dreaded cry was heard: "The Yankees are coming!" They were guided by the ever-faithful "Uncle Ned" to the pines near by, and he returned to the house. After the Yankees left, he took the breakfast in an old haversack, with a few ears of corn on top, and told our scouts if all was right when approaching them he would raise his hat and scratch his head, and if not, his hat would remain on his head; and should he meet the Yanks, with those ears of corn, his excuse would be that he was hunting his sheep. Many, many such acts he did for the safety of our soldiers, and now he and his aged companion are struggling hard for a living; and—O that some

brave Confederate could assist them in their good old age! He is certainly worthy of notice.



"UNCLE NED" HAWKINS.

THE BANNER CAMP OF THE U. C. V.

It was pleasant to attend the regular monthly meeting of the Confederate Veteran Association of Washington, D. C., Thursday night, September 6. Confederate Veteran Association Camp, No. 171, U. C. V., is the organization now generally known as the "Banner Camp" of the U. C. V. The title was bestowed upon this Camp by Gen. Moorman because of its large number of members, including veterans from every State in the South, and of every branch of service, and in rank from lieutenant general to private soldier. Upon the rolls of this Camp are names of many distinguished men—senators, members of Congress, judges of District of Columbia and United States Courts, and many now holding important positions under the government—but true and tried Confederate soldiers. It is a difficult matter to become a member of this Camp, and the applicant for admission must have an unblemished record. The officers for the present year are as follows: Col. William A. Gordon, District of Columbia, President; John T. Callaghan, Texas, First Vice President; Capt. James Compton, Virginia, Second Vice President; Capt. Charles C. Ivey, Kentucky, Secretary; Capt. George H. Ingraham, South Carolina, Financial Secretary; R. M. Harrover, Virginia, Treasurer; J. H. McCaffrey, District of Columbia, Sergeant-at-Arms; Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim, Louisiana, Chaplain; Drs. W. P. Manning and A. B. Mitchell, District of Columbia, Surgeons.

The beautiful hall of the Association is located on the corner of Eleventh and E Streets, N. W. It is quite central, only one square north of Pennsylvania Avenue and the splendid new city post office building, while just opposite stands the magnificent white marble building, the home and publication office of the *Evening Star*. The hall is large, seating comfortably four hundred people. Its walls are hung with oil paintings and engravings, together with many valuable relics of the war. Among the paintings are a fine portrait of Jefferson Davis (a copy of one now in possession of the United States War Department), a life-size portrait of the late Gen. R. L. Gibson, of Louisiana, and also portraits of Gens. R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joe Wheeler, John B. Gordon, Wade Hampton, and M. C. Butler. There is one picture of Lee upon his famous horse, "Traveler," and a copy of the painting entitled "Sunset after Appomattox," representing Lee on his return home after the surrender, resting by the roadside at the bivouac for the night, and sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree in a meditative attitude, while the horse, having been relieved of saddle and bridle, stands behind his master with his nose across the General's shoulder.

In a small gilt frame there is a blue sheet of cap paper, which hardly attracts notice, but is closely watched with jealous care, for it is the original copy of Gen. Lee's General Order No. 9, or farewell address to his army. The Association has a standing offer of \$500 for this piece of blue paper.

After the meeting had transacted some important business and the President had called attention to the publication in the papers of the South of the lists of Confederate dead to be reinterred at Arlington, the writer was introduced, and, being called upon, made a few congratulatory remarks.

Col. W. A. Gordon, Commander of the Camp, requested notice through the *VETERAN* of the desire that every Confederate visiting Washington would call at the Camp headquarters. The hall is open daily from nine to four for the reception of visitors, and all Confederate soldiers are cordially welcomed.

The writer was then introduced personally to each member present. An active member of the Camp is the Secretary, Capt. Charles C. Ivey, who is a survivor of the famous Kentucky Orphan Brigade. Another active, useful member of the Camp is Mr. Findlay Harris, of the *Evening Star*, a member of the Executive Committee. Comrade Harris, though very young in the war, is proud of a fine record as a private soldier throughout the struggle—a member of Company D, First Virginia Cavalry. This noted regiment furnished several general officers to the Confederate army. Col. Fitzhugh Lee was its first commander, Gen. W. E. Jones was a captain, and Mosby entered the service as a private in the same company (D) with Mr. Harris.

This Confederate Camp, located at the capital of the nation, is a responsible organization, and is the recipient of many favors at the hands of government officers.

R. B. Jones, postmaster at Marcelina, Tex., was a member of Company D, Eighth Confederate Cavalry, and saw a great deal of the hard service of the sixties. His old comrades will be glad to learn that he is recovering from a stroke of paralysis of eighteen months ago, and hopes soon to discard his crutches.

BATTLE OF TISHOMINGO CREEK.

Rev. Samuel A. Agnew, D.D., has written an elaborate account of the battle, from which extracts are given:

The place is known as Brice's Cross Roads, but the post office is Bethany. I am unable to explain why so little mention has been made of this engagement even by Southern writers. It was a signal Confederate victory. The slight mention made of it by Northern writers is easily explained, for it was a humiliating defeat. Gen. Grant in his official report of the operations of the war dismissed it with a few sentences.

To guard against any injury to his communications, he states: "Gen. Sherman left what he supposed to be a sufficient force to guard against Forrest in West Tennessee. He directed Gen. Washburn, who commanded there, to send Brig. Gen. S. D. Sturgis in command of his force to attack Forrest. On the morning of the 10th of June Gen. Sturgis met the enemy near Guntown, Miss., was badly beaten and driven back in utter rout and confusion to Memphis, a distance of about one hundred miles, hotly pursued by the enemy." (Grant's "Memoirs," Vol. II., page 59.)

The battle occurred about six miles from Guntown, at the crossing of the Ripley and Fulton road with that from Pontotoc to Jacinto.

At this Cross Roads in 1864 was the residence of Mr. William Brice, a large two-story building; also the dwelling of Dr. A. G. Smythe, then unoccupied. Across the road from Brice's house was an unoccupied storehouse, and near by was the Associate Reformed Church of Bethany. The place was about half a mile east of Tishomingo Creek. My home was then with my father, Dr. E. Agnew, nearly three miles from the Cross Roads toward Ripley, where I still reside. The Cross Roads were sometimes called "Brice's Cross Roads," because his dwelling was the principal building there. It is so styled in Sturgis's official report in 1864. We had no mails. Our intelligence of current events was generally derived from rumors, and these were, as a rule, unreliable.

On June 5 three Federal regiments of cavalry passed through Ripley, taking the Rienzi road, camping three miles from there. They fed off of Yancey, who was said to be ruined. This force was estimated at from fifteen hundred to three thousand men. A large infantry force, said to number ten thousand, was reported to be at Salem, coming on. What this move meant we could not imagine. Russell's Tennessee Regiment was following this cavalry, watching their movements.

Forrest, with his main forces, passed up by the Cross Roads, Tuesday evening, the 7th. The trains on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad that night and the next morning brought up his artillery; and it was evident that he was moving toward Corinth.

That evening (the 7th) Rucker's Brigade, consisting of Duckworth's Tennessee and Duff's and Chalmer's Mississippi Regiments, had a fight four miles south of Ripley, fell back and camped at Kelly's Mill on the Tallahatchie, and on Wednesday they went to Baldwyn.

On Thursday, the 9th, we learned that Rucker's Brigade had gone from Baldwyn toward Rienzi. Forrest's command was then all above us.

Friday, the eventful 10th of June, a negro man came in and reported that the Yankees had camped the night before at Stubbs's farm, seven miles from us, in the direction of Ripley. Some scouts had called at Mr. J. O. Nelson's during the night, and warned them of the impending danger. It was not known whether they would go by the Baldwyn or the Guntown road.

I took charge of my father's mules and horses, and with some negroes to help care for them and a little brother thirteen years old, went into a dense thicket a mile and a half southwest of our home, where we hoped to hide our stock and save them from seizure by the Federal troops if they came our way. My father hid in the woods north of his dwelling, where he remained safely till the day after the battle. The anxiety with which we watched and listened can be imagined. From our hiding place we heard a mysterious roaring noise made by the advancing Federal army. Not long after, one of our own negroes, who came skulking through the woods, told us that the Yankees were then at my father's home; that the yard was "black with Yankees;" that they had taken everything we had to eat, and that about fifty wagons were in the road in front of the dwelling; also that there were thousands of negroes with the Yankees. We listened intently, and anxiously awaited developments. Soon a volley of small arms was heard—the first shots of the day. The advance guard of Sturgis's force had encountered a squad of Confederate cavalry. This occurred in Dry Creek bottom.

Hon. Newnan Cayce, of Columbus, Miss., has told me that he was with that reconnoitering detachment of cavalry. They fell back and reported the advance of the Federal force. Ere long cannon began to roar in a southeastern direction, near the Cross Roads. The battle, beginning about 10 A.M., raged long and doubtfully, and it was after five o'clock before the Federals retreated.

Sturgis established his headquarters in Mr. Brice's house. His cavalry was under the command of Gen. B. H. Grierson, and consisted of two brigades (Waring's and Winslow's) numbering 3,300 men, with six pieces of artillery and four mountain howitzers. His infantry was under McMillan, and consisted of three brigades—Wilkin's, Hoge's, and Bouton's. The last was of negro troops. The infantry numbered 4,400 men, with twelve pieces of artillery. Sturgis estimated his force at 8,000, in round numbers, and the estimate is regarded as a low one. He had twenty-three regiments in all.

Forrest's force consisted of 3,500 men, comprised in four brigades, commanded by Lyon, Rucker, Johnson, and Bell—all cavalry. With the main part of his force he was in Booneville the night of the 9th. I have understood that Forrest was not sure of Sturgis's movements until during that night, when scouts reported him camped at Stubbs's farm. Sturgis was ten miles from the Cross Roads, and Forrest was eighteen miles away. Forrest moved very rapidly, coming, according to Gen. Chalmers, eight miles in a gallop. His wagon train was hurried south on roads east of the railroad. Notwithstanding Forrest's haste, Sturgis succeeded in getting his force south of him, and blockaded his advance at the Cross Roads. Forrest himself moved with a part of his command to the left of the Baldwyn road, and advanced, flanking

the enemy's right. The Federal force was placed in the form of a fan. The movement of Forrest was very difficult, owing to thick undergrowth of black-jack which covered the surface all around the Cross Roads. But his men were dismounted, and fought as infantry. The Federal cavalry held their front until their infantry came up. Back of the Porter field the conflict was very sanguinary. At the opening of the battle Forrest ordered Gen. Buford to send a regiment (Barteau's) from Old Carrollville across the country into the rear of the enemy. This command entered the Ripley road in the rear of Sturgis, on the top of the hill west of Camp Creek, five and a half miles from the Cross Roads; and moving down the road a mile and a half, they deployed into the woods and fired on the enemy, who were beginning to fall back.

In my place of concealment I heard the firing of this attack of Barteau's. About six o'clock, when this long, hot, and anxious day was drawing to a close, to my surprise shells began to fall in the woods where we were hidden. We were evidently in an unsafe place, and we retreated, going south, while the shells were flying over us. We had not gone far when I met my uncle, Joseph Agnew, who told me that our fields were filled with Yankees. The battle was evidently now raging at my father's house, and I was anxious about the dear ones at home. The enemy fought desperately, but were finally driven back. Forrest was in the front, pursuing them with vigor, and the last reports were that a desperate stand had been made at our house.

The next morning, as soon as I could see, I started to find out what had happened, and I found that the Federals had been driven away. Our once pleasant home was a wreck. Thanks to a merciful Providence, the lives of the family had been preserved, although they had been exposed to great danger. I found the females of the family all in the back piazza. They were laughing and talking, notwithstanding recent distresses. The fence around the garden and yard had been torn down. Many horses were hitched under every tree in the yard. Soldiers were stalking through the yard and house without ceremony. The public road in both directions was lined with wagons as far as could be seen. For more than half a mile, as I came home, I saw on the roadside hundreds of shoes and articles of every description, which had been thrown away by the Federals in their retreat. Several dead negroes in blue uniform were lying by the roadside not far from our dwelling. The public road was filled with soldiers passing to and fro. When I saw these things I knew that Forrest had gained a great victory, but my heart sank at the prospect of our own losses. The Yankees had taken every grain of corn and every ounce of meat, leaving us nothing to eat. The family had not eaten anything since the previous morning, and the house had been plundered. Everything was turned upside down, and much was missing. Dead and wounded men were lying in the house, upstairs and downstairs. Bullets had penetrated the walls in various places. Negroes and white men had both plundered our dwelling. Nothing could move their pity, but with vandal hands they rifled trunks and bureaus, entering every room. Destruction seemed to be their aim. They even entered the negro cabins, and robbed them of their clothing. They cut the rope,

and let the bucket into the well. As they went back, panting with heat and suffering with thirst, they were glad to drink such dirty slop as they could find.

The negro troops were specially insolent. As they passed down they would shake their fists at the ladies and say that they were going to show Forrest that they were his rulers. As they returned, their tune was changed. With tears in their eyes, some of them came to my mother and asked her what they must do; would Mr. Forrest kill them? On the retreat Sturgis was in the front, going at a trot.

The final stand was made at my father's house. When it began, my mother, wife, and sisters closed the window shutters, and all went into an inner room, and, lying flat on the floor, they awaited the issue of the conflict. Two Federal soldiers came into the back piazza, and surrendered to my mother just as the fight began. The yard was a battle ground. They made a breastwork of a picket fence. A Federal battery was in front of our gate. Rice's battery was just below the bend in the public road, and the fight here was nearly as stubborn as at the Cross Roads, and lasted fifty or sixty minutes. Capt. Rice told me that the artillery saved the day here. When he came up our cavalry was being repulsed. It was indeed a signal victory, for the Federal force was fully three times as great as that of Forrest. Forrest completely defeated the enemy, capturing all their artillery and their entire wagon train. To quote Sturgis's own words: "Order soon gave way to confusion, and confusion to panic." The losses incurred in such a rout were necessarily very great. According to the "Official Medical History of the War," the losses on the Federal side were 617 killed and wounded, and 1,623 missing. The Confederate loss, according to the same authority, was 606 killed and wounded.

The pursuit was continued beyond Salem. On Monday, the 13th, many soldiers returned from the pursuit. Eight hundred prisoners were marched down the road that day. Some officers were among them, and they were nice-looking men. It is certain that a great many negroes were killed. They wore the badge, "Remember Fort Pillow," and it was said that they carried a black flag. This incensed the Southern soldiers, and they relentlessly shot them down.

Mr. Brice's house was temporarily made a hospital for wounded Confederates. Some Southern boys died there. I remember a lad who lay there dying, and whose earnest gaze and yearning for a mother's soothing presence aroused my tenderest sympathies. How gratefully did that dying boy receive the kind ministrations of Mrs. Brice, who was watching by his side! Bethany Church was occupied as a hospital, and many a Federal soldier lay wounded on benches on which worshipers had been wont to sit in days when peace reigned. A bullet passed through the pulpit. The monuments and tombstones in Bethany burial ground to this day show the imprint of Minie balls. Thirty or more graves containing the bodies of brave Tennesseans and Kentuckians, who fell in battle that day, are in Bethany burial ground. The graves are unmarked, and the heroes are unknown. A man named King, of Rice's Battery, is buried a few hundred yards below my residence. The little mound which marks his grave can be seen on the roadside. King was from the vicinity of Artesia, Miss. The grave of a

Tennessean, A. J. Smith, is not far away. A nice young man, who was brought wounded into my house on the day of the battle, and died there that night, was buried under a large post oak in front of my gate. His name was Rice. His friends removed his remains to the family burial ground in Lauderdale County, Tenn., in 1865.

Forrest, with his subcommanders, Buford, Lyon, Bell, Rucker, and Johnson, won laurels that day which will not soon wither. The day will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. Gen. Chalmers said it was the most brilliant victory of the war on either side. And considering the great disparity of the contending forces, the result was certainly most wonderful.

THE BATTLE AT THOMPSON'S STATION, TENN.—Comrade John F. Dexter, of the Fifty-Third Alabama Regiment, writes from Cucamonga, Cal.: "A squadron of our regiment was in that engagement. Comrades referred to it as 'a fight around the camp fire.' Col. Earle led this squadron in the engagement and paid them a high compliment. But much honor is due to the Third Arkansas Regiment. Col. Earle was the commander of this regiment. Gen. Forrest had tried two or three crack regiments, but they failed to move the Yankees. Then he said: 'Give me the Third Arkansas, the best regiment the sun shines on.' Col. Earle was killed outright on the field. Will not some member of the Third Arkansas give a sketch of Col. Earle?"

WHO WERE THE CONFEDERATES KILLED NEAR PULASKI, TENN.?—W. N. McGrew writes from the above place: "In the fight five miles south of Pulaski during the civil war there were six Confederate soldiers killed. Some of us, their comrades, have determined to care for their graves. From some of the many readers of the VETERAN we hope to learn their names, the companies and regiments to which they belonged. Two captains and one private were buried in the same grave. The captains, we understand, were Snowden and Cuhorn. The names of all the privates are unknown. They were supposed to belong to Gens. Rucker's or Lyon's Brigade and Buford's Division. But Gen. Rucker informs me that they did not belong to his brigade. Please help us, through the VETERAN, to get all information possible, that we may have their names, company, and regiment engraved in granite. Any information concerning them will be thankfully received, and is desired at earliest convenience."

At the last meeting of Camp Catesby Ap R. Jones, Selma, Ala., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commander, Edward Pegram Galt; Lieutenants, E. S. Starr, John S. Burns, Edward M. Byrne; Adjutant, E. L. McKee. The Camp is reported in fine condition. Gen. E. W. Pettus and Hon. John T. Morgan, United States Senators from Alabama, are members of the Camp. Eight of the old veterans crossed the river last year.

The Virginia State Division of Daughters of the Confederacy will hold its next annual meeting at Woodstock, Va., the second Wednesday in October.

MONUMENT AT HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

[Sketch and Picture from Miss Mary C. Burks.]

It is with unbounded joy and pride that the members of the Huntington Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and Camp Garnett speak of "our Confederate monument," erected by them in Spring Grove, our beautiful cemetery, and unveiled on June 23. This is the second monument in our "Little Mountain State," the first one being erected at Romney.

The scene on the day of unveiling was one never before witnessed in our city. Hundreds of veterans came from adjoining counties, and the procession that moved from the courthouse to the cemetery was the longest ever known here. The day was ideal; in fact, it seemed the very heavens smiled upon this tribute to the fallen heroes. Several thousand persons crowded around the little square where lay the Confederate dead, brought here by loving hands from many a far-away battlefield.



A deathlike silence fell as the bugle call was sounded by an old man of this county, Sylvester Summers, on an old battered bugle which he had carried from the beginning of the strife. The band played softly, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia;" and as the cords were pulled by a beautiful young girl, the veil fell slowly away, revealing the splendid bronze figure of a Confederate soldier, which, brightened by the sun, seemed for a moment to be turned to a living form. It was indeed an impressive, never-to-be-forgotten scene.

Speeches followed, the address of the occasion being by Mrs. L. G. Bullington, the first and only President of the Huntington Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Others were made by Col. C. L. Thompson, Commandant of Camp Garnett, and Colonel Arnett, of Wheeling, one of the best speakers in the State.

Our Chapter of Daughters was organized in 1895, and has an active membership of about sixty. Camp Garnett was organized about ten years ago, with a membership of over two hundred, representing six counties in West Virginia and two or three in Kentucky.

One of the most prominent men buried in Huntington is Gen. Albert Gallatin Jenkins, from Cabell County, who was wounded at the battle of Cloyd's Mountain on May 10, 1864, and died eleven days later. His body was interred there, but was removed to his old home in 1866, and again removed by Camp Garnett in 1892. Alberta Gallatin, the well-known and talented actress, is his daughter.

GEORGIA REUNION AT AUGUSTA.

A writer in the *Augusta (Ga.) Tribune*, one of the younger generation, concerning the approaching reunion of the Georgia Division at Augusta, states after mention of the rate of one cent per mile over the railroads in Georgia:

The younger generation are fast filling the places of our old heroes of the sixties, and they are anxious as sons and daughters of veterans to keep alive the memories of the glorious achievements of our heroes of the past.

It will be well for those who anticipate being in Augusta on this glorious occasion to be well informed as to the extent and magnitude of the preparations which are being made by the citizens of our city—a city that has a national reputation for its hospitality, beautiful streets, and handsome women. It is the first city in the land through the efforts of its patriotic women, where a monument of its size was placed on its most prominent thoroughfare in memory of its sacred cause and its dead heroes.

All who attend this reunion are assured of a cordial welcome from our citizens, and ample and sufficient accommodations.

OLD SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. Polk Miller writes: "In my travels through the South I have been asked by many this question: 'Why don't you get up a book containing the songs which the soldiers of the South used to sing in war times?' Many young ladies and gentlemen, children of our veterans, have asked me this question, and I have been urged by old comrades to undertake it. My public work and almost constant absence from home have prevented my giving any attention to this work heretofore, but I have determined to get up this book, for the benefit of the many old comrades who are living as well as for the children of the South at large. In order to do so, I beg that all who have copies of the music and the words of all such songs will kindly mail them to me at Richmond, Va. I prefer the music with the words, if possible; but where this is not practicable, I hope they will send the words, with the names and post offices of the parties sending them plainly written on the envelope, so that I can return them when I am through with them. It would probably be better for the people to write and tell me what they have on hand before sending them, or I might get one thousand copies of one or more songs. If possible, I want to get out the book so that we can have a grand time of it at Memphis next year by making the singing of these songs a feature of the reunion."

EIGHTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

The following is contributed by Mrs. James Mercer Garnett:

The Eighth Virginia Regiment was mustered into service in Leesburg, at the beginning of the war, with Eppa Hunton, colonel; Charles Tebbs, lieutenant colonel; and Norborne Berkeley, major. It participated in all the principal battles in Virginia, including both battles of Manassas, the "seven days' fight around Richmond," the battles in the Maryland and Pennsylvania campaigns, while the right wing bore the brunt of the battle at Leesburg unaided for four hours, and fifty-two volunteers from it captured about four hundred of the enemy after nightfall. It is doubtful if any larger proportionate capture was made during the war. This regiment was almost annihilated at Gettysburg. It was embraced in Garnett's Brigade, one of the three brigades in Pickett's Division, engaged in that battle. After the famous charge of Pickett's men, when the shattered remnant fell back, there were but ten men left in the Eighth Virginia Regiment of the two hundred who made this memorable charge—a charge as brilliant as that of the "Six Hundred" at Balaklava.

Gen. Richard B. Garnett having been killed in this charge, Col. Hunton was promoted, and, as Gen. Dabney H. Maury states in his book, "Recollections of a Virginian" (page 139), the Eighth was known as the "Berkeley Regiment" from the fact that the colonel, lieutenant colonel, major, and one of the captains were the four Berkeley brothers—viz., Norborne, Edmund, William, and Charles. This is probably the only instance on record in which all the field officers of a regiment were brothers.

A son of Col. Edmund Berkeley (Edmund, Jr.) and a cousin (Nelson Noland) were among the Virginia Military Institute cadets who distinguished themselves at the battle of New Market—mere boys, who faced death like seasoned veterans, charging with the Sixty-Second Virginia Regiment, and capturing a six-gun battery. Eight cadets were killed, and forty-six wounded in this charge.

In memory of the famous Eighth Virginia Regiment, a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was organized on November 30, 1899, and named in its honor. The President is Miss Lucy Fontaine Berkeley, daughter of Col. Edmund Berkeley, and among the charter members are another daughter and descendants of other officers.

The Eighth Virginia Regiment Chapter was formed in Prince William County, and in this county and in Loudoun County the Berkeleys lived. From these two counties, and Fauquier County, adjoining, came many brave men, who distinguished themselves in the various great battles of the war. The majority of them gave up their lives in defense of home and country. All honor to the Eighth Virginia Regiment, and may the Chapter bearing its honored name do noble work among the Daughters of the Confederacy, and perpetuate the memory of these Virginia heroes!

The Eighth Virginia Regiment Chapter, No. 42, in Grand Division of Virginia, No. 352, in U. D. C. This Chapter was organized on the 30th day of November 1899, in Prince William County, Va., with the follow-

ing officers: President, Miss Lucy Fontaine Berkeley; Vice President, Mrs. Wilbur Latham; Secretary, Miss Leonora C. Hutchinson; Treasurer, Miss M. N. Wise.

Other Chapters since formed are: Fairfax, No. 43; Crewe (Nottoway County), No. 44; Covington, No. 45; Old Stone Church (Augusta County), No. 46.

The next Annual Convention of the Grand Division of Virginia, U. D. C., will be held in Danville the first week in October.

REUNION OF COMPANY C, SIXTEENTH LOUISIANA REGIMENT.

On the 13th day of August, 1861, this company, numbering one hundred and thirteen men, left Shreveport for the seat of war. It served through the war, participating in all the battles and campaigns of the army of which it was a part from Shiloh to Spanish Fort, and surrendered at Meridian, Miss., with only fourteen members present. August 13, 1900, eight of the survivors of the company met at the courthouse in the city of Shreveport, to celebrate the thirty-ninth anniversary of the day that the company left that place for the war. There were present Col. (formerly Captain) R. H. Lindsay, Lieut. T. G. Pegues, Sergs. Thomas E. Rhodes and R. M. Nash, Corporal George W. Johnson, and privates H. M. Rutherford, Tip Roach, and Killis Johnson. Maj. Gen. Will Tunnard, U. C. V., was present as an invited guest. The meeting was opened with prayer by Col. Lindsay. Lieut. Pegues served as Chairman, and R. M. Nash as Secretary. There were addresses by Col. Lindsay and Lieut. Pegues, and short talks by all the boys, followed by an address by Gen. Tunnard. The boys spent about four hours in giving reminiscences and telling anecdotes of the war. At three o'clock we adjourned for an elegant banquet at the Serwich Hotel, where we ate and talked for an hour; all then went to a photographer, and had our pictures taken in a group. The company adjourned to meet in Shreveport on the 13th day of August, 1901.

In his address Col. (ex-Captain) R. H. Lindsay reviewed the history of the company from the thirty-ninth anniversary to the end of the great war. They went by steamer to New Orleans, where they were organized into the Sixteenth Louisiana Regiment. They fought every battle of the Western army under Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, J. E. Johnston, and Hood. They served under their noble Brig. Gen. Randall L. Gibson. The company was known as the "Caddo Fencibles."

Lieut. Pegues spoke more at length in a reminiscent way, in which he said:

"Thirty-nine years ago our company, the 'Caddo Fencibles,' as gallant a body of men as ever shouldered muskets, formed line, marched down Texas Street, and embarked for the seat of war. Streaming banners, the booming of cannon, and the inspiring strains of 'Dixie,' filled our souls with patriotic ardor, and we thought: 'If it were a sin to covet honor, then we were the most offending souls alive.' We here today are a mere skeleton of that gallant band. Where are our comrades who stepped forth so gayly to battle for Southern rights? Ask the spirits that keep vigil over the gory fields of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Jackson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain,

Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, and Spanish Fort.

"No useless coffins inclosed their breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we laid them,
But they lay like warriors taking their rest,
With their martial cloaks around them."

They gave up their lives in defense of home and loved ones, to drive back the hirelings who sought to despoil our altars and devour our substance. Amid the roar of battle and the clash of arms their souls took flight. They were spared the ignominy and degradation of the days of reconstruction. We are not called upon to prove they were right; we know they were. They fought for a principle that is as eternal as the stars. Sacred ties bind us to their memory. Side by side we toiled with them on the weary march, and stood shoulder to shoulder with them where battle raged and death reveled in the slaughter. We can vouch for their valor as they faced and fought the foe, and can testify to their good names. In obedience to a sentiment of honor and a call of duty, they made the last human sacrifice; they gave up their lives for a grand and glorious cause. It was such courage as this, my comrades, that has made the 'boys who wore the gray' the immortal heroes of our Southland, and as long as life lasts we will honor them in their grand achievements."

L. C. Abernathy, Pulaski, Tenn.: "During the raid made by Gen. Forrest through this section in the fall of 1864, there were five Kentuckians killed at Tarpley's shop, five miles south of Pulaski. They belonged to either Lyon's or Rucker's Brigade. Miss Fannie Newbill, who lives near Tarpley's shop, has the names of killed, and will furnish on application."

F. M. Bunch, Pulaski, Tenn.: "While in Louisville during the reunion, I visited Cave Hill Cemetery, and found among the graves there the names of several Tennesseans. Possibly their loved ones know nothing of their resting place, so I send the names and ask that you publish them. They are: Jo Sperry, Company I, Twenty-Eighth, Jonathan Bailey, Company L, Fifth, J. L. Shelton, Company H, Forty-Third, and E. Malone, Company E, Second Tennessee Regiments."

Omar R. Weaver Camp, of Little Rock, Ark., elected the following officers at the last meeting of the Camp: Commander, W. F. Wright; Lieutenant Commanders, C. S. Collins and John O'Brian; Adjutant (re-elected), George Thornburgh; Assistant Adjutant, Theo Hartman; Treasurer, Charles F. Penzel; Surgeon, R. B. Christian; Chaplain, B. W. Green; Color Sergeant, J. G. Leigh; Color Guards, Joshua Harp, Tom Parsell, D. D. Chapman, R. R. Carlisle. The Camp is in fine condition. It meets every month, and does considerable charity work.

The following officers were elected for Hill County Camp, No. 68, at their reunion in Hillsboro, Tex., during August: Commander, John P. Cox; Lieutenants, R. M. Williams and R. V. Hampton; Adjutant, D. C. Wornel; Treasurer, George Carmichael; Chaplain, John W. Stevens. Sixty acres of land, with a nice grove and plenty of water, have been bought two and a half miles from Hillsboro for permanent reunion grounds.

TEXAS U. D. C. TO THE SONS OF VETERANS.

The following preambles and resolutions submitted by Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, Historian of Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to that body in convention assembled at Austin, November 29, 30, and unanimously indorsed, constitute the reply sent months ago to the History Committee of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans:

1. Whereas the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, through the report of the Historical Committee of that association, ask the coöperation of the Daughters of the Confederacy in certain proposed measures looking to the attainment of truthful American history, and to securing the instruction of such history in schools, it behooves us to give earnest heed to an appeal having as its end the furtherance of one of the declared objects of our association.

2. Whereas in taking upon ourselves the name "Daughters of the Confederacy," we have assumed the sacred responsibility of preserving the honor and integrity of the Confederacy inviolate, it is our bounden duty to exercise all the intelligence and wisdom at our command, in deciding upon concurrence or non-concurrence in any plans, remembering that a laudable end is no surety of the attainment of that end, neither is it guarantee that the proposed means are consistent with the end in view.

3. Whereas with a deep realization of our responsibility, an earnest and unbiased examination of said report has been made, resulting, we regret to say, in a realization of the advisability of a mild, though earnest, protest against some of the views of these young countrymen of ours, whose sincerity of purpose it would discredit us to doubt.

4. Whereas this association finds, with pain, that the said committee, the Sons of the Confederacy, uses the argument of the destroyers of the Confederacy when it says, "the questions involved were open to honest differences of opinion;" and, in so doing, throw aside the South's great bulwark of defense—that bulwark being unswerving conformity to the laws and constitution of the United States.

5. Whereas no confederation or republic can maintain its integrity as a federacy, and no people can attain to the highest characteristics of which human nature is capable without conformity to a standard of right, a disregard of which by the abolitionists of the North resulted in the most deplorable loss of life and in the virtual transfer of the wealth of the South to the North.

6. Whereas in accepting the constitution of their country as the political standard of right, and the Bible as the moral standard of right, the men of the South found an example in the Saviour of mankind, who, when on earth, rigidly conformed to written law, both human and divine; and from such example there can be no appeal.

7. Whereas it is contrary to all law—both human and divine—to pay equal honor to the violator of an oath-accepted standard of right, and to the conformer to that standard, we, the Daughters of the Confederacy, note with deepest regret that the said committee has committed that grave error in its declaration: "The truest history, as well as the most patriotic, is that

which gives great emphasis to the heroism and honesty, the manliness and Christian character of the combatants on both sides." We answer: Truth has no superlative; but deals with facts, naked facts, regardless of results. Furthermore, it is the principles represented by a combatant that decide the honor due his prowess. Two opposing principles cannot each be right. It is impossible to honor the principles represented by the North without dishonoring the principles for which the South fought. It is impossible to glorify both aggressor and defender. It is unnatural, in the name of the Confederacy, to honor the destroyer of the Confederacy! Christ, the "Prince of Peace," has declared that "no man can serve two masters." It is Christlike to forgive wrong, but it is not Christlike to honor wrong.

8. Whereas the committee falls into the error of inconsistency when making such declarations as "a deplorable condition confronts us," "not found a single Southern history north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers," "continued denunciation and misrepresentation," etc.; and in another part of the report asserts that "great emphasis" should be given in history "to the heroism and honesty, the manliness and Christian character of the combatants on both sides." If the combatants on the Northern side (we refer to them, as the committee does, collectively, not individually) were "Christianlike," why their continued "denunciation and misrepresentation?" If they were "heroic and honest," why no truthful histories?

9. Whereas the committee's assertion that "financial considerations unconsciously biased the views of both North and South on slavery" is not, as applied to the South, sustained, even indirectly, by the declarations of her representatives at any time or any place, or by her public press, or by her leaders and historians, Davis and Stephens, or by the general character of the *ante bellum* Southerner, who was too wise not to possess self-knowledge, and too high-minded to be governed by money considerations.

10. Whereas the utterance of the committee, "The fact of profoundest significance to every American, and to the world, is the deep unity of the American people in ideas and character; yes, of the English-speaking race," is the doctrine of the consolidationist—of the party that coerced the Southern States, and in direct opposition to the principle to which the committee owes its name and origin—the constitutional principle of State sovereignty. If it be replied that the principle was lost at Appomattox, we answer in the words of one whose authority cannot be questioned—Alexander H. Stephens: "The issue decided by the sword was the attempt on the part of the Confederates to maintain this principle and right (State sovereignty) by physical force." "The States as States," says Mr. Stephens, "were distinctly recognized in the surrender." Further proof that this principle is not lost is furnished by our State constitutions, our courts, and the utterances of a few men both North and South.

11. Whereas the words, "While some of her (the South's) statesmen may have been passionate and extreme," are objectionable, because they imply deprecation of that which resulted—viz., the Confederacy—depuration of that which the committee represents.

12. Whereas the committee recommends "that each

State establish the office of State historian," and that "a sufficient appropriation be made in each State to pay some man of eminent ability and patriotism to devote his entire time to the discharge of duties incumbent upon him as State historian. He should collect reliable data from every available source for the use of the future historian." And whereas said recommendation defines duties of a proposed salaried officer which are already filled most efficiently "without money and without price" by a patriot of Texas, Dr. S. O. Young. And whereas the vital question is present education, which can be best accomplished by means of the lecture platform.

13. Whereas the above preambles lead to the conclusion that the report of said committee evidences an erroneous conception of what constitutes truthful history, revealing germs of thought fatal to truthful history. Their proposed lines of work are defined in our constitution; those lines are already pursued by some, notably Dr. Young. The work should continue to be undertaken from a sense of devotion and duty, not pecuniary considerations. We of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, have adopted methods which we consider more efficacious. Our organization will be weakened if we transfer one of its departments to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans; and to act under the instruction of the Historical Committee of that organization would be a virtual transfer of our historical department. Such a step would have a disintegrating tendency that would prove most inimical. Therefore we of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, deem it our duty to decline coöperating in the proposed measures.

We desire to accompany our declination with expressions of unfeigned interest in these young men of our beloved South, feeling that their errors are not of their own planting.

Lastly, we beg that they will regard our words as the words of those who will be ever grieved to dissent, and rejoiced to commend.

OPPOSED TO BLENDING MEMORIAL DAYS.

A. L. Hull writes from Athens, Ga.: "The reunions of blue and gray, which are becoming rather numerous, are, to say the least, in bad taste. Usually they have some political end in view, and if not, it is an effort to mix oil and water, which results in a separation so soon as the agitation has ceased. I have no vindictive feeling toward any living Federal soldier, nor would I withhold from him any of the praise his valor deserves; nor should there be any criticism of social courtesies which one gentleman may extend to another. But a reunion of Confederate veterans is a family affair; when brothers who stood together in a common cause come together to recount their common perils and relate the virtues of those who fell by their side, the presence of no stranger is wanted. However charming his speech, however warm his professions of admiration, he is not in sympathy with the occasion. In his heart he condemns the spirit which animates it. And if this be true of reunions of veterans, how much more so of memorial occasions. When a family gathers together to do honor to one of their dead, they do not invite the one who did the

killing. There is an incongruity about it which repels the suggestion. There is not much that is left to the Confederate veteran. Let him enjoy that little as he may, with pleasure unalloyed. Let his reunions be free from intrusions, let his memorial days be unmixed with decoration days, and let his Daughters of the Confederacy be true daughters, and not stepdaughters nor cousins nor aunts."

GEN. JOHN BRATTON.

The following extracts are from a communication held over, with the name of the author mislaid:

Only a few personal friends of the late Gen. John Bratton know of a striking episode in his career in the war for Southern independence. It is, in many respects, as remarkable as the celebrated letter of Lord Charles Montagu to Maj. Gen. Moultrie, another South Carolina "Rebel," when he was a prisoner of war in the hands of the British. Reference is made to a letter from Maj. Gen. Philip Kearny, U. S. A., to the then Col. John Bratton, C. S. A., who had been desperately wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, and was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe.

On May 31, 1862, Col. Bratton, on foot, led his regiment (the Sixth South Carolina, R. H. Anderson's Brigade) in the battle of Seven Pines. The brigade had four times attacked the Federals, and had driven them two miles from their first line of battle. In the fourth charge, about sundown, Col. Bratton was seriously wounded in the right arm, the ball entering his body. He attempted to get back to the Confederate lines, but was captured by the enemy. His wound was carefully dressed by Dr. B. Gesner, assistant surgeon of the regiment that had captured him, and in whose hands Col. Bratton put his watch for safe-keeping. He was carried to Fortress Monroe, and there confined with a number of wounded Confederates in one of its dark and damp lower casements.

A few days later, while in his confinement, Col. Bratton received by special courier the following letter from Gen. Kearny:

Col. Bratton, Sixth South Carolina Regiment.

Dear Sir: The fortunes of this unnatural war have made you a prisoner, and as it was in the hands of one of my regiments (Fourth Maine, Col. Walker) that you fell, I take the liberty, in courtesy and good feeling, of putting myself or friends of the North at your disposal.

I forward by a special messenger your sword, belt, and watch, together with a letter from the surgeon, Dr. Gesner, who attended you, and who is an acquaintance of your family at the South.

If, sir, you will permit me the favor, I shall also place at your call a credit with my bankers, Riggs & Co, Washington, \$200, which may serve you until your own arrangements are made.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. KEARNY,

Major General Commanding Third Division, Third Corps.

This letter from Gen. Kearny, one of the most eminent cavalry leaders of the Federal army, to a Confederate colonel whom he did not know personally, is a beautiful tribute to Col. Bratton's gallantry and an evidence that Gen. Kearny, like Sir Philip Sydney, was "the impersonation of high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

How happy would Gen. Bratton have been had the fortunes of war permitted him to reciprocate the cour-

tesies of his "friend, the enemy!" How earnestly would he have worked for Kearny's exchange or release on parole! How warmly after the dreadful war was over, would he have welcomed him to hospitable "Farmington," his country home in Fairfield County! But such was not to be. Gen. Kearny, the soldier of France in Algiers and Italy, a hero of Contreras and Cherubusco, and major general of the United States army in the civil war, was to fall three months later the same year, while reconnoitering at Ox Hill, near Chantilly, Va.

As a fitting conclusion to this interesting episode in Gen. Bratton's career, and as evidence of his courage and ability, he was on May 6, 1864, appointed brigadier general, and on June 9, following, the appointment was confirmed, and he was ordered to report to Gen. R. E. Lee. His brigade was composed of the First (Hagood's), Second, Fifth, and Sixth Regiments, South Carolina Volunteers, and the Palmetto Sharpshooters (Longstreet's Corps), Army of Northern Virginia.

WITH STONEWALL JACKSON AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Hon. J. H. Taylor, of Dallas, Tex., visited his old home at La Grange, Ga., in July, and being asked for some reminiscences of his old regiment (the Fourth Georgia), by the *Reporter*, said:

Well, I consider Chancellorsville one of the most interesting battles of the civil war. Never did the Federals have a better opportunity to crush Lee's army. Lee only had Stonewall Jackson's and A. P. Hill's Corps. Longstreet was at Suffolk, two hundred miles away. Hooker's army consisted of one hundred and twenty thousand well-equipped, well-disciplined men, who had the utmost confidence in "Fighting Joe."

We had grave apprehensions, as we knew our weakness and their strength. Here we had the finest exhibition of generalship during the war, and it won. The bulk of Hooker's army crossed the Rappahannock about fifteen miles above Fredericksburg, and formed a corner line of battle with both wings resting on or near the river. Jackson's Corps began moving about three o'clock Saturday morning, May 2, 1863, toward Hooker's right. I was a sharpshooter, and marched between our columns of infantry and the enemy to prevent a surprise; and hence I was with Jackson most of the time, who was often with the sharpshooters. Our skirmishers and Stewart's Cavalry came in contact with the Federal pickets several times during the day, but the enemy evidently did not anticipate Jackson's Infantry but Stewart's Cavalry.

About 4 p.m. we reached Hooker's right flank. We were in a thick woods, and the enemy was two hundred yards in front in an open field. They were making coffee, and evidently unconscious of the presence of so formidable a foe, notwithstanding we had driven their pickets in. Dole's Brigade and Rode's Division were in front. The Fourth Georgia rested on the plank road leading by the Chancellorsville House. It was very hot. Everything was about ready for the attack. Stonewall Jackson was sitting on a log by our company (B). Mr. Camp, a good old man and Methodist preacher, a member of our company, seeing the attack

was imminent, suggested we all kneel while he prayed. Jackson dropped his head, the others likewise. Immediately after the short prayer the attack was ordered.

My brother, Hill M. Taylor, who was orderly sergeant of our company, was the first man killed in this battle. I was slightly wounded at the same time. We were right among them before they could turn their cannon on us. They broke, and the rout was complete. We pursued them, killing and capturing them for two miles. Many who were not captured or killed "did not stop south of Baltimore." The corps was never again reorganized, I understand. All that I saw were foreigners, mostly Germans.

We re-formed our lines. After dark Jackson and staff went to the front to reconnoiter with a view of a night attack. Returning, he was taken for the enemy and fired upon by our men—said to be Pender's Brigade. He was brought on a stretcher through our company. Tom Cameron and I slept among the dead that night. He will doubtless remember it.

The next day was Sunday. The battle raged with fury, with no decisive results. Hooker was forced to recross the Rappahannock, this disaster terminating his command of the "Army of the Potomac."

Had not Jackson been killed, a night attack might have resulted in the capture of Hooker's army. Had Hooker known during the evening of May 2, that Lee and Jackson were several miles apart, with the Confederate army equally divided, he might have beaten them in detail. Had not Jackson made this flank movement, which I regard as the greatest of the war, the triumphs of the Confederates could have hardly been expected with such an army as Hooker had and the great odds against us. This was one of the times we defeated the enemy when it was least expected; but two months thereafter we were repulsed at Gettysburg, when we least expected it and were most capable of triumph.

Comrade R. A. Simpson, of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, Dalton, Ga., desires the address of a lady who was at college in Bardstown, Ky., during the fall term of 1864, and who signed her name "Psyche" to letters written to her fiancé, a handsome young fellow named John Taylor, member of a Kentucky regiment in the Federal army, and who was with Gen. Stoneman in his raid through East Tennessee, Upper South Carolina, and Georgia.

The following are the present officers of this Joe Johnston Camp: S. B. Felker, Commander, and J. H. Stanford, Adjutant.

GRADUATES OF THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY.

The attention of living graduates of the United States Military Academy who served in the Confederate Army, or of surviving members of their families, is earnestly invited to the necessity of sending an account of their Confederate war service to the Association of Graduates of the Military Academy. A succinct and accurate account of the war service of such graduates, giving the dates of all commissions, etc., should be sent to Lieut. W. C. Rivers, Secretary Association of Graduates, West Point, N. Y.

The Association earnestly desires to get the complete military history of all graduates.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Revised list of subscriptions taken at the Confederate Re-union, Louisville, for the Jefferson Davis Monument, May 31, 1900, as reported by Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Richmond, Va.:

R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va.	\$1,000 00
Gen. LeRoy Stafford Camp, Shreveport, La.	650 00
Cabell-Graves Camp, Danville, Va.	250 00
Peter Turney Camp, Winchester, Tenn.	50 00
Alamo Camp, Alamo, Tenn.	50 00
Adams-Johnson Camp, Union, Ky.	50 00
T. C. Hindman, Newport, Ark.	25 00
J. B. McClain, Whitefall, Ill.	5 00
Mrs. E. G. Williams, Waynesville, Mo.	5 00
Camp Hardee, Birmingham, Ala.	50 00
Stockdale Camp, Magnolia, Miss.	100 00
Camp Jenkins, No. 876, Parkersburg, W. Va.	50 00
Kitt Mott Camp, Nebraska (by E. Q. Withers)	100 00
L. F. Donnell Camp, Graham, Tex.	25 00
Gen. John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.	100 00
Hon. J. H. Reagan, Austin, Tex.	100 00
Gen. S. D. Lee, Agricultural College, Miss.	100 00
Gen. P. W. Morgan	100 00
Jola J. Horner, Helena, Ark.	100 00
Camp, Holly Springs, Miss.	100 00
J. P. Truelock, Pine Bluff, Ark.	100 00
W. W. Carns, Memphis, Tenn.	100 00
Gen. D. Y. Cook, Elmo, Ark.	100 00
H. E. Toninkins, Owensboro, Ky.	100 00
Forbes Camp, Clarksville, Tenn.	150 00
M. M. Parsons Camp, Jeffersonville, Mo.	100 00
Camp No. 1, New Orleans, La.	250 00
N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn.	100 00
Orange Camp, Orange, Tex.	50 00
Judge J. M. Dickinson (of Tennessee), Chicago, Ill.	100 00
Col. Harvey W. Salmon, Clinton, Mo.	50 00
Camp Chickamauga, Chickamauga, Tenn.	50 00
W. E. Simmons, Lawrenceville, Ga.	25 00
D. Wells Camp, Waynesville, N. C.	25 00
Indian Camp	10 00
Camp Gordon, Pittsburg, Miss.	25 00
C. H. Howard Camp, Waynesville, Mo.	10 00
Jefferson Lee Camp, Indian Territory	50 00
William E. Moore Camp, Helena, Ark.	25 00
Col. J. L. Power (collections), Jackson, Miss.	275 00
Hugh L. Reynolds Camp, Greenwood, Miss.	50 00
Mrs. Duke and Miss Barlow, Louisville, Ky.	150 00
George B. Eastin Camp, Louisville, Ky.	250 00
Stonewall Jackson Chap., U. D. C., McAlester, Ind. T.	10 00
W. R. Barksdale Camp, Grenada, Miss.	75 00
J. B. Gordon Chap., U. D. C., Thomasville, Ga.	10 00
W. S. Everett, Atlanta, Ga.	20 00
Zeb Vance Chap., U. D. C. (by J. G. Hall), Lenoir, N. C.	25 00
C. M. Walker Camp, Corsicana, Tex.	5 00
Rev. W. E. Hill, DeKalb, Mo.	5 00
J. B. Painter, Pulaski, Va.	5 00
Dr. McGalliard Camp, Donaldsonville, La.	25 00
C. H. Howard Camp, Waynesville, Mo.	10 00
Arthur Lee, Furman, Ala.	5 00
Sanwatie Camp, Chelsea, Ind. T.	10 00
John Anderson, Cannel, Ky.	2 00
Gov. James P. Eagle, Little Rock, Ark.	10 00
W. F. Lee, Pensacola, Fla.	5 00
J. Matt Williams, Nashville, Tenn.	10 00
George W. Ransom, Shelbyville, Tenn.	5 00
Ridgeley Brown Camp, Montgomery County, Md.	25 00
Sam Davis Camp (by Z. T. Bundy), Milford, Tex.	10 00
H. M. Hyams, for Camp No. 40, Natchitoches, La.	50 00
W. C. Arnett	2 00
Stone Grey Camp, Wheeling, W. Va.	25 00
Stonewall Camp, McKenzie, Tenn.	25 00
A. Dunnivant, Tennessee	5 00

\$5,534 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID IN CASH MAY 31, 1900.

Capt. W. P. Tolley, Winchester, Tenn.	\$ 5 00
L. C. Flournoy	5 00
E. W. Wadsworth, Wadsworth, Ala.	10 00
S. A. Cunningham, CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville	100 00
H. H. Burgess, Decatur Camp, Decatur, Ga.	5 00
Miss Hayes, Pineville, Ky.	5 00
J. R. Orndoff, Lovingsston, Ky.	1 00
Canton Camp, Briton, Ala.	3 00
Hugh Norvell Lloyd (Tennessee boy)	10 00
B. F. Hall, Wilmington, N. C.	10 00
H. H. Robinson, Alabama	5 00
Winfrey Gregory (small Southern boy of Illinois)	15 00
Thomas H. Dennis, Lewisburg, W. Va.	1 00
G. Williams, Clarksville, Tenn.	1 00
	\$176 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS MADE JUNE 1, 1900

U. D. C. of Galveston, Tex.	\$ 550 00
U. D. C. of Richmond, Va.	530 00
Flora Stewart Chapter, Pulaski, Va.	100 00
Camps of Mississippi	500 00
Miss Lee C. Harvy, Charleston, S. C.	25 00
U. D. C. of Huntington, W. Va.	25 00
U. D. C. of Sewanee, Tenn.	25 00
Col. Tomlinson Fort, Chattanooga, Tenn.	25 00
Mrs. Lizzie Macgill Bridges, Richmond, Va.	10 00
Mrs. Alice Macgill Drewry, Richmond, Va.	10 00
Ladies of Clarksdale, Miss.	100 00
Camp at Corsicana, Tex.	25 00
C. C. Poppenheim (for daughters), Charleston, S. C.	50 00
Norfleet, Winston, N. C.	100 00
Young Ladies of Peace Institute (through James Dinwiddie), Raleigh, N. C.	50 00
G. A. Hoxey Camp, El Reno, Okla.	25 00
W. O. Connor, Cave Spring, Ga.	10 00
Mrs. E. F. Connor, Cave Spring, Ga.	10 00
Mrs. Hattie Connor Stevens, Sparta, Ga.	10 00
Miss Jessie C. Connor, Cave Spring, Ga.	10 00
W. O. Connor, Jr., Council Bluffs, Iowa	10 00
Miss Macgill, Galveston, Tex.	5 00
Miss Mollie Macgill Bridges, Galveston, Tex.	5 00
A. Dunnivant (Eighth Tennessee), Illinois	10 00
A. C. Hopkins (in name of daughters)	100 00
Literary Memorial Association, St. Louis, Mo.	250 00
Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Evansville, Ind.	100 00
Dr. C. G. W. Macgill, Catonsville, Md.	50 00
Minor Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo.	50 00
Female Academy, Salem, N. C.	50 00
S. L. Freeman Camp (by C. G. S. Tate), Tracy City, Tenn.	25 00
David S. Creigh Camp (by Thomas H. Dennis and S. W. N. Feamster), Lewisburg, W. Va.	30 00
Annie F. Fallin, Covington, Tenn.	10 00
A. B. Ellis, Shelby County, Tenn.	2 00
Louisville Chapter, U. D. C.	100 00
James Macgill, Pulaski, Va.	50 00
Salisbury, N. C.	25 00
	\$2,962 00

Charleston Chapter..... 345 00

AMOUNTS PAID IN CASH JUNE 1, 1900.

George Curd (small Kentucky boy living near the birth-place of Jefferson Davis)	\$10 00
W. J. Tucker, Florida	20 00
J. W. Moran, Dresden, Tenn.	10 00
Solomon Wise, Abbeville, La.	5 00
	\$45 00
Mrs. N. V. Randolph (collected in Galt House)	5 00
Collected on corner of Fourth and Main, Louisville, by Mrs. Rosenberg and Mrs. Randolph	5 00

The officers of Camp Giles, Union, S. C., are: Capt. A. H. Foster, Commander, and Capt. F. M. Farr, Adjutant.



Julian M. Spencer, of Annapolis, Md., sent a fine tribute to Prof. A. D. Wharton while a student at the Naval Academy. Wharton refused to take an oath required of officers, and was sent to prison. He was released and sent South in 1862.

A committee composed of J. R. Donaldson, J. C. Chowning, T. J. Malery, M. A. Turner, and M. M. Smith send tribute to two members of their Camp, 935, Fox Springs, Tenn., who left good records as Confederate soldiers and citizens. They are W. B. Martin and M. A. Fletcher, and they served in Tennessee regiments.

Two names have been stricken from the rolls of Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Brownwood, Tex., in the past few months. Comrade J. M. Taylor, of Alabama, after years of patient suffering, died on June 10. He was a valiant soldier of the Confederate cause. N. B. Howlett, Adjutant of the Camp, passed away on the 17th day of August. Suitable resolutions were adopted by the Camp in memory of both comrades.

Leonidas Polk Bivouac, No. 3, and William Henry Trousdale Camp, No. 495, U. C. V., of Columbia, Tenn., passed resolutions in honor of Comrade J. H. Dunnivant, who passed away on August 7, in his seventy-fourth year. He was born September 19, 1826, in Giles County, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate army in October, 1862, as a private in Company D, Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry; was paroled May 10, 1865. The Committee on Resolutions were: W. A. Smith, N. B. Tomlinson, and B. S. Thomas.

DR. J. C. WATKINS.

Dr. J. C. Watkins, of Salem, N. C., died on June 14, at the age of sixty-four years. He was one of Salem's best citizens, and his death is a great loss. Dr. Watkins was born in August, 1836. Until his twenty-first year he was a student in the schools of Forsyth, and subsequently at Smith Grove Academy, Davie County. He taught school in Forsyth, Davie, and Davidson Counties until the breaking out of the civil war. In 1862 he enlisted in the Sixteenth North Carolina Battalion of Cavalry as a private, and was promoted to first sergeant, and later to brigade forage sergeant. He held the latter rank at the time of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. He served in the battles around Petersburg and many other engagements, in all of which he bore himself as a true soldier and patriot. After the surrender he studied dentistry, and was graduated in Philadelphia in 1866. He practiced at Kernersville, N. C., until 1873, when he moved to Salem. Dr. Watkins was an active and prominent temperance worker. He leaves a wife and three children. One of his sons resides in California.

J. P. N. WHITE.

The Leonidas Polk Bivouac and William Henry Trousdale Camp, U. C. V., pay tribute to the memory of J. P. N. White, who died at his home in Columbia, Tenn., September 21, 1900. He was a lifelong citizen of Columbia. Early in 1861 he volunteered as a private in the Maury Rifles, which became Company B of the Second Tennessee Infantry Regiment, and served gallantly through the war. He was a delegate to the Louisville (Ky.) Reunion.

Comrade White was born June 4, 1843; enlisted in the Confederate States Army April 25, 1861; was captured at Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, and paroled May 5, 1865. The Committee on Resolutions is composed of W. A. Smith, E. O. Neill, and Capt. R. D. Smith. This Camp pays tribute also to Comrade J. H. Dunnivant, who died August 7, 1900, age seventy-four years.

MRS. AUGUSTINE LEFTWICH.

Lady Leftwich, of Lynchburg, Va., was well-known through her long life of usefulness. She was a Miss Clark, of Camden, S. C. She was born July 3, 1812, and died February 4, 1900. At the age of eighteen she was married to Col. Augustine Leftwich, of Lynchburg.

They had four sons in the Confederate army, one of whom was killed near the close of the war at Hagerstown, Md.

During the entire four years of the war she was active in assisting the soldiers in every way she could. Like all good Southerners of means, her house was ever open to both officers and men. Hundreds were entertained under her roof, and many were nursed back to health by her and her daughters. She was untiring in her efforts in their behalf. On one occasion she presented a company (the Mobile Cadets) with haversacks, and an interesting correspondence occurred between her and their captain, which was published in Mobile at the time. Mrs. Leftwich was a cordial friend of Gen. R. E. Lee, and many of the Confederate generals were her friends.



MRS. LEFTWICH.

LIEUT. WILLIAM J. HUDSON.

Lieut. William J. Hudson was from Meriwether County, Ga. He was first lieutenant in the Second North Carolina Infantry, and was wounded in the head on the second day's battle of Gettysburg; was taken prisoner that night or the next day, and sent to Johnson's Island, where he died a few days afterwards of blood poison. Any of his comrades who may know the circumstances of his wounding and death will confer a great favor by communicating with his son, William H. Hudson, M. D., La Fayette, Ala.

REV. W. R. MAXWELL.

Rev. W. R. Maxwell was born in Talbot County, Ga., August 26, 1839. He graduated at Mercer University, and at that excellent school he was the companion of many of the statesmen and prominent men in other fields, who have made the State famous. Soon after graduating, he enlisted in the Confederate army and won his shoulder straps on the field of battle, succeeding to the captaincy of his company. He was in many of the hard-fought battles of the war, and he was wounded several times. After the war he removed to Louisiana, and taught in Keachi College. He afterwards taught in Panola and Shelby Counties, Tex. In 1874, at Mooringsport, La., he united with the Baptist Church, and entered the ministry. His was a conspicuous service, from the earnest, humble work in the weak charge to the highest conventions. In every field he was a leader, beloved of all. In addition to the physical service given to the cause, his pen had gained him fame; and in the leading denominational papers he was a frequent and valued contributor. Possessing no titles, although thrice proffered the degree of D.D. by leading colleges, he went through the world as a plain minister of the gospel.

COL. THOMAS DAVID THOMSON.

Col. Thomas David Thomson, of Camden, Ark., was stricken with congestion on August 12, and died soon afterwards. His death was a shock to the community, as he had seemed to be in robust health but a few days before.

Col. Thomson was born in Limestone County, Ala., in 1834, removing with his parents to Arkansas in 1844. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a private in Capt. Robert Jordan's company, Fifth Arkansas Regiment. After the fall of Fort Donelson he escaped from the Federals, returned to Arkansas, and raised a company for the Thirty-Third Arkansas Regiment, of which he was elected lieutenant colonel, and was made colonel at the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, where Col. Grinstead was killed. After the war he engaged in merchandising in Camden, in which he was successful. He served as Circuit Clerk of the county for two terms, and at the time of his death was Director of the Ouachita Valley Bank. He had retired from active business and devoted his time to his plantation, near Camden. A wife and seven children are left to mourn his death.

CAPT. THOMAS A. BOTTOM.

Died, at his home, Victoria, Marshall County, Miss., on Thursday, August 23, 1900. Capt. Thomas A. Bottom, aged fifty-eight years.

Capt. Bottom was a Missourian by birth, and when very young entered the Confederate army as a private soldier in the Second Missouri Cavalry (Col. Robert McCulloch's Regiment), in which he served during the war.

By conspicuous gallantry he was early promoted to the captaincy of his company; was severely wounded at the storming of Fort Pillow, and participated in most of the engagements fought under Gen. Forrest's command.

At the close of the war Capt. Bottom married Miss Mary Hardy, near Byhalia, Miss., and became a citi-

zen of that community, later removing to Victoria, where he resided for a number of years.

By his energy, industry, and fine business judgment he soon acquired more than he deemed needful for his own purposes, and his generosity and liberality were freely exercised by continuous contributions to the wants of the unfortunate in his immediate vicinity.

The son of a Methodist minister, he was always faithful to his early religious training, and whether in camp or on the march was studious in the performance of his religious obligations.

Within recent years much of his time was actively spent in the interest of his Church, the "Holiness Methodist," of which he was a faithful and zealous member. Some ten years ago he donated to his Church the Victoria Camp Ground, and chiefly out of his own means erected the tabernacle thereupon, which will doubtless be maintained a lasting monument to his memory, as it forms the center of interest for annual open-air worship for those of his immediate faith from all sections of the country.

As a soldier, citizen, or friend Capt. Bottom had few equals for constancy and fidelity. He was truly a man of peace, and his entire life was spent in doing good. It has been some four weeks since he followed the remains of his aged mother to the grave. Of his family there survives him only his widow, Mrs. Mary A. Bottom, who has been his constant coworker in the service of God and of his fellow-man.

DR. HUNTER HOLMES M'GUIRE.

The profound impression made upon those who read the report on School Histories for the South (in the VETERAN for November, 1899, beginning on page 500) will be revived by the notice of the death of Dr. Hunter McGuire, which occurred at his country home near Richmond September 10, 1900. Exactly six months



previous, while driving out professionally, he was stricken with paralysis. The attack was severe. His family and many friends watched with deepest anxiety

his condition, hopeful, of course, that he might be restored to speech at least.

Dr. McGuire was born in Winchester, Va., October 11, 1835. He had studied medicine, and was ready for practice when the great war began in 1861; but he volunteered as a private in the Second Virginia Infantry, and marched to Harper's Ferry. Soon, however, he was appointed surgeon, and rose rapidly to a medical directorship.

When Stonewall Jackson organized the First Virginia Brigade, his request that Dr. McGuire be made its chief surgeon was granted. As Jackson rose in position, so did Dr. McGuire, as he continued chief surgeon of Jackson's command to the end. He was with Jackson until the great captain crossed over the river. After the war Dr. McGuire attained to international eminence in his profession. He reared a large family of useful men and women.

Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, pays a beautiful tribute to his memory in the *Times*, which paper states: "He was without a doubt the most prominent man in Richmond."

The VETERAN recalls his last communication to it, wherein he inclosed remittance for one hundred copies for distribution, and added: "With many thanks. No receipt necessary."

—
GEORGE R. RULE.

C. H. Lee, Adjutant, writes from Falmouth, Ky., to report the death of Comrade George R. Rule on June 25, 1900. He was the Commander of W. H. Ratcliffe Camp, No. 682, United Confederate Veterans. He was the Camp's only Commander, serving as such from the date of its organization until his death. Comrade Rule enlisted as a private in Company D, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry Regiment, in September, 1862, and served faithfully to the end. He was captured in Kentucky in June, 1864, sent to Camp Douglas prison, and there kept until the spring of 1865, when he was exchanged and returned to his command. He was a good soldier, and devoted to the cause of the Southern Confederacy.

—
JUDGE J. J. LOWRY.

In the month of April, 1900, Judge J. J. Lowry died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lane, at Troy, Tenn. Judge Lowry was born in Tennessee in 1829, where he lived until 1883. His first acts of distinction were gained in his three years' service as a Confederate soldier. He was brave and fearless, and the wounds that he bore at the time of his death attested his presence at the front. For twelve years he was Clerk of the Circuit Court of Warren County, and for seven years served in the Legislature of Tennessee. In 1883 he went to Texas, and settled in Bell County, where he again entered the political arena, and for eight years served his precinct as Justice of the Peace. After retiring from this office he was elected County Treasurer for two years. Desiring to forsake politics, he removed to his old home at Troy, wishing to spend his last days with his children in peace and happiness.

In a life of eighty years, and the greater portion spent in elective offices, he never knew defeat. Judge Lowry was not a politician in any sense of the word. He was always honored with positions because the people loved, honored, and trusted him.

When Gen. Rains fell in the battle of Murfreesboro, Robert B. Vance took charge of the brigade and commanded it through the fight. He was soon afterwards made a brigadier general. After the war he served as a member of Congress. It was at his expense that his no less distinguished brother, Zeb Vance, got off the witticism that helped to elect him Governor of the State. Zeb was making a speech to a large assembly of people in a district where the Methodist denomination strongly predominated. In the midst of his speech some one called out: "What's your religion, Governor?" Without pausing for an instant, he answered: "Well, I'm a Presbyterian, and don't believe in falling from grace, but am always falling. My brother Bob, however, is a Methodist, and believes in falling, but never falls."

—
John W. Cooper, Estill Springs, Tenn.:

My brother, William P. Cooper, of Company H, First Tennessee Regiment, was shot fatally on the 19th day of August, 1862, while the regiment was charging across a wheat field at Cedar Run. He was buried there, but was taken up and reburied by Joe Luttrell and Thaddens White, of his company—both being killed soon afterwards. I very much desire information as to where they buried my brother. Any one knowing where the dead of that battle were buried, will confer a favor by writing to me direct or to the VETERAN.

We left Camp Fisher in the spring of 1862 for Yorktown, when our company numbered one hundred and twelve men, and to-day there are not ten of that old company living. May peace and prosperity attend them to the end! In the fall of 1862 I was discharged from the Army of Virginia, and in 1863 joined a company of cavalry which was attached to the Fourth Alabama Cavalry, and was used principally for scout duty.

In the year 1864 there came to our company a small man about thirty-five years old, with dark hair and weighing about 130 pounds, who said his name was Jack Davenport. He said he was born and reared in Baltimore, and exhibited a ball behind one of his ears which he got in a street fight with some Northern soldiers in Baltimore at the beginning of the war. For the benefit of any friends who may recognize him from this, I wish to say that he was as brave and true a soldier as ever lived, as evinced on the day he was killed in a running fight of over five miles. After shooting his last load and being unhorsed, he surrendered, but he was shot like a dog. He lies buried in the old Southworth graveyard, on the Mulberry Road, Lincoln County, Tenn.

—
The *Vicksburg Daily Citizen* of July 2, 1863, printed in clear type on a splendid sheet of wall paper, has been sent the VETERAN by M. W. Hilliard, of Clarksdale, Miss. It is evidently a reprint, as there is a "note" at the bottom dated July 4. In it there is a paragraph stating that Gen. Grant had expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg the next Sunday (July 4). The editor adds: "Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way way to cook a rabbit is to first catch the rabbit." The note referred to states "Gen. Grant has caught the rabbit. He has dined in Vicksburg, but brought his dinner with him."

DR. PRESTON B. SCOTT.

Dr. Deering J. Roberts, in his magazine, the *South-ern Practitioner*, pays a fine tribute to the late Dr. Scott, of Louisville, who "entered the Confederate service in 1862, commissioned Surgeon, C. S. A., May 1, 1862, and assigned to duty with the Fourth Kentucky Regiment (Orphan Brigade); appointed Assistant Medical Director at Jackson, Miss., July, 1863, on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; was appointed Medical Director on the staff of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk in October, 1863. On the death of Gen. Polk he was assigned to duty as Medical Director of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, on the staff of Gen. Stephen D. Lee; subsequently with Gen. Richard Taylor, serving with him until the close of the war as Medical Director, field and hospital. He was a member of George B. Eastin Camp, 803, U. C. V."

At the last meeting of the Medical Officers' Association he was elected President, notwithstanding his innate modesty caused his earnest protest, only consenting to accept the position when assured by his many friends that it was for the best interests of the Association.

The *Louisville Evening Post* of September 24 states: "Dr. Preston Brown Scott was one of the best known and best loved physicians in Louisville, and was one of her most valued citizens. As a young man he entered the medical profession, climbing rapidly until he stood at the top. He was universally beloved. In addition to his enormous practice, Dr. Scott held the position of visiting physician of many charitable homes and orders. He is survived by his wife and three sisters: Mrs. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Lexington; Mrs. David Mitchell, whose husband was killed a few weeks ago in the Philippines; and Miss Elizabeth Scott, of Frankfort; also one brother, Dr. John O. Scott, of Sherman, Tex., and three children—Campbell and Rumsey Scott, of New York, and Mrs. Frank Woodruff, of Ensley, Ala. Dr. Scott was the oldest son of Col. Robert Wilmot Scott, of Frankfort, Ky. He was born September 12, 1832. He entered Georgetown College at the age of seventeen, from which institution he was graduated with the first honors of his class. Following this he took a course at the University of Tennessee, from which he was also graduated with distinction."

Dr. F. L. Parker, of Charleston, predecessor of Dr. Scott, in a recent letter to Dr. D. J. Roberts, states: "Dr. Scott was a splendid, charming man and a vigorous worker, talented and pure, modest and retiring. He merited the Presidency of the Association. He had dared and done all that was possible for the sacred cause."

Dr. C. H. Tebault, of New Orleans, Surgeon General, U. C. V., on the staff of Gen. J. B. Gordon, wrote to Mrs. Scott:

"The painful and most regrettable intelligence of the death of your most excellent and distinguished husband, Confederate Surgeon Preston Brown Scott, recently unanimously elected, at the Confederate reunion held at

Louisville, Ky., the third President of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy, has reached us with all the force and suddenness of a most distressing shock. Principles ranked above and beyond every sacrifice in his estimation. By such men, and the mothers, wives, and sisters of men of this commanding type, was the cause of the South so long, so valiantly, so bravely, and so humanely sustained. By such men, too, were the ruined homes, the destroyed fortunes, and desolated places of the South redeemed.

"A husband who was formed in such heroic mold, faithful and devoted, a professing Christian, true in all the relations of life unflinching and steadfast in his comradeship, could not but prove a pillar of strength to his household and a blessing to his family.

Our comrade's extreme effort and solicitude to make the Louisville reunion a memorable event—a landmark—in the lives of his invited guests, the Confederate surgeons, I fear, was a task, though pleasant and heart-prompting, too devotedly and untiringly undertaken for his years and his strength.

"Just preceding the final adjournment of the Association of Confederate Surgeons, Comrade Scott's last words before parting were: 'I must respond to this, because out of the heart some words must come. It has been entirely a labor of love both for the Confederate surgeons and the people among whom I dwell. It is the proudest moment of my life.'"



DR. PRESTON B. SCOTT.

HIS CAPTORS CAPTURED—HEROIC GOV. JONES.

R. D. Rugeley, Bowie, Tex.:

In response to an inquiry of mine, Gen. Gordon informed me in the presence of several gentlemen at the St. Elmo Hotel, in Henrietta, Tex., that Thomas G. Jones (late Governor of Alabama), while bearing a dispatch as his aide, was captured by the Yankees, and that Jones in turn captured his captors and marched them into the Confederate lines.

It was in a Virginia campaign, and it happened this way: Jones lost his way, and got into the Yankee lines and was captured. As his captors (consisting of five Yankee soldiers) were making arrangements to camp, Jones, in a careless manner, complained of feeling cold, and proposed that they should make a fire. It was agreed to, and, arms being stacked, the party scattered about to gather up sticks for the fire. They had already taken Jones's saber away from him, but he still had a revolver unknown to them. Watching an opportunity when they were suitably grouped, he drew his revolver, and, presenting it, informed them that there were only five of them, while he had six balls, and that if they dared to recover their arms he would kill every man of them. He then marched them before him into Gen. Gordon's camp.

Error in Name Corrected.

The fine engraving of the beautiful sponsor of the Troup Artillery, Athens, Ga., on page 292 of the July VETERAN, had the name "Miss Agnes Clifton Jones," when it should have been "Miss Agnes Clifton Goss." The error induces the correction and a reprint of the beautiful face.

A Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized at Eldorado, Ark., on September 8, and the following officers were elected: Capt. W. E. Lacy, Commander; Hon. Alex C. Jones, Robert L. Lewis, J. D. Staples, J. A. McCall, Lieutenants; J. F. Marrable, Adjutant and Treasurer. The Camp was named in honor of the lamented Capt. James Newton, who fell in the great battle of Shiloh. The names of eighty-six old veterans were enrolled as members. A Confederate flag was presented to the Camp by Rev. J. U. H. Wharton, and was accepted on behalf of the veterans by Col. John C. Wright in a stirring speech. Among the distinguished members of this Camp are Col. H. G. P. Williams, of the Nineteenth Arkansas; the gallant Col. J. C. Wright, of the Fifteenth Arkansas; Capt. W. E. Lacy and A. C. Jones, of the Third Arkansas; and Hon. S. C. Baskin, of the famous old Ninth Arkansas Regiment.

The annual reunion of L. A. Armistead Camp, No. 26, of Virginia, was held at La Crosse, on August 31, attended by a large crowd of citizens and visitors from

a distance. The meeting was held in a spacious grove, where accommodations had been provided, and was called to order by Commander T. D. Jeffress, of Chase City, who made the address of welcome. Other addresses were delivered, between which music was rendered by a band. After a bounteous repast the regular business meeting of the Camp was held, and all the old officers were reelected. Speaking was then resumed, the principal address being by Gen. Bolling, who paid a glowing tribute to the "old boys in gray" and the women of the South who so nobly aided in the heroic struggle. He said he longed to see Confederate Camps formed in every community in the South, and a Confederate monument on every court-green.

T. M. McGee reports the organization of Ike Stone Camp at Henderson, Tenn., on August 3, Capt. John W. Ozier being elected Commander, and H. C. Ashcraft, Adjutant. Meetings will be held on the first Saturday of every month. Twenty-three veterans were enrolled as charter members. A Camp of Sons has also been organized at Henderson.

Cleve Rowan, Mileston, Miss:

I inclose you a letter which my query brought, to show you the manner in which the VETERAN brings to light lost history. Heretofore it has brought me letters from Maine, Texas, and elsewhere, written by both Confederates and Union men.

In the April VETERAN I noticed P. E. Hocker-smith's mention of Gen. Perry. I was a member of the Second Mississippi Battalion, Ward's Brigade, Magruder's Army of the Peninsula. Gen. Ward was promoted from colonel of the Second Florida Regiment to brigadier general, and Lieut. Col. Perry was promoted to colonel of the Second Florida at Williamsburg, while we held McClellan's army at bay. Gen. Ward was killed, and Col. Perry took charge of the brigade. After we arrived at Richmond, and the troops were assigned to brigades composed of troops from their respective States, Col. Perry was promoted to brigadier general, and commanded the Florida Brigade. The Second Mississippi Battalion was put into Featherstone's Brigade, eventually, serving awhile under Gen. Perry, and also under Gen. Garland, before being transferred to the Mississippi Brigade and to Longstreet's Division, composed of Wright's Georgians, Mahone's Virginians, Wilcox's Alabamians, Perry's Floridians, and Featherstone's Mississippians.

The Army of Northern Virginia can never boast of a braver or better soldier than Gen. Perry, and the Floridians were in their bloom during the time he commanded them.

The letter mentioned above was in reply to a query which Comrade Rowan made through the VETERAN about an officer who was shot off of a horse at Gettysburg. It was Maj. Ross, of the Second Georgia Battalion, and he was killed.

The Camp at Waco, Tex., held its annual meeting on August 3, when the old officers were reelected. Stephen Turner is Commander; W. C. Dodson, J. C. J. King, Lieutenant Commanders; John Moore, Quartermaster; Rev. Frank Page, Chaplain; Dr. J. C. J. King, Surgeon.

"HOODLEY'S" RETURN—"SAL'S" GREETING.

The following verses were written by Capt. J. Y. Carmack, of Mississippi, an uncle of Hon. E. W. Carmack, of Tennessee. He bore the nickname of "Hoodley," which he used as a *nom de plume*. The verses below were written not long after his return from the war.

THE REBEL'S RETURN.

"When wild war's deadly blast was blown,"
—Burns.

When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
And Johnston did surrender,
When Dixie's cherished hopes had flown,
And none now dared defend her,
I left the ditches poorly clad,
Where long I'd been a lodger,
A C. S. mule was all I had,
A poor and lousy sodger.

A heavy heart was in my breast,
I had no load of plunder,
As from old Tishomingo's hills
I weary on did blunder,
I thought upon the banks o' Possum,
I thought upon my Sally,
I had sich feelings in my bosom,
Jemina! Criminally!

At length I reached the Bigby hills,
Where early life I sported,
I passed the lonely pine and mill,
Where Sally oft I courted,
'Bout then I spied my own dear Sal,
Down by her mamma's dwelling;
O, how I longed to hug that gal,
My heart with love was swelling!

With altered voice, "Sweet gal," I said,
"Sweet honeysuckle blossom,
O, happy, happy is the Reb,
That's dearest to thy bosom,
My purse is light, I've far to go,
I'm hungry as the d—l,
I've served my country long, you know,
Take pity on a Rebel."

Then wistfully she gazed on me
And lovelier seemed than ever;
Says she, "I always like to see
A Reb, but Yankee never!
Our pine-log hut and humble fare,
You freely shall partake it;
A little bread we have to spare,
As soon as I can bake it."

She gazed, then like a rose shone red,
And jumping at me rudely,
She caught me in her arms, and said—
"La sakes! if this ain't Hoodley!"
"Hurrah! I'm home! Luck's a die!
My love is still regarded,
I am the very buck," says I,
"A Rebel's thus rewarded."

The war is o'er, and I've returned,
To find you still so plucky,
'Tis true we're poor, but Sal I'm dur—d
If I don't think we're lucky!"
Says she: "'Tis true we're poorly now,
And scarcely worth a penny,
The Yankees killed the last old cow,
And eat her, calf and any."

Grim poverty and sorrow's here,
Where once was joy and gladness,
But hearts are truer, Hoodley, dear,
Where love is touched with sadness.

Though blasting war has scorched the land,
And we must toil the harder,
The willing heart and willing hand,
With love, will stock the larder."

For greenbacks many bought and sold,
And all their power exerted,
Betrayed their native land for gold,
Their country's cause deserted,
And some the land did overrun
And gained by spoil and plunder,
But glory, honor, love, and fun,
Old webfoot's prize, by thunder!

SOUTHERN WOMEN JOURNALISTS— MISS ISMA DOOLY.

BY CARRIE S. MAHONEY, ATLANTA, GA.

In man's mammoth mind there obtains a musty tradition that a pretty woman cannot be an intellectual woman. The portrait herewith presented puts to flight this cobwebby masculine delusion, since in it beauty and brilliancy are pleasingly blended. Among the distinguished women journalists of the South, Miss Dooly stands well in the vanguard, being the only one of the craft who edits and writes everything contained in the *Wom-*



MISS ISMA DOOLY.

an's Department of a paper of the *Constitution's* proportions.

As editor and special writer for this department she has given daily evidence of her eminent fitness for the trying position. Miss Dooly has the happy faculty of being able to cope successfully with the difficulties which hourly beset the editor of a society department wherein each individual, in newspaper parlance, wishes to be "top of column, wholly alongside reading matter."

She sniffs the news from afar, and serves it up in a palatable, chafing-dish manner, readily winnowing the chaff from the wheat, and adapting the wheat, so to speak, to the needs of her columns with marked individuality.

In Miss Dooly are combined good judgment, indefatigable energy, rare tact, a penetrating eye, ready wit, delicate appreciation for detail, keen humor, and, in fact, all the elements necessary for making a popular editor of a woman's department, which position requires Herculean diplomacy. The high esteem in which the *Constitution* holds Miss Dooly and her attainments was manifested when she was its only correspondent sent to Cuba immediately after the war.

Aside from Miss Dooly's *Constitution* work, which is widely copied and commented upon, she contributes to *Leslie's Weekly*, *Donohoe's Magazine*, the *New York Journal*, and other publications. How she accomplishes so much is a constant marvel to her legion of friends, who follow her growing work with interest.

Miss Dooly's absolute lack of professional jealousy, her warm sympathy for beginners, is evidenced in the fact that she constantly calls attention to the small successes of lesser literary lights, thereby encouraging them to greater efforts, and establishing that feeling of camaraderie so desirable among the members of the cult.

While this bright young exponent of Southern journalism does work which would stagger many men, she is essentially feminine, with perceptions alive to the perfume of the smallest flower, the faintest trill of a bird, the changing tints of a sunset, and loves music and the world of enchanted art.

This fair little Atlantian's well-merited success in journalism has not dulled her appreciation of the charms of companionship with interesting people, and, in spite of her multifarious duties, she is to-day one of the prime social favorites south of Mason and Dixon's line.

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Mrs. M. B. Morton, of 625 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn., has varied experience as Purchasing Agent, and her small commissions are paid by the merchants, so that her services are absolutely free to purchasers.

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References are cordially given by the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* and the Nashville daily press.



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Set of six Dessert Forks given free for club of 9 new subscribers at.....	1 each
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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BULL RUN TO BULL RUN.

BULL RUN TO BULL RUN; Or, Four Years in the Army of Northern Virginia. By George Baylor. B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.

The *Baltimore Sun* gives this review:

It is a handsomely printed book, containing 418 pages and 60 illustrations, written by Capt. George Baylor, of Charlestown, W. Va., and is an interesting description of the career of the "Baylor Light Horse," Company B, Twelfth Virginia Regiment, Laurel Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. With a few brief intermissions, Capt. Baylor had command of this company from its reorganization, in 1862, to within a few weeks of the close of the war. He gives a clear and faithful chronicle of the many battles and raids in which the company engaged, which are supplemented by official reports of the same affairs from Federal commanders. Some of the latter are amusing, in that they grossly exaggerated the Confederate forces, by which very frequently they were badly defeated. "Baylor's Light Horse" was composed largely of the flower of the youth of Jefferson and adjacent counties, and it had the unique distinction of having been granted a fifteen days' furlough by order of Gen. Robert E. Lee for a brilliant charge made at Rappahannock bridge, in 1863, and which was witnessed by the distinguished commander of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Many of the survivors of "Baylor's Light Horse" have won distinction and success since the war. Among these

may be mentioned Hon. William L. Wilson, the "scholar in politics," now president of Washington and Lee University; Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, New York millionaire and philanthropist; Col. Charles E. Henderson, vice president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company; Col. Warren D. English, member of Congress two terms from California and colonel of the First California Regiment during the Spanish-American war; Judge John G. McCluer, of Parkersburg, W. Va., and Mr. William S. Thompson, a leading lawyer and churchman of Atlanta, Ga. Captain Baylor, the author of the book, is also a leading lawyer at the Jefferson bar, and counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. From its reorganization, in 1862, "Baylor's Light Horse" had nineteen men killed, thirty-five wounded, and a large number taken prisoners in various engagements.

For sale by Brown & Hooff, Charlestown, Jefferson County, W. Va. Price, \$2. Prepaid, by express or mail, \$2.20.

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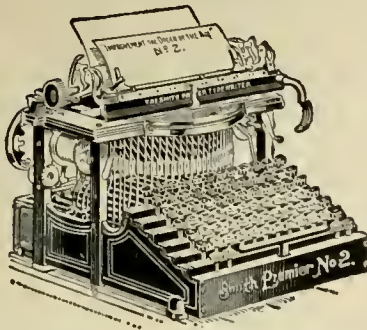
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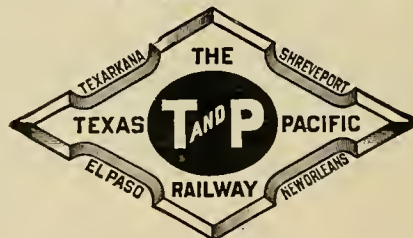
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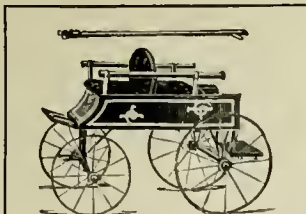
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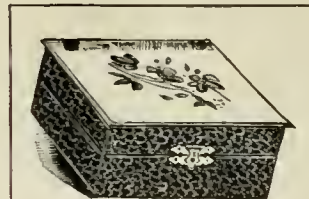
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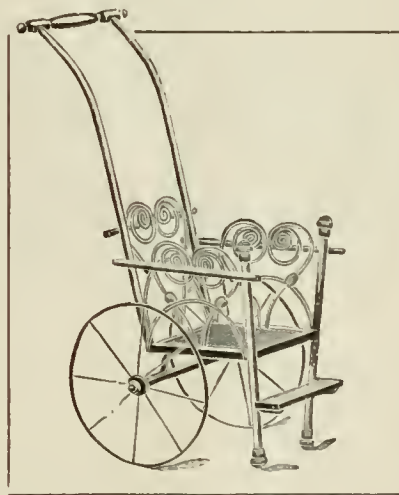
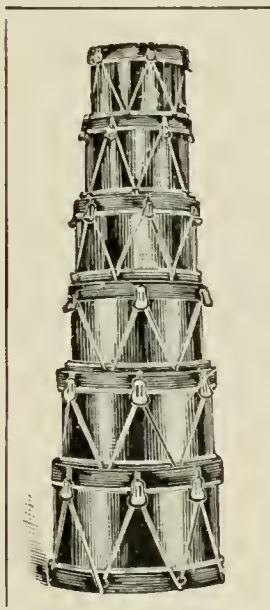
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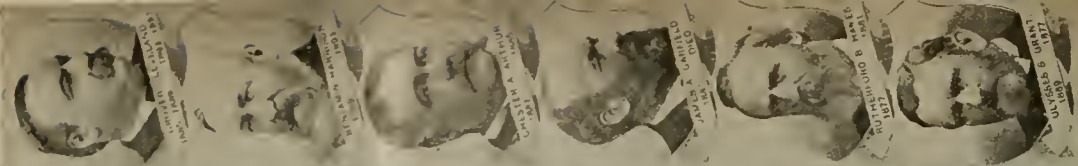
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PHOTO MADE AT CONCORD SEPTEMBER 20, 1900.

A memorable and historic event of much importance occurred at Concord, N. H., September 18, 1900, in the presentation of tablets for the two new battle ships named for the Kearsarge and the Alabama. It was made in the presence of the Secretary of the Navy, ex Secretaries of the Navy, and Gov. Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama. Gov. Rollins, of New Hampshire, officiated. Miss Mary Thornton Davis, of Boston, responded for the battle ship Alabama, and Mrs. C. P. Bryan, daughter of Admiral Semmes, for the Kearsarge.

The naming of a battle ship for the famous Alabama of the sixties, and the return of these flags from a New England State, are events that will do much toward conciliation between the sections. The proceedings are recorded on pages 437-439. The picture engraved above was made in front of the State Capitol. In it may be seen Govs. Johnston and Rollins with

their official families, also some of their special friends. Gov. Johnston journeyed in a private car, with about fifty Alabamians. The two governors, with their wives, are in the center, Mrs. Rollins being next to Gov. Johnston, while Mrs. Johnston is next to Gov. Rollins. The two adjutant generals, Mrs. Bryan, daughter of Admiral Semmes, on the right [looking at the picture], and Mrs. Ayling, wife of the Adjutant General of New Hampshire, on the left, are of the more prominent members of the group.

Another event of interest, and one which resulted in good, was the return of the two Alabama flags captured at Battery Five, Petersburg, Va., June 5, 1864.

One of the captures is credited to Corporal Peter Mitchell, and the other to Serg. James R. Morrison, both of Company K, Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers. While these flags belonged to Alabama commands, it is not known which they were. Let Alabama comrades write Gov. Joseph F. Johnston, at Montgomery, or the VETERAN, what they know about the Alabama troops at Petersburg on that date.

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, { VOL. VIII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 10. } W. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

The seventh annual meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in Montgomery, Ala., beginning November 14, 1900.

The growth of this organization and the work its various Chapters have done within the past year verifies all that has even been claimed for the patriotism and unceasing devotion of our Southern women.

The minutes of the Richmond Convention, held November 8-11, 1899, comprises one hundred and twenty-five closely printed pages, including the ap-

pendix, which contains a complete list of the organization up to that time. The general, State, and Chapter officers are all given. Since that time seventy-nine new Chapters have been chartered, making a total of 415 Chapters with an aggregate of over 20,000 members, and its growth increases.

An important matter herein commended and urged upon all delegates is that of having a photograph of the group. As the years go by these pictures will be the more appreciated. It was not possible to get this group at Richmond. Let not that be said again.



ASSEMBLY OF UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, IN FRONT OF ARLINGTON HOTEL, HOT SPRINGS, ARK., IN NOVEMBER, 1893.

GRAVE DECORATIONS AT CAMP CHASE.

It was not a willing oversight that the VETERAN failed to record in due season an account of this year's decoration of our Confederate dead at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio. The daily press of that city furnish each year, in very kind spirit, accounts of the proceedings. Our ever-faithful friend, Col. W. H. Knauss, continues his zealous charge of the event and all the ceremonies. He has ever shown not only the heartiest patriotism, but has exercised such discretion and wisdom as to popularize the event even with many who in the outset abused him. Contrasting the report this year with the earlier accounts, the good achieved by Col. Knauss may be, in a measure, appreciated.

The assembly call, "with Confederate bugle," was by W. J. Smith, of the Grand Army. The opening prayer was by Comrade Rev. John Hewitt, Chaplain of the Confederate Veteran Camp in Columbus. This was followed with a song by school children. Then followed an address by Gov. George K. Nash, in which, among other things, he said:

This is a strange scene. We are assembled about the graves of more than two thousand soldiers who perished from 1861 to 1865. At that time they were seeking to destroy the government of the United States, and were arrayed in arms against her flag. More than thirty-five years have passed since that great contest ended, and we are here to do honor to them by placing loving tributes upon their graves. They were once our enemies, but we now look upon their brave deeds as a part of our history.

If Gov. Nash had desired to contribute to true history, he should have explained that those men were "seeking to destroy the government of the United States" solely to prevent that government from destroying their own. They wanted peace all the time, and only asked to be let alone.

In his second inaugural, President Lincoln said: "Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with it, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding."

It was most fortunate also that each read the same Bible and prayed to the same God, because such peoples could not long be hostile to each other.

When engaged in a foreign war, the sons of the South and the sons of the North again became loyal soldiers of the republic, and demonstrated that we are a reunited people, in heart, in soul, and in every aspiration of patriotism.

The ceremony in which we have engaged to-day is not a useless nor a meaningless one. It shows that we of the North have no hatred for the brave men who were once our foes. On the other hand, it demonstrates that for those who fell in an unavoidable conflict we have respect and honor and love, and that with those who still live we join hands in loyal support of the matchless government whose foundations

were laid by their fathers and ours and cemented by their blood in the days of the revolution.

It is to be hoped that as the years go by our children, and our children's children, may unite in showing honor to the soldiers of the Confederacy as well as to the soldiers of the Union. All fought most honorably in a conflict which could not have been avoided. To their names no dishonor should be attached. By thus honoring all, love for the great republic will be strengthened, and her flag will be followed as the guiding star for all the people for all time to come.

The *Columbus Dispatch*, in a report of the event, states that the Northern ladies vied with Southern ladies in securing flowers to lay upon the mounds.

The Confederate Glee Club, of Louisville, participated in the exercises, and Capt. John H. Leathers, President of the Kentucky Confederate Association, was on the programme for an address. Assignment for addresses were also given in the report to Mrs. T. W. Rose, President of the Soldiers' Aid Society of the Union Veteran Legion, and the decorations were by this society. Dr. Thomas P. Shields, Commander of this Confederate Camp, was listed for an address. Comrade Shields is ever active in behalf of the cause.

GEN. MAXCY GREGG.

Mrs. A. G. Robertson, Columbia, S. C.:

Gen. Maxcy Gregg, before the war, was a lawyer of note, as was also his father, James Gregg, Esq. He was born and reared in Columbia, living in a house



GEN. MAXCY GREGG.

built by his father, in what was then a forest, where deer ran wild, now Senate Street, near the State House and old Trinity Church. Mr. Gregg gave the lot on which Trinity is built, and on condition that the graveyard should not be continued on this side of the church, as it was just in front of his house. Here his quiet childhood was passed and his early youth matured into man-

hood, and here his mind was imbued with those high principles of honor and right which afterwards made him the noble man he was. It may be said that he was an original secessionist—almost a nullifier, as in his youth he heartily indorsed the nullification proceedings of 1832. He was in 1852 the head and front of the opposition to coöperation in that memorable campaign. On one occasion, at a proposed meeting on the South Carolina College campus, where a dozen prominent speakers had been promised and announced, Col. Maxcy Gregg was the only one on the

platform; the others had "flunked." Undismayed, he arose, and in impassioned language stirred the assembly to fever heat, speaking for nearly two hours.

Although an earnest lawyer, Col. Gregg was also thoroughly posted in military matters. Responding to the call from the State, he immediately enlisted and served his country gallantly and efficiently until his death, in 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. He was then only forty-seven years old, although he looked much older. He was mortally wounded while gallantly repelling Meade's charge. He was a brave and fearless soldier, and a noble gentleman. After he was mortally wounded he lingered for many hours in terrible pain, which he bore with uncomplaining patience and Spartan bravery. I heard his old body servant, "Uncle William" Rose, who was his faithful friend until the end, tell with streaming eyes of his sufferings and untold Christian fortitude. This old servant has never forgotten his former master and general, and it is a touching sight every year on memorial day to see him with tottering steps and shaking hands lay a wreath of flowers on Gen. Gregg's monument in Emwood cemetery. The old man is truly a veteran, having served in three wars—the Mexican, Florida, and Confederate. Nearly ever since the war, no matter who is Governor, "Uncle William" has been porter to the Governor's office, and sits at the door day after day in his comfortable chair, and happy in the possession of Gen. Gregg's watch, which he gave him on his deathbed, and a gold-headed cane presented to him a few years ago by the Legislature.

Gen. Gregg was never married. He was one of the tidest of men, and was always well dressed in, generally, a full suit of black, with the uncomfortable standing collar of immaculate white. As a lawyer his character was unsullied, and his reputation was never smirched by undertaking a case in the least disreputable. As in his person he was straight as an arrow, with a firm step, so in his character he was an upright man—an honor to his profession—a true representative of the olden-time gentleman.

The following anecdote of Gen. Gregg was told me by an old fellow-soldier: "Near Vienna, Va., in the latter part of 1861, Capt. Del Remper, a former resi-

dent of Alexandria, was in command of a masked battery of artillery near the railroad. A train loaded with Federal soldiers approached, and Remper's guns gave them such a warm reception that the train was hurriedly backed out of reach. There were several rounds fired with telling effect, and at each discharge Remper would throw himself upon the ground and give vent to his joy by repeated shouts. Gen. Gregg rode up, and with a faint attempt at a smile exclaimed: "Quite undignified. Capt. Remper, quite undignified."



MONUMENT TO GEN. MAXCY GREGG, IN COLUMBIA, S. C.

"Can't help it, General," was the reply, as another discharge from his guns played havoc with the fast retreating train.

PROUD OF HIS STONEWALL JACKSON MEDAL.

Comrade E. E. Stickley, upon receipt of one of the Stonewall Jackson medals, concerning which much has appeared in the *VETERAN*, returns his thanks in words which gratify his comrades of Stonewall Jackson Camp, at Stanton, Va.:

How charming, how exhilarating, how joyous, how pure and holy the pleasures of remembrance!

We live (or ought to live) in the present, and "the present is the center of eternity." The present is with us, to be enjoyed by us; the future is before us; and, alas! the past is gone, and with it we can and should only deal in loving and profitable retrospect.

The great deeds of days of other years wrought by our brave and fearless comrades, many of whom have ascended, and the sweet and benign influence of those deeds are not buried in oblivion, but steadfastly remain and keep fresh and green in memory.

ARE THEY FORGOTTEN?

"Forgotten! no, we never do forget;
We let the years go—wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach out in the open day,
Or lock them like mementoes of dead friends,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain
But we forget not! Never can forget."



HOME IN COLUMBIA OF GEN. GREGG.
(Now the residence of the author of this sketch.)

It is my pleasure to acknowledge the receipt, through Comrades Ransom and Opie, of the unique and precious memento, the Stonewall Jackson medalion, which was so kindly voted me by my noble comrades of Stonewall Jackson Camp, Staunton, Va. While I fear I do not deserve it as fully as some of the brave boys who suffered and endured more—although I left as a patriotic sacrifice my right arm on Antietam's bloody field of honor September 17, 1862—I shall keep it and cling to it with such obstinate tenacity that it might take a whole regiment of the enemy to wrest it from me.



This medal means much indeed to the true, tried, and faithful soldier of the grand old Stonewall Brigade. It vividly recalls to mind the gallant deeds of those heroes of many years ago. It brings up in clear remembrance the clash of arms, the din of battle, the roar of musketry, the belching cannon, the beat of drums, the fife's shrill, inspiring notes, the angry cry of warriors, and the proud and glorious shouts of victory.

Again I thank you for this manifestation of esteem, and in conclusion would say: "We veterans have but few years before us now. May we determine to make the best of the life that yet remains! and let us so order the steps of our ambition that, when pursuing its celestial end we depart from the time shore of life for the realms of a boundless eternity, it may be to join the now glorified band of soldiers who fought for the true and the right, who have crossed over the river, and with Lee and Jackson and the mighty host that is with them are resting under the shade of the trees.

PRISON LIFE IN CAMP CHASE.

R. H. Strother, Company E, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, Milton, Ky., writes to the VETERAN:

I shall only mention matters of interest to those who escaped prison life. I was taken to Camp Chase in December, 1863, and was placed in Prison No. 2, where I remained until sometime the next summer, when I with a number of others were transferred to Old Prison, No. 3. I don't write of the suffering of the prisoners during the memorable winter of 1863-64, but of things more pleasant which we engaged in to divert our minds and help pass away the time.

During the spring of 1864 quite a number of officers and distinguished soldiers were confined in Prison No.

2. Among them were such men as Gen. Robert Vance, of North Carolina; Col. W. S. Hawkins, of Tennessee; Maj. Lamar Fontaine, of Mississippi; Col. Carter, of Tennessee; Col. Sanders, of Virginia; and Col. Moody, of Mississippi. I think it was in the spring of 1864 that a number of the prisoners in No. 2 set about organizing a regular State government. Candidates were nominated for the different State offices and a regular campaign entered upon. Gen. Vance and Col. Hawkins were opposing candidates for Governor, and Cols. Sanders and Carter for Lieutenant Governor. The prisoners were not allowed to collect in large groups, so in order to have public speaking and hold the election, it was necessary to get permission from the officers in charge of the prison, which they readily gave. On the day set apart for the speaking and election, quite a number of Federal officers and a large crowd of ladies and soldiers gathered on the parapet overlooking the prison, so they could hear the speaking and witness the voting. Gen. Vance made a very able and dignified presentation of his claims. Col. Hawkins replied. He was also entertaining. Both were eloquent and humorous. Col. Hawkins was also a fine singer, and after his speech he responded to the request of the boys and sang a song of his own composition. I remember his turning to Gen. Vance and asking: "General, can you sing?" The General replied: "Not much." "Then," said Col. Hawkins, "I've got you."

The prisoners were constantly trying to devise some way to escape. The most popular way was by tunneling, and Col. Hawkins was generally connected with these enterprises; so in his speech he made reference to our trying to "open up communications with the outer world," and asked the boys to whom they went for assistance, and who aided them in "engineering these great enterprises," not only by advice but also by laboring with them in these "great subterranean ways," all being anxious to open them up as soon as possible and begin the grand scheme of emigration and colonizing in a more congenial clime.

The election passed off quietly and the result announced without the aid of any returning boards. Col. Hawkins was elected Governor, and I think Col. Sanders Lieutenant Governor. A legislature was also elected; courts were established, running from the Superior Court down to the Police Court; judges were elected, and the necessary appointments made in order to carry on the machinery of the government. We had a standing army, with Maj. Fontaine as commander in chief, and we soon had our government in running order. Every morning we had police court, and one of the highest crimes known under our laws was that of stealing a fellow-prisoner's rations. And permit me to say that among the members of the Camp Chase bar were many men of distinction, who had made reputations as jurists before the war, and filled many places of honor and trust in the reorganized States. I regret that I have not a list of the names of the Camp Chase bar. In order that the citizens of our prison government might be posted in regard to what was going on, it was necessary to have some means of communication. A paper was established, and indorsed as the official organ of the government. The title of the paper was, the *Rebel Sixty-Four-Pounder, or Camp Chase Ventilator*. (In parenthesis

let me ask that if any of the prisoners of Camp Chase preserved copies of the above paper, will they be kind enough to let it be known through the *VETERAN*?) As contributors to the *Ventilator* we had many who before and since that time have ranked high in the literary world. A series of articles was furnished by one, whose name I have forgotten, giving the characteristics of the people from the different Southern States, taking first the Virginian, giving a pen picture of him and his peculiarities, by which you could always distinguish that he was an "F. F. V." So with the North Carolinian, the South Carolinian, Tennesseean, and on through the list. The author was a fine delineator of character, and his productions were of a high type. If I am not mistaken, Maj. Fontaine wrote a short drama entitled "Out of the Depths," in which he portrayed very graphically prison life at Camp Chase. His reports to the government as commander in chief of the army were model productions, in which he gave in detail the maneuvering of the different imaginary divisions, complimenting or reprimanding, as the nature of the case might require. In his own style he would describe the invasion of our country by the enemy, his orders to the different commanders, the terrific battle, the scene of carnage, the gallantry of the soldiery, and the efficiency of the officers; the enemy always being routed and leaving only the dead on the field, the wounded always escaping; no prisoners taken.

It has been a long time since I left Camp Chase, and as I write entirely from memory, I may have made some mistakes in regard to names; but in the main the incidents as related are correct. Should any of those confined in Camp Chase at the time mentioned take interest enough in this hasty sketch to peruse it, be so kind as to correct any errors they may note, and oblige the writer.

THE NORTH CAROLINA VOTE IN 1861.

Graham Davies, of New Berne, N. C., requests the publication of the following, from the *Raleigh News and Observer* of May 20, which refers to an article "which contains a grave error in regard to the vote and action of North Carolina in 1861:"

In that article the following statements are made:

"North Carolina did not leave the Union until after the Confederate government had been organized. In February, 1861, the State voted against secession by a majority of thirty thousand."

The statement as to the vote of the State is a very great error—one that, in the interest of true history, should not be allowed to pass uncorrected. A belief that there was such a vote has become quite widespread, and is entertained by many persons who will not take the trouble to inform themselves fully. You will pardon me if I add that I am surprised that the *News and Observer* will admit to its columns a statement of the kind without comment or correction.

The fact is that the people of North Carolina never voted directly upon the question of secession, as such, at all. In February, 1861, the question of "Convention" or "No Convention" was submitted to the popular vote, delegates to a Convention being voted for at the same time, to take their seats in case those favor-

ing a Convention prevailed. The Convention was defeated, not by a majority of thirty thousand, nor by any thousands, but rather by less than two hundred votes, as a reference to the official returns will show. This small majority would have been increased to about five hundred by the vote of Davie County, which was not received.

It was generally understood that those voting for a Convention of the people were in favor of the secession of the State, the question that was to come before that body; while those voting against it were opposed, though no doubt many who voted for a Convention may also have been opposed to secession. This was the only vote of the people on the subject, unless that can be so considered by which they afterwards elected delegates to the Convention that met on May 20, 1861, and by unanimous vote withdrew the State from the Union. The ordinance of this Convention, withdrawing the State, was not submitted to popular suffrage. Its delegates were elected for the express purpose of considering the grave question of secession, and their action having been unanimous, it was considered unnecessary to submit to popular vote.

With the facts of history so plainly recorded, and of easy access, it is hard to understand in what the statement that North Carolina voted against secession by a "majority of thirty thousand" had its origin.

LATHAM'S BATTERY—BRANCH ARTILLERY.

In another article from the *VETERAN* it is mentioned that "a battery from Wilmington, N. C. (Flanner's), fired the last gun." This battery—Latham's, or the Branch Artillery, as it was first called—was recruited principally in Craven County, and its first captain, Alexander Latham, was from that country. Capt. Henry Flanner himself was a native of New Berne, though at the time of joining the battery he was a resident of Wilmington.

There were a number of men—members of the Branch Artillery—from Carteret, Wake, and New Hanover Counties.

HOW GEN. MORGAN CAPTURED HARTSVILLE.

G. W. Duncan writes from Franklin, Ky.:

The following incident may interest readers of the *VETERAN*, and at the same time will show the courage and patriotism of our Southern women during the war: Col. C. B. Moore commanded the brigade of Federal troops that occupied Hartsville, Tenn., in December, 1862. On Thursday, before the capture of Moore's Brigade by Gen. Morgan, Mr. John Hinton, a citizen who lived in or near Hartsville, rode leisurely out of the place, through the pickets, and stopped at the Widow Kirby's, some four miles east of the village. His destination was two miles farther on and across the Cumberland river to Mr. Frank Kirby's, but he was shadowed so closely by Moore's pickets that he felt certain they would halt, and perhaps search him, if he started to cross the river, which would be fatal to him, for he had a paper showing the strength and position of the Federals at Hartsville. Hinton explained the situation to Mrs. Kirby and her daughter, a young girl of sixteen or eighteen years of age. The

latter immediately proposed to carry the paper to her Uncle Frank. With a woman's wit and a veteran's courage, she ripped a slit out of her old sunbonnet, wrapped the paper around it, replaced the slit, stitched it up, and, with the bonnet dangling negligently on the back of her neck, she mounted her horse and rode leisurely toward the river, dodged the keen eyes of the pickets, crossed the river at an unknown ford, and rode up to her uncle's house. Mr. Kirby was on the outlook for Hinton, and when his niece arrived was much disappointed and greatly concerned, thinking perhaps he had been arrested and everything discovered. But a look and a word from the girl explained the situation. A few moments after she entered the house, Mr. Kirby's little son, a lad of some ten or twelve years of age, crawled over the yard fence, whistling as he walked toward the woods, ostensibly to drive up the cows; but once within the shadows, he quickened his pace, and in a few moments came up with some of Morgan's men, who were expecting him and to whom he delivered the paper. Less than twenty-four hours afterwards, on Sunday morning by daylight, the citizens of Hartsville and Moore's Brigade of soldiers were aroused from slumber by the booming of Morgan's guns. By ten o'clock the battle had been fought; Morgan had captured the entire Federal force, and was on the south side of the Cumberland, on his way to report to Gen. Bragg at Murfreesboro.

WASHINGTON ARTILLERY HEROES.

Washington Artillery Camp No. 15, U. C. V., has resolved to keep a memorial record of all veterans of the Washington Artillery Battalion who were killed or died in service; also those who have died since the war. They desire friends to furnish the date, place of death, and age of the following comrades of the battalion:

First Company: Harry L. Allen, J. H. Berthlott, W. H. Blunt, Ed A. Cowen, Wm. T. Cummings, R. W. Davis, Pat Eagan, Jos. Hanlan, Wm. H. Holmes, Sidney Harrison, J. D. P. Jones, Dave C. Johnston, J. S. Lehman, Monroe Mount, John P. Manico, Wm. Moran, H. N. McNair, W. T. Normant, N. Byron Phelps, Chas. Peychaud, J. G. Pierson, John N. Payne, L. Parsons, F. A. St. Amant, H. W. Spencer, W. T. Saul, Thos. S. Turner, Chas. H. Waldo, E. V. Wiltz.

Second Company: Steve Britton, John A. Coakley, Hy. Carey, Thos. O. Dyer, C. A. Duval, Geo. W. Humphreys, Lieut. Sam'l Haines, J. L. Hock, Oscar Jewell, R. C. Lewis, Louis Miller, Wm. Mills, Jno. R. McGowan, Geo. G. Strawbridge, C. Carter Twitchell, Robert Urquhart, Jr., Philip Von Cohn, T. H. H. Walker.

Third Company: L. D. Blanchard, M. Napier Bartlett, Thos. Ballentine, Robt. Bruce, Geo. Bernard, M. Burke, Richard Bryant, Michel B. Cantrell, J. H. Colles, Jno. W. Dempsey, artificer; Gen. James Dearing, F. P. Foucher, A. E. Grimmer, Stringer Kennedy, R. H. Kitchen, Geo. H. Meek, C. B. Marmillon, P. W. Pettis, sgt.; Jas. W. Price, Wm. H. Pinkard, Frank Shaw, Wm. S. Toledano, Ralf. Turnell, Jake White.

Fourth Company: Lieut. Harry A. Battles, Steve Burke, C. C. Bier, Jos. W. Burke, Dennis J. Cronan, L. P. Gallahan, artificer; Thos. H. Cummins, Wm. Carey, Jas. W. Dearie, Sgt. Jno. S. Fish, Sgt. Sylv. T. Haile, Jos. W. Lesene, Albert Norcourt, A. Soniat, A. T. Vass, Geo. W. Wood, Geo. W. Wilkinson.

Fifth Company: A. Arroyo, Thos. C. Allen, James Adams, Alfred Bellanger, Jas. M. Browning, Jesse A. Bryan, J. J. Boudreaux, Philip Capon, N. Commander, Paul Conrad, P. Clere, John Dooley, S. H. Davis, P. W. Engman, P. H. Flood, E. C. Feinour, Hy. Ferand, Jas. F. Giffin, Geo. Giles, R. C. Giffin, Robt. Gibson, Octave Hopkins, Curtis Holmes, Chas. M. Harvey, L. M. Kennett, Minor Keener, Hy. Laekie, Hy. I.

Mather, John Metzler, D. C. Miller, Adolph Rost, D. A. Rice, Ed Ruffier, Warren Stone, Jr., J. Slaymaker, M. Sheredan, Jno. B. Sebastian, Richard B. Salter, Wm. Steven, E. K. Tesdale, Hiram Tomlin, Chas. W. Witham, Tim White, C. S. Wing.

Capt. Louis A. Adam, Box 375, New Orleans, La., has charge of the memorial.

Davis Davis, Gober, Tex., wants the address of any one who belonged to Company A, Thirty-First Arkansas Regiment, commanded by Col. T. H. McCrea.

REUNION AT WARRENSBURG, MO.

Comrade J. M. Weidmeyer writes from Clinton, Mo., under date of September 30, 1900:

I have just returned from the annual State reunion of ex-Confederate Veterans held at Warrensburg the 27th and 28th inst. It rained continuously throughout the two days, so the procession was abandoned; but in every other respect the excellent programme was carried out. The attendance would have been larger but for the bad weather. There were something over two hundred veterans registered, despite the bad weather, and I understand there were about two hundred Sons of Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy present.

The morning of the first day was spent in exchanging reminiscences, interspersed with music by the Quarry City Band, "Dixie" being cheered in the old way whenever played. In the afternoon Mayor Wilson made the address of welcome, responded to for the veterans by Judge James B. Gantt, of the Missouri Supreme Court, and by R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, Mo., for the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Miss Todhunter, of Higginsville, then rendered H. W. Grady's "The Great Physician," to the delight of the audience. Judge Gantt's speech was enthusiastically received by the veterans. In the evening the Opera House was filled with an appreciative audience, who listened to a musical and literary programme. Miss E. A. Nickerson, of Warrensburg, delivered an oration, "The Heroes of the South," delighting everybody.

The morning of the 28th was taken up by reports of committees. Mr. Jones, of Springfield, made a report on "History;" Col. G. N. Ratcliff, of Randolph County, on "Text-Books;" Mr. Jones, of Springfield, on "Monument and Cemeteries;" Maj. Henry Newman, on the "Confederate Home."

The following officers were reelected for next year: Major General, Robert McCulloh, of Cooper County; Brigadier General for Eastern District, Samuel Kennard, of St. Louis, Mo.; and Brigadier General for Western District, Gideon V. Thompson.

Springfield, Mo., was selected as the place for the next meeting, in August, 1901, at which time the monument there will be unveiled. The meeting was then turned over to Gen. R. B. Haughton, commanding the Sons of Confederates. A very meritorious address was made by Robert Lamar, of Houston, Mo. At night the audience again assembled at the Opera House to hear an interesting programme. A reception given at the home of I. T. Cheatham, in honor of the sponsors and maids, was a social event greatly enjoyed. A dance at Pertle Springs closed the reunion.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATES IN MISSOURI.

The Division of Missouri, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, has shown considerable activity in the past few months. Until the general reunion at Louisville, Ky., in May, 1900, the division was unorganized and had but two Camps, one at St. Louis and one at Fayette. Shortly after the Louisville reunion, the new Commander in Chief, Biscoe Hindman, appointed Judge R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, as Division Commander for Missouri. Judge Haughton entered at once upon the work of organization, and now has Camps chartered, or about ready for charters, at Houston, Warrensburg, Springfield, Higginsville, Huntsville, and Clifton. At several other points organizations are in progress and will soon be complete.

The first general gathering of the division was held at Warrensburg on September 27 and 28, 1900, in connection with the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. The veterans invited the junior organization to meet with them, and gave them a prominent place upon the programme. The beautiful city of Warrensburg, in the western portion of the State, near Kansas City, threw open its doors to the young and old orders alike, and showed every hospitality to them. There were one hundred and forty-four Sons of Veterans registered.

In the opening session of the veterans, on the afternoon of September 27, in addition to addresses by those representing the veterans, Maj. Gen. R. B. Haughton, Division Commander, delivered an address on behalf of the Sons of Veterans. At the morning session of the veterans on the 28th, Lieut. Gen. Brant H. Kirk, of Waco, Tex., Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, delivered a short but most eloquent and interesting address, in which he called attention to the necessities of the organization, giving strong reasons why the veterans should encourage its growth.



GEN. BRANT H. KIRK, COMMANDER TRAN-MISS. DEPARTMENT.
(Photo by Johnson, Waco, Tex.)

The afternoon session of the 28th was given up entirely to the Sons of Veterans. At this session Division Commander Haughton presided. The first order of the programme was an address to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, by Hon. Robert Lamar, of Houston, Mo. This young orator delivered a most eloquent and instructive address of about one hour's duration. It was directed principally toward the inaccuracies and injustices of the current school histories of the day, and in elucidating the causes leading up to the war and the correctness of the stand taken by the South. Following that was the formal presentation, by the division commander, of the sponsor, maid of honor, and chaperon to the organization.



MISS RUBY BEVINS, SPONSOR FOR MISSOURI.
(From Photo by W. T. Dale, Kansas City, Mo.)

The sponsor was Miss Ruby Bevins, of Liberty, Mo.; the maid of honor, Miss Virginia Dorcas Lee, of St. Louis, Mo.; and the chaperon, Mrs. John T. Chandler, of Liberty, Mo. The sponsor for the veterans was Miss Elliott Todhunter, of Higginsville, Mo., and her maids of honor, who were upon the rostrum, and the sponsor for the Warrensburg Camp, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Miss Myrtle Lear, and her maid of honor, Miss Lettie Kirkpatrick, were also presented. It was remarked that the sponsors and maids of honor formed an array of very exceptional beauty and grace.

On both nights, at the opera house, were given delightful literary and musical programmes, in which the sponsors and maids of honor participated. After the entertainment on the night of the 27th, the sponsors, maids of honor, officers of the division, and other invited guests were entertained at an elegant chafing dish party at the residence of the Misses Cheatham.

The finale, a grand ball to the sponsors and maids of honor, at Entertainment Hall on the night of the 28th, tendered by the young men of the city, was a most elegant and delightful affair. Youth, grace, and beauty vied with each other in making it a success. The

music, which was most entrancing, was furnished by an orchestra from Kansas City.

The impression made by the Sons at this reunion, the interest taken in them by the veterans and citizens,



JUDGE R. B. HAUGHTON, ST. LOUIS, MO.

and the way in which they conducted their part of the reunion, augurs well for a most successful career for this important organization.

REUNION OF TENNESSEE DIVISION.

The twelfth annual reunion of the Tennessee Association of the Confederate soldiers was held this year at McMinnville. There were present about eight hundred veterans and perhaps ten thousand visitors in all. No place so far has failed to entertain as richly as could be expected. Moreover, in nearly every instance the cities or towns in which the reunions have been held have surprised the visitors by exceeding liberality and enthusiasm in making the visit of veterans a delightful memory.

Mayor Jesse Walling made an address of welcome that expressed the gratitude of the townspeople in the opportunity to entertain them. Addresses of welcome and responses were made on the beautiful campus of the Holbrook Institute. The parade day was one of the rainiest ever known at a Confederate reunion.

The Young Ladies' Orchestra, of Lebanon, Tenn., entertained with charming music at night all who could get into the courthouse or near it. More would be said of this feature but for a desire to present a picture of "the most beautiful group of ladies ever seen" in such an organization.

The old "boys" went for a jolly time, and they had it. They sang to the tune of "Old-Time Religion" a

song written for the occasion by Capt. B. L. Ridley, of Murfreesboro, in which every line was repeated three times, following with, "We're old-time Confederates," as a chorus. Every verse ended: "That's good enough for me."

Our meeting's in the mountains,
Our meeting's in the mountains,
Our meeting's in the mountains,
That's good enough for me.

The home of Hill and Savage, etc.

Of Dibrell and Sid Stanton, etc.

These mountain boys were with us, etc.

And the mountain maids did greet us, etc.

'Twas chestnuts and long sweet'nin', etc.

'Tis the land of apple brandy, etc.

'Twas good to Bragg and Johnston, etc.

Ain't it good for everybody? etc.

One variation from the repeated lines was as follows:

Earth's hold on us grows lighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter;
That's good enough for me.

Chorus.

Our hope is now in heaven,
Our hope is now in heaven,
Our hope is now in heaven,
That's good enough for me.

Capt. Ridley had another song also in printed slips:

Old soldiers, aren't you glad you've come,
Old soldiers, aren't you glad you've come,
Old soldiers, aren't you glad you've come,
To live the times over,
To live the times over,
To live the times over,
Hallelujah!

The memory of our battles with us will never die, etc.,
And the glory of the sixties, etc.,
Hallelujah!

The homes of McMinnville are open to us, etc.,
And the smiles of her women, etc.,
Hallelujah!

The VETERAN is the organ of our Southern band, etc.,
And Gordon is our leader, etc.,
Hallelujah!

Capt. Ridley led the singing, and it was a rousing and happy feature of the reunion.

The address on behalf of Warren County was delivered by R. W. Smartt, Esq., and created a profound impression upon his large audience:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Confederate Veterans, and Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy: The American Indian with reverence akin to devotion hears with bowed head the traditions of his fatherhood. In every age, among all races, men have listened to the stories of the great and told their deeds in song and legend. Distance may cast some halo of brilliance about them.

'Tis now forty years since the struggle of the Confederacy. A new generation has arisen on the earth, and it is this new generation to-day that would speak for you of the old a hearty welcome. No word can take the place of the grasped hand, the fraternal look, and

the brotherly greeting of those among us who were your comrades. And in the name of the people of Warren County, before whom your deeds are history and your lives examples, I hasten to assure you of an unbounded respect and a heartfelt greeting.

What means this gathering of Confederate soldiers, these men of sober mien and silvern locks? Why treasure the memories of departed and defeated heroes? Why honor their flag, which trails in the dust? The world has never done such a thing before, and may never do so again. No ancient shaft rose to defeated valor. The shamrock sometimes blooms in modern Ireland, but in this American State, forty years after a section of the Union had struggled to leave it, the same people parade the streets of their cities with steps to a battle stanza; celebrate the deeds of their vanquished dead, and flaunt their banner to the breeze, while the children learn the story of the Confederacy and of a glorious united America. It is the greatness of the American, baptized with forbearance, gentility, and tolerance; it is the ever-living conviction in our people's hearts of the eternal righteousness of your cause.

We welcome you to-day as the representatives of a great principle. It is well for every land to cultivate the study of its heroes, to place before the generations a history of its patriots; not of one man alone, whose life was the crystallization of a single thought, or of all that was great in his day, but rather of the many whose lives have stood for virtue, truth, and valor in this time of vaunting ambition, material struggle, and selfish gain; of a race of men and women who lived for their country and toiled for a nation's good.

They were no mean men who crossed the mountain into the valleys of Tennessee. Before 1776, before Magna Charta, before Arminius, their Saxon sires had stood the shock of battle and the storm of war. On the soil of this volunteer State 'tis but a cold fact that your fathers fought its battles for well-nigh fifty years. And when the supremest struggle of the centuries had come—when the State had left the American Union—the children of warlike sires went forth from the crags and plains of Tennessee as knights to a joust or tournament, forth to battle or to die. It was well that you were not moved by an impulse alone, but by devotion to principle and right. For four years you endured all that was possible of labor and hardship and toil and pain, poverty and blood and tears. But you will pardon the attempt of a youth to portray those scenes of carnage and battle, for you have seen them, you have known them. You saw the Confederacy in the rosy morn of its ambition; you followed it to blood-stained heights, sheltered from shot and shell by some mystic chain that bound you to a banner's silken fold; you followed its star till it faded and vanished; you wept at the closing scene, when the old South went down to seeming oblivion, only to be remembered by what she had done. The old South may have had her faults, and she may have had her failure, but she was at least the purest land the world had ever seen. For four years she floated the most valiant banner and drenched her sacred hills with the noblest blood that ever flowed from mortal veins. And you were they who helped to plant new foundations by which the South has risen to the increased glory which we share to-day. In a time of gloom and despondency, when desolation

brooded like a pall over the land, you took up the burden of life with blasted hopes and ruined prospects. And we of this generation can see how great has been the victory of peace, how material prosperity and growth and happiness have followed in the wake and train of war.

Mr. Chairman, when the outside world, with no interest in us, hears the cold story of the Confederate soldier in peace and war, it stands in wonder and amazement. But to those of us who love the traditions of a fatherhood, who boast a common heritage of their virtues, these things come home to the heart with peculiar force, for

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is mine own, my native land?'"

Wealth and glory may fade and vanish, but time cannot destroy the inheritance of an untarnished honor; "a great name shall never pass away." That gray old man who lives among us, the hero of forty battles, but voiced the thought of another soldier, who in response to the taunts of a Spaniard, sent back the story of his father's life, and of his mother, who had said that honor was to be preferred to life. Proud of our American citizenship and freedom, we own nothing higher than this splendid heritage, transmitted to us and to those who are to be, by these Tennessee Confederate soldiers. Is it a wonder that we catch this opportunity to bid such men a welcome to our midst? Sincerely grateful that our lot has been cast in this land and age, we are thankful to a kind Providence that we may greet to-day this remnant of Tennessee soldiery, the valiant defenders of a worthy cause. Not only to you do we extend a welcome, but shed a sympathetic tear for the memory of your brothers who rode forth in gay life and strength.

Twenty years after a French soldier had died, at every roll call his comrades answered to his name: "Dead on the field of honor." While we welcome you we would do honor to that host in nameless graves

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the blue,
Under the other the gray,"

for we realize that they are "dead on the field of honor." From the home of many of the Fifth and Sixteenth Regiments we heartily greet our fathers' comrades. In the name of the people of Warren County, a humble peasantry, boasting nothing in ourselves save a common heritage and a motherhood from which we sprang, in the name of our sons and daughters of Confederate veterans, and of thirty per cent of our people, children of those who wore the victorious blue, and who live honest men and women among us, in the name of our mountain sires and mothers, we bid you a sincere welcome to our homes and hearts and lives and all. And as we stand with bared head in the presence of greatness, in hearty gratitude to God and to you we would clasp the hand of every plain Confederate soldier.

The Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway management sent a special train from Nashville, and served en route all who chose to go in a way that will be remembered with gratitude.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

In a sense an apology is offered for this issue of the VETERAN, although the best possible has been done under the circumstances. It is being prepared for publication along with a larger and finer number to be distributed among the United Daughters of the Confederacy in their next annual convention, November 14-16. That issue will be devoted largely to the Daughters of the Confederacy. A circular has been sent to Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy asking for the number of members who will represent it at Montgomery, how much has been raised under its auspices, and for what causes funds have been distributed. Another inquiry is as to whether there is a Confederate monument at their place, or if they expect to build one. It is earnestly requested that every Chapter respond to this request if they have not yet done so.

STATUS OF THE LIBEL SUIT.

Another postponement of trial of the suit for libel against S. A. Cunningham and the Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has been secured upon application of the attorneys for the Superintendent and Secretary of the Confederate Memorial Institute. At every call of the case since suit was brought the defendant has been ready. The case is now set for the second Monday in February, 1901.

The attention of every Southerner who has been interested in this matter is called to the report of the Superintendent and Secretary printed in this VETERAN. Its study may confuse, but its issues are of too great consequence to be lightly considered. The action of Frank Cheatham Camp in seeking to secure the return of the money raised in Tennessee will be read with interest.

Confederate Day at the Georgia State Fair was notable in the demonstration by thousands who watched the parade through the city in the rain. There was special honor shown Gen. Joseph Wheeler and Richmond Pearson Hobson. No more loyal Confederate addresses need be desired than were those of these distinguished Southerners.

Gen. Wheeler gave an account of the South's part in the history of this country. He reviewed in brief the history of Southern men through the revolutionary period under Washington, then of Southern statesmen on to the beginning of the war between the States;

then of that heroic struggle and of the successful rebuilding of our waste places after that war.

Lieut. Hobson in his address objected to the prominence given Spanish-war veterans in the comparison and in a thrilling account of the heroism and sacrifice of the Confederate soldier he demonstrated as loyal spirit as has ever any Confederate son on any occasion. The audience manifested surprise that Lieut. Hobson made it the occasion of high tribute to Admiral Sampson, who is sore depressed over the criticisms that have been spoken and written about him, but it was to Hobson's credit, under the circumstances, that he so eulogized his old commander.

Atlanta Daughters of the Confederacy are ever on the alert when occasion can be utilized for helping the needy and honoring the dead Confederates.

Mr. Charles Ducloux, of Knoxville, Tenn., a former member of Company A (Capt. R. C. McCalla), Third Regiment Engineer Troops, C. S. A., desires to correspond with any of his comrades yet living.

The *Tennessee Farmer*, of which W. G. Sadler is editor and proprietor, discontinues its "Confederate Corner," and states: "In view of the fact that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a publication of this city, edited by our friend Mr. S. A. Cunningham, is from cover to cover full of all news allied or appertaining to the soldier and war history, we feel that this field legitimately belongs to him, and hence take this action. It is with great pleasure that we commend the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to our readers, and if you are not already a subscriber, become one at once."

Gen. V. Y. Cook, Elmo, Ark., sends this: "Replying to the inquiry in September VETERAN concerning the five Confederates who fell in the fight five miles south of Pulaski, Tenn., in the winter of 1864, I will say they belonged to the Seventh Kentucky, Lyon's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Cavalry Corps, and were as follows: Capt. Joel T. Cochran [pronounced Cau'-horn], of Company E, then temporarily in command of the regiment, being the senior officer on duty; Serg. A. J. Waddell, Company I; Privates Thomas Hansberry and William Matheney, also of Company I, and John Wilson, of Company K."

J. M. Berry, Salem, Mo.: "Comrade J. N. Wilkinson, of Blooming Grove, Tex., is correct in stating that Churchill was colonel of the Eighth Arkansas Regiment. Col. Patterson commanded before the consolidation at Corinth. My attention had already been called to this error, but I neglected to give attention. I wish also to correct error in address, which is "Salem," and not "Sedalia." I was captured on Sunday, September 20, just before sundown, in the battle of Chickamauga, and confined in Camp Douglass twenty months, in Barrack No. 17, and, like Comrade Kenley, of Kearney, Mo., would like to have a reunion of the survivors. Can any one tell me of the whereabouts of Robert Spohn, of Vicksburg, Miss., and John Kelley, of Mississippi, who were in the same barrack? I should be glad to hear from any of the boys who suffered with me in prison or in the army."

TENNESSEANS WANT THEIR MONEY RETURNED

To Gen. Clement A. Evans, President, and the Trustees of the South's Memorial Institute.

At a regular meeting of Camp Frank Cheatham, No. 35, held August 3, 1900, the undersigned were appointed a committee with instructions to memorialize the General Committee in charge of the Charles Broadway Rouss Abbey Battle Fund in the manner and for the purpose set forth in the following

MEMORIAL.

When Mr. Rouss made his generous proposition to the United Confederate Veterans at their meeting in Houston, Tex., in May, 1895, to donate \$100,000 for the purpose of erecting a Memorial Hall or Battle Abbey for the preservation of Confederate relics and mementos, there was an earnest desire manifested to coöperate with the liberal donor and speedily raise the additional \$100,000, the subscription of which was made a condition of the original donation. It was understood and so declared that the complementary amount was to be secured by means of subscriptions and contributions from ex-Confederates and their friends and sympathizers, principally in the South, the purpose being to make the proposed building itself a testimonial to Confederate valor and achievement, erected by means of the preferably small contributions of the many whose hearts were enlisted in the movement by reason of their service in the Confederate army and navy, or their intimate association with Confederate veterans.

Among those who became actively interested in this work were veterans of Tennessee and their friends in the State—including ladies, who, individually or through their societies, contributed, solicited, and collected moneys for the Battle Abbey. These contributions and collections were made largely under the auspices of Camp Frank Cheatham, No. 35, or were promoted through its influence. As a result of their efforts, individually and collectively, various amounts were sent from time to time to the General Committee or the Trustees of the Battle Abbey Fund, or to the Treasurer, which amounted to \$3,700.

It was expressly declared and stipulated in the address of the Battle Abbey Committee, issued November 9, 1895, explaining the plan of inviting subscriptions and raising the fund, that "each subscription is made with the understanding that if not used within one year from this date, for the purpose intended, it shall be returned to the subscriber." This agreement was embodied in the receipts and certificates issued to subscribers.

Now, in view of the unfortunate fact that the original plan and undertaking proposed by Mr. Rouss have failed of accomplishment and have been abandoned—that is to say, the erection of a Battle Abbey Memorial by the contributions of the Confederate veterans and Southerners in full sympathy with them has admittedly been proved a failure; and in view of the fact that a new plan for securing the conditional fund has been adopted—that is, to use the large donations of Northern capitalists, who have been solicited to contribute in support of the scheme, and also in view of the further fact that none of the money subscribed was used within twelve months for the purpose for which it was subscribed, the General Committee is respectfully but earnestly memorialized to

authorize and secure the return to the Fourth National Bank of Nashville, Tenn., as Trustee, the amounts subscribed and contributed, in accordance with the original plan proposed, by members of Camp Frank Cheatham, No. 35, and other Tennesseans and societies in Tennessee.

This is asked and urged in order that justice may be done, and that contributions made in good faith, upon a well-defined understanding, and for a clearly understood purpose, may not be diverted to a use which was not contemplated or desired by those making the subscriptions, and who declared that such a use would do violence to their wishes and intentions and the agreement under which they were moved to respond to the solicitation of the General Committee. Their purpose was to aid in the erection and establishment of a Confederate hall which would be a distinctly Southern memorial, representative in all respects of Southern people. Since it is proposed to abandon the very commendable original plan and to erect a building largely with money to be furnished by Northern capitalists, the Tennessee contributors have lost interest in the project, and prefer to have the money subscribed by them used in the erection of a memorial hall for Tennessee, in which shall be kept Confederate relics and mementos commemorative of Tennessee Confederates and the battles fought on Tennessee soil.

This request is made in confidence that the General Committee, or Trustees of the Rouss Battle Abbey Fund, will recognize its justice and will not be willing to have any funds used in the building of their hall over the solemn protest of contributors who subscribed to a different plan and for a different purpose. It is presented and urged also with the more confidence since similar requests have been granted to subscribers to the original fund in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

Respectfully submitted. G. H. Baskette, Chairman; E. R. Richardson, A. A. Lyon, A. M. Trawick, J. R. Buist.

Nashville, Tenn., October 17, 1900.



INVITATION TO GEN. LAFAYETTE ADDRESSED TO MISS READY.

TABLETS FOR ALABAMA AND KERSARGE.

On the title-page there is reference to the dedication of the battle ship named for two that were famous in the war of the sixties. A further report of the proceedings is as follows:

Gov. Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama, accepted the Alabama tablet, and said on that occasion:

We have come here from the sunny skies and fragrant plains of Alabama, more than a thousand miles, traversing ten States of the Union, upon the gracious invitation of this commonwealth, to take part in these patriotic exercises.

For the first time in thirty-five years we are invited not to forget the glorious achievements of our fathers and brethren in the war between the States, but it is now insisted that they shall ever be remembered and cherished as the common heritage of the American people and for the inspiration of our children and for the glory of a great and reunited and free republic. [Applause.]

In all this long journey, whenever and wherever my feet have pressed the earth, whether north or south of the Potomac, like Antæus of old, I have felt new strength and courage rise into my veins from a soil enriched and hallowed by the blood of your fathers and brethren and mine. [Applause.]

It is fit that the commonwealth of New Hampshire, a commonwealth the mother of Webster, that great apostle of an indissoluble Union of indestructible States, should be the first, officially, not only to rise superior to the passions and prejudices of a fratricidal war, but to determine to commemorate and honor the gallant deeds of the American sailor without regard to the flag which floated over him. [Applause.]

And it is peculiarly happy that these patriotic ceremonies should take place during the administration of a Governor close to the hearts of his people, who planted the seed this day so auspiciously bursting into bloom and blossom when he inaugurated the "Old Home Week" for his commonwealth. [Applause.]

This is the first "Old Home Week" of the American sailor when those who left may return and once more, without reproach, take their places about the old fire-side.

Men may differ about the right or wrong of any cause, and they may conscientiously take one side or the other. A great nation worthy of liberty and inspired by lofty sentiments cannot fail to honor courage and heroism by whomsoever displayed; and especially should it do so when these heroes are descendants of the very men who gave so freely of their blood and treasure to secure the independence of our common country. [Applause.]

If the descendants of the cavaliers and Scotch-Irish of the South were a little restive when they thought their liberties imperiled and the sovereign rights of their States threatened, the Scotch-Irish of New Hampshire, from whose loins sprung the immortal Starke, should remember that his grandest achievement was accomplished when he was refusing to obey any orders or recognize any authority save that of his sovereign State. [Applause.]

We have met here, in the beautiful language chosen

by your State, "to perpetuate in enduring peace names once associated in historic combat."

The commander of one of those ships was born in my native State, and the ashes of the other repose in the bosom of my adopted State. When Semmes "passed over the river to rest in the shade" he carried in his heart no resentment toward the gallant Winslow. The song of the mocking bird as it sweeps over his honored grave sounds no discordant note. His lovely daughter, in whose gentle veins courses the heroic blood of her father, is here to signalize by her presence the tenderness of the ties that are now uniting in enduring friendship two mighty battle ships and two great commonwealths.

Upon that fateful Sunday morning in June, 1864, when the Alabama sailed out of the harbor of Cherbourg to meet the Kearsarge, each commander knew that he had a foeman worthy of his steel, for they had been friends and comrades in the past. Each knew that they were to lock arms in the embrace of death. The vessels were nearly evenly matched. The Kearsarge had seven guns and one hundred and sixty-two men, and the Alabama eight guns and one hundred and forty-nine men. The guns of the Kearsarge carried more metal.

For one hour and forty minutes they sailed around each other in a fiery circle, hurling their missiles of death. The Kearsarge was struck twenty-eight times, and had one historic shell lodged in her exploded, it is probable she would have gone down before the Alabama. Semmes fought his ship until he had lost about one-fourth of his men, and never struck his flag until he felt her sinking under his feet.

When the battle ceased, the Alabama found her grave in the sea. There she has slumbered until this resurrection morn, when she appears once more the consort instead of the enemy of the Kearsarge, to fight under the same flag and against all enemies of the republic. This memorial tablet joins them in enduring friendship, and the commanders of both will have the heroism of Winslow and Semmes to inspire them to gallant deeds.

What an enormous advance has been made in the construction, equipment, and defensive armor of battle ships since that engagement, and much of those, too, under the guidance and direction of a son of Alabama! The present Kearsarge, almost as impregnable as the mountain from which she takes her name, could sink a whole fleet of ships like the first Alabama without incurring any danger to herself.

But after all, fellow-citizens, it is the courage and skill of the man behind the gun, and the inspiring and capable officer on the bridge, that win the victory.

The glorious example set by a gallant son of a gallant Confederate soldier in our late war with Spain will be of more lasting benefit to the American navy than any battle ship that ever floated. One is immortal and the other perishable. [Applause.]

When Hobson, a son of Alabama, and his gallant little crew went on that mission of death into the mouth of Santiago Bay, they exhibited to the nations of the earth the stuff of which our navy is composed. That act challenged history to produce their equals in heroism and daring and courage. If he has not avoided other and more attractive mouths since, then let him cast the first stone who has never been ready

to fall a willing victim to such seductive craft. His reputation cannot be wrecked on a coral reef. [Applause and laughter.]

Tradition tells us that many generations ago a band of Indians, driven from their eastern homes by the invading feet of the palefaces, were seeking a new hunting ground in the far West. After many weary days they came one morning, as the sun rose bright in a cloudless sky, to a great stream of sparkling water winding its silent course to the sea. The banks of this stream were shaded by giant trees, whose widespread branches were decorated with long festoons of waving moss, and the honeysuckle and the magnolia made the crisp air fragrant with their perfume. The plains were covered with luxuriant grass, gay with many-colored flowers, and the red deer and the wild turkey gazed without apprehension upon the red men. The band halted upon the banks of this stream, and the chief, viewing this lovely scene and feeling that at last he had reached the happy hunting ground, drove his spear into the earth and exclaimed: "Ala Baman!" "Here we rest." [Applause.]

I come from the capital city upon the banks of that river, and from the commonwealth which bears that happy name, now grown into a great State, with two millions of free people, rivaling Pennsylvania and Ohio in the production of coal and iron and steel, producing enough cotton to clothe and lumber to shelter all the people of New England, and sending her products into every clime; a State with churches and free schools in nearly every township; a State with a genial climate and a fertile soil, and beautiful women and gallant men and balmy breezes, and where now only the dead rest. [Applause.]

I come from that commonwealth and from her people upon the gracious invitation of the State and people of New Hampshire, to take part in these ceremonies, and, in the name of our State and in behalf of her people to express to you, sir, our grateful appreciation of the noble and patriotic sentiment that prompted your people to desire our presence on this happy occasion.

How much grander it is, fellow-citizens, to unite in enduring peace than to separate by bloody war! If war shall come again, as doubtless it will continue to come so long as human selfishness and greed shall prevail over Christian charity and tolerance, and so long as the ambition of man, the lust of power and conquest and dominion shall be stronger than the love of justice and liberty and equality; and if the Kearsarge, in deadly and unequal combat, shall search the horizon anxiously for coming help, I know that this tablet and its inspiring inscription will give swift wings to the Alabama to hasten to the rescue and turn her flaming guns upon the common enemy. [Great applause.]

Sir, I feel that I may say also for my people that if an invading army shall ever press its bloody heel upon your shores, and by superior numbers drive your troops from the coast, let some descendant of Starke rally them at the foot of your great mountain, kindle a fire on its loftiest peak, and you will soon hear the impatient tramp of the gallant sons of Alabama. Then, side by side with the men of New Hampshire, they will never stay their irresistible steps until the flaming cross of Alabama shall on the seashore salute the stars

and stripes floating victoriously from the mastheads of the Kearsarge and the Alabama. [Great applause.]

Sir, this tablet, with its proud inscription, that will be riveted upon the stout timbers of the Alabama, has already left an unfading image upon the hearts of our people, one that will forever unite New Hampshire, with her majestic mountains and thriving cities and thrifty people, in enduring peace with Alabama, the fairest of all the fair States in the fair land of the sun and the sky. [Continued applause.]

Because of the inclement weather, the proposed exercises on board the battle ship Kearsarge were omitted, and Capt. W. P. Folger, of that vessel, was introduced, and accepted the tablet on behalf of the officers and men, extending to the State and the city their appreciation of the gift.

Capt. William H. Brownson, commander of the Alabama, was also introduced, and spoke on similar lines.

The exercises of the day were brought to a close with a banquet to the invited guests and naval officers in the evening.

SYNOPSIS OF GOV. JOHNSTON'S REMARKS.

Gov. Johnston had the post of honor, and after Gov. Rollins had responded to a toast was called upon, and said that he and his entire party had been deeply "touched by the gracious and generous welcome accorded them in New Hampshire by all the people. It could not have been more cordial," said he, "had we indeed been the sons and daughters of the Granite State, coming home from some glorious exploit."

Continuing, Gov. Johnston said in a happy spirit:

Differences arose between us in 1861, not so much in principle as in policy, for the South was fighting for the rights guaranteed her people by the constitution of the fathers; and because it believed that these were imperiled and could not be maintained in the Union, it undertook to establish and secure them outside. We believed that the Union was a partnership, voluntarily entered into by the States, acting as States, to secure constitutional liberty and local self-government and protection from foreign governments. We believed that the constitution was a compact, and that when one article of the compact was ignored and disregarded by any partner that the whole contract was broken, and that each member had the right then to terminate it and secure its constitutional rights either under its own government or with such other partners as it might choose. We didn't believe in any contract that bound one party and didn't bind the other. We submitted this question to the bloody arbitrament of arms, and lost. In the contest Alabama and New Hampshire stood breast to breast instead of shoulder to shoulder.

We had no cause of war against the North; we simply desired a peaceful separation, but that did not follow. We asked nothing of our Northern brethren but their good will. We simply desired to take our small assets out, and set up business for ourselves. It turned out that the bloody arbiter decided that, instead of partnership, it was a case of matrimony, and divorce could not be secured.

Quite a number of the men of New Hampshire

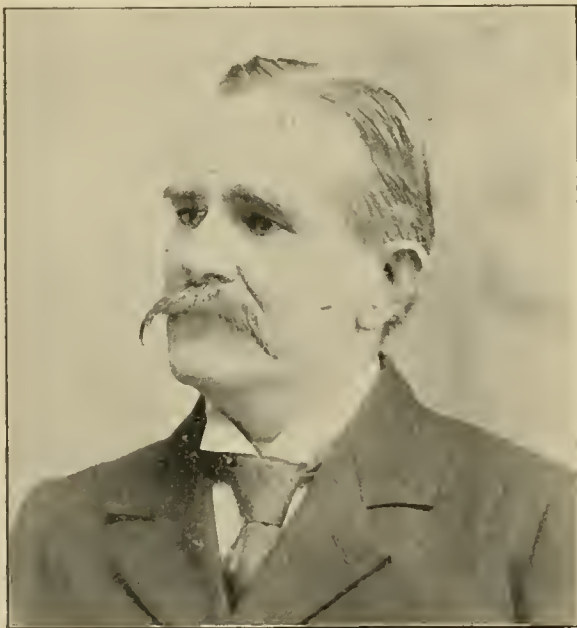
made us a visit in 1861. They were present at a number of entertainments that were very animating, and they insisted on some that we felt might be dispensed with.

In the end we lost, but we have the proud recollection that no troops the world ever saw acquitted themselves with greater courage and heroism and uncomplaining endurance in following the flag that represented to them liberty. Certainly no Union veteran, drawing a pension, could complain. To that pension he is indebted to the Confederate soldier. We lost, as the contest was between Anglo-Saxons, the conquering race of the world, while the odds were immeasurably in favor of one side.

We are in the Union, and in to stay. We bring into that Union the glory of Lee, Johnston, Jackson, Forrest, Semmes, and Buchanan, and their intrepid followers, as a part of the common heritage of our common country, and if any Hartford Convention shall threaten the integrity of the Union, we shall help to whip the delegates back.

It was claimed by our Northern brethren that a State could not secede, and, theoretically at least, we were never out of the Union until we laid down our arms, reestablished our State governments, and sent members to Congress; then we found that we were actually out of the Union, and not entitled to representation.

We finally got back. It took us about twice as long to really get in as it did to try to get out, and we now propose to stay as long as the New England States.



GOV. JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON, OF ALABAMA.

Gov. Johnston was one of four brothers in the Confederate army, all of whom survived the war. One of them rose from second lieutenant to brigadier general; another from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-Third North Carolina Regiment; two from privates to be captains; one midshipman. They were wounded in the aggregate twenty-one times, but none fatally.

GREETING—SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Biscoe Hindman, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, sent out from Louisville, Ky., October 24, 1900, greeting to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to be read at their annual convention in Montgomery, Ala.:

On behalf of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Commanding General sends you greeting, and congratulates you on holding your seventh annual meeting among the brave and hospitable people of Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy, with its historic hall, where the first Confederate Congress was held; and with its Exchange Hotel, made memorable by the presence of distinguished statesmen and soldiers. And there also is the White House of the Confederacy, where President Jefferson Davis made his first official home, and where we hope that the Daughters of the Confederacy, when received within its honored walls, may gather new inspiration and greater strength to enable them to carry to a complete success that object so dear to their hearts, the rearing of a fitting monument to the South's beloved President.

Among these people you will feel at home, for you know full well that you have their highest admiration and their tenderest love. They honor you for your grand work in the past, and for your splendid devotion to the objects of your noble order, and they will be glad that you are among them. Nor will they ever forget that many of your members were among the brave girls that our soldiers left behind them when they marched off to war, and that while they were fighting the battle of their country these girls and their mothers were knitting and sewing and praying for them every day and every hour throughout the four long years of terrible conflict. It is to these noble and unselfish Spartan women that the Sons of Confederate Veterans propose to erect a memorial as a perpetual evidence of that debt of gratitude and affection which can never be fully repaid. With the love and patriotism and influence of such women the Confederate soldier was encouraged and stirred to deeds of valor which has seldom been equaled, and never surpassed, in the history of the world.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.—Mrs. N. V. Randolph writes from Richmond, Va.: "We will never get that revised list of contributions right. Mr. E. Q. Wethers writes that there is but one Camp at Holly Springs, and that is Kitt Mott Camp, where he lives, and he is put down as Nebraska. Mrs. Behan, of New Orleans, says please have put in that Ladies' Memorial in New Orleans subscribed three hundred dollars; also Mrs. W. I. Behan, of White Castle, La., one hundred dollars."

In the article about the Commander of the Louisiana Division of the United Confederate Veterans, an error was made in giving his middle initial as "R." His full name is George Hinman Packwood.

The newly elected officers of the Los Angeles (Cal.) Chapter, U. D. C., are as follows: President, Mrs. D. W. Cunningham; Vice President, Mrs. M. B. Smith; Treasurer, Mrs. W. L. Graves; Secretary, Mrs. A. W. Terry.



CAPTAIN "ANSE" HATFIELD AND FAMILY—CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.

NOTED CHARACTER OF WEST VIRGINIA.

BY F. S. HARRIS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Many sensational stories are told concerning the character of Capt. Hatfield, known as "Devil Anse."

On a recent business trip to Logan, W. Va., I was surprised to find the kindly sentiment and esteem in which he is held by his neighbors. Sitting in the office of Hon. J. B. Wilkinson, I saw the above picture of the family. The warlike appearance conveys a very different impression from that given by the people of Logan, who see Hatfield often and know him well. I was informed by Mr. Wilkinson and others that as far as possible no man is more prompt to pay his debts; that he is a quiet, peaceable man, kind and obliging to his neighbors, absolutely true, and ever faithful to his friends; that he could live in that community always without friction if he was not interfered with. He will bear as others except when his former troubles are the cause; but when this is involved he becomes a perfect tornado, a holy terror; and woe be to him who stands in front of his trusty Winchester! Those who know the whole facts all say: "Well, I can't much blame 'Devil Anse.'"

The first who fell before his unerring rifle, except in war, was in the sixties. Living in the border land where sentiment was divided, he espoused the cause of the South, made up a company, was elected its captain, and marched forth to honorable warfare, leaving a wife and family at home. Some time, I think about 1863, a party of men such as always infest border territory went to his house and in a most brutal manner turned his family out. Nor was this near all the indignities to which they were subjected. On hearing of it, Capt. Hatfield secured leave of absence from the army, and promptly settled with the villains.

After the war he attempted to repair his fortunes. So well was he known as a man absolutely without fear that the gang gave him a wide berth. He was to

some extent a successful man, and was rearing his family to be good citizens previous to the beginning of the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta. The history of that is vague. The original Hatfield and McCoy were brothers-in-law. A high sensational magazine article ascribes the beginning to trouble about a hog. I was informed that as to the hog story there was extreme doubt. Its origin is given as of some years later.

"Devil Anse" lived on the West Virginia side of Big Sandy, and the McCoy's lived just opposite, in Kentucky, across the little stream whose western or Kentucky shore was the State line. That there might have been some friction between the families is believed by some, as they met one day at McCoy's blacksmith shop to settle a matter, but the best of feeling seemed to prevail. Hatfield is a great smoker, and while leaning over the fire in the forge to light his pipe, one of the McCoy boys gave the bellows a fearful blast, blowing flames into Hatfield's face, burning off his whiskers, eyebrows and eyelashes, hair, and most of the skin from his face. Result: There lay dead that evening one Hatfield, one McCoy, and a number wounded. This is the real beginning of the terrible vendetta in which so many lives have been lost. The history of that trouble is a part of the history of West Virginia and Kentucky, and unnecessary to detail.

Hatfield has no record of having shot men from ambush. He is absolutely honest in business matters. Before a railroad was built through that section it was often necessary for persons traveling to carry large sums of money with them. Any man who sought his protection was secure. A gentleman told me that "Devil Anse" traveled with him for several days once. He had quite a roll of money, which Anse wound around his body, and not a cent was missing when they separated. He is absolutely truthful; will protect the weak, and if his toes are not stepped on no man will surpass him as a law-abiding citizen. Mrs. Buskirk, who keeps hotel at Logan, said no man ever

conducted himself better at her house. In fact, he is a protection; for let a man mistreat a woman, and Anse's Southern blood will boil.

Col. Napier, of Wayne, W. Va., who was United States marshal, told me that he went into a section at least twenty-five miles from a railroad to arrest one of the Hatfields. He found him, and had him covered with a Winchester when Hatfield gave his word that he would report at Charleston to court; so he released him without bond, and Hatfield was promptly on hand at Charleston.

"Devil Anse" goes always with a Winchester, a sack around his neck full of cartridges, a pair of good Smith and Wessons, and, I am told, that a pair of good Damascus blades *luxuriate* constantly from his boot legs. He was once a man of good property, and I was informed that the property he owned would bring now over fifty thousand dollars. He lives in a cabin about four miles from Logan, at the head of a creek, and his house is his castle. He virtually sleeps with one eye open, or, as some one said, "sleeps on one side at a time." He has been hounded by officers and enemies so long that he is ever alert and watchful; so much so that, in addition to the five senses being all perfect, the boys say that he has also an eye in the back of his head. He is poor in worldly goods, and the tension of watchfulness is ever strained. But when you hear that "Devil Anse" has been shot, it will not be in the back; he will have several piled around him. He was a good Confederate soldier, and is far more to be pitied now in his near three-score and ten than condemned.

The foregoing is given not to honor a noted outlaw, whatever may be the pathetic side of his life, but as a history that will be read with general interest and to show a group of remarkable faces, from oldest to youngest, with wonderful determination and desperation imprinted thereon. Some of the sons are in penitentiaries for life. A complete history of the Hatfield family would be tragic, and it would argue forcibly for submission to law and for the application of the Golden Rule.

PRISONERS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Capt. J. H. George writes from Floyd, Tex.:

The author of the communication in the July VETERAN, headed "Prisoners on Johnson's Island" (name of contributor not given), could not have been fully conversant with the subject. While some of his statements are correct, others are misleading. I was among the first prisoners that were confined at Johnson's Island; was captured at Fort Donelson, imprisoned at Camp Chase, and from there was transferred to Johnson's Island, where we remained until the 1st day of September, 1862; hence I was an eyewitness to much that took place on the island during that time. Your correspondent states that we were provided with suitable clothing, while if there was a garment furnished to any of the prisoners I did not see or hear of it. Those who were fortunate enough to have money bought clothing, but those who had none did without.

This writer states that our tables were furnished with an abundance of the substantials and many luxuries. All luxuries that I knew of were paid for by those who happened to have money, and always at double prices. Not a pound of flour did we get only as we bought it from the sutler at five dollars per barrel, when it was selling in Sandusky City at two and one-half to three dollars per barrel. We were prohibited from buying from any person except the sutler, who was placed there by the commander of the prison. Col. Pearson had leased the privileges of sutler from the government, and the "luxuries" furnished by him were hard-tack, poor beef; with bacon and coffee once a week.

I could state many incidents to show that we were not favored over other prisoners. It is true we tried to obey orders as best we could; nevertheless we were subjected to many indignities. I well remember seeing Lieut. E. Gibson, of Arkansas, shot down by a sentinel for no cause but passing from a comrade's room to his own in the same quarters; also a captain from Alabama, whose name I have forgotten, was sick in the prison hospital, and for the small offense of stepping outside the door was shot without warning, the shot breaking his thigh.

These statements I have made are solely in defense of the truth, and can be substantiated by many of the prisoners who are yet living. In this connection I refer to the inconsistency of Col. Thomas G. Sample, of Pittsburg, in an oration delivered by him, in which he said at the close of the war he had buried all sectional feeling and forgotten all sectionalism, and in his next breath offered his solemn protest against erecting any monument to the memory of Confederate soldiers in any national cemetery in the country. I wish to ask him if the Confederates did not help to pay for those cemeteries without any protest upon their part. Certainly they did. Who is showing a spirit of sectionalism? Where does it come from?

E. D. Patterson, President of the Bank of Savannah, Savannah, Tenn., who was a lieutenant in Company D, Ninth Alabama Regiment, writes:

I do not know who wrote the article in the July number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN entitled, "Officers Prisoners on Johnson Island," but certainly the writer did not speak from personal knowledge, and his information was not reliable. Most of the thousands who were confined there during 1863 and 1864 have passed away, and it matters little now whether they were treated well or ill while there. Perhaps nothing is to be gained by recalling the wrongs of prisoners on either side; but if we do speak of them, let us have the truth.

The future historian will quote from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to show how well the Federal government cared for its prisoners, in contrast with the treatment accorded its soldiers confined in Southern prisons; and for the sake of the truth of history, such statements as are contained in the article referred to ought not to go unchallenged.

The writer of the article, after a brief description of the place and its surroundings, and some complimentary words as to the character of men confined there, says: "These men were treated during the period of their imprisonment as befitted men of their station in

life—so far as circumstances would permit, of course. They were lodged in comfortable houses, provided with suitable clothing, and their tables were furnished with an abundance of the substantials and many of the luxuries. They were subjected to no petty tyranny," etc.

That statement is not "entirely and absolutely" true. To be true, it should read: "They were *not* lodged in comfortable houses. They were *not* provided with suitable clothing. Their tables were *not* furnished with an abundance of the substantials and many of the luxuries; and they *were* subjected to numberless petty tyrannies."

No one who passed through the year 1864 in prison there has forgotten, or ever will forget, the awful suffering there—from cold and from hunger. During the summer and fall of that year the newspapers of the North were publishing blood-curdling details of the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, and our rations were reduced to an amount that was barely sufficient to sustain life; and boxes of edibles sent by friends from the outside were declared contraband. A writer in the *National Intelligencer*, published at that time, said: "Let the howls of rebel officers on Johnson's Island mingle with the cries of the half-starved Union heroes in Richmond."

I used to think if those who were clamoring so loudly for retaliation could look in upon prison life and see men staggering about, weak and hollow-eyed from hunger, searching in vain in the slop barrels for scraps, and eating rats, to keep soul and body together, they would have been satisfied.

I was a prisoner at Johnson's Island for about twenty-two months, and helped to nurse and to bury many of those who sleep their last long sleep on the island; and I have no doubt that the lives of several of them whom I could name could have been saved if they had been furnished with proper medicines and nourishing food. But what would be the use at this late day of going into detail about the petty, unnecessary, and unreasonable indignities and annoyances to which we were subjected from time to time. I only wanted to say that before such statements as the one complained of in the *VETERAN* can pass as history such writers must wait a few more years, until those of us who yet live have crossed over the river.

WILCOX'S BRIGADE AT GAINES' MILL.

Maj. J. H. Williams, Bridgeport, Ala., Commanding Ninth Regiment Alabama Volunteers:

Adj. J. Cooper's article in the October issue of the *VETERAN*, on Pickett's Brigade at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, brings vividly to my mind the fiery ordeal we passed through on that day, and prompts me to write of some desperate, bloody work I witnessed.

I was with Wilcox's Brigade, composed of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Alabama Regiments, and a section—three pieces—of light artillery. Sunrise of the 27th found us in the first skirt of timber, on a rise just beyond the Chickahominy bridge, on the Mechanicsville pike, where we had halted late the night before and rested on our arms. With the rising sun came whizzing cannon balls uncomfortably close to us. We took up the line of march at right angles to the pike, and parallel with the low

ground of the Chickahominy, and soon came upon Gen. Featherston, whose Mississippi troops were hotly engaged with the enemy in a valley beyond. We halted close to Gen. Featherston, and at Gen. Wilcox's suggestion, two of our guns were posted and opened on the Federals on the ridge beyond. They soon gave way, and left Featherston a glorious victory; but his Mississippi boys were badly used up. We left Gen. Featherston and the artillery, and, keeping near the low ground of the Chickahominy, arrived at the Gaines House, where he found Gen. Longstreet and a number of his staff dismounted. Here we rested until Gen. Pryor, in person, reported to Gen. Longstreet that there was a ravine in his front which he couldn't pass. Gen. Wilcox, who was close by and heard the report, with his characteristic nervousness said to Gen. Longstreet: "My people can cross it." In quick time we started in the direction from which Gen. Pryor came, and to the left of the Gaines House by the Federal gas works. In the first hollow or valley we encountered what I supposed to be a mill race, a stream some seven or eight feet wide with high banks. Up to the time we reached the Gaines House, I, in command of the Ninth Regiment, had been in advance of the brigade, but was put in the rear on leaving. When we got to the race it was bridged with fine rails and four of the regiments had crossed, filed right down the race until the crossing was uncovered, and then in echelon moved up the far hill. When we got to the top of this hill we met precisely the condition Comrade Cooper described—a sheet of fire from three separate lines of infantry and a battery, all pouring on the top of the ridge. When the first regiment got to the top of the hill it halted; the next one came up and halted on the same line, so with the four regiments to our right. When we came up, in place of halting on this line we raised the yell and double-quickened down the hill to the woods. It is a mystery to me how any of us escaped on crossing that ridge. When we got to the edge of the timber we found another race not very unlike the one we had crossed; but not so deep, and dry. Into this we gladly went, and not more than one hundred feet in advance of this we encountered the first line of the enemy's infantry, who were very much excited over our sudden appearance so close to them. We demonstrated our determination to hold this position at all hazards, and to our gratification they acknowledged our ability to do so by a hasty retreat up the far slope, which seemed to be somewhat retarded as they came against the abatis of their second line of defense; but only a few shots were necessary to accelerate their movements, and both lines put out up the hill. We scrambled out of the ditch and over the fallen timber, and pursued as rapidly as possible, and was near enough to see the confusion of two fleeing lines running into the third formidably entrenched. We made the best demonstration possible of our determination to "eat up" the whole Federal army, which, feeble as it was after our long run, seemed to carry consternation to every mother's son of them, and the whole three lines broke in flight up the hill to the right of the battery (our Grand Army friends will remember this place as the one where a brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps unslung their bearskin knapsacks; and our Confederate friends, as the place where the small arms gathered up the next day

were piled around a walnut tree). We had better have stopped at this intrenchment; but we followed them in to the field, and as soon as they uncovered their battery it was opened on us at short range, and—my God!—grape, canister, shrapnel, and solid shot all seemed to literally pour on us. At this critical moment some of our troops assaulted and silenced this battery.

We were saved from further loss, and the fight was won. Maybe it was Comrade Cooper with Pickett's people that did it, but I have always understood that it was some of Jackson's troops. Be this as it may, I will never get done thanking whoever it was. I think ex-Gov. Peter Turney could tell us something of the way matters went about that battery, for the noble First Tennessee Regiment did some hard work up there. I saw the ground they fought over before their dead were buried. I wonder if Gen. Longstreet remembers anything of the Pryor and Wilcox episode at the Gaines House? Ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, Hilary A. Herbert, has surely not forgotten this day; neither has Hon. John H. Caldwell, of Jacksonville, Ala.; Maj. James M. Crow, of Florence, Ala.; Capt. John Terry, of Valamosa, Ala.; and Capts. Nick Floyd and John Featherston, of Lynchburg, Va. I know all have vivid recollections of this day's fight.

What I claim, without any disparagement to any command, is that at the battle of Gaines' Mill, in front of Richmond, Friday, June 27, 1862, the Federals gave way first on their left, in front of Wilcox's Alabama Brigade; and if you want a less command than a brigade, then the Ninth Alabama Regiment made the first break in that stronghold, which resulted in the complete rout of the left wing and gave the Confederates a magnificent history. But for the mismanagement at Long Bridge, it would have resulted in the complete destruction of the whole Federal command. Now, if it takes facts to make history, here is a bit of history as a little officer of the field saw it.

Among the gallant officers and men offering their lives a willing sacrifice on the altar of their country, none are more prominent or sacred to my recollection than the gifted Christian patriot, Thomas H. Hobbs, Company F, Athens, Ala., who fell mortally wounded crossing the first ridge, and the affable, gallant, daring Edwin Young Hill, captain of Company G, Greenville, Ala., shot dead just before that terrible battery was silenced.

Maj. Williams commanded his regiment, the Ninth Alabama, on that eventful Friday in front of Richmond.

THE PAUL REVERE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

An interesting sketch of her experience in the war, by Miss Mary White, was read before the O. W. Blacknall Chapter, U. D. C., Kittrell, N. C.:

The outbreak of the war found us living on the historic Temple Farm at Yorktown. Temple Farm—named for the ruins of an ancient church, interesting for its half-legible inscriptions which stood on the place—was the home of Alexander Spotswood, one of Virginia's earliest and greatest Governors. He

built the house nearly two hundred years ago, and lies buried in the yard, as an old tombstone bears witness. Here also was laid the plot of the once-popular romance, the "Knights of the Golden Circle," Spotswood's daughters being among the characters portrayed.

Temple Farm is also rich in revolutionary memories. Cornwallis surrendered near the front gate. The terms of capitulation were drawn up in the dining room of the old mansion. From this house we heard the roar of the first battle of the war, at Bethel, eight miles below. My sister and the wife of my brother, who commanded the Old Dominion Dragoons, had gone early that morning to carry edibles to the soldiers, and came near being caught in the battle.

The Paul Revere of this the opening battle of the war was a woman. Early on the morning of June 5, 1861, the Federals advanced by a forced march to surprise the Confederates at Big Bethel. Mrs. Hannah Tunnel, the wife of a farmer near Hampton, for fear of raiders, had refugeeed farther up the country. That morning she had started back to see about her abandoned farm. On the way she met a body of troops pushing rapidly forward. She learned that it was a New York regiment, and at once divined their mission—that it meant harm to her countrymen. At the first opportunity she sprang from the vehicle, made a detour through the woods, and, at the risk of being captured and treated as a spy, put out at the top of her speed for the Confederate lines. Running, scrambling as best she could for several miles, she met a small body of Confederates reconnoitering, to whom she imparted her breathless message. The reconnoitering party proved to be Gen. Magruder himself, accompanied by Col. Wray and a small escort. But for this warning, the party might have come in close collision with the advancing enemy, and probably would have been captured. And if the efforts of this indefatigable woman did not save the Confederate army from a surprise, she at least enabled them to be more fully prepared to meet and repel the attack.

In appreciation of her services, Gen. Magruder gave her a permanent pass to go and come through his lines at will; and it was said that the First North Carolina, the Bethel regiment, presented her with a purse of five hundred dollars.

Mrs. Tunnel has long been dead, and I believe that none of her family now survive. But the memory of her patriotic deed must not be suffered to perish from off the earth. The Daughters of the Confederacy should keep her memory green; for the risk she ran was greater and her service equal to that of Paul Revere, who carried the tidings of the British advance on Lexington. And his meed has been immortality.

The next spring McClellan's advance forced the evacuation of Yorktown and the abandonment of our home. I never saw Temple Farm again. The splendid estate for which my father had paid such a large sum was confiscated, and we never received a penny in compensation. When in 1881 my sister went to Yorktown to attend the centennial of the British surrender, she was charged fifty cents to enter the house. The Virginia Daughters of the Revolution are now about to purchase Temple Farm and preserve it for its historic associations.

EXPERIENCES ON THE BATTLE LINE.

E. L. McKee, Adjutant of Camp Jones, No. 317, writes from Selma, Ala.:

While perusing copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in our camp library, extending back as far as 1896, I read in the October (1896) number a "Tribute to Montgomery Ladies," written by J. W. Simmons, of Mexia, Tex. He was a member of Company E, Twenty-Seventh Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade. My brigade (Dea's) belonged to the same division as Walthall's. He speaks of their devotion to the sick at the "Ladies' Hospital." Among the sick sent from Florida was a sixteen-year-old youth, in whom Mrs. Bibb became interested. She had him sent to her residence, where he was nursed back to health. When convalescent, she procured for him a sixty days' furlough, at the expiration of which he returned to his command. Comrade Simmons states how many battles this noble youth went through after returning to his company, naming Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, "Battle of the Clouds," Missionary Ridge, and that he was at last killed behind the breastworks at Resaca by the explosion of a bombshell; also that a bombshell killed six men.

I was "ruminating" about this, as our friend "Bill Arp" expresses it, and concluded to give you my experience in the same battle. I was a member of Company A, Thirty-Ninth Alabama Regiment of Infantry (Dea's Brigade), Hindman's Division, at that time. Our regiment extended across a ridge, Company A being on the left and in a flat beyond the ridge. There was no fighting in our immediate front. We were lying behind our breastworks, ready and prepared to give them a warm reception should they attempt to advance. Some members of Company A were asleep, perhaps dreaming of "home, sweet home," for some of them had just returned from home. Sometime during the day a cannon ball came our way and killed four men, two of whom were asleep, and they never knew what killed them. The other two, their limbs being torn to shreds, died that night. The shell did not explode. Not knowing what moment another ball would come along the same route and do likewise, our captain asked permission to move his company. The majority of us stepped on the ridge with Company F. I took my seat on the bank, with my feet in the ditch. Lieut. Banks and two of his (Company F) men were lying at my feet asleep. Another shell was fired at us, this time exploding, killing and wounding twenty-two men. The men lying at my feet were killed, their brains spattering on my hands and in my face. The killed and wounded were on my right, left, and at the rear, and I was not touched. After the explosion of this shell the Yanks commenced firing rapidly, as if intending charging our lines. Company A hastened back to its position and was soon ready to receive them, but the Yanks did not advance.

A. S. Drewry, of the Artillery, Third Corps, A. N. V., writes from Galveston, Tex. (June 13, 1900), to T. R. Lackie, Esq., Detroit, Mich.:

I have read your article, "Reminiscences of Appomattox," in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for March, and as a Confederate veteran thank you for the many

generous sentiments it contains. But you have made an error in your statement, and that is when you say the Union army *always* treated its prisoners of war with the utmost kindness. I know of one exception, and in this case I was the prisoner. I was in the Virginia army from April 19, 1861, to April 9, 1865, in the Purcell Battery, Pegram's Battalion of Artillery (a noted command), and was at Appomattox as a sergeant of artillery. I was riding a very fine brown mare. When an officer of your army came to receive the final surrender of our guns, horses, and equipments, he allowed every one owning a private horse to retain it, as this was Gen. Grant's order. My horse was private, and I was allowed to keep it. This officer—a major of artillery, I think—was kind and courteous to us. He said to me: "Sergeant, that's a fine animal, and I would like to own her, and will give you \$175 for her." This was a tempting offer to a man that had not seen a good dollar for so long, but I refused to accept it, telling him I wanted to ride the animal back home. He said, "That's your privilege, but I would like to own her;" and so I kept the horse. Either that or the next afternoon a party of us went over toward the Union army to see the cavalry surrender their arms. We were in front of the Fifth Corps, and here I came in contact with the Sixteenth Michigan Regiment. The beginning of this meeting was rather pleasant, but the parting very sad to me. It was about dark when the cavalry finished giving up their arms. Near where we stood were some of the Sixteenth Michigan looking on. They came up to us and commenced conversation, and asked: "Have you chaps anything to eat?" We replied: "Very little." They then said: "Come over to our camp and take supper with us." We were not in a condition to refuse such a kind invitation. For my part I was willing to begin to close the "bloody chasm" right there. We accepted, and were soon sitting around their camp fire enjoying real coffee with condensed milk, and many other good things to which our stomachs had long been strangers.

I had tied my mare near by while enjoying the hospitality of these soldiers in blue. A man came up to me (I took him to be an orderly) and said: "Sergeant, that's a fine horse you have, and I would like to trade you out of him." I replied that I did not want to trade. He then said that I could not take the horse out of the camp. I asked: "Who said so?" "The Colonel," said he. This took my appetite. I quit eating, thinking to untie, mount her, and ride away; but the orderly took the horse by the bit and, putting his hand on the hilt of his sword, said: "You can't take this horse until you get an order from the Colonel. He is in that big tent over there." I went into the tent. There were a score of officers. I saluted and asked for the Colonel of the Sixteenth Michigan Regiment. He spoke, and asked what I would have. I said: "I am a paroled prisoner, and came into your camp by the invitation of some of your men to get something to eat; am riding a private horse, which was allowed to me when we turned over our guns and horses. One of your men has taken possession of my horse, and says he has orders from you to do so, and that I cannot have the horse without you give me an order for him." He asked what business I had with a horse, as I was not a commissioned officer. I said: "No, only a noncommissioned; but in our army we have to fur-

nish our own horses, or walk, as our government is too poor to furnish them." He said that I could not have the horse, and then commenced to blackguard me for being a Rebel. I left the tent to find that my horse had been run off with, bridle, saddle, and what clothing I had. I walked away through the darkness over to the hill where the balance of my command were, feeling a good deal like "old dog Tray."

I have never forgotten the Sixteenth Michigan Regiment, or forgiven this dastardly act of its colonel, and am glad to know that there was at least one good and true soldier in it. I want to say that this was the only unkind, ungenerous act that I heard of at Appomattox. We were treated with all the kindness and consideration that could be extended, and I have often said that as long as I was in contact with Grant's army in the field, with this one exception, I never heard a harsh word spoken to a prisoner from Appomattox back to Richmond. We drew the same rations, and fared as well as Grant's men. We marched with them, rode on the same cars, and had all the privileges that our paroles called for, until we met in Norfolk some men who evidently never saw a battlefield. They seemed to think it was patriotic to abuse and worry a prisoner.

The day after I lost my horse at Appomattox, Maj. Sheridan, of Phil Sheridan's staff, stopped to talk to a group of us, and assured us that we had nothing to fear as long as we kept our paroles, and he felt sure we were too good soldiers not to do that. I told him of the loss of my horse. He said if I would go with him he would get the horse for me, and have the man punished. But I was mad with all the Yankees then, and felt that my word would not stand against a colonel in the Union army, and that I might get in more trouble.

Some years ago I told this story to my friend, Col. Edward N. Ketchum, Past Commander, Department of Texas, G. A. R. He traced up the Sixteenth Michigan, and found that it was at Appomattox in the Fifth Corps, and was commanded by Col. B. F. Partridge, of Oak Ridge, Mich. He admitted taking a horse from an artillery sergeant at Appomattox, but thinks he turned it over to the quartermaster. If so, he ought to have the receipt. He (the Colonel) still sticks to his war-time love, and is now breeding "fine stock."

With the foregoing letter, Comrade Lackie sends the following:

Col. B. F. Partridge was known in the regiment as "Old Pheasant." He did not serve long as commander, Lieut. Col. E. Hill being proper commander. As we had veteranized in 1863, we had some time yet to serve as three-year men. After the surrender, and when we returned to Washington, "Old Pheasant" endeavored to have the government make us serve out the balance of our enlistment. Letters were placed in his tent of such a nature that for two weeks he dared not go outside of it. The Governor of Michigan was sent for. He came to our camp, made us a speech, and promised our speedy muster out. Partridge made his escape, and we never saw him again until the day we were paid off in the city of Detroit. I met him several years before he died, and he told me that he was prosecuting a claim against the government for the loss of a horse. This was an old gray nag, which died one rainy night at Appomattox Courthouse. I

remember he got another horse exactly answering the description of the animal owned by Mr. Drewry, and for which he informed me in this city he paid \$170.

THIN GRAY LINE OF TAR HEELS.

John G. Young, of Winston, N. C., sends the following account of the fight at Winchester, Va., by Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, of the Maryland Line. It is introduced as an incident in the battle of Winchester, Va., that surpasses the Ninety-Third Regiment's famous stand on the morning of Balaklava—how Gen. Robert D. Johnston repelled repeated charges of Yankee cavalry far outnumbering his attenuated brigade—as told by Gen. Bradley Johnston:

At the battle of Balaklava occurred an incident which Kinglike has painted in words, and thus immortalized. The Highland Brigade, the Forty-Second, the Black Watch, the Cold Stream Guards, the Grenadiers, and the Ninety-Third (Sir Colin Campbell's old regiment) were in position which threw the Ninety-Third just along the crest of a slight rise of the ground.

The Russian Artillery had been annoying, and the Ninety-Third lay down just behind the crest, where they were better sheltered and concealed. A division of Russian horse was moving to the left of Sir Colin's whole line, and its head of column nearly with the British, when at once four squadrons of Russians (four hundred men) swung quickly out of column and struck a gallop toward the English position. Instantly the Highlanders rose from the ground, and with their tall forms and towering black plumes looked like a line of giants. The Ninety-Third was not in touch with either of the other battalions of the brigade, so they stood and took it, and when the Russians got within three hundred yards of them opened fire upon them and drove them back. They never repeated the charge. This scene has been celebrated in song and story as "Sir Colin Campbell's Thin Red Line." It was witnessed by the allied armies—English, French, and Turkish—and simply astounded the Russians, for both sides saw it.

But I myself, with thousands of others, saw Johnston's North Carolina Brigade (First North Carolina Battalion Sharpshooters, Fifth, Twelfth, Twentieth, and Twenty-Third Regiments) do a thing on September 19, 1864, which far excelled in gallantry, in firmness, and in heroism this feat of the "Thin Red Line." I have never seen a description of it in print, and I do not think it was referred to in the reports. I am sure Bob Johnston did not, for he was as modest as he was handsome and brave.

In September, 1864, Early's army was lying about Winchester. We had been through Maryland, and terrified Washington into fits, and had gotten safely back into Virginia, with thousands of horses, cattle, medical stores, and hundreds of wagonloads of edibles of every kind. I had a cavalry brigade of wild, Southwestern Virginian horsemen, as brave and as undisciplined as the Virginia Rangers Col. Washington surrendered at Fort Necessity, or Andrews fought Cornstalk with at Point Pleasant. I was bivouacked; we had no tents. About three miles north of Winchester, on the valley pike, and picketed from the valley pike to

the Berryville pike, running east from Winchester, Gen. Robert D. Johnston, of North Carolina, had a brigade of from eight to ten hundred muskets on the Berryville pike, on the top of the ridge running across the road. My pickets were a mile in advance of his in Ashe Hollow. Sheridan, with forty-five thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, lay eight to fifteen miles beyond our picket lines, from Berryville and Ripon to Charlestown and Halltown, in Clark and Jefferson Counties, Va. Now, every morning the Yankee cavalry would rush my pickets in on Johnston's posts. He would stop them until I got up, and then I'd drive the Yankees back and reestablish my original picket posts. This done, I would send my command back to camp.

I had about eight hundred mounted men, and I'd ride up to Bob Johnston's headquarters, which was a wagon under a tree, one camp stool, and a frying pan sizzling with bacon, and a pot of rye coffee and sorghum. I'd get my breakfast. But after a week of this proceeding it either became monotonous or my appetite showed no signs of weakening. I don't know which. One morning I dismounted after my usual morning call to boots and saddle, and swung myself very comfortably into Johnston's single and only camp stool. I smelled the bacon and sniffed the coffee, and waited. In a few moments the cook handed me a chip for a plate and a tin cup of red-hot coffee—so hot I had to set the cup on the grass, when Bob spoke, saying: "Bradley, you let those Yankees do you too bad. You have got so scared of them that you all run the very first dash they make at you."

"Is that so, Robert?" said I. "That's a pity, but I don't know how to help it. I do the best I can. How many Yankee cavalry do you think you are good for?"

"Well," said he, "I've got eight hundred muskets present for duty. By a week's time, as the boys get back from the hospital, I'll have one thousand. Well, with one thousand muskets, I think I can take care of five thousand Yanks on horseback."

"All right," said I, "wait and see. I hope you can."

So I got my breakfast and went off mightily tickled at the conceit of the Tarheel; for Sheridan's Cavalry, with Custer, Torbett, and Devens, were about as good soldiers as ever took horse or drew saber. We had drilled them so that in three years we had taught them to ride. They were always drilled enough to fight, and they learned the use of the saber from necessity.

Well, things went on as usual. Every morning Sheridan would send a regiment out to feel Early—to drive in his pickets—so as to make sure where he was, and to know where to find him; and every morning I would ride over to the Berryville road, reestablish my lines, and get my breakfast off of Johnston.

By daylight the 19th of September, a scared cavalryman of my own command nearly rode over me, as I lay asleep on the grass, and reported that the Yankees were advancing with a heavy force of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, up the Berryville road. Early was up toward Stephenson's depot, and Johnston and I were responsible for keeping Sheridan out of Winchester, and protecting the Confederate line of retreat and of communication up the valley. In two minutes my command was mounted (we always saddled up and fed an hour before dawn) and moving at a trot across the open fields to the Berryville road and to Johnston's

assistance. There was not a fence nor a house nor a bush nor a tree to obscure the view. Away off, more than two miles, we could see the crest of the hill covered with a cloud of Yankee cavalry, and in front of them (five hundred yards in front) was a thin gray line moving off in retreat solidly, and with perfect coolness and self-possession. As soon as I got to realize what was going on I quickened our gait, and when within a mile broke into a gallop. The scene was as plain as day. A regiment of cavalry would deploy into line, and then their bugles would sound the charge and they would swoop down on the thin gray line of North Carolinians. The instant the Yankee bugle sounded, North Carolina would halt, face to the rear rank, wait until the horses got within one hundred yards, and then fire as deliberately and coolly as if firing volleys on parade drill. The cavalry would break and scamper back, and North Carolina would "about face" and continue her march in retreat as solemnly, stubbornly, and with as much discipline and dignity as if marching in review. But we got there just in time. Cavalry aids the Tarheels. Certainly half a dozen charges had been made at the retreating thin gray line, and each and every time the charging squadrons had been driven back, when the enemy sent their line with a rush at the brigade of Tarheels, and one squadron overlapped the infantry line, and was just passing it when we got up. In another minute they would have been behind the line, sabering the men from the rear while they were held by the fight in front. But we struck a headlong strain and went through the Yankees by the flank of the North Carolina, and carried their adversaries back to the crest of the hill, back through the guns of their battery, clear back to their infantry lines. In a moment they rallied, and were charging us in front and on both flanks; and back we went in a hurry, but the thin gray line of old North Carolina was safe. They had gotten back to the rest of the infantry and formed lines at right angles to the pike west of Winchester.

I rode up to Bob Johnston, very "pert," as we say in North Carolina, and said: "Pretty close call that, Mr. Johnston. What do you think now of the Yankee cavalry's fighting qualities?" And the rest of the day we enjoyed ourselves. We could see everything that was going on for miles around. The country was entirely open. The day was beautiful, clear, and bright—September 19. They would form for a forward movement—three lines, one after another—march sedately along until they got within touch of our lines, then raise a hurrah and rush in a charge, and in two minutes the field would be covered with running, flying Yankees. There were 45,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 3,000 mounted gunmen. The thing began at daylight and kept up till dark, when, flanked and worn out, Early retreated to escape being surrounded.

This is the story of the "Thin Gray Line of North Carolina" and the cavalry charge, a feat of arms before which that of Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders fades into insignificance.

Comrade Young mentions as some of his fellow-soldiers in the battle of Winchester Maj. R. E. Wilson, Capt. J. E. Gilmer, of Winston, and Dr. H. T. Bahnsen, of Salem.

The Georgia Division, U. C. V., will hold their annual reunion at Augusta November 14-16.



A REUNION SCENE AT LOUISVILLE, KY.—This engraving is from a photograph made while the Grand Army of the Republic paraded at Louisville a few years ago. The location and plans are very similar to those arranged for the Confederates.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

OFFICERS OF THE GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, Jacksonville, Fla., President.
Mrs. W. W. Read, New York City, First Vice President.
Mrs. S. T. McCullough, Staunton, Va., Second Vice President.
Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn., Recording Secretary.
Miss Mary F. Meares, Wilmington, N. C., Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., Treasurer.

Official notice has been sent to the various Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, stating that the next annual convention will meet in Montgomery, Ala., November 14, 1900, at 10 A.M. Each Chapter is entitled to one delegate for every twenty-five members, and one delegate for a fraction not less than seven members. One delegate can cast the entire vote of any Chapter; or, if no delegate attends, the Chapter can be represented by proxy.

Blank credentials for delegates are sent to be filled, one of which is to be forwarded to Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary, Nashville, Tenn., and the other to be taken to the convention by the delegate or proxy.

The Southeastern Passenger Association, including all railways south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers and east of the Mississippi, will give a one and one-third fare to those attending the convention. Full fare will be paid going, and a certificate must be gotten from the agent selling the ticket stating that full fare has been paid, and, on this certificate being signed by the Recording Secretary, a one-third fare will be sold on return. It is expected that other railroads will conform to this rate.

The convention for the first day will be held in the House of Representatives, first Capitol of the United States, and after that in the auditorium. The headquarters hotel, the Exchange, will charge \$2.50 per day; Clancy and Mabson Hotels, \$1.50; Fleming Hotel (European), \$1. Other information can be obtained by application to Mrs. Allie C. Birch, Secretary, Montgomery, Ala.

DAUGHTERS IN EVANSVILLE, IND.

Mrs. James Y. Cabaniss, Secretary Fitzhugh Lee Chapter: "Two years ago it occurred to me that there were a sufficient number of Southern women in Evansville to form a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. I made an effort in that direction, but failed; but in March of the present year, having secured the assistance of Mrs. J. R. Ferguson, succeeded in forming a Chapter, which has grown since March from seven to thirty in number. We are proud of our success. Ours is a working Chapter, and we are always ready to give help where it is most needed in our beloved Southland. We sent our mite (\$31.25) to suffering Galveston, and we will send to Montgomery next month the one hundred dollars we promised to the Davis Monument. Having just begun this work, and not having experience, we should be glad of helpful suggestions from any of our sister Chapters. Our officers are: Mrs. J. R. Ferguson, President; Mrs. F. K. Roach, First Vice President; Mrs. B. A. James, Second Vice President; Mrs. William Field, Treasurer; Mrs. James Y. Cabaniss, Secretary. Success to the VETERAN! and I hope it gives as much pleasure in other homes as it does in ours."

REUNION BRIGADE AT SELINA, TENN.

The Reunion Brigade met and formed on the street, the head of the column resting near the Christian Church. The infantry and cavalry were all mounted. About three hundred old soldiers were present. In the absence of Gen. W. G. Smith, W. L. Dibrell, colonel commanding cavalry, being the senior officer, commanded the brigade. Lieut. Col. M. S. Gore was in command of the cavalry, and Col. Walton Smith in command of the infantry. The command then moved south around the courthouse, and then north by the Lowrey Hotel, where it was reviewed by Col. Dibrell. It then marched through the old town, thence back to Main Street, and out to the grounds prepared for the reunion. The address of welcome was delivered by M. A. Turner, an old Confederate soldier, and the response by Col. Walton Smith.

The reunion was a grand success. Some twenty-five hundred or three thousand people were present, and well-prepared food enough for ten thousand. Good order prevailed. Not a drunk man was to be seen. The Cookeville band entertained the crowd with excellent music. This was Clay County's first reunion, and it was a grand success in every particular.

At the annual election of officers the following were chosen: W. G. Smith, Brigadier General; Col. W. L. Dibrell, Lieut. Col. M. S. Gore, and Maj. H. L. Lowry, Commanders of Cavalry; Col. Walton Smith, Lieut. Col. Mat Smith, and Maj. J. H. Curtis, Commanders of Infantry.

Sparta was chosen for the next place of reunion.

Prof. J. H. Brunner, Hiwassee College, Tenn.:

In the early spring of 1865 I was in Madisonville, Tenn., when a body of Confederate soldiers surprised and entered the town in quest of Joseph Divine, Federal provost marshal of the place. Divine secreted himself in the cellar under the brick residence of Dr. Joseph Upton. With a pistol he shot a soldier named Hays, a Georgian. Divine was captured, and afterwards shot at the foot of Cheelhowee mountain. Hays was taken into Dr. Upton's sitting room by the townspeople. He was in great agony when I called to see him. The ball was extracted and handed him by request. He handed it back to Dr. Upton with a request that it be sent to his mother with a statement of the nature of his death. His remains were interred in the town cemetery.

The following lines were scrawled upon a photograph of Company I, Forty-Eighth Virginia Infantry, a mountain regiment from Southwest Virginia:

(To the tune "Ta-ra-ra Boom de Aye.")

O, we belonged to Company I.
Some thirty years or more gone by;
When eighty-seven, young and spry,
Marched bravely forth to do or die.
But now we count but bare eighteen,
And every year our ranks grow thin.
Steady, boys, our colors fly!
Close the ranks of Company I,
'Till but one is left to breathe a sigh,
I, I alone, am Company I.

REFRAIN.

Now he is gone; farewell, bye-bye,
Exeunt omnes, Company I.

MORGAN'S SCOUT, CHILDRESS AND HIS DEATH.

Comrade L. S. Ferrell writes an interesting story of Gen. Morgan's Scout Childress and his fate:

Cooper's Island is up the Cumberland river forty-five (eighteen "as the crow flies") miles from Nashville. Just above the island is a large eddy on either side of the river, with a thread of current between, known as Cooper's Eddy. On the north side of the river, in Sumner County, is Cage's Bend, in shape of a horse-shoe, with the toe resting at the Eddy. It is said that in early times fourteen white men were killed by Indians on a sand bar just above this point. The deepest hole in the river was at Cooper's Eddy. In my boyhood I gauged its depths at sixty to seventy-five feet, low water. I saw a catfish caught there that weighed over ninety pounds. Early in the forties I saw my father and Rev. A. W. Douglass, tutor in the Old Nashville University, take at one time, from one trot-line, four catfish weighing twenty-five, thirty-two, forty-seven, and fifty-four pounds. My grandfather, Thomas Hunt, owned a ferry there, known yet as Hunt's Ferry. A road led from the ferry through the bend to the Gallatin and Nashville Pike near Pilot Knob. The first house on the road from the ferry was grandfather's; the next, the "old roof-tree" that sheltered me in infancy, and it now protects my old gray head; the homes of Judge James Anderson, the Cage family (owned in the sixties by Thomas Miller), the old Bender place, Rev. B. F. Ferrell's home, which is near the old Rehoboth Church, and then the home of the late Rev. W. G. Dorris. Up the river two and one-half miles from Hunt's Ferry, and we are at Bender's Ferry. Descend the same distance from the same point, and we are at the Miller farm. Let us keep these places in mind while we speak of a murder that occurred in 1863.

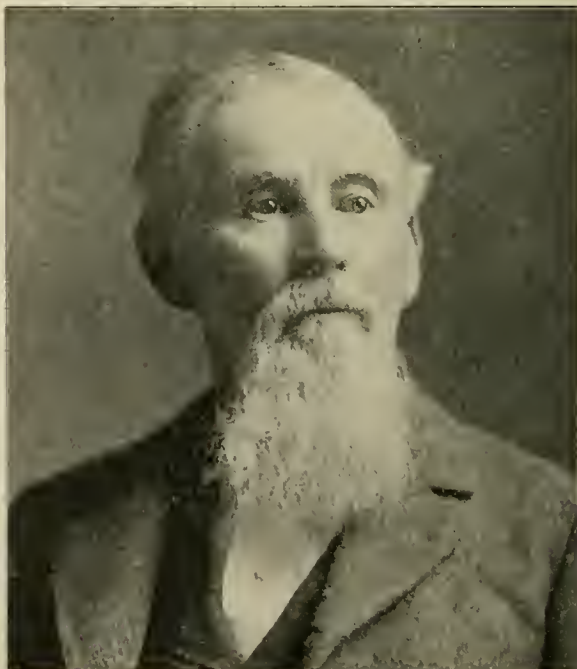
While Col. Boone with his Federal command occupied Gallatin, a man entered his quarters in haste and hatless, telling the Colonel that he had just escaped the clutches of the Rebel conscript officers, and begged his protection. This was generously given, to which was added a new hat and perfect freedom inside the Federal lines. The refugee made good use of his opportunities, and, after remaining a few days and thoroughly informing himself in regard to the situation, he quietly slipped through the pickets and reported to Gen. Morgan, who came to Gallatin one morning soon afterwards before daybreak, and captured Col. Boone and his entire command without firing a gun. Gen. Morgan was indebted to — Childress, this trusted spy, for the information that led to this capture. In making one of his trips into Kentucky this same Childress crossed the Cumberland river at Bender's Ferry. "Old Hise," the negro ferryman, who had often served him, was absent. It was Childress's last trip. It happened to be on Sunday night, and Hise had gone to see his wife. So Ned and Henry George, two negroes who had wives at the ferry, engaged to take Hise's place, and set him across. There were no witnesses to the bloody tragedy when on that cold night Childress was clubbed to death by those black fiends. The next morning Mr. Bender's canoe was gone, and a dark, iron-gray horse (with bridle and saddle on) was seen across the river. Mr. Bender went across, and found a soft, black hat and a pocketbook with

blood on it. A week from this, Childress's body was found near a raft across the river. It had made the circuit of the bend. Horn, with assistance, took the body to the graveyard at Miller's home, and notified the Federals at Gallatin. My sister, Mrs. H. S. White, and a younger sister, reached the graveyard before the soldiers arrived, and secured from the pockets of the large, shaggy overcoat worn by Childress a great many letters for Morgan's men. They concealed all the letters they could upon their persons, the rest they hid under the edges of the parlor carpet. After the Yankees had gone, it was found that Horn—coward that he was—had put those letters back into the pockets of the overcoat, and the bluecoats had appropriated them. The letters saved by these ladies were dried, readdressed, and sent South to Morgan's men by J. B. Seawell, scout for Gen. Wharton.

Soon after the killing of Childress, the negro Ned, who was very large and strong, got sick, and went to the Federal surgeon at Gallatin, who failed to cure him. He died soon after the war closed.

When the negro Ned died, Dr. H. W. Manson, who was a student at the medical college at Nashville, happened to be visiting his uncle, H. S. White, and obtained the particulars herein related. The negro was buried on Sunday. Tuesday night it was dark and raining, but Ned's body found its way to the dissecting table at Nashville, where it was revealed that poor, dead Childress, in his heroic struggle for life, had stabbed Ned in the left lung, thus causing his death.

Owing to the chaotic state of affairs at the close of the war, Henry, the other negro, went "unwhipped of justice," but I learn has lived wretchedly, and is in constant dread of an "impending calamity."



L. S. FERRELL, AUTHOR OF ABOVE.

Thomas Harvey, of Rose Bower, Va., inquires for Louis Harvey, a staff officer under Gen. Cheatham. He desires information concerning the fate of his relative.

NEW YORK CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP.

At the close of the Camp year Maj. Edward Owen, Commander, makes report to his comrades, in which, after congratulating them upon the success in their various undertakings, he states:

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York now occupies a most enviable position in this community, and its popularity is emphasized by the large accession to its membership during the past year, some sixty-seven new members having joined. There were no resignations. The monthly meetings are always largely attended, even in the midst of summer. In its works of charity it has done well, relieving many in trouble and distress, obtaining employment for some, and sending many, stranded here, to their homes in the South.

The Camp has always promptly met its obligations, and there are never any outstanding liabilities. The Mortuary Fund, for the burial of deceased members in need in its plot in Mount Hope Cemetery, has a balance in the Union Trust Company of \$891.82.

The tenth annual dinner, last January, at the Waldorf-Astoria, with ladies present, was a signal success in numbers as well as in the eloquence of the speakers and the beauty of the songs.

The contributions to the fund for the relief of Veterans who suffered in the Galveston horror reached one hundred dollars. This has been transmitted to the Commander of the Dick Dowling Camp, at Houston, Tex., for distribution where it will do the most good.

Commander O. C. Drew, of the Houston Camp, writes Maj. Owen his thanks for the gift, and states:

We have taken such steps in the disbursement of the generous donation of the New York Camp as will, we hope, meet with your wishes in relieving the wants of the old boys in gray.

COMMENT ON AN IMPORTANT MATTER.

R. K. Charles writes from Darlington, S. C.:

I notice with great pleasure the letter of Comrade A. L. Hull, of Athens, Ga., in regard to the association of the "Blue and Gray," as it is called. It is a delicate subject, and one that we all would like to have no occasion to speak of; but since it is being forced on us, and since Gen. Gordon has undertaken to say that he would use his own judgment in the matter, it becomes necessary to have an expression of opinion. While there is no bitterness, but the kindest of feeling, toward the Union soldier, it must be remembered that the Federal armies were composed, like almost all the armies of Europe, of young men who enlisted as a *dernier ressort*, and for the pay; whereas the Confederate armies were composed of the best material of our land, not for the pay, but for principle. Our ranks were filled with young gentlemen of education and refinement, many of them leaving homes of wealth and luxury to enlist as privates.

I am glad to see you begin to do justice to the faithful old Confederate negro servants. We have three or four in our Camp.

It was J. G. Westbrook, of West Point, Miss., instead of John G. Marshall, who wanted a list of Scott's Battery. See page 257 of the June VETERAN.

GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN'S HEALTH.

Surg. Gen. C. H. Tebault writes of Gen. George Moorman's ill health, stating that he overtaxed his strength and endurance for several years, and for several months immediately preceding the Louisville Confederate reunion. His crowding duties were such that he could not take sufficient time to eat or sleep. The result was that he returned home exhausted, and in other respects an extremely ill man. Since his return he has been under Dr. Tebault's care, and has attended only to most urgent business. The doctor writes that he can now resume his duties as Adjutant General, etc.; also that he is as sound in bodily health as ever, only he needs a little further time to completely regain his strength. In a personal letter to the editor of the VETERAN October 22, he writes: "I had a tough time of it, but am all right again."

CONCERNING BATTLE AT SAILOR'S CREEK.

C. P. Gilman writes from Dyersburg, Tenn.:

I noticed in the April VETERAN that Daniel B. Sanford, Milledgeville, Ga., desires to know who commanded the marine battalion at the battle of Sailor's Creek April 6, 1865. Gen. G. W. C. Lee was on the left with the naval battalion under Com. J. R. Tucker, who was commander of the Confederate States Steamship Patrick Henry—naval school ship—and his forces were those of his crew and gunboats Jamestown, Beaufort, Raleigh, and Teaser—all of which were engaged with the Merrimac in the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress in 1862. Capt. Tucker, at that time deficient in forces for the engagement, borrowed ten men from the fort on Mulberry Island, one of whom was killed. The Patrick Henry mounted twelve guns. She received one shot through her boiler, but she was soon repaired and again ready for the fray.

I belonged to the heavy artillery service under Gen. G. W. C. Lee, Crutchfield's Brigade, and was captured on the skirmish line a short time before the surrender. In moving to the rear I passed a Federal regiment, and just at that time a courier arrived from the front with instructions to the colonel commanding to hurry up, that those d—d Rebels were giving them particular h—l. About that time Tucker was doing his best. There were about thirty thousand men engaged against us at the time of the surrender, consisting of two infantry corps and Custer's and Merritt's divisions of cavalry under Phil Sheridan. I do not think our number, including killed, wounded, and captured, exceeded seven thousand. Com. Tucker was from the District of Columbia. I hope some one else will give us more information.

The Southern Industrial Convention is to be held in New Orleans on December 4-9, to which the Governor of Louisiana has sent official invitations to the Governors of every Southern State, and other Louisiana officials have sent out invitations to like officials in other Southern States. The leading feature will be to consider the Nicaragua Canal Bill in Congress. The New Orleans press is taking active interest in having representation from the best men of the South.



REV. JOSEPH DESHA PICKETT.

Action of Camp No. 8, U. C. V., concerning the death of Dr. Pickett appeared in the *VETERAN* for August (page 363), and herein is given a worthy tribute by the "Mother of the Orphan Brigade," Mrs. Emily Todd Helm, of Elizabethtown, Ky.:

The Rev. Joseph Desha Pickett was born in 1822, and died of heart failure in July, 1900, at the age of seventy-eight. He was the beloved chaplain of the Orphan Brigade, of Kentucky, and no one can overestimate the benefit of his noble example upon the lives of the soldiers to whom he ministered. Bred to peaceful pursuits, he deplored civil war as the direst of evils, but in cheering the wounded or comforting the sad survivors of battle, preparing them for death or resignation to their sufferings, he was always to Confederate or Federal the devout Christian who loved to help the sorrowing. Genial, gentle, and true, he won all hearts, and held them with a grip as tender as love and strong as steel. In manner he was unobtrusive, but bore with him a subtle dignity which is undefinable in words but which commanded the respect of who knew him. Quiet in manner, fluent in speech, choosing his words well, amiable and sympathetic in character, he loved all men and impressed them with the conviction of his usefulness and goodness. No better inscription could be placed upon his tomb than the answer to Abou ben Adhem to the angel presence: "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." In ap-

pearance he was tall, with a high forehead and a meditative, somewhat sad face.

Dr. Pickett was the eldest son of Col. Joseph C. Pickett, of Washington, D. C. His mother, Ellen Desha Pickett, was a daughter of Gov. Joseph Desha, of Kentucky. Dr. Pickett was a graduate of Princeton, of the class of 1840. His high attainments as a scholar and linguist made him a valuable instructor to the youths of his State. For some years he was the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Kentucky, and his reports are considered models of educational literature.

Peace to his gentle heart! His memory will live and flourish in the hearts of his comrades and friends, green as the sod that covers his form. They will never forget him. His loving children and widow took him to "Tuckahoe," near Maysville, Ky., and laid him lovingly to rest beside his kindred and friends. No kinder heart ever ceased to beat, and we turn from his grave with pain to have him leave us, but with joy and pride to have known so pure and good a man.

On July 22, 1899, the Orphan Brigade met in Glasgow, Ky., at which meeting a letter was read from Dr. Pickett addressed to Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, with a message to the Orphans. In it he wrote:

I should be delighted to attend the reunion of the old brigade, and thereafter pay you a visit at dear "Old Kentucky Home," but I am on the sick list, and have been since December, and have been for years without hope of earthly remedy. This is not known to many of my friends, not even of the brigade. I have been living a close and secluded life. I am, however, resigned to the will of Providence, for there is ever an "endless height above me." I have become so deaf that I am denied the privilege of the ordinary social circle, but my hearing will of course be restored at the proper time. Be pleased to give my love, in hope of the final reunion, to any of my old comrades whom you may personally meet. I shall surely be with them in spirit and in prayer, as I ever am daily. May the blessing of our Heavenly Father ever be with you, your children, and the living members and the kindred of all the living and dead of our brigade!"

CAPT. H. M. FREEMAN.

Comrade Freeman was born sixty-seven years ago, in Lunenburg County, Va. He moved to Henry County, Tenn., when quite young; was reared on a farm, and married Miss Margaret Julian in 1856. Having no one to whom he could intrust the care of his wife and three little children, he was prevented from going out at the beginning of the great conflict between the States; but in the spring of 1863 he could not withstand the impulses that had been torturing him to cast his lot with his fellow-countrymen, so he raised a company of cavalry which became Company K, Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, in Forrest's Cavalry.

Capt. Freeman proved himself a superb soldier in the first engagement, Okolola, when he led the charge with his company, and at once won distinction as one of the most fearless officers in Forrest's Cavalry. He participated in every battle from that time to the close of the war; was on the Paducah raid, at Fort Pillow, Memphis, and at Forrest's greatest victory, Brice's Cross Roads. He had his men in the thickest of the fight from the beginning to the end. At Athens, Ala.,



REV. JOSEPH DESHA PICKETT.

Freeman's men helped to dislodge the enemy from their works, and either killed or captured the entire Federal command.

Capt. Freeman surrendered at the close of the war with the remnant of Forrest's Cavalry, and came home and took charge of his farm, which had been desolated by the ravages of war. In 1876 he was made deputy sheriff of Henry County, serving four years in that capacity; then, in 1880, was elected sheriff, and served three consecutive terms.

When Capt. Freeman retired from office he engaged in the hardware business in Paris, continuing in the same up to the time of his death, which occurred August 20, 1900. He always believed in the right of secession. He was a man of decided political views.



CAPT. H. M. FREEMAN.

He loved his friends, and hated his enemies. His noble wife, who survives him, sacrificed everything for her loved one. One instance of her pluck and courage, while her husband was away following the knightly Forrest, was when her house was burned, leaving her and her children homeless. She took some men, went to the woods, hewed out logs, and soon had a good, comfortable house built.

Capt. Freeman never lost an opportunity to lend a helping hand to an old comrade. He was a member of Fitzgerald Camp, U. C. V., and took an active interest in everything relating to his old comrades. He seldom spoke of the war without paying a tribute to Gen. Forrest.

W. M. BOWMAN.

W. M. Bowman died at the residence of his brother, J. H. Bowman, in Williamson County, Tenn., October 21, 1900, in his fifty-sixth year.

Comrade Bowman enlisted in the Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment Infantry in the summer of 1861, and was rejected by the mustering officer on account of age and size, he being then so very small. In the fall of 1862, when the Thirty-Second Regiment was released from prison, he enlisted again, and was in

every battle and skirmish of the regiment. He was slightly wounded in the head at the battle of Chickamauga, but continued with his command until its surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. He was never sick nor absent from roll call while in the army. After the war he engaged in the drug business, but for the past fifteen years he held a position in the auditor's office of the N., C. & St. L. Railway. He had been in bad health for a year, and when the summons came he was ready to answer his last roll call as his name was called by the recording angel. Being of a gentle and retiring disposition, this faithful patriot was not widely known. He was a true son, husband, and brother, and died with a bright hope of meeting his wife and mother, who had already passed over the river.

COL. TOM D. THOMSON.

In a tribute Mrs. Dora Thompson Sifford writes:

From childhood I have listened to the fireside stories of Southern heroes told me by my father. In fancy I have followed our brave Stonewall Jackson through the beautiful Shenandoah, have dashed with the gallant Forrest into the face of the enemy, or have rushed with Lee "through cannons' roar to glorious victory." I worshiped these heroes, and placed my father on almost as high a pedestal. I remember as a little lassie to have been somewhat disappointed in my father when he told me that Robert E. Lee and not Tom D. Thomson (as I had thought) commanded the Southern army. That

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

might well have been said of my father. Born in Limestone County, Ala., November 8, 1834, he moved with his parents to Arkansas in 1844, and located in Ouachita County, where he resided until the silent reaper called him home August 12, 1900.

On March 15, 1857, he was married to Miss Martha Cross, who, with seven children, four daughters and three sons, survives him. He was a member of Hugh McCollum Camp of Confederate Veterans, and its Commander from its organization until the time of his death. He was always zealous in everything that affected the interests of an ex-Confederate soldier, and was prompt to contribute to those of them who needed assistance. He was devoted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and to the South.

At the outset of the civil war, in the pride of his young manhood, he enlisted as a private in Capt. Robert Jourdan's company, Fifteenth Arkansas Regiment. After the fall of Fort Donelson he escaped from the Federals and returned home, where he raised a company for the Thirty-Third Arkansas Regiment, and at the organization of this regiment he was elected lieutenant colonel. H. L. Grinstead, after having been elected colonel, was killed at the battle of Jenkins's Ferry, and Col. Thomson was appointed to fill the vacancy. He was a brave soldier in war, and an upright Christian gentleman in time of peace.

Six of his old comrades, dressed in full Confederate uniforms, acted as pall bearers, and laid him tenderly away in the hope of a blessed reunion "some sweet day." A beautiful tribute from Hugh McCollum Camp, Camden, Ark., was read at the grave.

SOUTHERN WOMEN—A TRIBUTE.

BY WM. P. DE SAUSSURE, OF CHARLESTON

To Southern women all praise is due
For courage strong and fearless zeal.
Whose daring spirit and love so true
The Northern arms were made to feel.

Time in its flight, how many years
Have fled beyond recall,
And in our hearts there is no strife,
For peace binds one and all.

No class of women so brave e'er lived,
Sending their sons to war,
No poverty can e'er disgrace,
No shadow devotion mar.

Thrown to the breeze so fearlessly,
Flag of the Bonnie Blue,
No braver men yet faced a foe,
No hearts more pure and true.

Their homes were made a sacrifice,
And jewels that women prize
To buy our guns at any price
To flash in foemen's eyes.

All things of value followed fast,
All, all, they gave to shield
Their homes and honored patriarchs
From wanton sword and steel.

What they endured is traced in gold
Across a cloudless sky,
The honor of our women true
In records now on high.

And when that roll on high is called,
And justice claims its worth,
In foremost ranks will peerless stand
The women of the South.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

CONDENSED FINANCIAL CLASSIFICATION OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS, MAY 26, 1900.	
Charles Broadway Rouss's donation.....	\$100,000 00
Sundry Southern contributions and reported subscriptions.....	\$ 17,916 31
Sundry written subscriptions from various sources other than above.....	105,250 00— 123,166 31
Sundry conditional subscriptions.....	1,500 00
Total.....	\$224,666 31

COLLECTIONS AND CASH GUARANTEES.

Alabama, on account of old contributions.....	\$ 421 98
Arkansas, on account of old contributions.....	304 59
District of Columbia, on account of old contributions.....	\$ 611
District of Columbia, on account of new contributions.....	2,950 — 2,691 00
Florida, on account of old contributions.....	426 27
Georgia, on account of old contributions.....	612 99
Indian Territory, on account of old contributions.....	12 98
Kentucky, on account of old contributions.....	*248 79
Louisiana, on account of old contributions.....	628 06
Maryland, on account of old contributions.....	\$ 36
Maryland, on account of new contributions.....	5,650 — 5,686 00
Mississippi, on account of old contributions.....	1,188 37
Missouri, on account of old contributions.....	62 70
New York, on account of old contributions.....	\$ 170 83
New York, on account of new contributions.....	34,300 00— 34,470 83
New York and Northwest, on account of new contributions.....	\$ 5,350 —
New York and Northwest, on account of new guarantee contributions.....	30,900 — 35,250 00
North Carolina, on account of old contributions.....	98 04
Oklahoma Territory, on account of old contributions.....	40 75
Pennsylvania, on account of new contributions.....	10,300 00
South Carolina, on account of old contributions.....	146 01
Tennessee, on account of old contributions.....	3,784 94
Texas, on account of old contributions.....	967 98
Virginia, on account of old contributions.....	68 72
West Virginia, on account of old contributions.....	57 92
Aggregate.....	\$ 97,769 82
Less amount of original expenses.....	2,550 62
Cash on deposit.....	\$ 95,210 20
Tennessee Centennial Exposition Co., held in assets.....	6,026 06
C. B. Rouss's authority for sight drafts.....	100,000 00
Total assets as stated.....	\$201,237 16

NOTE.—Amounts withheld by agents are not estimated.
*Since table was made the Confederate Association at Lexington, Ky., has paid over \$311.30, and the Kentucky subscription stands as fully paid.

†After the table was finished additional contributions were received from New York.

Attest: JNO. C. UNDERWOOD,
Supt. and Sec'y C. M. A.

(SEAL)
The foregoing report will be carefully examined with interest.

CONFEDERATE ALMANAC FOR 1862.

The VETERAN has purchased an edition of the "Confederate States Almanac for 1862," compiled by H. C. Clark, of Vicksburg, which has been republished and has additions of many valuable features. The book comprises ninety-six pages of valuable and very interesting history. The almanac proper comprises, in addition to eclipses, calendar, etc., the history of the formation of the Confederacy, the Executive Government, population, resources, the Constitution of the Confederate States, chronicle of events, rates of postage, army wages, a list of the general officers in the army, the Congress, State governments, etc.

There is supplemental sixteen pages containing the Thanksgiving Proclamation of President Davis, Gen. Lee's order on the death of Stonewall Jackson, correspondence between Lee and Grant, Gen. J. E. Johnston's address to the Army of Tennessee, also Hood's address to the same army, and farewell addresses of Gens. R. E. Lee, J. E. Johnston, E. Kirby Smith, Joseph Wheeler, J. B. Gordon, C. A. Evans, N. B. Forrest, and Col. John S. Mosby; the strength of the Army of Northern Virginia at the surrender, war poetry, etc. In its increased form the book is called the "Confederate Souvenir." It will be sent free to any subscriber who in renewing sends one new subscriber while the edition lasts, or it will be sent for one new subscriber whether or not with a renewal. When sending be certain to ask for the "Almanac for 1862."

GENEROUS ACT BY NASHVILLE FIRM.

The donation by the Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing Company, Nashville, Tenn., of a carload of stoves and stove trimmings to the destitute of stricken Galveston was a fitting tribute from this conspicuously prosperous concern. It gave pride to the VETERAN as well as gratitude.

In accepting the offer which the company mentioned made through the Chamber of Commerce of this city Gov. Sayers, of Texas, instructed shipment of the car to Mr. W. A. McVitie, Chairman of the Relief Committee, and one hundred of those popular and famous cook stoves, the Black Oaks, equipped with vessels, pipes, etc., were shipped, so that each needy recipient will have an outfit which can be put at once into service without necessitating the purchase of anything except the food and fuel.

This generous act has contributed to the pride which the people of Nashville, and deservedly so, feel in this splendid institution. It pleases the VETERAN to note in connection that this firm is one of its best patrons. It must be a comfort to all who can do so to help those noble people in their calamity.

In this connection it is stated that the VETERAN advances for a year its eighty subscribers in Galveston. This notice will advise them of the cause for change of date on their subscriptions to a year beyond which they have paid—that is, the subscriber in the section referred to who has paid up to January 1, 1901, will receive the VETERAN until 1902, etc. In no city has the patronage of the VETERAN been more steadfast. Honor and sympathy to them!

Evolution, Showing the Changes of Old Father Time Photographic and Autographic.



R. W. Jennings

1855, age 17 years—Holding position as bookkeeper with the Trion Manufacturing Co., at Trion, Ga., being the commencement of his career as a bookkeeper.



R. W. Jennings

1860, age 22 years—Holding position as head bookkeeper with the wholesale firm of Gardner & Co., Nashville, and receiving a salary of \$1,200 per annum.



R. W. Jennings

1868, age 30 years—Junior partner and head of the countingroom in the two wholesale firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., Nashville.



R. W. Jennings

1900, age 62 years.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, Vol. 11, page 130, says:

"R. W. Jennings, the founder and manager of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, was born in Edgefield, S. C., March 19, 1838, where his father and grandfather had been reared. At the age of sixteen he commenced clerking in a retail store, and in 1855 he became bookkeeper for the Trion Manufacturing Co., at Trion, Ga. In January, 1857, he came to Nashville and secured a position as bookkeeper for the wholesale house of Gardner & Co., where he remained until 1861, when he entered the Planters' Bank as bookkeeper. In 1864 he filled an important position with the great house of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, where he was directed to overhaul and examine into the books of that firm, running back for a period of nineteen years. In 1865 he was teller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., resigning this in December of that year to accept a partnership in the two firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., Nashville, the latter being the largest wholesale house which has ever been established in Nashville. Withdrawing from these firms in 1872, he was until 1884 the senior partner in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Goodbar & Co., Jennings, Eakin & Co., Jennings, Dismukes & Woolwine, and R. W. Jennings & Co. Thus Mr. Jennings brings to his work as a business educator the ripe experience of thirty years in actual business."

SUMMARY.

Forty-five years a business man. Forty-four years a bookkeeper. Thirty-five years an expert bookkeeper. Thirty years an expert on handwriting. Fifteen years a business educator.



R. W. Jennings

1876, age 38 years—Senior partner and head of the firm of the wholesale house of Jennings, Eakin & Co.



R. W. Jennings

1884, age 46 years—Retiring from the wholesale business in Nashville and opening up Jennings' Business College in Nashville.



R. W. Jennings

1902, age 64 years—Eight years' experience as a business educator.

For Circulars from This School Address R. W. Jennings, Nashville, Tenn.

CATARRH CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by adding a 3-cent stamp, naming the paper, W. A. Hayes, 220 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A HERO.

BY SUSANNA BRYAN, SAVANNAH, GA.

Who in the days when the bugle note rang,
Calling the Southland to rise and stand,
Rode to battle like knight of old,
With a flaming sword in his good right hand?
Courageous John B. Gordon.
Who, when the conflict waged long and fierce,
Sweeping the land with carnage dread,
Boldly led where the death rain fell,
Drenching the earth with a flood of red?

Fearless John B. Gordon.
Who, when a horde of countless might
Rushed over the land with torch and brand,
And swung at the throat of the struggling South,
Stood with that shattered hero band?
Faithful John B. Gordon.
Who rose in the halls of counsel
And spoke with a clarion call
For the rights of a fallen nation
Which the tyrant held in thrall?
Daring John B. Gordon.
Who stands to-day unyielding.
A grand old man of might,
Proclaiming that Southern children
Shall know that the South was right?
Resolute John B. Gordon.
Then honor him, O ye Southland,
And silence the critic's sting.
This man whose deeds of valor
The cycling years will sing—
Noble John B. Gordon.

Young Folks and Old Folks, Little People and Large People, all Sorts and Sizes of People should use

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic,

the Great Southern Remedy, and the "World-Beater" for Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Inflamed Eyes, Sore Throat, Prickly Heat, Poison Ivy, Stings of Insects, or any wound or inflammation. Unequaled for wire-cuts, harness sores, fistula, and foot evil on stock. Cures colic quickly in man or beast. Pleasant, harmless, reliable.

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By Judge John N. Lyle, of Waco, Tex., who was a lieutenant of the "Guard." Over five hundred large octavo pages, splendidly illustrated, with photo engravings of Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and other Confederate heroes under whom the "Guard" served; also of the officers and men of the "Guard" army and other sketches in the best style of art. The South was "right," according to this book. In fine English cloth, \$2.50; in full seal morocco, \$3.75, payable on delivery of book. Send orders to J. N. Lyle, Waco, Tex., and help insure its publication.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, Commander of the Maryland line, after reading manuscript, wrote the author: "Your pictures (pen) of camp life and of the Confederate soldier on the march and by the camp fire have never been equaled by any writer on either side that I have read, and I have read many of them. You have done justice to us, and a service to posterity and to the cause of truth and justice for all time."

Col. M. B. Davis, staff correspondent of the *Dallas (Tex.) News* (daily): "You have most artistically threaded upon the story of the Washington College Co. (Stonewall Jackson's Guard) scenes and incidents in college, in civil life and army life, that are so graphically told as to fix and delight the attention of both the old and the young. You are the first I have read after who makes mention of and does justice to the thousands of Constitutionalists in the Southern Border States and in the Northern States, who suffered false imprisonment for their faithfulness to the Constitution. Your prison scenes, as illustrated in the experience of Belle Boyd, Hon. D. A. Mahoney, of Iowa, Judges Duff and Mulky, of Illinois, and Editor McDowell, of Pennsylvania, and other political prisoners, must make your book extremely popular throughout the entire Union."

The Rev. Dr. R. K. Smoot, Presbyterian Church, Austin, Tex.: "Like a boy that gets something suited to his palate, it whetted my appetite, and I wanted more of it. For fine description, graphic delineation, and varied humor, I have never seen its equal. It has a freshness and vigor, thrilling interest, and a charming style that ought to make it the most interesting and popular of all the books written on the war between the States."

A CHRISTMAS GIFT NEW ALL
THE YEAR ROUND.

In choosing a Christmas gift what can afford more pleasant or lasting pleasure than a subscription to *The Youth's Companion*? The delight with which it is welcomed on Christmas morning is renewed every week in the year.

Those who wish to present a year's subscription to a friend may also have *The Companion's* beautiful new "Puritan

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Thin, Diseased, Impure Blood, Bumps, Boils, Eating Sores, Scrofula, Eruptions, Eczema, Itching and Burning Skin and all Blood and Skin Humors cured, Blood made pure and rich and all sores healed by taking a few bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Sold at Drug stores, large bottles, \$1. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) thoroughly tested for 30 years. Cures when all else fails. Try it.

Send 5 cents to pay postage on Free trial Bottle, Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Girl" Calendar for 1901 sent with it. This calendar reproduces in 12-color printings an ideal portrait of a Puritan maiden of Plymouth. In addition to this all the issues of *The Companion* for the remaining weeks of 1900 are sent free from the time subscription is received for the new volume.

Those wishing to make a present of *The Companion*, and mentioning it when subscribing will receive, in addition to the gifts offered above, a beautiful printed certificate of subscription to place among the presents on Christmas morning.

Illustrated Announcement of the volume for 1901 sent with sample copies of the paper free to any address.

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JOSHUA BROWN, Esq., 45 Wall St., New York;
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The attention of VETERAN subscribers is called to the advertisement of the Sherrouse Medicine Co., of New Orleans, La., a most reputable firm of medicine manufacturers. A sample bottle of Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic, the great remedy for cuts, bruises, burns, etc., will be sent free on application. Do not fail to try this remedy.

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Sixteenth Regiment,
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In the War between the States.

With incidental sketches of the part performed by other Tennessee Troops in the same war—1861-1865.

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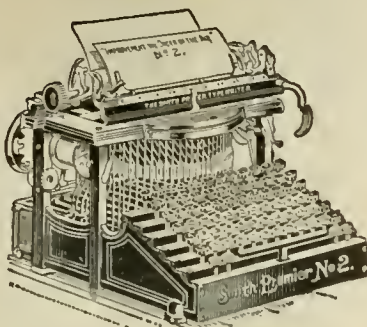
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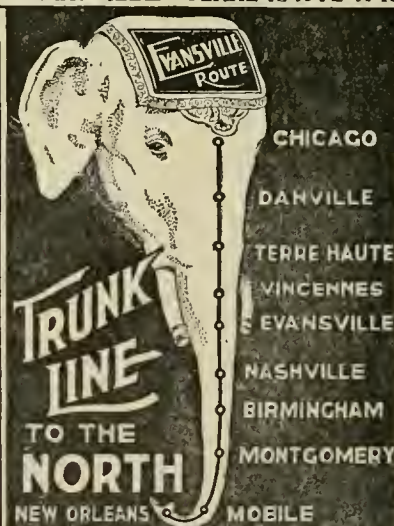
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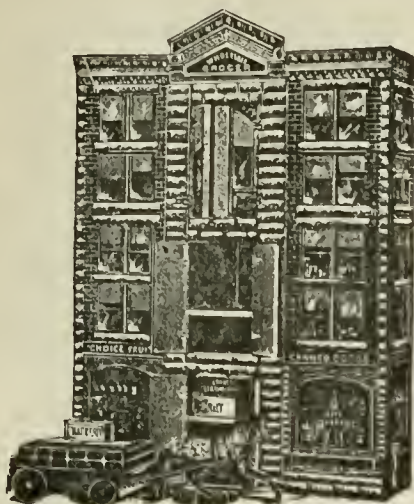
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While the *VETERAN* does not spare space now to describe in detail this Union Passenger Station, it mentions with pride that it is without doubt the finest railway station in America.

The address at the formal celebration on October 9, 1900, which is historic, was made by President J. W. Thomas, of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway system. He gave brief accounts of the railway stations erected in Nashville since the first one, in 1854, by the Chattanooga Company, stating that "a second on Broad Street, near Vine, built by the Tennessee & Alabama Railroad; a third on College Street, built by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad; a fourth by the Nashville & Northwestern; a fifth by the Edgefield & Kentucky; and a sixth on Cherry Street, built in 1872 by the Tennessee & Pacific," had all been of use in their time.

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Tolu,
Pepsin.



"Kis-Me."

He asked her, with a tender glance,
Which gum she most preferred,
O, "KIS-ME" she replied at once,
And he took her at her word.

American Chicle Co.,
KIS-ME GUM FACTORY,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. { VOL. VIII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 11. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.



MRS. EDWIN G. WEED, PRESIDENT U. D. C.

The seventh annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will convene in the House of Representatives of the first Capital of the Confederate States Wednesday morning, November 14, at eleven o'clock. Bishop Barnwell, of Alabama, has been invited to open with prayer. Mrs. Chappell Cory, of Montgomery, will deliver the address of welcome. The building which was the office of the Confederate States government, and where the Cabinet

held their meetings, is now a hotel, located on the corner of Commerce and Bibb Streets.



MRS. J. P. HICKMAN, SECRETARY U. D. C.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in Montgomery, about six hundred strong, have achieved remarkable results by their diligence and zeal in building their fine monument and contributing in various other memorials to Confederate soldiers, besides their steadfastness in caring for the decrepit and the orphan children of those who have crossed over the river. They never become lukewarm or indifferent to the fact that they have charge of the "Cradle of the Confederacy." At this meeting they will do what they can for their sisters who may gather there from the various Southern States.

The meeting at Montgomery, Ala., of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is an event of much importance. The great growth of the organization assures that for generations ahead the women of the South will continue to be potent factors in preserving

the worthy fame of Confederate soldiers. It is interesting to review the humble birth of the organization but a few years ago, and to recall how its young life flickered before it had materialized sufficiently to be assured of permanence. There is an unhappy wrangle in regard to who conceived the plan of organization, and undue importance is given it; for the Veterans already had a general organization, and it would seem natural enough that the Daughters would follow their example. It seems well to repeat in this connection what has heretofore been stated in the VETERAN, that Mrs. A. M. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., who was the first Vice President ever elected, deserves lasting gratitude for her zealous work in its early history. This notice is repeated because of failure to print a statement from her sometime since.



MISS A. M. RAINES.



MONTGOMERY WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Montgomery White House Association was formed June 28, 1900, at the residence of Mrs. Clifford Lanier. The ladies hope to purchase and establish a library and museum for Alabama and this part of the South. The initiation fee is only twenty-five cents. They would like members from every part of the country, and hope to have names sent it to go on the charter roll. The officers are: Mrs. Jefferson Davis, New York, Queen Regent; Mrs. J. D. Beale, Montgomery, Ala., Regent; Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, Huntsville, Ala., First Vice Regent; Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, Opelika, Ala., Second Vice Regent; Mrs. E. M. Trimble, Montgomery, Ala., Recording Secretary; Mrs. John

W. A. Sanford, Montgomery, Ala., Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. C. J. Housman, Montgomery, Ala., Treasurer.

This house is being preserved because President Davis and his family lived three for three months while Montgomery was the capital of the Confederacy. Mrs. Davis says elegant receptions and dinners were given in this house.

Although Mr. Davis lived in the White House for only six weeks, it is the first one the Confederacy ever had, and naturally is very dear to the hearts of many Daughters, as well as the White House Association, which was formed to preserve it.

"They can live on sentiment," said a Daughter of the Confederacy in regard to the Montgomery meeting of the U. D. C. A lady writing from Montgomery states: "While it is not our wish to entertain our guests with sentiment alone, I will recall several of our historic places to your memory, and ask you if this clever Daughter was so far from right in her boast.



FIRST CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY AT MONTGOMERY.

Of our grand old Capitol every Montgomerian, Alabamian, and Confederate should be proud. In the early sixties you remember a body of Southern men met in this building to discuss war, and after reluctantly deciding that this was the best course to pursue, the executives took the oath of office on the veranda of this building. The place where Jefferson Davis stood has been marked by a brass star, placed there by the Sophia Bibb, the first Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy formed in Montgomery. They have also put several cases of valuable relics in the rotunda, and hung portraits of Alabama's generals, which has added much to its historic interest."

In the treasurer's office, under lock and key, is the only Bible on which the first and only President of the Confederate States took his oath of office. It is understood that the Convention will be opened in the Senate Chamber where the first Confederate Congress met, with a Psalm read from that historic Bible.

Because of the meeting of the State Legislature, the Daughters cannot have this hall for all their meetings.



Every one has heard of the Exchange, the historic Exchange Hotel. Here, you remember, the first Cabinet met, and here the President lived for most of the time he was in Montgomery. The headquarters of the Convention will be in the Exchange Hotel.



MRS. JOHN A. KIRKPATRICK.

The President of the Alabama State Division, U. D. C., is Mrs. John A. Kirkpatrick, of Montgomery. She is a daughter of the late Gen. James T. Holtzclaw, who was one of the most gallant brigadier generals in the war. At the time of his death he was Commander in Chief of the veterans of Alabama. Her husband was a boy soldier of fifteen, being a member of Walter's Battery, Charleston, S. C. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is one of the brightest women in Montgomery, and inherits from both parents the art of making and retaining friends. She has extraordinary executive ability, and to her belongs the honor of organizing the first Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in historic Montgomery.

Great credit is due to Mrs. Allie C. Birch, of Montgomery, who is Chairman of the Entertainment Com-

mittee of the U. D. C. Convention. She is a daughter of the late Alex C. Clitherall, who was the first Secretary of the Confederate Congress. Her efforts have been untiring to make the Convention a success. An account of her valuable relics from the Confederate government will be given soon in the VETERAN.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ON CAPITOL HILL, MONTGOMERY.

No Confederate account of Montgomery would be complete without the mention of the handsome monument which the ladies of the Memorial Association have erected on Capitol Hill. The photograph of the above was made by the lamented young patriot, Sidney Phelan Beale, of Montgomery.

Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis writes from the Girard Hotel, New York, November 13:

I inclose \$5 for copies to be distributed to the veterans gratis, and congratulate you upon the position you have assumed upon the subject of Southern school-books. We owe it to our gallant "dead on the field of carnage," and also to the living, who, maimed and impoverished, have lost all but honor, to maintain the righteousness of our cause before their descendants, the "men of heart" of the future. It is not enough to know we were right; we must show the reason of our faith.

The above indicates the importance of sending names for sample copies. Let all our people cooperate, now that the VETERAN is so well established, and the result will be all that they can desire.

This suitable ritual is used in the burial of veterans:

We pay this last tribute of friendship to our honored dead. We commit to the grave the body of a comrade whose life, aside from its other ties of friendship and sociability, was drawn very close to ours by a bond of love which was formed amid common peril and welded in the fires of battle. Tried and true, he was a veteran Confederate soldier. He has left to his comrades and family a record which is a glorious heritage. Impartial history will vindicate his motives, and write his deeds illustrious.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS OF THE U. D. C.

The following reports are from Chapters, giving membership, representatives to Montgomery, and what they have done in rearing monuments and helping veterans in need:

Alabama Charter Chapter, Camden, Ala.: Membership, 57; to be represented at Montgomery by Mesdames W. F. Spurlin and D. S. Pritchett; alternates, Misses McWilliams and Tait. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$67.50, all in 1900. It has been sent to assist in erecting the Jefferson Davis and Beauregard monuments, and to needy Confederate veterans, and proposes to assist in every worthy cause. Mrs. M. T. Beck, President, writes: "We have a monument, which was the third that was erected in the State. It was unveiled on the 26th of April, 1880. The monument was erected by the Wilcox Memorial Association at a cost of \$1,064.39."

Admiral Semmes Chapter, Auburn, Ala.: Members, 25; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. B. A. Wills, delegate, or Miss Anita Washington, alternate. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$35. It has been applied as follows: Old Soldiers' Fund, \$15; memorial stones, \$10; Jefferson Davis Monument, \$10. We have a handsome granite monument.

Pensacola Chapter, Pensacola, Fla.: Membership, 57. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$629. It has been applied as follows: Beautifying R. E. Lee Square, assisted Jefferson Davis Monument Fund and the Jacksonville Home, and bought Crosses of Honor, and proposes to aid Jacksonville Home for old veterans and to give Crosses of Honor to the veterans. Miss Mary Wittich, Secretary, writes: "We have a very pretty Confederate monument, built of granite. It is about sixty-five feet high, and cost five thousand dollars. It is situated in the R. E. Lee Square, one of the prettiest parts of the city."

Athens Chapter, Athens, Ga.: Membership, 110; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. A. S. Erwin (daughter of Gen. Howell Cobb), Mrs. A. L. Hull

(daughter of Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb), Miss Rutherford (President of the Chapter), Mrs. T. W. Reed (Secretary), and Miss S. Gerdine (Treasurer). There has been raised under the auspices of this Chapter this year \$200. It has paid for a monument to the unknown dead buried in Athens, aided in the erection of the Winnie Davis Monument at Richmond, and in removing bodies of Confederate dead in many localities, and proposes to aid materially in erecting the



MRS. HELEN J. PLANE, ATLANTA, GA.

Winnie Davis Memorial in Georgia. We have the honor of having in Athens, if not the first, certainly the second monument to our Confederate heroes ever erected in Georgia. This monument is of Italian marble, and bears the names of those who fell in battle from our city and county. This is the monument to which Henry Grady alluded in his famous speech, his father's name being among the officers. The cost of the erection of this monument was \$4,444.44. Mrs. Williams Rutherford, the first President of the Memorial Association at Athens, is the one to whom the credit is due of having this monument erected. Mr. Markwaller, of Augusta, designed it, and Judge A. S. Erwin, of Athens, delivered the memorial address at the unveiling June 3, 1872. It was Judge Erwin's wife, a member of the Athens Chapter, who conceived the idea of bestowing the Cross of Honor, and he has the distinction of having had presented to him "Cross No. 1."

Fort Tyler Chapter, West Point, Ga.: Membership, 43; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Mary Winston Higginbotham and Mrs. Anna Anderson Harris. Mrs. A. A. Harris, Secretary, writes that "there is no Confederate monument at West Point, Ga., at present, but Fort Tyler Chapter is trying to raise a fund for the purpose of placing one here, and hopes to accomplish the task at not a distant day."

James D. Franklin Chapter, Tennille, Ga.: Membership, 32; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs.



MRS. HALLIE A. ROUNSAVILLE, ROME, GA.

Helen Rogers Franklin, President of the Chapter. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$10. It has been applied to the Winnie Davis Monument Fund, and we propose to contribute more to this memorial in our State, also to the erection of a monument to Jefferson Davis at Montgomery and the Museum at Richmond. There are no graves of Confederate soldiers who died during the war in our town, but we observe memorial day as a lesson to the children, that they may assist in perpetuating the memory of our Southern heroes.

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Evansville, Ind.: Membership, 30; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Fannie Keen Roach and Mrs. Capt. Williams. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$31.25. It was applied toward the relief of the Galveston sufferers, and we propose to raise one hundred dollars for the Confederate monument at Richmond, Va. The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter was organized in February with seven charter members. The membership has now reached thirty, with prospect of a large increase in the near future. We hope to accomplish much, for our hearts are still loyal and true to the cause we so loved and lost. Mrs. J. R. Ferguson is President, and Mrs. J. Y. Cabaniss is the Secretary.

Basil C. Duke Chapter, Maysville, Ky.: Membership, 53; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. George W. Sulser. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter about \$60. It has paid the monthly dues and expenses of one delegate to the State Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held at Richmond, Ky., November, 1899, and we propose to have an entertainment soon for the purpose of paying the expenses of one delegate to both National



MISS MARY F. MEARS, COR. SEC. U. D. C., WILMINGTON, N. C.

and State Conventions. We hope to build a monument in the future. Two entertainments were given last winter, at which were realized seventy-five dollars. This money is now laid in bank as a nest egg for money with which to build a monument to be placed here in memory of twenty-three Confederate soldiers who lie buried in our cemetery and to others who may hereafter be laid here. Mrs. Thomas J. Chenoweth, President, and Mrs. George W. Sulser is Corresponding Secretary.

Henrietta Morgan Duke Chapter, Georgetown, Ky.: Membership, 32; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Mary Cecil Cantrell, Mrs. W. H. Coffman; proxy, Miss Florence Barlow. There is a very handsome Confederate monument here, erected about twelve years ago by the Confederate veterans and the able assistance of the wives and daughters of the veterans. There are nineteen graves in the Confederate lot, each marked with a white cross. Several are unknown, and the rest from the different Southern States. Each year the graves are beautifully decorated.

New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, New Orleans, La.: Membership, 129; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Lewis Graham, Mrs. J. J. Prowell, Mrs. W. J. Behan, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaughn, and Mrs. D. M. Sholars. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter nearly \$125. We propose to aid the Beauregard Monument Association in erecting a monument to Gen. Beauregard in New Orleans, La. We have a Confederate monument in Greenwood Cemetery, in charge of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association.

Hubert Treille Chapter, Donaldsonville, La.: Membership, 22; to be represented at Montgomery by Misses Adele Landry, Ella Bentley, Anais Vessier,



MRS. J. JEFFERSON THOMAS, TREAS. U. D. C., ATLANTA, GA.



[From photograph U. D. C. at Nashville meeting.]

and Clara Braud. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$3,700. We have contributed \$1,200 to the support of the New Orleans Soldiers' Home, and have also contributed to other charities. Miss L. M. Smith, President, writes that "there is no Confederate monument, but they have a handsome, roomy Confederate tomb situated in the Catholic cemetery. The dedication ceremonies took place on Decoration Day, April 6, 1900."

Vicksburg Chapter, Vicksburg, Miss.: Membership, 95; to be represented at Montgomery by proxy. Mrs. D. M. Durham, the President, writes that "there has been raised under auspices of that Chapter \$1,100. It has paid for the erection of an annex to the State Hospital located at Vicksburg, and proposes to furnish and equip the various rooms for the use of sick Confederate veterans. There is a handsome Confederate monument at this place. On a solid base there stands the figure of a soldier of the Confederate States of America. The Legislature of Mississippi gave two thousand dollars toward the building of the Confederate Hospital Annex, and placed the money in the hands of the President of the Vicksburg Chapter, which, with one thousand dollars raised by the Chapter, paid for the eight-room annex."

Columbus Chapter, Columbus, Miss.: Membership, 57; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. E. T. Sykes, Mrs. Mamie Franklin, and Miss Banks. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$400. Mrs. O. R. Early, Secretary, writes that they "have two Confederate monuments, and hope to have photographs of both to send to the VETERAN at an early date."

Sterling Price Chapter, Lexington, Mo.: Membership, 35; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. G. W. Hyde, Mrs. William Aull, delegates appointed; probably send proxies. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$65. The amount is still in the treasury, and will probably be contributed to a monument at Confederate Home Cemetery, Higginsville, Mo. There is a Confederate monument here, which was fully described in the VETERAN some years since. Our Chapter will make a special effort this winter to study the history of the Confederate war and the causes leading up to it. We have a programme prepared for this occasion, and will be glad to furnish a copy to any one desiring it.

Richmond Grays Chapter, No. 148, Fayette, Mo.: Membership, 50; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. John D. Phillips, of Kansas City. Mrs. H. P. Mason, Secretary, writes that they propose to "do some work in high school to encourage interest in Southern heroes by giving a prize for the best essay. We have contributed to many funds for monuments, etc. We sent thirty dollars to the Red Cross Society for use in the Cuban war. We are awake, active, and our influence in the community is good."

Liberty Chapter, No. 147, Liberty, Mo.: Membership, 17; to be represented at Montgomery by proxy. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$32.25. This sum has been contributed as follows: Forest Hill, Kansas City, Mo., \$20; Van Buren, Ark., \$5; Winnie Davis Monument, \$5; Jeff Davis window, Richmond, Va., \$1; Okolona, Miss., \$1; besides dues paid to State and National Treasurers. Mrs. George Hughes, the President, writes that they

"expect to assist the veterans in building a monument at Liberty, Mo., large enough to inscribe the names of all the soldiers from Clay County, Mo., and remove the remains of all the Confederate dead of the county not claimed by friends."

Guilford Chapter, Greensboro, N. C.: Membership, 110; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Cella B. Brodnax, Mrs. Gentry, Mrs. Aubrey Brooks, and Mrs. Woodruffe. The Chapter has paid this year the following sums: Annual dues, \$30; Chapman pictures, \$10; Vance monument, \$10; for old veterans, \$10; small charities, etc., \$15; and we propose to send \$110 for the Davis monument. They have a handsome monument of granite, a bronze soldier life-size in position 'at rest.'"

Gen. George B. Anderson Chapter, Hillsboro, N. C.: Membership, 20; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. M. W. Parsley, President of the Cape Fear Chapter, Wilmington, N. C. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$103.93. It has been contributed as follows: Chapman pictures, \$5; Soldiers' Home, \$7; Davis Monument Fund, \$75; Vance portrait, \$10; and proposes to work for our North Carolina Soldiers' Home and local objects, marking Confederate graves in our town and county, and preserving relics and historical facts.

Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, Pa.: Membership, 53; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. James T. Halsey, President, and Mrs. T. Ashby Blythe. We propose to place a monument to two hundred and twenty-four Confederate soldiers buried in the National Cemetery, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Giles County Chapter, Pulaski, Tenn.: Membership, 40; to be represented at Montgomery. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$450. We propose to build a monument to the hero-martyr, Sam Davis. This Chapter has been organized only two



MISS MARGUERITE H. G. STRINGER,
Sponsor for Florida Division, U. D. C., Louisville Reunion.

years—October, 1898. E. Mildred McCallum is the Secretary.

A. S. Johnston Chapter, Austin, Tex.: Membership, 143; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. W. H. Tobin, Mrs. Z. T. Fullmore, Mrs. Mary Allsworth, Mrs. J. A. Jackson, Mrs. V. C. Siles, and Mrs. A. C. Graham. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$1,000 or more. From this fund we have paid for the removing of the remains of A. S. Johnston to a new grave in a better location, and are doing a great deal of charity work. Mrs. L. J. Storey writes that "the foundation is laid in the Capitol grounds for a monument to the Southern soldiers. It will be a fine one. Our Chapter is raising money to erect a monument at A. S. Johnston's grave."

William P. Rogers Chapter, No. 44, Victoria, Tex.: Membership, 91; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Cone Johnson, Secretary Texas Division, U. D. C., and Mrs. Mollie M. R. Rosenberg, veuve Jefferson Davis Chapter, Galveston. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$100. Mrs. B. M. Smith, Secretary, writes: "We propose to aid the aged, living veterans first, and then to erect a monument to the memory of Gen. William P. Rogers in Iuka, Miss. We have a fund of \$900 at interest at eight per cent, with which to build a Confederate monument. We have sent our mite of fifteen dollars to aid our sisters in distress in Galveston and Alvin. We have appropriated a fund of ten dollars for Mrs. Rosenberg to select some son or daughter to educate in a business college, and we call on all U. D. C.'s to help."

Dixie Chapter, Sherman, Tex.: Membership, 27; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. M. C. McGill Rosenbury, of Galveston. We have a very handsome monument, which has been described in the VETERAN.



MRS. ELIZABETH POLLARD, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

Ennis Chapter, Ennis, Tex.: Membership, 50; to be represented at Montgomery by the State President, Mrs. Bendette Tobin, of Austin. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$60. The Ennis Chapter sends money to assist the Soldiers' Home at Austin, also sends them dainties. The Ennis Chapter celebrates Jefferson Davis and Gen. Lee's birthdays and Decoration Day. Miss Kate L. Daffon writes that "the officers in the Ennis Chapter are: Mrs. L. A. Daffon, President; Mrs. J. P. Mann, First Vice President; Mrs. A. L. Westbrook, Second Vice President; Mrs. A. H. Dumkerley, Recording Secretary; Miss Katie L. Daffon, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. C. M. Clarke, Treasurer; Mrs. J. M. Dumkerley, Historian. The Chapter has been organized five years. The meetings are full of interest and pleasure to members and visitors. A special programme is given at each meeting, consisting of addresses, music, and recitations. There are ten honorary members. The Chapter assists Camp James Longstreet in their programmes and general work. They take care of all local disabled Confederate soldiers and their families. Their object and purpose is memorial, charitable, historical, and social."

John H. Reagan Chapter, No. 363, Palestine, Tex.: Membership, 49; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Robert M. Jackson and Mrs. Georgia Crawford. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$224.75. From this fund the following donations have been made: Jefferson Davis monument, \$40; Galveston sufferers, \$25; sundries, \$20. Total, \$85. We have no monument yet, but hope to place one here later. The Chapter was organized February 15, 1900.

Gen. John Dunovant Chapter, Eagle Lake, Tex.: Membership, 37; to be represented at Montgomery by Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, State Historian, Texas Division. There has been raised under auspices of this

Chapter \$30. The Chapter has the nucleus of a library of true Southern literature. Its motto is: "In to-day walks to-morrow."

Joseph Wheeler Chapter, No. 243, Sulphur Springs, Tex.: Membership, 108; to be represented at Mont-



MRS. V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

gomery by Mrs. Lydia Nance, Mrs. Hallie Robertson, and Mrs. Minnie Smith. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$100. From this sum contributions have been made to charity, monuments, and to the Confederate Home at Austin. We propose to build a monument in our Confederate Cemetery. This Chapter was organized July 1, 1898, by our President, Mrs. Stella P. Dinsmore. From a membership of only seven we have increased to seventy-four lady members and thirty-four honorary gentleman members. Our Chapter is in good working order, and closely cemented in a fraternal interest in all U. D. C. work. Mrs. Stella Putman Dinsmore is President, and Mrs. Mary J. Blythe is Secretary.

Mollie Moore Davis Chapter, Tyler, Tex.: Membership, 58; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Cone Johnson, President; Mrs. James LeGrande, Third Vice President; and Mrs. Mary Boren Pegues. There has been raised under auspices of the Chapter \$456 for a monument fund, the monument to be erected over the graves of two hundred and thirty-one Confederate soldiers who were buried here during the war. We gave an "Old Fiddlers' Contest," at which we cleared \$375. We observe the birthdays of Davis and Lee, and Decoration Day. We also observed November 2, which was set aside as Memorial Day for the Daughters who have died in Texas this year. We sent a box of literature Christmas to the Confederate Home at Austin, gave \$5 to a Confederate veteran, \$15 to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, \$10 and clothing to the flood sufferers, and sent \$5 to be used by Alvin Chapter as they thought best for some sufferer by the storm.



MRS. MAGGIE DAVIS HAYS AND MISS WINNIE DAVIS;



SPONSORS FOR THE SOUTH AT THE BIRMINGHAM REUNION, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Bell County Chapter, No. 101, Belton, Tex.: Membership, 78; to be represented at Montgomery by Miss Iney Carter, Miss Mable McFarland Austin, and Miss Jack Harris. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$600. From this fund we have paid for an iron fence around Confederate Park, responded to various calls over the South, and propose to have a society room and accumulate a library. Mrs. A. J. Harris, President, writes: "We will build a Confederate monument, and have some money on hand for that purpose. We are always glad to have the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to come. It tells us of our friends scattered over the different States, and carries us back to the war times when we were young.

Harrison Harwood Chapter, Charles City, Va.: Membership, 21; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., proxy. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$650. It has paid for a monument to be erected to the Confederate dead of Charles City County. In two years this small Chapter has raised enough money to pay for a granite shaft, which will be unveiled in this November. It is of Virginia granite, and about twenty feet high.

Rawley Martin Chapter, Chatham, Va.: Membership, 20; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. W. C. N. Marchant. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$125. From this fund there has been paid to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, \$3; Bull Run Chapter, for cemetery, \$5; Mt. Jackson Chapter, \$3; for soldiers buried in the North, \$3; and

we propose to aid our sister Chapters and do our best in all Confederate work. A very beautiful monument ornaments our court green. The money was raised by a memorial association now extinct, and it was erected under the auspices of the U. D. C. The monument stands twenty-three feet high, the base and die block being of Virginia granite, suitably inscribed, and measuring seventeen feet. It is surmounted by a figure of Italian marble at parade rest.

Culpeper Chapter, Culpeper, Va.: Membership, 54; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. R. Emmet Crump, Vice President Virginia Division, proxy. Mrs. G. C. Lightfoot, President, writes: "This Chapter has paid from fifteen to twenty dollars annually for the support of needy veterans and their children, besides helping other Chapters with inclosures for Confederate dead. One hundred and fifty dollars has been paid for improvements to monument and graves. We have a massive granite monument with graves kept in order by the Chapter. Between five and six hundred are buried under the mound, and most of the names with regiment and date of death are preserved in the Chapter scrapbook kept by the Chapter."

J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, Va.: Membership, 82; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. S. T. McCullough. The three other delegates are uncertain. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$400. From this fund contributions have been made to all causes dear to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and we propose to continue as an auxiliary to Stonewall Jackson Camp Confederate

Veterans. Mrs. McCullough writes that "the Confederate section of the Thornrose Cemetery has one of the most beautiful monuments in the South, the marble figure of an infantry soldier, leaning on his bayonet. Underneath are buried the 'unknown



VIEW OF RIGHT FRONT MONTGOMERY CAPITOL.

dead.' On the four sides are the insignia of the branches of the service — artillery, infantry, cavalry, and engineers; also inscriptions. There are some two thousand soldiers buried here."

Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Alexandria, Va.: Membership, 65; to be represented at Montgomery by Miss Mary Lee Lloyd, Mrs. James E. Alexander, and Mrs. Edwin H. O'Brien. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter about \$550. It has paid \$150 for one soldier in the Home at Richmond, sent \$60 to Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, \$75 to help improve site of Confederate monument, \$25 to help mark graves in the North, besides many donations to Chapters asking help. The beautiful Confederate monument at Alexandria is under the control of the Woman's Auxiliary of Lee Camp, an organization founded before the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The Mary Custis Lee Chapter lays special stress on its first object, "Care for the living Confederate soldier," has cared for many sick and needy, given decent burial to several, and is doing good work. The officers are: Mrs. G. Williams Ramsay, President; and Mrs. E. H. O'Brien, Secretary.

Waynesboro Chapter, Waynesboro, Va.: Membership, 45; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Elliott G. Fishburne. Miss Lulu Bush, Recording Secretary, writes that "this Chapter has paid for the maintenance of several disabled veterans, and proposes to erect a monument.

Corinth Chapter, Corinth, Miss.: Membership, 27; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, of Okolona. There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$190. From this fund \$51 has been paid for the improvement of Confederate Park, and we propose to inclose and beautify said park. Mrs. Maggie B. Johns, Recording Secretary, writes: "There is a Confederate monument in the center of

our city, at the crossing of Waldran and Franklin Streets. It is a limestone shaft, twenty feet from base to top, completed with a figure of a Confederate soldier in uniform. It cost one thousand dollars, and was erected in honor of Col. W. P. Rogers and other soldiers who fell in the battle of Corinth."

Loudoun Chapter, Grand Division of Virginia, Leesburg, Va.: Membership, 52; to be represented at Montgomery by Mrs. Robert Meade, President Grand Division of Virginia. Mrs. George Hoffman, Recording Secretary, writes: "There has been raised under auspices of this Chapter \$251.92. From this fund donations have been made as follows: Prison dead, \$29; Jefferson Davis Monument, \$50; tombstones to unknown dead, \$25; and repairing monument, \$20. We propose to erect in the near future a monument to all the sons of Loudoun who were killed in the late war. There is a monument in Leesburg Cemetery erected especially to the memory of those gallant sons of the South who fell at the battle of Ball's Bluff. It is a tall, marble shaft, kept in good repair. Our Loudoun Chapter is decidedly flourishing. Entire harmony prevails under the able and experienced management of the President, Mrs. Stirling Murrey."

Ada T. Richardson, Corresponding Secretary, writes that the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, with 129 members, has contributed to many worthy causes. They assist the Soldiers' Home (Camp Nichols), and help to pay for a nurse at the Infirmary of the Home. They have given to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, Richmond, \$10; to the Beauregard Monument Fund, New Orleans, \$10. They have given \$5 to each of the following: New Orleans Ladies' Galveston Relief Association, the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, the Memorial Hall, the Blanford Church Fund, Petersburg, Va., for a memorial window; and smaller sums to monument funds at Shreveport, La., Houston, Tex., and Oklahoma, Miss. There was



CHAMBER IN WHICH FIRST CONFEDERATE SENATE ASSEMBLED.

raised last year under its auspices, by volunteer subscriptions, \$25; by a concert, \$30; by trolley car rides, \$64. They expect to give an entertainment ere long to replenish their treasury.

A statement has been sent to several thousands of subscribers during this month of November. Will each one kindly give immediate attention to that offer?

ORIGIN OF UNITED DAUGHTERS.

At a regular meeting of Nashville Chapter No. 1, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in the city of Nashville, Tenn., on November 1, 1900, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas at the Richmond Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in November, 1900, Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, President of the Georgia Division, suggested that proof should be taken as to who originated the idea of uniting all the organizations of Southern women into one federation, in order that it might be printed in the minutes of the Montgomery Convention; and whereas the Nashville Chapter No. 1, United Daughters of the Confederacy, have taken proof, and submit the following evidences, substantiating the fact that Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, of Nashville, Tenn., first originated the idea:

On March 25, 1890, the ladies of Nashville organized and had chartered the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and Mrs. M. C. Goodlett was elected State President thereof.

On May 10, 1892, at a dinner given by the Ladies' Auxiliary, on Summer Street, in Nashville, on motion of Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, the name of the Ladies' Auxiliary was changed to Daughters of the Confederacy.

In 1894, Mrs. Goodlett having conceived the idea of organing all associations of Southern women into one body, to be known as the Daughters of the Confederacy, in May of that year, at a meeting of the Nashville Chapter, the object was brought forward and published in the *Nashville American*. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Goodlett received a letter from Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., indorsing the idea, and requesting that a copy of the constitution, charter, and by-laws of the Nashville Chapter should be sent her for examination, and asking if Savannah women could be organized under the Nashville charter.

Thereafter the Nashville Chapter issued a call, inviting all Southern women to meet with it on September 9, 1894, in the rooms of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, for the organization of all Daughters of the Confederacy into one federation. The following ladies attended this meeting: Mesdames M. C. Goodlett, John Overton, J. B. Lindsley, William Hume, Isabella Clark, George B. Guild, W. B. Maney, R. H. Dudley, Nathaniel Gooch, W. J. McMurray, A. E. Snyder, John P. Hickman, Miss White May, and others, of Nashville; Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah; and Mrs. Myers, of Texas. On that night Mrs. Rains went home with Mrs. Goodlett, carrying with her the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans. On the next morning Mrs. Goodlett and Mrs. Raines presented a draft of the new constitution of the new organization to be known as the National Daughters of the Confederacy, which, after being amended, was adopted, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Nashville, President; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Savannah, First Vice President; Mrs. J. C. Myers, Texas, Second Vice President; Miss White May, Nashville, Third Vice President; Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Secretary; Mrs. J. B. Lindsley, Nashville, Treasurer.

It was also determined at this meeting that the Nashville Chapter should be known as No. 1, and the Savannah Chapter as No. 2. Several errors and

inaccuracies being discovered in the constitution as adopted, another meeting was called to meet at the same place on March 30, 1895. This meeting was attended by all the ladies above mentioned, besides several others of the Nashville Chapter, and Mrs. A. T. Smythe, of Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. William Parsley, of Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. Fleming DuBignon and Miss Lamar, of Savannah, Ga.; and Mrs. R. A. Allison, of Jackson, Tenn.

At this meeting the constitution was amended. Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie was made Vice President in the place of Mrs. Myers. Mrs. Smythe and Mrs. Parsley were made Vice Presidents, and the Wilmington Chapter was made No. 3, the Charleston Chapter No. 4, and the Jackson Chapter No. 5.

This proof has been gotten by records in the office of our Secretary of State, proof by the parties who were present at the meetings and from numerous letters from Mrs. L. H. Raines to Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, which are now in the possession of Mrs. Goodlett, and which have been exhibited to and read by the Chapter.

If Mrs. Goodlett did not originate the idea, why was she made the first President? and why was the Nashville Chapter given the honor of being designated as No. 1.

All proof taken, and all letters from Mrs. L. H. Raines, with all original papers, will be submitted to any committee the Convention may see proper to appoint, if it is not convinced by the statements herein set forth. Therefore,

Resolved by the Nashville Chapter No. 1, that this statement of facts shall be read at the Montgomery Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and printed in the proceedings of the Convention and in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

By order of the Nashville Chapter.

Mrs. LIZZIE OVERTON CRAIGHEAD, *President*;
Miss MARTHA A. HILL, *Secretary*.



MISS ESTELLE COLEMAN, VICKSBURG, MISS.,
President First Chapter of "Daughters of Confederates."



"TELL THE CHILDREN ALL TO BE GOOD."

Reader, do you recall by whom was written the above message? It was in itself a sermon, and should be taken up by every Christian minister and echoed by every teacher of the human race in religious and sectarian schools. It was written by a Confederate soldier November 26, 1863. He began his letter to his "dear mother," telling of his impending fate: "O how painful it is to write to you! I have got to die to-morrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I am not afraid to die." Then after signing his immortal name, Samuel Davis, he began again: "Mother, *tell the children all to be good*. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never can. Do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good." No stronger evidence has been shown of desire to live, and a way was open for him. It was urged even affectionately by those who had in their keeping the power to set him free, but the conditions involved what he regarded dishonor, and he could not consider such an act. What an awful predicament! "They argued, pleaded, threatened;" but it was no use. There was not a ray of light between him and eternity. There was not the incentive that he could further help the cause for which his life had been so constantly in peril. He said: "The boys will have to fight the balance of the battles without me." There was not the evidence that he would leave a name to fame, as his enemies encompassed him, but truth and honor were so imbedded in his soul that he could not consider any terms which involved the surrender of these principles. There has been no greater test of character since the crucifixion of Him who counseled that all children be good.

Confederate comrades, Daughters, Sons, make the character of Sam Davis a part of your creed, and let it be a part of your lives to tell the story of that Confederate soldier. Much as you honor the name of President Jefferson Davis, who so stood for you that when ignobly manacled in his prison cell, as your representative, he begged his persecutors to kill him; much as you honor the noble Gen. R. E. Lee, who is

safe to fame, and as you honor the memory of other commanders and soldiers in the ranks, give due prominence to Sam Davis.

We are now approaching the thirty-seventh anniversary of his death. Let us all make it an event of solemn meditation. Call the attention of your ministers of the gospel to the eventful day, November 27, so that they may speak of it from their pulpits the Sunday before. Call the attention of teachers in public schools and private institutions of learning to the historic fact that Sam Davis, the peerless exemplar of honor and fidelity, deliberately stood upon the hangman's scaffold at Pulaski, Tenn., on that memorable day and replied to the army of officers and soldiers assembled to kill him unless he perjured himself, "If I had a thousand lives, I would surrender them all here and now before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer;" and, turning to the executioners, said, "I am ready."

Eternity of bliss to such a man! Glory to his name! Many readers of the VETERAN who have been enrolled during the past year or so are informed that the VETERAN inaugurated a movement to erect a monument to his memory in the capital of his native Tennessee (his ancestors came from Virginia), and nearly twenty-five hundred dollars has been contributed for that purpose. This money has come from all sections of this great country. Especially diligent have been Union soldiers who were participants and witnesses to the awful tragedy. Even Gen. G. M. Dodge, the Federal commander under whose orders he was hanged, sent his tribute and money for the fund. It is enough to satisfy the world of his merit that the "Federal army was in grief" by his execution. The State of Tennessee by legislative enactment has authorized the erection of the monument on its beautiful Capitol Hill, and designated a committee comprised of eminent men to erect the monument. The place is designated, and a magnificent design is soon to be adopted. The committee waits for additional contributions, and now appeal is made in the VETERAN to every person who wants to contribute to the fund to report on November 27. Have letters bear that eventful date. It is not an enterprise of Tennessee nor the South, even, but for all who honor the memory of that hero. It is desired to print a booklet for every one who subscribes one dollar or more, and to embody their names in the volume. Would you like to be in that record?



SAM DAVIS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WHEN the Lord calls up earth's heroes
To stand before his face,
O, many a name unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes,
And a rope about his neck.
For men have swung from gallows
Whose souls were white as snow,
Not how they die nor where, but *why*,
Is what God's records show.
And on that mighty ledger
Is writ Sam Davis' name—
For honor's sake he would not make
A compromise with shame.
The great world lay before him,
For he was in his youth,
With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.
He fought for his convictions,
And when he stood at bay
He would not flinch or stir one inch
From *honor's narrow way*.
They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word;
In silent pride he gazed aside
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath.
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"
He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope;
Where kings drag down a name and crown
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
Ah, death! where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom, and stay a king.
And God, who loves the loyal
Because they are like him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
Among his cherubim.
O Southland! bring your laurels;
And add your wreath, O North!
Let glory claim the hero's name,
And tell the world his worth.

TRIBUTE BY JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.
The birds ceased singing—happy birds,
That sang of home and mother-words.
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun,
It loves a life's that's just begun.
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight 'twixt life and death.
And O, how calm and sweet and free
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills as if to say:
"O save your life for us to-day!"



JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see
You safe within the Rebel line—
I'd love to save such life as thine."
A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue.
(The bayonets were tipped with dew);
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up, and this they heard:
"And would you have me break my
word?"
A tear stood in the General's eye:
"My boy, I hate to see thee die;
Give me the traitor's name and fly!"
Young Davis smiled, as calm and free
As He who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live,
Had I a thousand lives to give,
I'd lose them—nay, I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life a lie!"
He turned, for not a soldier stirred.
"Your duty, men; I gave my word."
The hills smiled back a farewell smile,
The breeze sobbed o'er his bier awhile,
The birds broke out in glad refrain,
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again,
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.
O stars, that now his brothers are,
O sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go tell the listening worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right.
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who died to save an enemy!

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Herculean may be called the effort to regain the publication day. Every subscriber in America may expect the Christmas number by that time. With restored health and appreciation of the patience and constancy of the great company of patrons the enthusiasm of younger days gives renewed determination to make the VETERAN next year better than it has ever been. If its friends will send the names of those to whom sample copies would do good, results will be greater for good than ever before. Please, comrades and friends, let us make the VETERAN an increased power. Contributors whose articles have not yet appeared are assured of the desire to use them soon.

PLEA FOR UNITY OF ACTION IN THE SOUTH.

Let us be thankful for respite from political wrangle for a few years, during which time let us get the bearings in the South whereby unity of sentiment and action may be continued. One of the most grievous things that could happen in the South would be disruption of methods whereby the white people, after having wrested their State governments from carpet-bag rule, achieved the wonderful result of restoring public credit after the general bankruptcy brought about by devastating war and "reconstruction."

Good men differ about the purposes and character of the late candidates for President, and now that the election is over, let us all take a rest. Sufficient unto the day is the evil that is to come. The purpose of this writing is to plead that our people stand together for the good of our common country. Race issues demand this, even should the people become lukewarm in the associations whereby we have been so constantly and universally sympathetic through more than three decades. The severity and bitterness of the long years of reconstruction may have had greater compensation than we realized through the devotion of the Southern people to each other. Those attachments should continue as long as there be memories to revere of sacrifice in a common cause. No issues having pecuniary consideration should ever cause a breach among our people. All lines of patriotic life were above that so long that the surrender would lower our political morality below what we can afford. The people of the Southern States should meet in convention, if necessary, to maintain the solidarity of the section. "Solid South" is a term used in intended discredit to the people of the South, but results have caused that sentiment to be a benefit to the section, and thereby a blessing to the nation. In this connection the most hopeful sign of the race problem is the action of prominent negroes in publicly advocating the wisdom and the justice of their race, looking to the white people of the South as their best friends.

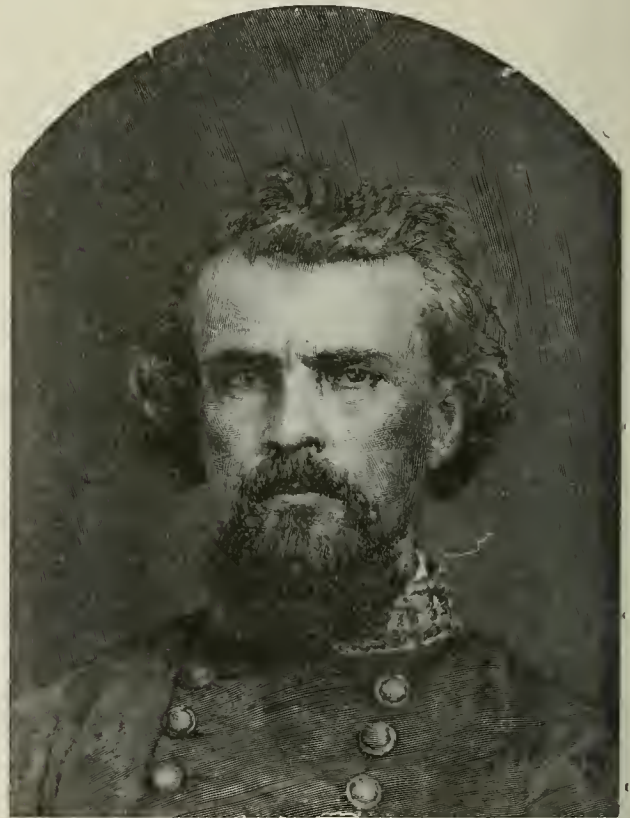
GAME OF CONFEDERATE HEROES.

A lady who was anxious to contribute to this cause conceived the idea of producing the "Game of Confederate Heroes." She did the exacting mental labor, then carefully opened and examined each package of cards, handling thousands of them personally so as to be sure that they were in proper order.



Besides she largely assumed the financial risk of the enterprise, yet withholds her name from the public, illustrating her unselfish zeal to establish the ideal man in history and in bronze. These games,

in packs of fifty-two cards, are sold by the VETERAN for fifty cents, and, like the Sam Davis bust, will be wanted when there are none left for sale. If you will contribute to this worthy purpose—this monument fund—or induce others to do so, you will have done a worthy service, and for which you must ever be grateful that you had a part in it.



WYETH'S LIFE OF FORREST.

When the "Life of Forrest" was first issued the VETERAN made an order that seemed a risk, but that supply was soon exhausted, and now the fifth shipment of a similar order has been received.

Remember the terms upon which it is supplied. The price is \$4, postpaid, with a year's subscription to the VETERAN in addition; or it will be sent free for a club of nine subscribers, eight new ones with renewal of a year's subscription by the sender.

STONEWALL BRIGADE AT LOUISVILLE.

Address to the survivors at the reunion June, 1900, by Randolph Barton, Esq., now of Baltimore, who was assistant adjutant general of the brigade:

I am not sure that to any of us it is an unalloyed pleasure to meet again. I am quite sure that through the long third of a century and more that has elapsed since we stood in unbroken ranks on the battlefield of "First Manassas," we have recurred time after time to the picture of the strong young men of our command who gained for themselves on that day the splendid privilege of living and dying as members of the Stonewall Brigade. I am sure that the vision that we have ever carried with us has been that of the strength and vigor of the yeomanry of the towns and villages and farms of the lovely Shenandoah Valley. I believe we must all have grown into the conviction that our glowing youthfulness of 1861 was to be perpetual, and so when I look around me and see that relentless time has not spared those of us who survive our baptism of blood at Manassas, but that under nature's inexorable laws, after nearly forty years since that first heroic day when we met as boys, we come together again as old men, I cannot but feel that to all of us there must be some pain in the disillusionment, and that some draft must be made upon our philosophy.

My thoughts have dwelt for the last few weeks with unusual earnestness upon our lives during the years 1861 to 1865. As the time approached when I felt that I was about to clasp the hands again of those with whom I had been in great peril, the picture of many events came rapidly back to me. From one end of the Valley to the other have I sought to get some information of what was left of the old brigade, and no man with any sensibility but would have been touched by the many pathetic responses I have received.

I have been led to turn over in my mind what it was that has given to our brigade a name and fame that will last as long as men admire courage and daring; what it was that blessed our brigade with such enviable distinctiveness among all the splendid brigades of the Confederate army; and while as I recalled in reminiscent mood one battle after another through which it went, and went nobly, to me none has seemed so full of heroism; none gave to it the opportunity so well to furnish an ideal of soldierly conduct as the first battle of Manassas; and in no battle in which the brigade was engaged do I think it ever did more to win the fame which it has ever since enjoyed. Perhaps it was engaged in bloodier battles—Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness, for instance—but what I mean is that at no time in its experience did the fate of the day more distinctly settle upon its courageous behavior; at no time was it so distinctly the pivotal point of great events than on the 21st of July, 1861. It may be going too far to say that, had there been no Stonewall Brigade, there would have been no Stonewall Jackson; but I am clearly within bounds when I say that the action of our brigade on that day was the foundation stone of a military character now named the world over as one of the small group of its greatest soldiers.

These are some of my reasons for desiring now to carry you back to the details of that day as I recall them. It is a long stretch from June, 1900, back to

July, 1861—nearly forty years. Men now in the vigor of life were then unborn. Boys then are tottering old men now. But from the memory some things are are ineffaceable. Does any man who was in that battle with our brigade forget when and how we spent the preceding night? Do you not remember that on the Saturday night just before the greatest Sunday of our lives we slept in and about the pine coppices near Mitchell's Ford, toward the right of our general line of battle? Does any one forget the solemn feelings with which we then realized that we were on the eve of some terrible event? We knew that on the 18th, near where we slept, the first collision of any magnitude had occurred, and blood had been shed. If any of us hoped that, after all, battle—real bloody battle—would be averted, the thought by that time had vanished. We almost smelled the battlefield—that most horrid of odors, especially when it arises from the living or the dead or dying pine trees. To me there is something inexpressibly melancholy even at this day at the smell of a pine woods. We always find them in poor countries. Nearly all of our great battles were fought on poor land; and thus pine trees and blood, blood and pine trees, are to me inseparably connected. Who of us fresh from the garden spot of Virginia, the beautiful Valley, but did not contrast what we had left with our dismal and sandy surroundings? and as quiet settled down upon our bivouac, what man was so hardened not to ask himself: "What has the morrow in store for me?" It was not alone the question, "Will I be killed?" but, "Will I have the nerve to stand and unfalteringly face death? Will the sun of tomorrow sink with my record that of a brave soldier or that of a coward? How will my comrades behave? How will my company, my regiment, my brigade, be-



LIEUT.-GEN. T. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.

have? Are our officers trustworthy? Is our scarcely known brigadier general, Jackson, the man to direct us in the awful emergency?" And as these harrowing thoughts crossed and recrossed our minds, and drove sleep from our eyes, how lovingly we turned to all the endearments of home. Will we ever see home again—father, mother, sisters, little ones? I tell you, gentlemen, these ante-battle meditations are unnerving. Do you think you could stand them again? And yet think of the brave souls who did stand them, and who resolutely braced to do their duty the next day, come what might, and who fell into their last earthly sleep.

William J. Blue, of the Thirty-Third Regiment, slept that night with John O. Casler, of the same regiment. When nearly asleep, Casler was awakened by Blue, who proposed a bargain, which was, that if either was killed, the survivor would see that the other was buried; and then they slept. Doubtless through the brigade there were hundreds of cases of the same kind, and it showed the sternness of the stuff that was going to do the fighting the next day. Blue was killed, and Casler buried him.

Picket-firing and the early rising sun awoke us the next day, and our movement soon began. You remember that the battle, proposed by Gen. Beauregard, was to be fought mainly on the line of Bull Run, the left of our line being the stone bridge and the right extending some six miles down the run as it leisurely flowed to the south. A possible crossing of the run and a grand left wheel of our entire line was contemplated, indeed was feebly begun, when the unexpected movement of the enemy completely changed the plans of our commanders. McDowell, instead of marching boldly to the run and by a frontal attack sweeping across at the stone bridge and the various little farm fords we were guarding, sent Gen. Sherman—then commanding a brigade, the subsequent famous William T. Sherman, who marched through Georgia—to keep the Confederate forces at the bridge engaged, while with some twenty thousand men he turned off to the right between Centerville and the stone bridge, and by a circuitous route reached the head waters of the run about Sudley Springs, when, crossing, he came in strong array down upon the left flank of the Confederate army, and at exact right angles with it.

Now, gentlemen, you know what that means. On the morning of July 21, 1861, we knew instinctively that an attack on the flank was something ugly. An attack in the rear was something sinful. By sunset that day we were postgraduates in the whole subject. I have no respect for a soldier who has not the most abject respect for a flank attack. Such a man is a fool or a knave, probably both. And so when the feeble skirmishing along our front, and the telltale columns of dust raised off to the front of our left flank, told Gens. Johnston and Beauregard to look out for squalls, a rapid movement began from the right of our line toward the left, now in great danger of being rolled up and back, and the formation of a new line at right angles to the stream and facing the approaching host. Several causes saved our army from being crushed before the new conditions could be prepared for. McDowell's circuit was longer than he had anticipated; the day was hotter; his men broke down. And after he had completed his preparations and was fiercely forcing the fighting, the gameness of Evans, who threw

his command away from the bridge to meet this new advance, retarded him some fateful hours. But it was an exceedingly close call, and you all must remember how through the dust and heat we hurried across open fields, making for the direction of the heavy firing. My impression is that the brigade reached its line of battle near the Henry House about one o'clock. The gallant Rockbridge Battery, with its little guns and caissons on the rear wheels of ordinary farm wagons, had been boldly replying shot for shot to the grand discharges of Griffin and Ricketts's regular army Federal batteries. We were quietly formed in line, the Fifth (Col. Harper) on the extreme right, a portion of it in the pines; then the Fourth (Col. Preston); then the Twenty-Seventh (Col. Echols); then the Second (Col. Allen); the last three regiments more in the open; and then the Thirty-Third, with its eight companies under Col. Cummings, on the left, and quite well screened in the edge of the thicket of pine and scrub oak.

In September, 1896, I revisited the very spot on which the line of our brigade was formed. In that battle I was sergeant major of the Thirty-Third, and in September, 1896, I believe I stood almost upon the exact spot upon which I stood in 1861. Of all the battlefields in Virginia, this one has undergone the least change. Standing where I did, just on the edge of the woods, and then advancing as our line had advanced in 1861, I noted the thin, wiry grass barely covering the slaty, poor land; the washing on the hillside; the occasional little pine bushes; the tops of the Henry and Robertson Houses, developing more and more as in 1896 I charged safely up the slope over which in 1861 our men had gone with a rush in the face of a pitiless storm of bullets. I was absolutely alone; my



MRS. MARY ANNA JACKSON.

companions had remained in the woods or in the carriage on the Sudley Mills Road, and here I was in fancy repeating after an interval of thirty-five years the action of which I believe I am prouder than of any in my life—a charge upon the enemy's battery which gave immortality to the men, and to our leader and commander a place among the foremost captains of the world. I believe I even lowered my walking stick into a charge of bayonets. I barely repressed the stirring yell. I did everything I could just once more to get the thrill of that heroic day.

Now, gentlemen and comrades, do you not remember how long we lay on that line waiting for the advancing enemy? Do you not remember the order from Gen. Jackson "to hold our fire until the enemy got within fifty yards?" And did not Tom McGraw, of the Thirty-Third, who had been afraid that the fight would be over before he could get a crack at the bluecoats, when the order was read and Casler asked him how he liked it, reply: "That was closer quarters than I anticipated."

I do not know what occurred along the line to the right of the Thirty-Third while we were waiting and the shells were exploding in the treetops over our heads, but I do recall that some amusing incidents occurred near me. Old Maj. Nelson (as he was called), of the artillery, simply did not understand what danger was. The falling boughs cut by the spiteful shells gave him no more concern than if squirrels were throwing acorns at him. He came into the battle clad partly as a civilian and partly as a soldier. He moved up and down on horseback in the rear of our line, and part of his gear was a very high old black hat, a cross between a stovepipe and a silk dress hat. It was, as you may imagine, somewhat incongruous under the circumstances. The men were silently lying on the ground awaiting the order to charge. It was a very solemn scene. At that moment a most sepulchral voice rose from the ranks: "Good Lord, what have I done that the devil should come after me? Good Lord, what have I done that the devil should come after me?" All who heard it supposed that some poor fellow had been mortally wounded, and, strange selection though it might be, was uttering his dying exclamation. All looked at him, when, still repeating his solemn protest, he pointed through the woods, and there, riding toward us with utter unconcern, was Old Maj. Nelson with his wondrous hat.

A little while later a somewhat fussy old officer on horseback rode behind our line at the head of a column of men moving to our left. Some one asked him who he was, to which he sharply replied: "I am Col. Smith, otherwise Gov. Smith, otherwise Extra Billy Smith." And so it was. The game old man was looking for a place for his Forty-Ninth Virginia on our left.

Now, what I am proud of is the conduct of the brigade during the two or three hours immediately preceding its famous charge. We all know that nothing was so trying as to lie inactive under a heavy shell fire, knowing that it preceded an advance. And yet this was exactly what our brigade was subjected to, and this it stood unflinchingly. We knew that the enemy in great numbers was advancing. We knew that the gallant men of Evans and Bee, on the far side from us on the Warrenton turnpike, had been overcome, and were coming back in utter disorder and

tumult. We knew that the tide was running strongly against us, and we knew that if we did not turn it the day was gone. But our line, as in double ranks with ready guns it crouched upon the ground, was silent, was serene, and was confident. Gen. Jackson slowly, coolly, and apparently unconcernedly moved along our front. Our officers, field and line, stood at their posts, simply telling the men to keep ready and to keep cool. Truly, as one looked along that line of 2,600 men he saw a stone wall. It was just then that Bee, overwhelmed by his inability to stem the disorder of his men, rode back to Jackson and despairingly cried that he was being beaten back. Jackson said: "We will give them the bayonet." This was worth a thousand men to Bee, and, his brave spirit rising to the occasion, he turned, and rushing toward his retreating men, cried almost with his last: "Look at Jackson's Brigade; it stands like a stone wall! Rally on the Virginians!" This version of what Bee said is that given by Brig. Gen. (later Bishop) Capers, of South Carolina, Bee's native State. I have often wondered what prompted Bee to use this happy metaphor, and I have long ago concluded that Gen. Bee, fresh from the Valley of Virginia, with its long line of limestone fences securely and rigidly guarding the fertile fields, suddenly saw in the inflexible line of our men crouching for the spring the resemblance to those massive walls, and eloquently used the simile to tell his men upon what they could rally. How strange it is, that with so little premeditation, with so sudden an impulse, this dying hero stamped a name upon men and leader that will last with the ages, and will ever be associated with his own most glorious end!

I have said that I selected the battle of July 21, 1861, as the one most interesting to me in the history of our brigade, because it was our baptism and because in no other battle did the fate of the day pivot so distinct-



MRS. JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN.

ly upon its action. Those of you who have studied this battle must know that just at the time Gen. Bee fell our right was in great confusion. Indeed, beyond the Fifth Regiment to the right we had at that moment little or nothing that was stable. To our left, the left of the Thirty-Third, reinforcements were being hurried with all speed, but barely in time to meet the surging masses of the enemy then athwart the Sudley Mills road, and in a line covering the Henry and Robertson houses, eagerly advancing to overwhelm us. Griffin's and Ricketts's splendid batteries were being rushed up the Sudley Mills Road, had turned into the Henry farm at the farm gateway, and were fast preparing to deploy on the ridge in front of us, and not over two hundred yards from us.

Still our brigade obeyed the order: "Wait until the enemy is within fifty yards." We were with five minutes' time of the crash of shrapnel from a dozen cannons and the hail of bullets from five thousand muskets, and still our men held their line. Still they crouched, and still they obeyed the order to hold their fire. This was the last, as it was a splendid, picture that Bee beheld. No wonder the idea of a stone wall impressed itself upon his imagination. A few moments more and the cloud of skirmishers from the enemy had insinuated itself into the edge of the woods on the left of the Thirty-Third and behind the banks of the sunken Sudley road, and were trying the staunchness of that battalion of eight companies. Restlessness began to show itself on the left of our regiment (the Thirty-Third). Bullets and exploding shells began to exhaust the grim patience of our inexperienced boys. The main line of the enemy was advancing up the hill on the side separated from us by its crest. Col. Cummings, of the Thirty-Third, who had gone well out in front of his regiment in order that he might get the very first knowledge of the near approach of the enemy, was seen, with Lient. Col. Lee, to rise and slowly return to his line. As he reached it, with a grim smile he said, "Boys, they are coming now; be ready for them;" and just then, turning toward the enemy and seeing Griffin's Battery in beautiful order unlimbering in our front, with splendid discretion he rang out the order, "Charge!" and the Thirty-Third broke loose. You all know what followed. The two batteries (Griffin's and Ricketts's) were destroyed within five minutes for the action of the Thirty-Third was the signal for the entire line to move to the front. McDowell's advance was checked. It was held fast. It could not trample over the Stonewall Brigade. And before his forces, thrust onward in great numbers, could overwhelm us, our line to the left had been strengthened, and Fisher and Thomas, the Black Horse Cavalry, Early, Elzev, and Kirby Smith had delivered their prodigious blows, and the battle was won. But you see the critical position we held at the nicest point of the day. Had we faltered, had we hesitated a moment, the tide of McDowell's advance would have overcome us, and defeat would have been inevitable. And who knows what defeat then would have meant? Gentlemen, we made history that day. I do not mean to say that other troops would not have done the same thing had they been in our place; but the fortune of war placed us where the fate of the day was literally in our hands. The God of battles gave us Jackson as

our commander and high duty as our standard, and we won fame which never lost its luster. Gen. Jackson, after he was wounded at Chancellorsville, when told of the death of Paxton and the action of brigade, said: "Yes, those who survive this war will tell their children with pride that they belonged to the Stonewall Brigade."

I have no means of knowing the losses in the entire brigade, but I speak by authority when I say that the Thirty-Third, going in with about 450 men, lost 43 killed and 140 wounded, or a fraction over forty per cent.

Do you wonder that in October, 1861, when Gen. Jackson parted with us and went to the Valley, he should declare in his address to the brigade: "In the army of the Shenandoah you were the first brigade; in the army of the Potomac you were the first brigade; in the second corps of this army you are the first brigade; you are the first brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the first brigade in this our second war of independence."

Well, my comrades, when we recall the Valley, Richmond, and Cedar Mountain campaigns, under Garnett and Winder; the Second Manasses and Sharpsburg battles, under Baylor, Neff, and Grigsby; Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, under Paxton; Gettysburg, Minerun (or Payns farm), the Wilderness, and the bloody angle, under the splendid soldier Walker, the only survivor of our brigade commanders; and Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Hatcher's Run, and dismal Appomattox, under Terry, it looks as if we remembered Jackson, and were anxious that posterity should realize his hopes.



GRANDCHILDREN OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

I do not pretend to say for a moment that the Stonewall Brigade monopolized all the glory of the civil war. Who could so pretend when he remembers Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, Lane's North Carolina Brigade, Hood's Texas Brigade, the Orphan Brigade from this State, Archer's Tennessee Brigade, Gordon's and Evans's Georgia Brigade, Hill's Light Infantry Division, the men of Forrest, Wheeler, Cheatham, Cleburne, and Morgan, and the navy and the artillery, and hosts of others. All I claim is that we earned the name of Stonewall, that we graduated Stonewall Jackson, and that upon the tomb of no soldier could a more honorable epitaph be written than that "he belonged to the Stonewall Brigade."

Our Brigade numbered at Manassas about two thousand six hundred men. At Appomattox I suppose fifty were left to stack arms in front of a Federal division, which, with generous courtesy, presented arms as the last of our bayonets clicked into the lock of the stack. Death, wounds, infirmity of one kind and another had done their work. The broken survivors returned to their Valley homes and began a new struggle. Some are still left. All love the recollection of their comradeship. All dwell with pride upon the heroic period of their lives.

Curious to know something about the survivors, some weeks ago I caused postal cards to be distributed at various parts of the Valley from Charlestown to Abingdon. I asked for ages when the soldier had joined the army, and the number of times he had been wounded. I received some ninety-odd replies. Of those thus writing to me, five were sixteen years of age when they enlisted, nine were seventeen, fifteen were eighteen, nine were nineteen, seven were twenty-one, eight were twenty-two, and but one was over twenty-five. You can see that our average was made up of beardless boys. Some eighty-three wounds had been received by my ninety-odd correspondents. Some had received none, some had received two, and one had received four. So you will see that there were almost enough wounds to go around, giving to each man a wound. I fairly infer that these ninety men furnish a fair sample of age and casualty in the brigade. If so, the stone wall that Bee saw at First Manassas was composed of two thousand six hundred boys, ranging from sixteen to twenty years, with some over that age. That same stone wall received, if death-dealing and wounding bullets were all counted, almost man for man a wound before Appomattox was reached.

This brief outline, my friends, tells the world some of the things of which we are proud. It is because of these perils common to all of us; because in all our perils our generals and colonels and all our leaders stood by us; because in battle we knew no number to our regiments, we only knew the Stonewall Brigade; because we remember with what joy we heard the peal of the guns of the gallant Rockbridge Battery. It is because of all these things of the past, ineffaceable, never to be forgotten, that to-day we clasp the hands of the survivors of our old command, once more rejoice to see them face to face, and devoutly wish them all, those present and those absent, Godspeed in the future of their lives.

Experiences of our heroines ought to be prepared diligently for preservation. Let this comrade's action induce others to similar service.

THE WAR FOR SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE.

BY O. W. BLACKNALL, KITTRELL, N. C.

Zealous as the South is in honoring the men of the Confederate era, she is not sufficiently alive to one vital point. She seems nearly oblivious of the fact that the most potent thing in the world is a name. We forget that to mankind at large the name is the thing itself, and not a more or less accidental label attached as likely by ignorance, prejudice, or malice as by their opposites. How imperative, then, it is upon us to see that neither ignorance nor prejudice nor malice mar the most heroic effort of our race by fastening upon it a bad name!

The paramount duty of this generation, the guardians of the honor of Confederate men, is to see that the war waged by the Southern Confederacy bears its true and proper name. That the name casts off and refutes opprobrium does not suffice. To be true and just, it must express honor. There is a name which not only truly and accurately characterizes the war, but which will in a larger degree than all the monuments and histories work its justification in the eyes of posterity.



SHOWING THE FIRST FLAG TO WASHINGTON.

That name is the one that those who fought and suffered called it by—the War for Southern Independence. The war was waged by the South with an eye single to one object: that object was the achievement of Southern independence. If the people of the Confederacy were unanimous in anything other than repelling invasion, it was in the name they gave the war they were waging. From President to private it was known and spoken of only as the war for Southern independence. This title was the very shibboleth of Southernism and patriotism. And verily it was a word to conjure with. At its magic sound a nation sprang into being, and seven millions of people beat their implements of peace into weapons of war. It exalted that nation above fear, above mere expediency, above that "reptile virtue, prudence," and for a brief space brought back belated into the world the romantic courage and devotion of other and less sordid days. From Bethel to Appomattox it was the inspiration of the Confederate soldier. It made him strong to do and to suffer. Ah, how many gallant spirits taking their flight amid the "smoke of battle" were irradiated by the abiding presence of that grand hope!

These are unanswerable reasons why this title should be used by every loyal Southerner; and our title, if persevered in, will inevitably win general acceptance. It tells the exact truth. It is hallowed by the use of the tens of thousands of Confederate soldiers who died to make it a reality. That title will make the war in history, as it was in fact, the peer of all the lofty struggles that mankind has maintained for independence from Thermopylae down to Lexington. Let us but name the war, and it matters less who won it.

It is to be regretted that motives of expediency led Mr. Davis, Mr. Stephens, and other patriots in their *post-bellum* utterances to abate the high attitude of stronger and better days and adopt a title that smacked of compromise. The usage of these leaders has been cited against me in these premises. It sufficeth to appeal from Davis and Stephens in the seventies to Davis and Stephens in the sixties; from Davis and Stephens dejected by defeat to Davis and Stephens elated by hope. At any rate, the reasons that impelled them no longer hold. The world has risen too near their point of view to quarrel with their words. It no longer even quarrels with their deeds.

I see it stated that both the Daughters of the Confederacy and the General Convention in Richmond in 1899, and the Veterans at the Louisville Reunion in 1900, adopted the name "War between the States." The attitude of these great representative bodies, as thus expressed, has been cited against me in this connection. Now, I was present at Richmond, and the Daughters went no farther than to pass a resolution memorializing the Federal government that henceforward in its utterances and publications it substitute the term "War between the States" for the commonly used "War of the Rebellion."

Now, if the resolution passed by the veterans was of like nature, it was a good thing. For so far as this goes, it is surely a just and grateful change. Better a neutral title than an opprobrious one; and a neutral one is all that we need yet expect from that source. But I am afraid that the term will defeat the aim in view. The title "War between the States" implies a parity of authority between the warring sections, which the Federal government will be slow to acquiesce in. "War for Secession" or "Confederate War," while probably inferior in dignity, would have had far better chance of adoption.

But to the main point. The Daughters and the Veterans cannot afford to give a neutral term the sanction of their own use, for their use will sanctify any term. Therefore, in the name of the great past, let them, if they must, be neutral in all other things, but not neutral in the term which for all time to come shall embody the lofty hopes and sacred aspirations of those high-statured days. Perish the thought of such neutrality!

Nor is there such. Every Daughter to whom I have stated the case, and every Veteran save one, have expressed an earnest preference for the true and pregnant title, "War for Southern Independence." I cannot doubt that a vast proportion—probably ninety-nine per cent—of both orders would prefer the title were their attention but called to its significance to the conceration which has gathered around the word "Independence;" of the high and sacred place which it and its twin sister, "Liberty," hold in the hearts of men—a place which no other words can ever usurp.

Why the Southern people should not be unanimous in the use of this, the truest and most honorable appellation, as their great forbears were, I cannot understand. I would most earnestly urge this duty and necessity upon all, and especially would I awaken Confederate organizations upon this point.

The ablest jurist and historical students of the world declare that the war cannot be truly called a rebellion. Largely speaking, it could not be called a civil war, for it was not waged between people of the same State, nor was it a contention for the mastership of the same *civitas*, State, or government, but of a wholly different one. Neither was it, accurately speaking, a war between States, but between two governments, each welded into close homogeneity by the heat of the struggle. The only accurate titles that have been used are the "War for Secession" and the "War for Southern Independence." Some for the sake of brevity may prefer "Confederate War." But the fact that a historic and romantic halo clings to the word "independence," and that it was the watchword of the Confederates, who added new luster to the name, can leave the truly patriotic no choice among these names.

During the war James Wooten, of Holly Springs, Miss., was lieutenant of an independent company of cavalry commanded by Capt. John H. Scroggins. This company was attached to Gen. J. R. Chalmers's Brigade of Cavalry, made up and organized in 1863, and which operated in North Mississippi during the investment of Vicksburg, and was subject to his immediate orders. It was never attached to a regiment. The company often camped in the vicinity of Holly Springs, and Capt. Scroggins was quartered at the home of Mrs. Priscilla Burton, Lieut. Wooten's sister, whose family was among the South's most hospitable and chivalrous people. Lieut. Wooten was killed in battle, wearing a sword which had been loaned him by Capt. Scroggins, which was sent to Mrs. Burton in trust for the rightful owner. During a visit to Hot Springs early in this year Mrs. Burton learned that Capt. Scroggins resided there, and upon her return home she had the sword forwarded to him, having kept this sacred trust in charge for more than thirty years.



HOTEL AT DOVER, TENN., HEADQUARTERS GEN. BUCKNER AND THEN OF GEN. GRANT AT FORT DONELSON.

THE FURLOUGH THAT I DID NOT GET.

An interesting experience by Dr. J. A. Wyeth:

How unfortunate it is that men through creditable modesty take to the grave with them facts that ought to be historic! It is generally known among veterans that many of those who commanded and who fought in the ranks with special distinction are so retiring and so modest in civil life that those who have grown up about them have not the slightest conception of who the greatest heroes are. Had there been some special intervention whereby Sam Davis had survived the war after his great test, he doubtless would have rarely, if ever, spoken of his experience at Pulaski. That matchless story became an inspiration to the VETERAN from the lips of ex-Union soldiers. For a long time the writer has yearned to adopt some means for inducing comrades to relate their thrilling experiences, and yet this modesty can rarely be overcome. The following reminiscence given by the eminent Dr. J. A. Wyeth, in response to earnest pleading, illustrates the value of responding to appeal by those only who know the facts. It is recorded with pride by the editor of the VETERAN as proof of true friendship through many years, and is given with the greater pleasure as it may induce others yet living to make record that cannot be furnished by others. The writer felt it due to history to give his personal experience in the battle of Franklin, and that brief sketch has enabled historians to pay tribute to many noble men who went down on that field of carnage. It is ludicrous to note the comment of an eminent divine who read the account of that personal experience at Franklin. He said to the author of the sketch, not thinking of him as such: "I believe that is the truth."



By Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.
DR. J. A. WYETH.

During the period of detention in Dr. Wyeth's private hospital, a group of Confederates were swapping stories of the war when an appeal was made and pressed to furnish an account for the VETERAN, and consistent with his record the two stories specially requested were sent. Dr. Wyeth writes as follows:

Sent on a Perilous Ride Through the Enemies Lines.

A few days before the battle of Chickamauga our division of cavalry was moved by a rapid all-night march to the extreme left of the position which Gen. Bragg had first selected for his battle ground. It was tiresome and slow work, for a large body of cavalry stretched along several miles of ordinary country road at night, with here and there a narrow or defective bridge or causeway, cannot move with anything like the rapidity of a daylight march. We were the advance

brigade, and I recall the fact that, in order to get as much of the fun and frolic as possible out of an uncomfortable situation, a number of the best voices in the command had been gathered about the center of our regiment and were wakening the echoes in the gloomy forests which hemmed us in by singing all the lively war songs then in vogue. About midnight word came down the line from the head of the column to stop the singing, and for the entire column to move in silence. Personally I was not displeased when the order came, for, while many of the war ballads were thrilling, and some few were set to inspiring music, the men in the ranks had learned or improvised a few stanzas which would not have met with the approval of the Westminster Confession. From my point of view at that time, war was a very serious business, and a large proportion of the soldiers in our army had in 1863 passed into an extraordinary condition of mind. In the beginning we thought it would be a grand and exciting, and yet short-lived, adventure, and many under military age hastened into the service for fear it would be over too soon for us to have a hand in the glory of it. That fancy, with many other illusions, had in the clear light of a bitter experience faded from our mental vision. Nearly three years had passed, and the army to which we were attached had, despite the patient toil and suffering and the heroic self-sacrifice of the battlefield, met with so much disaster that it forced upon us the conclusion that our struggle was hopeless, and that if we fought on as we had determined to do death was the inevitable end. It was only a question of time, and we tried to be ready for it. That was my conviction then and until the war was over. Had it not been so, I might not have volunteered to go on the errand which I undertook that night.

When the order to move in silence had passed down the line, we knew that we were coming close to the enemy, and the march was continued with the choruses omitted. About three o'clock we were again halted, and some word was started at the head of the column to be carried in a low tone down the line, as was the custom on midnight marches, since, on account of the darkness and the crowded condition of the roadway, an aid or courier could not get through. The wording of this message gradually grew clearer, and at last was distinctly made out: "A volunteer is wanted at the head of the column who will go where he is sent." It evidently portended some expedition out of the ordinary, and in all likelihood involved more than usual personal risk. If this were not the case, some well-tried man would have been ordered to go upon the duty. When I said to Lieut. Jack Weatherley, of my company, that I would go if they thought I was big enough, he sent word back toward the head of the column that Company I would furnish the man. There was no time to be lost, so I dismounted to readjust my saddle and unstrap my oilcloth, blanket, haversack, and forage bag. These and my gun were left behind. One of the men of our company (Jacob McCain) insisted on placing his surcingle over my saddle for greater security, for fear my own single girth might break if I got into trouble. I carried with me only two articles, my army six-shooter and a small Testament my mother had placed in my jacket pocket when I left for the war. What a strange companionship! A weapon capable of causing such an-

guish of mind and agony of body, and the Book which taught the gospel of peace and of brotherly love.

Lieut. Weatherley, with whom I "messed," and who went by the familiar name of "Jack" when we were off duty, and who, moreover, was as brave a soldier as ever died (for he fell at the head of his company in the hot fray of Big Shanty in 1864), rode with me to headquarters and reported with his "man."

Here at the head of the column there were gathered quite a number of officers and aids, some mounted and some on the ground. It was too dark to recognize features or individuals, but there was enough light to distinguish the forms of men. The general in command asked me if I was willing to go inside the enemy's lines. I replied that I would go where he directed me, provided I could wear my uniform, but that I did not wish to go as a spy. He then said: "I want you to carry an order to a detachment of cavalry which has been sent around the right of the enemy's lines, and which should be by this time in their rear and about opposite our present position. They have been ordered to attack at daylight, and I want the order countermanded without fail, and the command directed to return to this column by the route which they have already traveled. In order to reach them," he added, "you will proceed upon a road which should bring you in contact with their pickets between one and two miles from this point, and you will probably have to pass through a portion of the enemy's camps. You must ride hard to meet them by daylight, before they can attack." I answered, "All right," and told Jack good-by. As I started, Col. Hambrick, commanding the regiment at that time, and whose voice I recognized, said to me: "This is an important matter; and if you succeed, you can have a furlough for as long as you desire." A guide from headquarters rode with me a few hundred yards on the road I was to travel, and then turned back. By this time it must have been between four and five o'clock.

To the normal human being the love of life is so natural and so strong that it is difficult to appreciate, until one has passed into and through it, that strange and unusual mental condition in which the value of existence becomes a minor consideration. Hence our admiration at the calm courage of a Cranmer is scarcely as great as our surprise at its exhibition, or our wonder at the coolness of the criminal who with unfaltering step ascends the scaffold to be strangled. I would not have the reader infer that I felt that there was any such hopelessness in my own situation, for I realized that, no matter how heavy a picket force I might encounter, with a good horse and the cover of darkness I had a fair chance of running through them with safety, and yet I was equally sure that I was going to run a very great risk of being shot. Although it transpired that the danger I had voluntarily incurred was greatly overestimated, as was the importance of the mission upon which I had been sent, still I look back upon this occasion as the one moment when I came nearest to the elimination of every selfish consideration from the motive with which I was then actuated. I sincerely believed that death was preferable to life with failure in accomplishing my errand.

As to the course I should pursue, my mind was clear. It was to approach the picket as closely as possible before being halted, and then make my rush.

Should they hail me at a distance, the outpost would be aroused and the danger thus enhanced. I did not intend even to fire my pistol, unless in dire extremity, although I had taken it from my belt and had it ready for quick use. I was riding a splendid horse, strong, swift, and mettlesome, and so alert that nothing escaped his quick observation. He was so graceful and smooth of action that as he cantered swiftly along the soft roadway, fetlock deep in sand, scarcely a sound was perceptible. As well as I could estimate, in my excited condition of mind, I had proceeded about one mile and a half, when suddenly I felt my horse check himself up slightly, as if he were about to change his gait. It told me that he had seen something more than the ordinary inanimate object. At the same instant he lifted his head so high, and in such a knowing way, that I was convinced the moment had come and we were on the Federal outposts. Without waiting to be halted, I tightened the reins, and, crouching down on Russell's back, touched him with the spurs, and he bounded forward like the wind. The clear vision of the horse was not at fault, for as I flew by I saw two men leap up from the edge of the roadway and jump into the shadows of the woods and undergrowth to my left. I was so intensely excited, expecting every moment the crack of their rifles, and so intent on urging my faithful horse to still greater speed, that no part of the picture which flashed through my mind remains clearly registered excepting the forms of the two men as they leaped into the bushes. They never fired, and it is difficult for me to understand their failure to do this. It may be that they felt something of the fright I was experiencing, but more than likely they were drowsy or asleep, and the sandy road enabled me to approach them so close without being heard (for in the darkness they could not have seen farther than



JOHN ALLAN WYETH WHEN A BOY SOLDIER.

about twenty feet) that they were taken by surprise, and I had passed them. Perhaps they had orders not to fire, and it may be they were not Federal pickets. In any event, in less time than it takes to write it, I had scurried away beyond their vision and out of the range of their guns. Certain it is I saw no other living thing at that time. If, as I had been made to believe, the Federals were in bivouac on either side of the road along which I was riding at such a rapid gait, I saw no signs of them, and they were not there later in the day, for our troops occupied that position. I cannot now even estimate how far I went at the speed I was making—probably a mile, or maybe more. I know I had slowed up and was riding again at a canter when daylight began to break, and with it I noticed a cloud of dust not more than half a mile in front of me. This told me of the cavalry that was moving along that road, and in a minute or two more I had met the column that I was sent to intercept, delivered my message, and felt extremely happy. I remember distinctly the pride I felt when a day or two after I was thanked for the success of the enterprise. They offered me the furlough, and it was a great temptation, for I was only two hard days' riding from home and my mother; but the concentration of so many troops told me that a big battle was impending—for even the private in the ranks learned to know this much—and I did not think it was right for me to be away when this came on. Within a week the bloody battle of Chickamauga had been fought, and we had won it. I lost my furlough, but I counted it small loss as compared to the privilege of having taken even an insignificant part in that heroic and bloody battle, one of the few great signal triumphs of the Army of Tennessee.

Dr. Wyeth furnished with the sketch this note:

In answer to your request wishing me to write for the VETERAN the incident narrated when several of us (now gray-haired Confederates) were recently swapping experiences, it does not seem to me to be worthy of the space it will take in your magazine. If it will stimulate other survivors to put on record personal experiences, which I think can with perfect propriety be written, I will be satisfied, because the historian of the future will be able, using such material, to form a true idea of the motive which actuated the soldiers of the Confederacy. They fought, as we know, for a high ideal, not for human slavery, because not one out of five of those who stood in the ranks owned property in slaves or were interested in such property. They fought to establish an independent government of the Southern States, feeling that under the constitution they had this right, and that it would be better for those States to be disassociated from their neighbors to the North.

On June 3, 1900, a party of thirty-seven, who had attended the Louisville reunion of the U. C. V., went into Mammoth Cave, going the long route. W. Wallace Matthews, of Jackson, La., wants the names and post offices of twelve of the party who left by an early train the next morning. He wishes to place the names of all upon the "Reunion Monument," erected that day in "Reunion Hall."

AFLOAT ON A LADDER, THEN A TRAMP.

The following story was told by Serg. Warren D. Reid, of Mississippi, for Mrs. J. R. McIntosh, Vice Regent, Mississippi Room, Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.:

On the 3d of July, 1863, the Eleventh Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, A. P. Hill Corps, with the other troops of Lee's army, made the memorable charge at Gettysburg. Company H of the above regiment, of which I was orderly sergeant, went into that charge with twenty-six officers and men. We had fifteen of that number killed in the charge. The remainder, with the exception of three, were wounded and captured. I was among the latter number. My wound was slight.

That evening, after the charge, those of us who were captured and able to march were corralled (about 1,500) near the battlefield, and that night and the next day marched to Westminster, Md., where we were put on a train and run into Baltimore; marched from the depot to Fort Mifflin, where we remained all night—a night never to be forgotten by one of those ragged, half-starved Confederates. It rained all night, and we stood huddled out in the open slush, unable to lie or sit down. We were then put aboard a canal boat and carried by way of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to Fort Delaware, where we were landed about the 6th of July.

Fort Delaware was situated on an island of about ninety acres in the upper end of the Delaware Bay. We were placed in barracks, in the northwest corner of the island, with a plank wall around to secure us. We were fed barely enough to keep us alive.

On the outside of our inclosure stood the fort, officers' houses, hospital, and other buildings. However, we were never allowed to go out, except now and then in small details to load or unload a vessel (a service I had never been called upon to do). On the way from our barracks to the wharf was a gate in the wall, about twelve feet wide, through which all our communications were carried on. This gate stood open during the day, with a guard at each post, and of course it



THE MEMORABLE COURTHOUSE, VICKSBURG, MISS., AS IT STILL APPEARS.

was regarded as sure death to attempt to pass it without permission, and I guess no one ever got that except to do a job of work at the wharf.

Of course among so many, 1,500 or 2,000, there were some not entirely satisfied with the board and lodgings furnished, and so soon as they were assured that there was no hope of being exchanged began to concoct plans of escape. Among that number were your humble servant and a cousin, Joseph G. Marable, a member of the same company. Our first plan was to go out by means of canteens, by getting two apiece, corking them very close, stringing them together, and placing them under our arms, and thus make the swim of three or four miles, as we thought. We also intended to pass out by another route. But others had been attempting this, and, in consequence, this route was very closely guarded—in fact, so close was the watch at this point that it was, at that time, utterly impossible to make it.

So, as Bill Arp has it, we did "considerable ruminating," and finally on the 15th of August we decided upon Stonewall's plan of "taking them in the rear." To do this we must pass the gate and make our exit from the New Jersey side of the island, thus going directly from home.

So on the morning of the day mentioned we walked up to the gate and passed out, treating the guards with perfect contempt, and not deigning so much as to look at them. They were thus thrown off their guard, thinking, of course, no one would attempt such a thing without authority. Once out of the pen we met a good many strolling around the island, some of them our own men who had taken the oath. So we attracted no attention while making a survey of the island. We could find no boat to leave on that night, hence we selected a ladder made of scantling about twelve feet long, at an officer's barn, and after making such other arrangements as were necessary, we repassed the gate without any trouble, got a pot, and boiled our clothes to get rid of the lice, knowing we had a long tramp before us, and unless we got rid of the lice they would devour us before we reached our journey's end. So, after boiling and drying our clothes, we passed out the gate for the last time, one at a time. After getting out we hid in separate places till good dark. About eight o'clock we met, as per agreement, at a little building being put up for a doctor's office. We then secured our ladder, and tied to it our shoes and a piece of plank to be used as a paddle. Then came the most dangerous, careful, and particular part of our work. Passing the gate was dangerous, but it only required bluff and impudence besides a little nerve, and we were tolerably well supplied with the two former. But to pass a good sentinel, continually walking his post, with his turning points not more than forty or fifty yards apart, laden with the old ladder, and approaching him at almost right angles on a bright, star-lit night, in a perfectly open place, not even a shrub or a bunch of grass to hide us, was the cleverest work I ever did.

But I should have before explained that there was, and perhaps is yet, a levee thrown up around the island. I guess for keeping off tide water. This was five or six feet high, and in getting the dirt to make the levee a canal about twelve feet wide and about three feet deep was formed. Thus we had to cross this canal to pass the guard on the levee.

Having arranged everything, we selected our man to slip; and after carefully getting his turning points, or the ends of his beat, we proceeded to slip on him, as he went from us, at an angle of about thirty degrees. Just before he made the turning point we lay flat on the ground till he made the round and started back. Proceeding in this way for about one hour and a half, we at last made the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. We had then crossed the canal, and were quietly lying at the bottom of the levee, with our sentinel marching back and forth, passing within five feet of us.

Finally, as he passed, we raised our ladder on top of the levee, not more than fifteen or twenty feet behind him, and gently slipped down into the bay. Sinking our bodies under the water, we pushed the ladder far out into the bay. When Marable mounted, unlashed our paddle, and announced everything ready for me to mount, up I went, and down went the ladder. Just as we feared, it failed to bear us up. However, I slid off behind and held to the back round of the ladder, while Marable paddled all night long and till about eight o'clock in the morning. One vessel passed us in the night, and when off at some distance we were a little uneasy for fear it might run us down, but we only felt the waves as it passed. We landed, turned our ladder adrift, and after wandering around awhile found that we were on a small island, from which we soon crossed to the mainland of New Jersey by means of a plank. Here we remained that day and the next, resting up. But we got little rest or sleep for the mosquitoes. So on the second night we appropriated some farmer's little boat, and recrossed the Delaware Bay.

I should have stated that when we landed in New Jersey we could see nothing of the fort, and concluded that we must have traveled at least twelve or fifteen miles.

Once on Delaware soil, we made for the Chesapeake Bay. On the fifth day after leaving the fort, in an al-



MRS. S. E. GABBETT, CUSTODIAN CROSS OF HONOR U. D. C.

most starving condition, we came to a house where the old folks had gone to a harvesting, so the children gave us all the loaf bread and buttermilk we could consume. This occurred about 10 A.M. After leaving the house we could scarcely walk two hundred yards, we were so full of loaf bread and buttermilk. However, we continued our tramp, and about 2 P.M. came to a little country store, where we had a short rest, some peaches, and a chat with a "bluecoat"—the first we had met. He was very nice, and gave us peaches and some matches, which we needed very much. We then proceeded on our way till about four o'clock in the evening, and having digested our loaf bread and buttermilk, we called on an old lady at a farmhouse and asked for a snack. She gave us broiled bacon and bread. However, she was a little insulting, insinuating that we were "Johnnies." Of course we resented the insult in as forcible language as was prudent, and continued on our way till night, when we had a very good rest and sleep.

The next morning we proceeded on our way, having on the night before, as I should have mentioned, secured a map of the country from a little schoolhouse by the way. We learned from a farmer that we could, a few miles above, cross the Chesapeake Bay on a coal boat over to Havre de Grace. We soon came to the coaling station, and found a boat loaded and ready to put across the bay. We stepped aboard without leave, and without speaking one word to any of the crew, passed over the bay in a short time, landing about sundown.

Once across the Chesapeake Bay, we had no more matter of consequence to contend with. Our boat, however, landed above the mouth of the Susquehanna river, and just after we had landed—about dark—a train came and was passing over the river on a ferry-boat. We thought this a good chance to cross the river, and stepped on a car, but we were soon discovered by the conductor, who very impolitely, and in rather vigorous language, ordered us off. However, we were in a good humor about that time, and as we were on furlough and in the enemy's country, we decided to obey orders. Failing to cross on the car, we proceeded up the river a short distance, where we called on an old darky, with whom we had supper, consisting of old boiled rooster and green corn, the "toughest go" I ever had. However, he was hospitable and kind, and we were ever thankful to the good old man. After supper we proceeded to the river, and soon found a boat, broke the lock, and rowed across.

FOUND FRIENDS.

We then proceeded on our way to Baltimore. One night we traveled some distance with a negro, who was very communicative, and proffered all sorts of information about the country, the Unionists, and the "Secesh," as he called them; but he was too friendly to both sides for us to trust, though we knew we had friends thereabouts and needed their assistance very much.

In a few days, however, while traveling along in daytime, we were overtaken by a good and ignorant old darky, with whom we traveled for some distance (this was perhaps about twenty-five or thirty miles beyond Baltimore), and from whom we learned all about the "Secesh" in the neighborhood. While with the old

darky we saw in front a large frame building standing about one hundred and fifty yards from the road. We learned from the old man that it was the residence of one Dr. P., who owned slaves, and whose son was not in the Yankee army. With this and other things told us by the old darky about the country, we were sure that we were at last among friends. As we passed in front of the house we saw sitting on the veranda three young ladies and a young man. However, we passed on with the old negro some distance beyond, when, to get rid of our new-made friend, we lay down by the roadside for a rest.

GALLANTRY WITH BARE, SORE FEET.

After the old negro had passed out of sight, we retraced our steps, and were soon again in front of the house, where the young man and young ladies were still to be seen on the veranda. During the whole of our trip, which had been made mostly by night, I had traveled barefooted. My shoes, which were thoroughly soaked in the salt water in crossing the bay, had become so hard that I could not wear them. But I had not been in the habit of calling on young ladies in that style, and though all the ends of my toes had been knocked off by the rocks, which are so numerous on those macadamized roads, I crammed my feet into the old shoes and proceeded to call on the young ladies.

But O, how my feet did suffer! I tried to keep from limping, but it was impossible. Marable was in better shape. His shoes did not hurt him. As we approached the house the young ladies disappeared, but the young man, with a smile on his face, came



GEN. R. E. LEE AND SOME SUBORDINATE OFFICERS.

down the steps and met us in the yard. After passing the compliments of the day, I asked for a drink of water. He asked us to walk around, as we supposed, to the well, but not so. He carried us to the back door of the dining room, where we entered. The only words spoken on the way to the dining room was a remark made by the young man: "You were not born in these parts?" "No, a good ways from here," was the reply; to which he said, "I thought so."

After entering the dining room he set a decanter of whisky, with sugar, water, etc., on the sideboard, and told us to help ourselves, and, like Crockett's friend, didn't stand and watch to see how big our drinks would be, but turned off and began putting edibles on the table. The first thing put on was a large boiled ham. I can see that ham yet. Our soldiers know how we felt.

While he was thus engaged, in walked a young lady, then another, and another, till all were helping the young man prepare the table, and, O what a table! I never saw a better—with such waiting maids!

The young ladies, as soon as we were seated at the table, began to show their curiosity by asking questions, but a wink from the brother caused us to deal out but little information at that time. Dinner over, we walked out on the veranda, where the young man informed us that it would not be safe to remain in the house, as a company of Yankees were encamped not far off, and frequently passed. He then walked with us down to the road, where he gave us some information about Baltimore. He induced us to hide in a corn patch near by until night, as it would be dangerous to travel in daylight. He then blew his whistle for his pointer dog, which had crossed the road, and returned to the house, while we secreted ourselves in the corn patch.

Just after dark, the moon shining brightly, we heard a vehicle leave the house, and when it got opposite the corn patch the whistle blew. We hurried to the road, and soon the carriage turned and came back, and the whistle blew again, when we walked out in front of the horses, a fine pair of grays. The young man on the driver's seat threw open the door, and we stepped in and took the front seat, the other being occupied by his sisters, and a young lady of Philadelphia sitting by the driver.

We had a delightful moonlight ride of about twelve or fifteen miles, and at the same time had been furnished funds enough to supply our needs until we should reach Old Virginia. We then took leave of our friends, they returning to their home and we continuing on our way to Baltimore.

Should this be seen by one of the above persons, I should be very glad to hear from them. I have for a long time—ever since the war—wanted to write to young Mr. P., or his sisters, or Miss —, of the city of Philadelphia, but failed to remember their address, and, although I made frequent inquiries, have so far failed to learn their post office.

REACHED BALTIMORE.

Just before day on Sunday, the second morning after leaving our friends, we came to the edge of the city of Baltimore. Our route was through the city by way of Frederick, Md., to Harper's Ferry. But passing through Baltimore was rather dangerous for a "Reb" at that time; but it was a long way around, and we

were terribly foot-sore and dreaded the march. So we finally decided to bluff the city, and remained hidden in the woods near the road all day Sunday. We came near being run into several times during the day, but providence was on our side, and no one saw us. As soon as dark came we hit the road, and were soon in the city.

We called at a stable to get a turn-out to carry us through, thinking it the safest, but all their teams were out, and, besides, the proprietor, or some one in the stable, was a little insolent in suspecting us to be "Johnnies." We gave him some tough jaw, and left, making our way through without attracting any attention.

Out at the edge of the city were many tents occupied by United States soldiers. We passed many of them on the sidewalks, but they took no notice of us, or we of them. We passed on altogether at night after leaving Baltimore, avoiding cities and towns, and met with nothing worth relating until we reached the Patapsco river, where we passed over the bridge without being seen by the guard standing at the end, whistling merrily. From here we went on by way of Frederick to Harper's Ferry.

We did one mean trick over in Maryland, near the Potomac, which I regret, but it could not be avoided at that time. We broke into some gentleman's spring-house, appropriated a little piece of veal and some milk and butter, for all of which we ask his pardon. If he was a good Rebel, as he should have been, it was all right; otherwise, we don't care a cent.

We reached the Potomac, just above Harper's Ferry, before midnight, and with a stick to feel our way were soon on Virginia soil. We called at a house close by, got something to eat, and continued on toward Charlestown. Before reaching Charlestown we lay over one Sunday with a family who gave us directions how to proceed.

We found that Charlestown was occupied by United States cavalry, with their outposts about three or four miles on the road to Front Royal. We kept clear of the road till we passed the outpost, then took the road and reached White Post, just after day, got breakfast, and proceeded on our way to Front Royal.

About a mile before reaching the latter place we met citizens running out, saying that the Yankees were coming in on the Culpeper road. However, we went on to town, and learned that there was a little raid on the Culpeper road; so we turned our course up the Luray Valley to Luray Courthouse, where we met the First Confederate Cavalry. We put up at a hotel, where a generous cavalryman paid our bill. The next morning we got transportation on the stage to Culpeper, and stayed overnight, and the next day went down to Orange Courthouse, where we found the noble old Eleventh Mississippi, with a few of Company H on hand.





LIZZIE YONLEY, THE MAID OF WINCHESTER.
(Mrs. E. A. Heironimus.)



ALMA YONLEY.
(The late Mrs. Alma Chapman.)

TWO HEROINES OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Maj. John J. Rivera writes from New York of the battle of Winchester, Va., June 13-15, 1863, and pays a special tribute to two Virginia daughters:

Among that noble and devoted band of women who bore the Confederate cross during the civil war, the names of Elizabeth and Alma Yonley, formerly of Winchester, Va., are worthy of honorable record and remembrance. Their intrepidity, their labors and sacrifices, the good they accomplished and the influence they exerted, as with many another Southern maid and matron, may not be told in report of battle or campaign, yet they were positive factors in the sum total of our inventory of moral and military power, and deserve to live in memory as long as courage, fortitude, and fidelity are honored and admired.

The beginning of the memorable struggle found these patriotic sisters living with their parents in Hampshire County (where they were born and reared) about eighteen miles from the battle-scarred town of Winchester. The broad acres of their father's farm surrounded a home of comfort and refinement. They entered heart and soul into the cause of the Confederacy. Every means which feminine delicacy did not interdict they employed to advance its interests. They made bandages, picked lint, and raised funds. If a young man hesitated to enlist, their persuasive powers soon led him into the path of duty. They became eloquent exponents of the rights and wrongs of the South, and confirmed wavering and undecided minds as to the justice of our cause. Their father largely helped to equip the first company raised in Hampshire, and it is a pleasant reminiscence of the elder and surviving sister that in assisting other ladies to make their uniforms she first acquired the noble art of making pants.

In the fall of 1861 a portion of Stonewall Jackson's army was encamped in the vicinity of their home. The Confederate flag floated proudly from the mansion, whose hospitality was often shared by officers and

men. The troops, however, were soon compelled to retire before a large advancing force of the enemy, leaving the people unprotected. The girls now realized their first bitter experience of war, if burning the homes of defenseless women and children can be dignified by the name.

No sooner did the Union troops arrive than the house was sacked from cellar to garret. The walls, being of white and blue limestone, would not burn, and they glutted their ire by demolishing everything in sight, from the piano to the baby's crib. What they did not care to appropriate they destroyed. The family were rendered utterly homeless, but Miss Elizabeth saved her flag. In a letter to a friend she relates the event and what followed so graphically that she shall finish the story in her own way:

"Expecting to return for us before the arrival of the enemy, my father, who was too old to go into the army, had taken the negroes and as much of the stock as he could, and had gone to Winchester. The Yankees were in large force, and we were completely at their mercy. Besides burning what they could and wrecking everything, they treated us shamefully, using fearful language. My sister Alma was sick in bed when we first heard of their approach, and insisted on getting up and dressing; but she was almost helpless. My mother was made so nervous by the excitement that she was completely prostrated, so that I was the only one who could offer the slightest resistance. I was not afraid of them, and two or three times I thought I would be compelled to use my revolver in self-defense. Their insults becoming intolerable, I rebuked them for their conduct, and finally the officer in command suggested to his men, rather than commanded them, to desist. They did not go any farther than our house, for I told them that the little hill beyond was fortified and full of Rebels, and they fell back. Supposing that they had gone, I secured an old crippled horse—the only animal left on the place—and started out with the intention of sending a message to the commanding

officer at Winchester, and of going to a certain place agreed upon with my father to send him word in case the presence of the enemy should prevent his return. I had barely ascended the hill when I heard the Yankee cavalry coming, and crying 'Halt!' or they would shoot me. They came up and insolently put me under arrest, saying I was then on my way out to give information to the Rebels, and that I must go to headquarters and be searched. I was somewhat uneasy, for I had on my person my pistol and the large Confederate flag that had floated from our house when our troops were there. All that saved me from going to headquarters was the intercession of a Union man, who knew me, and who guaranteed that I would answer any charge that might be made against me when called upon; but I was compelled to return a prisoner under guard. Fortunately they left that afternoon, and I went out with a faithful old servant, procured teams and took my mother, sister, and the rest of the children, with a few things which we had secreted before they came, and, under cover of the night, expecting every moment to have them dash upon us, we reached Winchester, where my father soon secured as a temporary refuge for us the little stone house and farm on which were erected by Milroy's orders the fortifications which the Louisiana Brigade so gallantly carried on the afternoon of June 14, 1863."

Undaunted by the destruction of their home, but embittered by a sense of personal injury, as well they might have been, the family set sturdily to work to mend their broken fortunes. Crops were planted, household comforts secured, and they were happy in once more being within the Confederate lines. Our



MRS. M. A. E. M'LURE, ST. LOUIS,

The eminent benefactor of Confederates in Missouri.

fair refugees meanwhile were not idle. The winter was a severe one, the troops illy provided, and the hospitals were crowded with the sick. They were to be found daily at the bedside of the ill or wounded, dispensing delicacies made with their own hands, or imparting words of sympathy or encouragement.

The year 1862 was destined to be an important one in the history of the town and its inhabitants. Military expediency had compelled the abandonment of the place by the Confederates, and on the 12th of March the Union forces took undisputed possession. Within less than a fortnight, however, the Federal commander was surprised by the apparition of Stonewall Jackson at the head of his command. Gen. Shields, with a strong Union force, awaited his arrival outside of the city near Kernstown. A stubborn and bloody two day's struggle followed. The result meant much to the refugees, and they watched the progress of the conflict with anxious interest, their hopes rising or falling with the advancing or receding roar of battle. Their day of deliverance had not yet arrived. The small Confederate force was inadequate to the task assigned it, and, after inflicting upon the enemy heavy losses in killed and wounded, Stonewall Jackson leisurely retired from the field unpursued.

Reënforced by Ewell in May, Jackson again moved to the relief of the devoted city. Cutting the army of Banks in twain, after a short battle one wing is hurled in disorderly flight toward the Potomac, and the other to the wilds of West Virginia. The joy of the people was boundless. The rapid retreat of the enemy through the streets, pursued by the victorious Confederates, was a spectacle which alone in the estimation of the young ladies compensated them for all of their troubles and sacrifices, although only a few days before twenty-five wagonloads of the products of their father's farm were seized and hauled away, and all the live stock on the place driven off. If a few supplies had not been secreted in the grove, or buried in boxes in the ground, the family would have had no food.

The news of the victory of the second battle of Winchester by the hero of Manassas was hailed throughout the South with the liveliest satisfaction. It came at a most opportune moment, was beyond value in the amount of material captured, and it happily signified for the townspeople that the reign of petty oppression and spoliation to which they had been subjected should cease for a time at least, although their trials were far from ended. The cruel order which made the Shenandoah Valley a desert had not yet been issued. The farming implements had not yet been broken up so that "a crow in flying up and down the Valley would have to carry rations on his back." That came later.

The people of the Valley enjoyed the respite of but a few months' repose, when it was again deemed advisable to evacuate Winchester, as it was soon to be reoccupied by the Union forces.

The Confederate victory of Chancellorsville in May, 1863, was the signal for the invasion of Pennsylvania. One of the three corps of the invading army, under Gen. Ewell, was ordered to cross the Potomac by way of the Shenandoah Valley. Gen. Milroy, with eight thousand Federal troops, occupied Winchester and its extensive fortifications in fancied security. The Confederates not only reached his immediate vicinity without his knowledge, but a force was dispatched to his

rear to cut off his retreat. An assault in front on the formidable works being likely to entail considerable loss, three brigades of infantry, with twenty pieces of artillery, were ordered to seize a line of earthworks on the opposite side of the city as a more favorable point from which to conduct operations. Guided by Col. Robert Baker, a citizen, they were conducted unobserved by a wide detour to the left and reached a wood-crowned eminence, upon which the batteries were soon in position and the infantry disposed in battle order. A salvo of twenty guns was the first notification to the enemy of the movement, their attention having been diverted elsewhere until it was completed. After having silenced the battery of artillery and shaken up the infantry behind the works by a few minutes' cannonade, the Confederate infantry—the Louisiana Brigade in front, followed by Hoke's North Carolina and Smith's Virginia Brigades at intervals of a hundred yards—emerged from the road nad moved down to the slope. As soon as the artillery could shoot with safety over the heads of the advancing infantry their fire was resumed. The war did not furnish a more picturesque battle scene than this charge on the outer fortifications at the third battle of Winchester, and these two sisters enjoyed the view as the boys in gray swept by their residence to storm the heights. Ascending the opposite slope, the Confederate artillery suspended fire, and the infantry advanced at the charge, mounted the works in the face of a brisk fire, captured the battery, and put the infantry to flight, their own guns being turned on them as they retreated rapidly to an inner fort.

In the charge of the Louisiana Brigade the Sixth Louisiana, which was on the right of its first line, suffered severely, all its field and staff officers save one being wounded, but yet falling short of its remarkable loss at the battle of Sharpsburg, where three commanding officers were killed in the day's conflict. Gen. Ewell was so well pleased with the gallantry of the Louisianians in this charge that he ordered the ridge to be thenceforth called Louisiana Heights.

The captured fortifications were the special objects of the enemy's fire even after nightfall; but Milroy, realizing the hopelessness of the struggle, evacuated the city before dawn. His retreat had hardly begun when his flying troops encountered the Confederate forces lying in wait to intercept him, and, after a short conflict, they were dispersed, more than half of them being taken prisoners. Milroy himself, with the remainder, escaped. The fruits of the victory were 4,000 prisoners, 28 pieces of artillery, 300 wagons, 300 horses, and a large amount of military supplies.

While the battle was in progress Farmer Yonley's premises were occupied as a hospital, and the wounded carried thither. His devoted daughters, notwithstanding the bursting shells and the parental admonition to remain in a place of comparative safety, went among the stricken soldiers and ministered to their needs in every practicable way. That entire night they were zealous in their attentions, and for several weeks they kindly nursed several of whose wounds did not permit removal.

It was the good fortune of the writer of this tribute to become acquainted with his benefactors and to learn from friends and neighbors of their services to the cause which often called for a high degree of judg-

ment and diplomacy and were attended by more or less danger. Fearlessness was a marked characteristic of the elder sister. At the fourth battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, when Early's small army was compelled to retire before the overwhelming numbers of Sheridan, she personally attempted to stem the tide of retreat and induce the men to make another effort. Realizing finally that the battle was lost, she saved hundreds from capture by showing them a safe line of withdrawal from the field. Time and again she sent valuable information to our outposts, for not a move of the enemy escaped her eye. She was often called upon to harbor some daring scout who had penetrated the Federal lines in disguise and who found his way back by her guidance.

It is the proud pleasure of the writer to place on record these recollections of Lizzie Yonley, the "Maid of Winchester," as she was familiarly christened during the war, a title to which she of Saragossa is known to fame by a moiety of the services rendered to her country by this young girl of the Shenandoah Valley. This tardy recognition of her devotion to the cause, and expression of the gratitude of her surviving friends of the Sixth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, by the presentation of the medal outlined above and this testimonial, is due to the fact that only until recently were they aware of the fact that she had survived with them the fortunes of the war, and had learned her present place of abode.

Miss Elizabeth Yonley, shortly after the war, married the gallant Capt. Samuel Heironimus, of Ashby's and Fitzhugh Lee's commands. They resided for many years in Little Rock, Ark., prosperous and happy, but reverses came which culminated in the de-



MRS. EMILY TODD HELM, ELIZABETHTOWN, KY.



HOW THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY AT AUGUSTA DECORATED THEIR HALL FOR MEETING OF THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

struction of their beautiful home by fire. Capt. Heironimus was long a sufferer from his wounds, and was finally compelled to submit to the amputation of a leg. He answered his last roll call in 1898. Mrs. Heironimus, with her three children, now resides in Knoxville, Tenn., and deserves the love and gratitude of all survivors of the cause, if she be not entitled to a more substantial reward.

Miss Alma Yonley became the wife of Mr. William Chapman, of Winchester, Va., and also moved to Little Rock. She was the worthy compatriot of her elder sister in patriotic aspiration and daring undertakings. It was she whom the writer requested to hold his right hand while the surgeon probed for a bullet in his side, received in the charge alluded to above. He shall never forget the cool serenity of her courage as he looked up into her blue eyes beaming with sympathy and encouragement, while she unflinchingly aided the surgeon in his search. She was as tender and kind to the wounded in her care as she was brave under fire. After achieving a well-merited reputation by her literary ability, Mrs. Chapman passed away in 1891, lamented by a wide circle of friends and admirers.

Such is the record of these daughters of Virginia. The South had many such, as devoted and true; but if all her people had been cast in the same heroic mold as Elizabeth and Alma Yonley, she would have been unconquered and unconquerable.

It is to be regretted that no photographs of the sisters during girlhood could be procured. That of Mrs. Heironimus is of recent date. On the reverse side of the medal are the names of the donors with the dates 1861-65: John J. Rivera, Major; Blayne T. Walshe, Captain; John Orr, First Lieutenant and adjutant, Sixth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, A. N. Va., C. S. A. R.

REUNION COMMITTEES AT LOUISVILLE.

The omission to print lists of committees to Louisville Reunion was inadvertent. They were put in type promptly, but allowed to wait over. They are:

COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED.

Resolutions.—Florida, W. H. Jewell; Georgia, W. J. Waddell; Oklahoma, J. P. Allen; Tennessee, W. T. Trolley; Arkansas, James Coffin; District of Columbia, Charles C. Ivey; Alabama, J. W. A. Sanford; South Carolina, Thomas W. Carwile; Kentucky, W. B. Haldeman; Mississippi, Robert O. Lowry; Texas, A. P. Watts; Missouri, J. B. Gant; Maryland, Spencer Jones; North Carolina, W. L. De Rosset; Louisiana, David Cabell.

Credentials.—Georgia, C. M. Wheatley; Oklahoma, J. O. Dobbs; Florida, J. A. Enslow; Tennessee, Tomlinson Fort; Arkansas, J. J. Horner; Alabama, William Richardson; North Carolina, H. A. London; South Carolina, Z. C. Davis; Mississippi, John McGinnis; Texas, J. F. Fontaine; Missouri, H. W. Salmon; Maryland, J. M. Garnett; District of Columbia, James Compton; Louisiana, B. G. Walsh; Kentucky, J. C. Rogers.

BASIS OF REPRESENTATION.

The Committee on Credentials reported that the various States were entitled to the following delegates and votes: Maryland, 24; North Carolina, 116; South Carolina, 156; Kentucky, 142; West Virginia, 121; Georgia, 222; Alabama, 150; Tennessee, 140; Mississippi, 114; Louisiana, 134; Florida, 42; Missouri, 60; Virginia, 111; Texas, 245; Arkansas, 78; Indian Territory, 18; Oklahoma, 6. Total, 1,772.

It would seem well to have these committees appointed a year ahead, that they may be able to consider in advance all that is practicable.



CHARLES CALHOUN JONES.

Departed this life September 18, 1900, at Madisonville, Tenn., Charles Calhoun Jones, a prominent citizen of Monroe County. He was born October 9, 1840, in Union District of South Carolina, and was the son of Hon. J. Whitmore Jones, a State Legislator and a popular educator of South Carolina, who died from exposure in the service of the Confederate States army in March, 1862.

Charles C. Jones enlisted before his father, in April, 1861, as a sergeant in the Second South Carolina Regiment, called Secession Guards. He was first stationed at Charleston. At his earnest request he was transferred to Virginia in defense of the Yorktown Peninsula, and served in all the Virginia battles and at Chickamauga under Gen. Longstreet until furloughed at Petersburg a few weeks before Gen. Lee surrendered. He was promoted to lieutenant of the signal corps when transferred to Virginia. He was very popular with his superior officers, and a favorite of Gen. J. B. Kershaw's. He was well educated, and an accomplished violinist. In March, 1867, he married Miss Margaret, a daughter of Barclay J. McGhee, of Monroe County, Tenn., and became a citizen of that county. In 1876 he was elected justice of the peace, and reelected three terms. He was never known to charge for his services as justice. He was elected tax assessor last spring.

Comrade Jones was loved by all who had enjoyed his acquaintance and hospitality at his home, Citico, on the Tennessee river. A widow, children, and friends mourn their irreparable loss.

MRS. EMMA B., WIFE OF COL. W. A. HEMPHILL.

On a September night, in the beautiful, hospitable home of Col. W. A. Hemphill, Atlanta, Ga., his beloved wife, Emma B. Hemphill, died suddenly of heart failure. She was with the family group at the supper hour, but, not feeling well, she retired to her own apartments as the other members of the family went to the dining room. Her husband was called by their little daughter Julia, and hastened upstairs. She called his name two or three times, and expired. This was the fourth attack of a similar kind. She is survived by six children—viz., W. A. Hemphill, Jr., Mrs. L. D. T. Quinby, Emma C., Julia, Robert F., and Marguerite Hemphill.

The prominence and great usefulness of the family caused general sorrow, as was attested by the large collection of floral tributes and the multitude of sorrowing friends at the funeral, which was in every way a fitting tribute to the noble woman that she was.



MRS. W. A. HEMPHILL.

Mrs. Hemphill was a diligent Confederate worker, taking an active part with the Daughters, and was never "reconstructed." Much might be said of her usefulness in all the relations of life. General sympathy is felt for her devoted husband, Comrade Col. W. A. Hemphill.

IN MEMORY OF MARY, WIFE OF GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

Her father, Gen. Anderson Abercrombie, was an officer in the United States army during the war with Great Britain, 1812-15. About the year 1830 he purchased lands from the Indians on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee river, immediately below the falls at Columbus, Ga., and opened a large plantation thereon for cotton. He was a man of marked character. He took a cold-water bath at dawn, winter and summer; then rode to his plantation, and returned for breakfast. Every Wednesday he went to Columbus. He never had a decayed tooth. In all his ways he was methodical. He, as well as all his children, never experienced the sensation of fear of man. He was blessed with ten children, five sons and five daughters. As the children advanced in years he gave to each a colored servant to wait on them and to accompany them, if desired, wherever they went.

Miss Mary was their seventh child. Her education was partly attained in Columbus, from the accomplished teachers there, and her character was formed in harmony with her delightful home life. Her education was completed in Philadelphia. During all these years her father's stately mansion was the resort of the most distinguished men of Georgia and Alabama. Hospitality abounded, and it was a common saying in all the country round: "There are no people like the Abercrombies."

When Miss Mary returned from school she was tall, lithe, and graceful; her brow was marked with dignity; her eyes were gray, piercing, shaded with blue; from her willowy waist all motion seemed to spring as it waved to and fro. Her step was the poetry of motion, and gave a charm to her movements; it was so light it seemed to touch the earth. Even the kittens would quit their balls of yarn to play with her feet. Her manners were courtly, with vivacity enough to entertain the crowd that would gather around her, attracted by the gifts Nature had given her. All her senses were wonderfully developed.

She had not been home long ere she was, with one accord, proclaimed the queen of the house, to preside over its affairs. This she accepted, and became her mother's companion and her father's counselor.

How happy is the family where respect, harmony, and love abides! Amidst the crowd of visitors nothing marred the pleasures of the passing days. There the eloquent Toombs would come to rest from the political canvass, Stephens to discuss the affairs of State, Crawford and others to arrange nominations, and Judge Longstreet to entertain all with stories from his exhaustless repertoire.

In 1862 the Judge made a long and last visit to his beloved friend. He brought with him his jointed glass flute obtained in Paris. Oft as the shades of evening prevailed, the ladies, guests, and the Judge would assemble on the portico, where he would take his flute from its case and play so sweetly that all nature was charmed; the crickets would stop their chirp, the katydids their call, and the whippoorwill sit on the stone by the gate and quit his monotonous cry to listen to the melody of sounds that silenced the songs of joy that God gave them. The music of his flute was heard to go on after he ceased to play, and like the song of angels heard in dreams it lingered on the memory.

Enthroned mistress of the mansion, Miss Mary soon became the idol of worship, the handmaiden of charity; and, in the overflowing of a generous heart, she dispensed happiness to all around her.

Endowed with great intellect, all times, all places, all dates and events were retained in her tenacious memory; and there was a method in all her work.

Two of Gen. Abercrombie's brothers lived on adjoining plantations. One was long a member of Congress from his district in Alabama. The other, having no children, attended to his own and the General's plantation during his life, and he always said: "I will provide the means if you will spend them in educating your children, as I regard them also as mine." Every day the children played, and every day they sung as cheerily as the birds in the trees above them. Every day these two families visited each other, living a pure, useful, Christian life, little dreaming what the future had in store for them in the near coming events.

All over the South were many families like this, the offsprings of a race of noble men, pure and accomplished women that gave to the world the highest degree of civilization it has ever attained; dispensing happiness and joy without price as freely as flowers shed their fragrance to the evening air to be breathed by all. Alas! that generation has passed away, never to return.

Time grew on apace; years passed by, then came

war, spreading desolation far and wide. From this the family did not escape. In the glee of childhood and her early matured years, her path of life led through pleasant places; but now the environments were changed, and when it ended, and the relations between the whites and blacks were reversed, it only developed her intrepid character, and made her a heroine in the struggle.

What has been said respecting Miss Mary before this period of her life dwindled away when contrasted with her conduct as wife and mother.



WIFE OF GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

On the 12th of January, 1865, she was married to Gen. S. G. French, Confederate States army. In September she left her father's home and went to Greenville, Miss., with her husband, to live on his plantation. What a change! She, who had no knowledge of plantation life, who had never seen a chicken killed, nor a dog in the house of her father, had now to confront plantation life amidst freedmen under the horrors of reconstruction, and nobly she did more than her part. At her bidding the idle negroes would plow till the dusk of evening, or gather the crop in the dew of the morn; but for her and no one else would they work. All were devoted to "Miss Mary," for in sickness she visited them and gave them medicine, and in many ways administered much for their relief.

On the plantation on the 22d of January, 1866, her eldest son, Samuel G., was born; on August 12, 1867, at her parental home in Alabama, Ada Mary was born; and on August 12, 1872, her son Robert A. was born at the Alleghany Springs, Va. To her devotion to them do these children owe their lives. Her penetrating eye could detect every shade or change of condition on entering a sick room far more correctly than a physician.

For ten years amidst this reign of negro supremacy over the South, amidst scenes indescribable, she lived without complaint; but the strain told on her health, and in 1876 she moved to her summer home in Woodbury, N. J. But so intolerant were the people to her children that, in the autumn of the same year, the family left for Columbus, Ga., where they had a delightful home in the suburbs of the city. Thence, in 1886, they changed their residence to Winter Park, Fla., and lived on their orange groves. Ten years after this the orange groves were destroyed by a freeze, and they moved to Pensacola, where her daughter Ada and son Robert were living.

Whilst at Winter Park, in 1894, Mrs. French had a violent attack of "grippe," from which she never regained her health. Thence on, life to her was one continued struggle, with the asthma that exhausted her strength, and she became an invalid. Still this devoted woman, from a sense of duty—as she termed it—continued her untiring efforts to make her home cheerful and her children happy. They seldom left the house without her blessing, or returned without receiving her greeting at the door. Through all this, it was apparent that she toiled, toiled through weary days against all remonstrance, and passed sleepless nights.

On the 21st of April her husband took her to Atlanta to visit her son residing there. On the 13th of May she was attacked with asthma and bronchitis, from which she had not vitality enough to recover, and on the 16th, surrounded by her family, her pure spirit took its flight to meet her God—her work was done.

Sometime before her death she pasted on the fly leaf of her Bible the prayer of Father Ryan for

REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
 My soul oppressed;
 And I desire what I have long desired:
 Rest, only rest

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
 In barren ways;
 'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain
 In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
 But God knows best;
 And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
 For rest, sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never
 The autumn yield;
 'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
 O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
 So heart-oppressed;
 And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
 For rest, for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years;
 And cares infest
 My path, and though the flowing of hot tears
 I pine for rest.

'Twas always so; when but a child I laid
 On mother's breast
 My wearied little head, e'en then I prayed,
 As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
 For down the west
 Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore,
 Where I shall rest.

Pensacola, Fla., May 21, 1900.

MAJ. STEPHEN F. POWERS.

On Sunday, February 1, 1900, this gallant veteran of two wars crossed to the great beyond to join his comrades where the heroes who marched with Jefferson Davis at Buena Vista, and with Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and Beauregard, are now rapidly gathering to their eternal camp.



MAJ. STEPHEN F. POWERS.

Maj. Powers was born in Halifax, Va., of Irish parents and of ancient and honorable family, whose sons were famed as soldiers, whose daughters were endowed with that grace, refinement, and virtue which adorns the true Irish gentleman. While yet a child, his parents moved to Natchez, which place was thereafter his home—beautiful "Natchez on the hill," and no matter where he traveled, or temporarily resided, his mind heart always turned to that beautiful diadem of the Mississippi Valley. While a mere stripling, Maj. Powers was among the first to volunteer for service in Mexico, and served with the Mississippi troops throughout the contest there.

Early in 1861 Maj. Powers was appointed mustering officer for the Confederacy, and rendered valuable services in that position. In 1862 he joined Miles's Legion, and after the fall of Port Hudson, at the special request of the lamented Gen. Henry W. Allen, of Louisiana, Comrade Powers was promoted to Quartermaster General of the Southern Division, with the rank of major, in which position he served to the end of the struggle.

After the Mexican war, in early manhood Maj. Powers married Miss Rosina Harris, a beautiful and accomplished lady whose brothers, Gen. Nat and Capt William Harris, served with distinction in the Confederate war, and J. W. M. Harris, another brother, was a distinguished member of the Mississippi bar. Maj. Powers was much beloved. He was noted for his broad-gauged charity, generosity, and high character. He viewed life from its sunny side, and no matter his needs, he was always ready to share with those less fortunate than himself.

SERVICES IN THE CONFEDERACY.

Col. Philip B. Spence's reminiscences, continued from pages 373, 374 of the August VETERAN:

ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

About nine o'clock, Polk's Corps—about 9,400—with Cheatham, A. P. Stewart, Bushrod Johnson, and Russell, as division commanders, became engaged, and from that time until the day's battle was over seemed to me the shortest day of my life. We were driving the enemy from every position they occupied, capturing their artillery, infantry, and camps. By five o'clock we had driven them to the banks of the Tennessee River under the protection of their gunboats. I am sure most of our officers and men thought that afternoon that Gen. Grant's army would surrender the next morning. Few of us knew of the arrival of reinforcements to Grant under Buell.

Early on the morning of April 7 there appeared in our front a strong line of battle of fresh troops, and following our grand victory of the day we were to meet disaster. Had our grand leader, Albert Sidney Johnston, lived, this would never have occurred.

While Sunday, April 6, is remembered as the shortest and grandest day of my life, Monday, April 7, is remembered as the longest and one of the saddest days. The enemy had "turned the tables," and we were being driven. I had had two horses shot under me, and been wounded, and had commenced thinking of promotion, and made up my mind that I would at least have the rank of a field officer; but I soon found that many officers had had more horses shot under them, and were more severely wounded, and I was quite satisfied a short time after the battle to receive a commission as first lieutenant in the provisional army. The actions of the wounded and the positions of the dead and dying made lasting impressions upon me. Some of the wounded were cheering and begging the men to go forward, waving their hats or flags; others were more quiet. Many were groaning from pain, and begging for water. The dead were in many strange positions: some sitting upright against trees, others grasping their guns as if in the act of firing; some holding papers and letters, Bibles and prayer books; a few with their faithful dogs by them, looking as sad as any human friend.

My own wound will possibly bear describing. I was often reminded of it by my fellow staff officers. At the time I was riding near the general. A Minie ball hit a tree, flattening to about the size of a silver dollar; glancing, it hit me in the side, going through my clothes, and knocked me from my horse. The officers near me at the time often tell the joke on me that I said as I was falling: "O, General, I am killed!" The General quietly remarked, "Lieutenant, I hope not;" and rode on to look after more important duties than watching the supposed death scene of one of his staff.

This story followed me until, after leaving my dear old general never to see him again, I was promoted to the command of a regiment of cavalry. My wound gave me as much real pleasure as I had during my four years of delightful, exciting army life. I was sent on wounded leave to Columbus, Miss. I shall never forget the kindness bestowed upon me by the elegant, good people of that place during my four

weeks there. Being on the staff of Gen. Polk was to my advantage, as he was greatly beloved by the Southern people. I especially appreciated a beautiful tobacco pouch, made for me and filled with the finest tobacco and covered with green cloth, and large initials worked by the delicate hands of an elegant young lady. Some time afterwards this same green pouch, while on my person, was torn to pieces by a Minie ball, and the fragments were sent back to that elegant young lady.

The defeat at Shiloh was disheartening, and when I returned to Corinth everything seemed changed; the army was no longer in good spirits, cheering the generals as they passed by, but seemed sad and unhappy. Many of the men were being discharged on account of sickness contracted in this unhealthy camp. The Federals were advancing and entrenching at short intervals. There was skirmishing every day, and once or twice it was thought another great battle would be fought at Corinth—especially after the arrival of Gen. Van Dorn's army of about seventeen thousand men. Failing to bring on an engagement, Gen. Beauregard withdrew his army to Tupelo, Miss., where we had a good camp with plenty of fresh water. Soon after this Gen. Beauregard, on account of ill health, was relieved from command, and Gen. Bragg was appointed in his place. Under this stern, strict disciplinarian the army was soon greatly improved, and the morale and spirits of the men were as cheerful as before our disastrous defeat on the second day's battle of Shiloh. Officers and men at this time had the utmost confidence in Gen. Bragg as commander of the Army of Mississippi.

Old soldiers in a pleasant camp, with pure, fresh freestone water and good rations, became like boys—full of fun and frolic. The infantry was always fond of joking the cavalry and staff officers. On one occasion, while I was riding through Gen. Sterling Price's command, which was a part of Gen. Van Dorn's army, with the only New Orleans Creole on Gen. Polk's staff, who was dressed for the hot July weather—straw hat, linen duster, and his handsome mustache waxed—a splendid soldier, a tall Missourian, looked at my Creole companion, and said: "Come out of that flag of truce, 'Old Pap' aint going to surrender!" This was taken up by the boys near by, and unfortunately my companion got mad and stopped to give a reprimand. This made matters worse. Others yelled, "Come out of the straw pile! we see your legs;" and still others would tell him, "Take those mice out of your mouth! we can see their tails." At last we made a hasty retreat, while the boys were yelling: "Run to the rear, the Yankees are coming!" etc.

Had this Creole officer taken these jokes in the spirit in which they were intended, we might have had a pleasant ride through this splendid command, which I had never seen before.

The latter part of July our pleasant camp at Tupelo was broken up, and the army moved to Chattanooga, arriving there early in August. The army was here reorganized. In the place of corps, the commands were designated as the right and left wings of the Army of Mississippi; Gen. Polk commanding the right, and Gen. Hardee the left. The division commanders of the right wing were our glorious old Tennessean, Maj. Gen. Frank Cheatham, and Maj. Gen. Jones M. Withers, a gallant Alabamian. All was ac-

tivity and bustle; the army was being thoroughly disciplined and equipped. Gen. Bragg was making ready for his Kentucky campaign, which promised so much. We were confident of a victorious march, and winning Kentucky for the Confederacy. Notwithstanding the activity, the officers and men found time for enjoyment during the hot weather of August, swimming in the beautiful, clear waters of the Tennessee. With companions, one hot afternoon the latter part of August, we varied this by going to the "Bottomless Lake," on the top of Lookout Mountain, six miles from the point. Without waiting to cool, I plunged into this lake of very cold water, and the next day I had a hot fever for my imprudence.

The army crossed the Tennessee River at Chattanooga, and on August 28 took up the line of march over the Cumberland Mountains. I was too ill to start at this time; but I determined not to remain in the rear, and I overtook the army as soon as possible. With my negro boy Jim as my only companion, I started over the mountains, following the trail of the right wing of the army. Strengthened by good fare, the pure mountain air, and beautiful scenery, I improved rapidly, and on September 13 overtook Gen. Polk at Glasgow, ready for duty. My friends greeted me with warmth and affection.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONFEDERATE MUSTER ROLLS.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson writes the VETERAN in regard to acts of the Virginia Legislature on this subject, and says:

Please publish the act of Assembly (Chapter 205) of February 9, 1898, which has for its object the collection, preservation, and perpetuation of the names of the soldiers of Virginia who fought in her defense in the war between the States.

I had cherished the hope, when the act passed, that the Confederate camps in the State would take the matter up, and collect and record muster rolls of companies from their respective counties. If they had done so, or would do so now, we could get the State to print them, and thus secure a monument more imperishable than granite or bronze, for one thousand copies of the battle roll of Virginia, distributed through the great libraries of the world, would be as secure of immortality as anything human can be.

North Carolina and South Carolina have published their rolls in full. In Maryland they have published such rolls as they could secure. With the exception of company rolls, occasionally published by the *Dispatch*, we have done nothing. In this county we have secured and recorded nearly perfect rolls. It has been a labor of hard work and of love.

Act of Assembly approved February 9, 1898:

"An act having for its object the collection, preservation, and perpetuation of the names of the soldiers of Virginia who fought in her defense in the war between the States:

"1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia that upon the petition of three reputable soldiers, who served in defense of Virginia in the war between the States of 1861-1865, presented to the county or corporation courts of any county or city in this commonwealth, praying that the muster roll or

rolls of any troop of cavalry or company of artillery or infantry organized, recruited, or enlisted, in whole or in part, in said county, during the war between the States, showing that such troop or company was raised for the defense of Virginia, and that such troop or company did actually serve in any of the armies of the Confederate States of America, may be recorded among the records of said county or city. It shall be the duty of the clerk of said court to publish a notice in a newspaper, if one be published in said county or city, for two successive weeks, or, if none be published, to post a notice on the courthouse door, stating that such petition has been filed, the names of the petitioners, and the name of the troop or company the muster roll of which it is proposed to record, and that such petition will be heard by the county or corporation court on a day fixed by the court, which shall be stated in such notice.

"2. On the day named the petition shall be heard and any citizen shall have the right to appear at said hearing by counsel or in person, and show cause why said muster roll shall not be recorded, or why the name of any person on said muster roll shall not be recorded, which cause may be that the troop, company, or person named deserted during the war, misbehaved before the enemy, or any other good cause pertaining to their record as soldiers; and if any such good cause shall be shown, then the said court shall refuse to order said record to be recorded, or shall order the name of the person or persons designated to be omitted from the record of the muster roll.

"3. Upon the filing of said petition, a copy of the muster roll shall be filed therewith as part thereof, and upon the hearing the court shall be satisfied by competent and sufficient evidence that the copy of the muster roll filed is as perfect a copy of the muster roll as is practicable to be made, and the court, upon proper evidence, shall have power at any time to amend such roll by inserting names omitted from the copy, and when the copy is perfected, as far as practicable, shall order it to be recorded in a book to be kept in the clerk's office of the county or city, to be entitled muster roll of said county or city, which record shall have the same value as other records have.

"4. The cost of the record book and of publishing said notice, as provided by Section 1. of this act, and of recording said rolls, shall be paid by the county or city when the petition is filed.

"5. All acts, or parts of acts, inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

"6. No fee shall be allowed the clerk or any other officer of the court for his service upon any proceeding under the provisions of this act.

"7. This act shall be in force from its passage."



WHO FOUGHT IN THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER?

Comrade Joseph Draper writes from Oxford, Ala.:

The VETERAN for August, 1899 (pages 362 and 363), contains a sketch of the war history of Gen. Weisiger copied from the *Richmond Dispatch*, giving him, as commanding Virginia troops, the credit of capturing the Crater, July 30, 1864. It happened with me that I reached my home at the above place disabled by a wound that I received at the Wilderness on May 6, about eight hours before the mine was sprung, hence I was not there; but from my company and regiment comrades, and other witnesses, among them Joe D. Smith, Ordnance Sergeant of the Tenth Alabama Regiment, I am assured that Gen. Rans Wright's Brigade of Georgia troops made two charges, capturing in the second charge a portion of the works to the left, and the Virginia troops captured a part on the right, leaving a portion of the works and Crater still in possession of the enemy. Wilcox's Alabama Brigade, composed of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Fourteenth Regiments, was ordered from the opposite side of the city to make a charge on the Crater at 1 P.M. The brigade formed a line in a depression about 150 or 200 yards from the enemy, to await the hour. The heat was so intense that many of the men succumbed, and the charge was made just after twelve and the Crater captured, witnessed by Gen. R. E. Lee, the greatest man that has ever lived, also by Gens. Mahone, Bushrod Johnson, and a London correspondent. Sen. Col. J. C. C. Sanders, of the

Eleventh Regiment, afterwards killed at Reams Station, commanded the brigade, and Sen. Capt. Louis W. Johnson, now of Tuscaloosa, Ala., commanded the Tenth Regiment, which, from its position, probably bore the brunt of the charge. The Crater was held, and under a truce the next day 271 dead (white and negro) soldiers of the Federal army were taken out of the hole, which was only 75 or 100 yards long. Sixteen South Carolina troops, whose comrades were blown up, formed behind the Tenth Alabama Regiment, and went in the charge. The men were instructed to keep as quiet as possible, not to yell, and at the command, "Attention," were to rise up, rush to the Crater, and not to fire until they reached its edge, then fire and go on them with the bayonet. These instructions were carried out vehemently, and the Crater was quickly made the bloodiest scene of all the battles of the secession war.

A. K. Newsom, Dyer, Tenn.: "As a member of Company D, Third North Carolina Regiment of Infantry, I want to correspond with any member of the old company or regiment. Let me hear from you, old comrades."

ZINC AND LEAD INTERESTS IN SOUTHWEST MISSOURI.—The VETERAN cordially compliments the Passenger Agency Department of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company on its elegantly illustrated pamphlet print of the zinc and lead interests on its lines in Southwest Missouri. Persons interested, who desire one of these pamphlets, can apply to local passenger agents or to H. C. Townsend, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Veteran Watch Premiums.

The most popular premiums ever offered clubs of subscribers to the VETERAN are the

Beautiful Watches

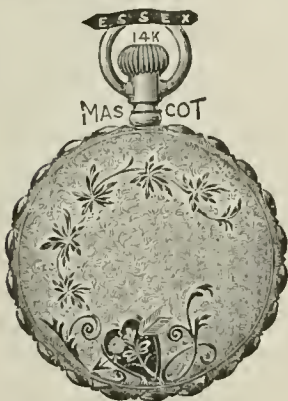
with gold-filled cases. It seems incredible that such exquisite time pieces, with guaranteed movements, can be furnished for so small sums as are required in subscriptions to the VETERAN.

For 20 subscriptions we will send a Lady's Gold-Filled Watch, standard movement; and for 18 subscriptions, the Gentleman's Watch, of same quality and movement. It will be seen that the Ladies' Watches are the more expensive. For four additional subscriptions a neat chain will be supplied.

The Veteran watch premium has been sent to nearly every part of the country, and expressions of delight are usually returned. A still cheaper watch was offered, but it did not prove satisfactory.

Send for sample copies and secure one of these beautiful watches.

No premium is offered by the Veteran that is not believed to be as represented.



NEW HISTORY OF TENNESSEE, REVIEWED BY JOHN H. DE WITT.

A new text-book of Tennessee history has been written by W. R. Garrett, Ph.D., and A. V. Goodpasture, A.M., two very able and scholarly authorities on Tennessee history. A casual examination of the book will give the impression that it is very thorough, even minute, in its treatment of the history of Tennessee. It is plainly not designed for the primary department. Indeed, it may be doubted whether or not in the limited time usually given to the study of this subject in our schools, this book can be appreciated by the student, but there is enough in it to give him a clear and lasting knowledge of the subject. Another characteristic is its fairness. It treats all mooted questions with impartiality, giving the authority on both sides of every doubtful question. Its references are all very valuable, together with its bibliography at the close, and the advanced student has in this book the best manual for his study that has ever been issued. A thoroughly comprehensive view of the subject is given.

It begins with a unique chapter, giving all the various names applied to the section now known as Tennessee, as far back as the knowledge of man goes. The aboriginal history is well traced; it gives the names and accounts of the various tribes of Indians that lived here prior to the settlement by whites.

The colonial relations of Tennessee up to 1763 furnish a chapter containing much of Spanish, English, and French history in the New World, showing the struggle between England and France, which was closed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. The beginnings of history in Virginia and North Carolina as bearing upon Tennessee are clearly narrated.

The third division of the book graphically describes the first visits of the white people, explorations, hunting parties, the romantic and tragic episode of Fort Loudoun, and the first settlement by the pioneers, the Watauga settlement, which was called Washington District. It describes the settlement on the Cumberland, at Nashville, and the famous voyage of the boat Adventure, the vicissitudes of the early settlers, the heroic leadership of Gen. James Robertson and the triumphant final victory over the Indians.

It also contains a vivid account of the glorious part which Tennesseans took at King's Mountain, and the wonderfully successful career of Gen. John Sevier in overcoming the Cherokee Indians. The rise and fall of the State of Franklin, the organization of government on the Cumberland, the establishment of the Territory South of the Ohio river, the Nickajack expedition and finally the establishment of the State and the admission of Tennessee into the Union.

A supplementary chapter contains valuable information which has nowhere else been collated in regard to the treaties by which the white people finally secured concessions of lands from the Indians.

The book is in two parts. The second contains an admirable treatment of the history of Tennessee as a State to the present time, containing many interesting facts which heretofore have lain almost unobserved in obscure places. The administrations of the various Governors as bearing upon the political, educational, and economic development of the State are treated in separate chapters. The portraits of the Governors with sketches are given. The characters of John Sevier and Andrew Jackson, which overshadow all others in early Tennessee history, are treated adequately. Especially valuable is the chapter on the controversies as to public lands. The growth of the religious denominations in the State is given full consideration; the glorious military history in the British, Indian, and Mexican wars is narrated in the most interesting manner. The history of Tennessee in the war between the States is given with the detail which it deserves; it shows how the citizens who sympathized with the Confederacy responded to the call for arms with a readiness and enthusiasm that fully justified the title of the Volunteer State. It gives lists of the leading military officers and of the men who directed the political career of the State.

The financial history of the State, which in some respects

was very remarkable, receives due consideration. The constitutional conventions of 1796, 1834, and 1870 are well treated, giving the causes leading to them. One of the best features of the book is the prominence given to the great political contests in *ante-bellum* days, with sketches of such great leaders as Felix Grundy, John Bell, Hugh L. White, Ephraim H. Foster, Meredith P. Gentry, Landon C. Haynes, and others. The deeds of her great leaders and her gallant men on the field of battle are worthily described. The climax of this chapter is the beautiful and well-deserved tribute to the memory of Sam Davis.

Reconstruction days in Tennessee and Brownlowism are treated with remarkable fairness, considering that the sympathies of the authors were upon the other side. There is, indeed, no feature of the history of Tennessee at all deserving attention that has not received due consideration. It contains a large number of names of the men and women of the State who have become prominent in every movement in its history. The book is admirably illustrated with portraits that are not confined to political and military leaders, and with maps showing the early settlements, the treaties, and the present formation of the State as to counties.

Interspersed are topical analyses for the aid of the student. It is by far the best text-book on the subject yet presented, and it is also valuable for libraries and to all who love the Volunteer State, whether they reside within her boundaries, or in newer States whose history has been partly made by their prowess in war and their ability and rectitude in civil life.

ENTERTAINMENT BY NASHVILLE DAUGHTERS.

Two operas, "Olivette" and "The Mikado," are to be given in Nashville, at the Vendome, November 30 and December 1, for the benefit of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. John C. Burch (daughter of Gen. John C. Brown) is General Chairman of Committees. Nashville Daughters of the Confederacy are hard to beat in providing for their soldier veterans.



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THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

This beautiful poem was recited by the author on the occasion of the reinterment of the Confederate dead from the battlefield of Gettysburg at Raleigh, N. C., May 10, 1872:

Gather the sacred dust
Of warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our nation's trust,
And fell in the cause, though lost still
just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all!
From the private to the chief,
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same—
They died, and wore the gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living, they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray—
Just as they fell on the battle day—
Bury them breast to breast.

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less tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead
Out of each lonely grave.

The foe-men need not frown.
They are all powerless now;
We gather them here, and we lay them
down.

And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall
led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.

—Father Ryan.

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Col. M. B. Davis, staff correspondent of the *Dallas (Tex.) News* (daily): "You have most artistically threaded upon the story of the Washington College Co. (Stonewall) Jackson's Guard scenes and incidents in college, in civil life and army life, that are so graphically told as to fix and delight the attention of both the old and the young. You are the first I have read after who makes mention of and does justice to the thousands of Constitutionalists in the Southern Border States and in the Northern States, who suffered false imprisonment for their faithfulness to the Constitution. Your prison scenes, as illustrated in the experience of Belle Boyd, Hon. D. A. Mahoney, of Iowa, Judges Duff and Mulky, of Illinois, and Editor McDowell, of Pennsylvania, and other political prisoners, must make your book extremely popular throughout the entire Union."

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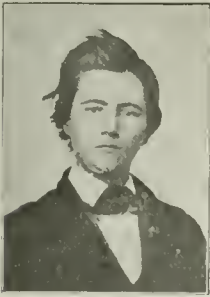
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BIOGRAPHICAL.

The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, Vol. II., page 130, says:

"R. W. Jennings, the founder and manager of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, was born in Edgefield, S. C., March 19, 1838, where his father and grandfather had been reared. At the age of sixteen he commenced clerking in a retail store, and in 1855 he became bookkeeper for the Trion Manufacturing Co., at Trion, Ga. In January, 1857, he came to Nashville and secured a position as bookkeeper for the wholesale house of Gardner & Co., where he remained until 1861, when he entered the Planters' Bank as bookkeeper. In 1864 he filled an important position with the great house of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, where he was directed to overhaul and examine into the books of that firm, running back for a period of nineteen years. In 1865 he was teller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., resigning this in December of that year to accept a partnership in the two firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., Nashville, the latter being the largest wholesale house which has ever been established in Nashville. Withdrawing from these firms in 1872, he was until 1884 the senior partner in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Goodbar & Co., Jennings, Eakin & Co., Jennings, Dismukes & Woolwine, and R. W. Jennings & Co. Thus Mr. Jennings brings to his work as a business educator the ripe experience of thirty years in actual business."

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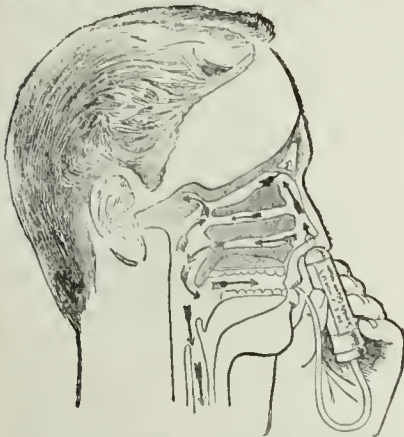
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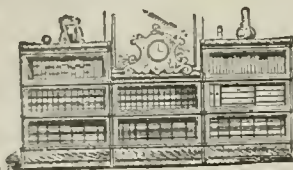
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TRAVELING MEN desiring a salable side line of
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Comfort for Lady Passengers En route to Texas.



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is separated from the balance
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The Cotton Belt offers you the quickest and shortest route to Texas,
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Write and tell us where you are going and when you will leave, and
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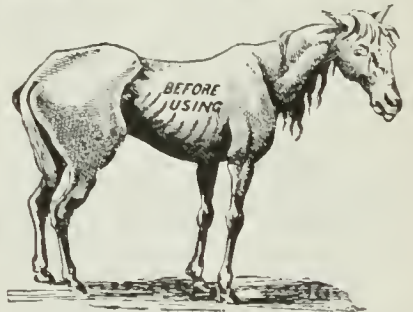
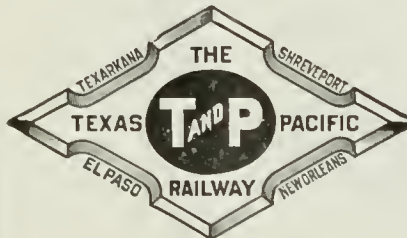
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Wanted. A HORSE and COW that will not be benefited

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the prominent stock feeders in 28 states and
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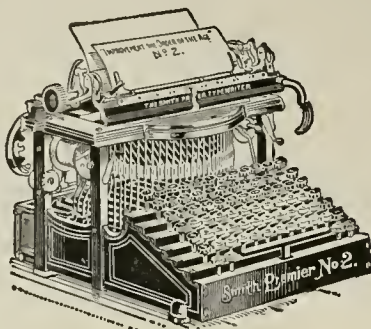


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Nashville, Tenn.



IN THE SOLDIERS' HOMES.

Please send me two bottles of Ripans Tabules for two persons. Inclosed,
\$1.20 two dollars.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Togus, Me.
August 9, 1897.

JOSEPH OGDEN.

Please send me one bottle of your Ripans Tabules and oblige,
SOLDIERS' HOME, Norton Heights, Conn.
August 9, 1897.

CHARLES GOODELL

Ripans Tabules are a good medicine for me,
NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, Ohio.
August 9, 1897.

D. S. SHANNON.

Please send me two small packages Ripans Tabules, finding inclosed ten
cents in stamps in payment of same

NATIONAL HOME, Milwaukee Co. Wis.
August 9, 1897.

CHARLES E. WASHBURN.

WANTED:—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life.
One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S,
10 for 6 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to
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Send us your address
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furnish the work and teach you free, you work in
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By a fortunate arrangement with the agents for Rogers' silverplate, the **VETERAN** makes a specially attractive offer of the above useful articles as premiums for clubs of subscribers or for single subscriptions. Nothing could be nicer for holiday presents, and now is the time to begin making up your club. Read this offer carefully, and send for sample copies for use in the work.

PREMIUM OFFERS.

We will send the **VETERAN** for one year and any pieces of silverware at the following prices:

Coffee Spoons, set of six, for the club price of.....	\$2 00
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Tablespoons, set of six, for the club price of.....	3 25
Dessert Spoons, set of six, for the club price of.....	3 00
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Sugar Shell and Butter Knife (in case).....	2 00

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For clubs of subscribers to the **VETERAN** at \$1 each.

Set of six Coffee Spoons given free for club of 5 new subscribers at.....	51 each
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Set of six Table Forks given free for club of 10 new subscribers at.....	1 each
Set of six Dessert Forks given free for club of 9 new subscribers at.....	1 each
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WE PAY TO BEGINNERS TO
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Straight Salary Basis, Direct from our Office.

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IF YOU WANT WORK, CALL ON US OR WRITE.

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Daily, Nashville to Chicago

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SANTA CLAUS'S GREATEST OFFER!

A Christmas Present that Pleases the Whole Family.

Wins Back the Prodigal Dollar for Father, by Saving in Fuel Bill.

Gives Mother Encouragement to Cultivate the Talent of Housekeeping.

Prepares Perfect Meals that Aid in the Sons' Digestion and Produce Brain and Brawn.

Makes Cookery Enjoyable for the Daughters, Fits Them for Wives, and Attracts Proposals.

In my opinion, your National Steel Ranges are the best made. This is a very broad statement, yet I believe it to be true. When I sell one I know I have made a friend, and it is a pleasure to sell such goods. As you know, I have been in the stove and range business eighteen years, and am confident I have made more good friends through selling them a National Range than any other cooking apparatus. The National is a good advertisement, both for maker and seller.

H. M. PRICE, Mobile, Ala.

One of the South's Largest Stove and Hardware Jobbers.

The National Range was such a beauty that I have had my kitchen remodeled that its surroundings may be in keeping. It is all we could ask for it as a cooker, and the abundance of hot water always furnished lightens materially the troubles usually attendant upon a hotel man's lot.

W. R. BRINGHURST, Clarksville, Tenn.,

The Popular Proprietor of the Widely Known Franklin House.



NATIONAL STEEL RANGES

*Acme of Forty Years Experience
Adorn the Home
Economize in Fuel
Make Glad the Household's Queen.*

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
PHILLIPS & BUTTORFF MFG. CO.
NASHVILLE · TENN.

The 9-24 National Steel Range we obtained of you in September, 1899, has given us perfect satisfaction. On examination, after one year's hard service, we find it in perfect condition—grate bars, dampers, and all as good as when purchased. The draft is so good that we have not needed to clean the pipe for a whole year, though it is used in same flue as former range, which compelled us to clean out the pipe twice a week. We heartily recommend the range to schools or to any one who needs something for continuous service. FANNING ORPHAN SCHOOL.

NASHVILLE, TENN., September 29, 1900.

The National Steel Range installed by you in our kitchen has proven one of the best investments we have made. Although this is a three-fire Range with eighteen holes, on which is prepared three meals a day for over seventy-five students, we find that not one-half the fuel is required for its operation that was formerly used in a single-fire range made elsewhere, and which we discarded for the National. Besides this, the Range is in every other particular all we could ask.

SARAH F. CONWELL,

Matron of Wesley Hall Dormitory of the Great Vanderbilt University.

An Immense Six-Fire Range Just Installed in Kissam Hall

(William K. Vanderbilt's latest gift to the University that bears his name).

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Name Your Requirements, and We Will Fulfill Them.

Write Us for Catalogue, and Select for Yourself.

Confederate Veteran



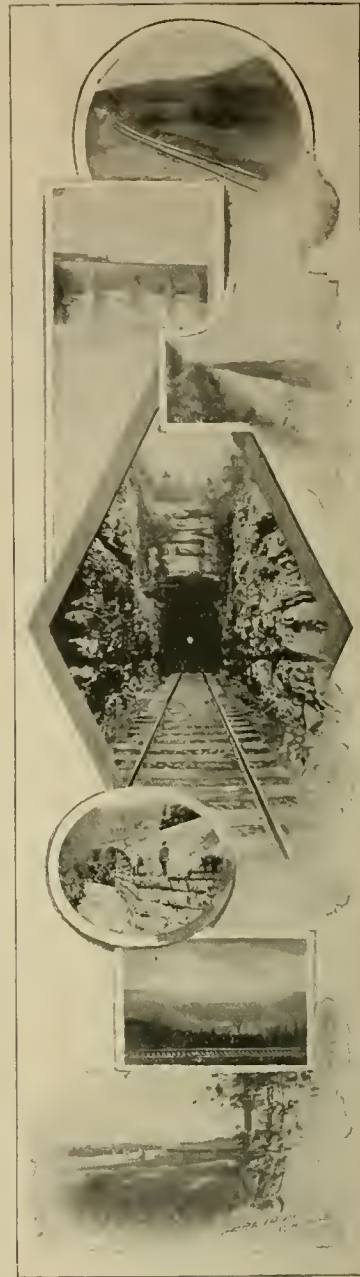
Confederate Veteran.



MAJ. W. L. DANLEY.

When the great war of the sixties involved every interest in the South, W. L. Danley, a clerk in the freight offices of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, resigned his place and became a soldier. He was with his command in Virginia the first year of the war, and he was afterwards in the Shiloh, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, and Perryville battles. Succeeding the war he served the Memphis and Charleston Railway two years as general ticket agent, and next the Louisville and Nashville a period as clerk of the general agent at Memphis. In 1868, however, President Thomas — then superintendent — recalled Mr. Danley to the Nashville and Chattanooga, and appointed him the General Passenger and Ticket Agent, which position he has held ever since, and which distinguishes him in the railroad world as the longest occupant in that capacity of any official on a single system in America. This is thirty years in one position, and with a system that has increased from 151 to 1,200 miles.

It goes without saying that Maj. Danley is thoroughly familiar with every detail of his department. There is nothing frivolous in Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis printing, and it is evident that his terse, expressive, and decisive style is the directing spirit of that business.



THE FRENCH BROAD AS IT DASHES ALONG BY THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Confederate Veteran

Arch by elite on which the hero was executed.

Hollywood Monument, Richmond.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. { VOL. VIII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 12. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.



SHAM PRETENSE OF ARTILLERY THAT WAS EFFECTIVE. (See pages 525-527.)

Mrs. Lizzie Pollard writes from Fayetteville, Ark.: "There occurred an error in the November issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN which I ask you to correct. Under my picture you mention me as 'The First President of Confederation of Southern Memorial Associations.' This is a mistake. Mrs. William J. Behan, of New Orleans, is the first and only President the organization has had. In justice to all concerned, please make the correction."

Comrade H. M. Cook writes from Belton, Tex., November 27, 1900: "I claim the proud privilege of inscribing my name upon that roll of honor that has for its object the erection of a monument to the memory of the noble Sam Davis, who became a martyr to truth, honor, and integrity. I esteem it a grand privilege to be permitted to record my name and contribute my means in behalf of such a noble cause. Find inclosed ten dollars for that purpose."

MRS. BENEDETTE B. TOBIN.

Two noted Daughters of the Confederacy, in Texas, are Mrs. Tobin, of Austin, and Mrs. Sallie Moore Houston, of San Antonio. They are daughters of Leonard James Moore, a native of South Carolina, and Mary Emily Tobin, a native of Milledgeville, Ga. Mrs. Houston organized the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, of San Antonio, and has been its President since organization. She is a leader in all charitable organizations as well as in the social circle. She is one of the Directors of the Society of the Colonial Dames in the State of Texas. James Moore, Governor of South Carolina, 1700, being one ancestor.



President Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Benedette B. Tobin is a charter member of the Texas Society of Colonial Dames. She was elected President of the Board of Lady Managers of the Texas World's Fair Exhibit Association in a convention of over one thousand of the representative women of Texas, and when the association forfeited their charter, through failure, Mrs. Tobin filed a woman's charter. In six months she raised sufficient money to put up a \$25,000 Texas building, and—in spite of a constitutional inhibition against such appropriation—she represented Texas during the World's Fair. Mrs. Tobin assisted in organizing one of the most successful charities in the State—the Eye, Ear, and Throat Charity Hospital, and was made President of the Board. She organized the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., at Austin, and was President of it until elected by acclamation President of the Texas Division, November 30, 1899. During 1900 Mrs. Tobin has organized twenty-two Chapters. At the

Corsicana Convention she was reelected President of the Texas Division, U. D. C.

MRS. J. M. KELLER.

One of the most interesting and forceful women in the Montgomery Convention, U. D. C., was Mrs. J. M. Keller, of Hot Springs, Ark., President of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., and wife of Dr. J. M. Keller, President of the Association of Confederate Surgeons. Mrs. Keller was Miss Sallie Phillips, of Jefferson County, Ky., and a descendant of the Botts family, of Virginia. Although it is within a year of their golden wedding, she is as physically and mentally active and bright as most women of half her age.

When the war began her home was in Memphis, Tenn., and she at once became very active in establishing and organizing hospitals for Confederates, and, under instruction from her husband, filled the place of the first matron of the Overton Hotel-Hospital, supervising its furnishing and attendants, without pay, until its perfect organization. The position was then given to a poor woman on a salary.

Mrs. Keller prides herself on the honor of having been the first woman banished from her home at Memphis by Gen. W. T. Sherman, after he captured the city, and carefully preserves his order as a souvenir. She, with her two baby boys, Irvin and Murray, five and seven years of age, accompanied voluntarily by faithful "Old Black Daddy," were put across the Mississippi river into the swamps of Arkansas, several miles from any house, where they remained for several days until friends sent a guide and took them to a point on the river several miles above, and out of sight of Memphis, where the steamer Von Pool landed contrary to orders, at night, and secretly took her little party to Cairo, Ill., whence she went by rail to her mother, in Jefferson County, Ky. There she remained, although frequently arrested, until joined by her husband after the surrender in July, 1865, without having seen him from May, 1862.

She devotes her life to charity and efforts to produce a true history of the war and its causes, and the care of poor Confederate veterans. It was to her individual efforts that was due the successful meeting of the National Daughters of the Confederacy, held



RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. FRED FLEMING.
This Palatial Home is at Corsicana, Tex.

and entertained at Hot Springs in 1898, she not having asked or received a dollar from any Chapter in the State, except a small amount from her own Chapter, of which she has been President since its organization, in 1896. Her idea is, that as the last Confederates,



President Arkansas Division United Daughters of the Confederacy.

men and women, will soon have passed away, the concluding great work to be accomplished is that of creating a true history of the war and its causes, and that that should be the constant and unceasing aim of the Daughters.

A FEDERAL'S TRIBUTE TO SAM DAVIS.

A Federal soldier, writing November 27, 1900, to the VETERAN, about Sam Davis, states:

I think your exhortation in the cause nearest our hearts touches a solemnly tender chord, appealing for a just and loyal recognition of true heroism, and the response ought surely to be a liberal one.

This day thirty-seven years ago appeals to my heart of love and respect in tender memory of the "noblest knight" of God's greatest handiwork. I recall at this moment, with painful emotions, as I proceeded with faltering steps to the scenes of the crowning triumph, the hallowed spot, of his sacrifice of a rich young life, full of manhood's promise, in defense of all that he knew to be ennobling in the sight of God, man, and country. Well do I remember the sentiment of the young Federals, how universal gloom settled down upon their camp that night, where every honest heart knew an "unknown pain"—knew that a noble young existence had been cut off when its star of glorious destiny was but just glimmering; knew that the loved ones left behind would be chilled dumb with stony grief, and that the heart-current of their warmest love

would halt with rending agony; knew in their young imagination that a horrible event had transpired, and, tossing restlessly through that blackened night, prayed the war to cease. Morn came at last, bringing only silent and painful anguish, for that "man's humanity to man" had been eternally outraged in the cruelty of war.

Mrs. George L. VanBibber, Bel Air, Md., in sending a contribution to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, writes: "I married a Marylander and live in Maryland, but Tennessee is the place of my birth, and I was there through all the bitter struggle made by the South for her rights, and my heart is true to her traditions. I feel that I may claim a right to honor the memory of our hero, Sam Davis, and who would not be proud to hail from the same State? I wish that this small sum might be many times multiplied."

THE BOY HERO OF THE WAR.

And lo! thy matchless boy, O Tennessee!
With pinioned arms beneath the gallows tree,
Looked forth, unmoved, into the wintry skies,
The nut-brown ringlets falling o'er his eyes:
He, by kind gaolers, had been oft implored:
"Speak but one word! To freedom be restored!"
The lifted signal, "Hold," the messenger cried;
And, springing up, stood by the hero's side,
"My boy! This bitter cup must pass you by!
Too brave, too noble, and too young to die!
Your mother, father, sisters—when they learn—
Even now, perhaps, they wait your long return.
Speak but one word—the real culprit's name!
'Tis he should bear this penalty and shame.
Live for your mother! Think a moment how!"
"Not with the brand of fraud upon my brow!
I and the 'culprit,' true, might both go free;
The broken pledge would haunt not him, but me.
How light soever what promise man may make,
Should be kept sacred for his honor's sake!
My mother!"
(And choking back the sob, but half concealed,
His head drooped low! At last must nature yield?)
"My mother!" flashed again the tear-dimmed eyes.
"At her dear knees she taught me how to die!
Her loving heart would be too sorely pained
If to her lips were pressed her boy's with falsehood stained."
"My brave, brave boy," the pleader spoke again;
"A boy in years, but worth a thousand men
Like him for whom, the coward, traitor, knave,
You'd lay your own brave, young life down to save.
Speak out! Life is so sweet! Be free once more!"
"I never knew how sweet life was before!
Still—words are useless, General, but forgive—
You're kind; yet if I had a thousand lives to live,
I'd give them all ere I could face the shame,
And wear, for one hour, a base, dishonored name."
The die was cast! Our tears were idle tears,
For him, who gave one day and gained a thousand years!
Centuries on centuries shall go circling by,
But still he is not dead! SAM DAVIS cannot die!

The above was clipped from an exchange—author unknown.

SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

The leading article in the August VETERAN, signed by "Daphne," should have been credited to the *Nashville American*. In correcting that oversight the occasion becomes suitable to name the author as well, and the VETERAN presents with pride an excellent picture of the fair young lady, Miss Floy Pascal, of Nashville. The article describes the home-coming of two armies,

and it was written to celebrate the return of the Spanish-American soldiers. The author had no immediate relatives in the Confederate army, but there was "in the atmosphere" of her rearing conditions that induced the writing. Extracts from the great tribute will be reread all the more fondly with a knowledge of the popular as well as gifted author:

Borne through the distance of years there comes the echo of another tread, and through the mist of the past is seen the return of their soldiers; but there is no martial splendor attendant upon these; no triumphs await them. There is no burst of patriotic music to welcome them back; no mad, merry blowing of horns or waving of flags. Foot-sore and weary, dispirited and broken-hearted, with the loved banner lying low, and the old gray uniform tattered and worn, the soldiers of the Confederacy wander back one by one to their desolated homes. Their country lies crushed, their homes devastated, their future dark. Helpless



MISS FLOY PASCAL.

wives and children cling to them, and they can speak no word of cheer; but hunger has called aloud, and must be answered; poverty stands waiting, wan and gaunt, amid the ruins of war. The dauntless spirit that struggled against overwhelming odds is not extinguished; the courage that commanded the admiration even of the foe is not lost; the heroism that never wavered through hardships and through trials is not dead. Pinned in the breast pocket of one of the volunteers there is a little piece of faded gray cloth, at which he has looked long and fondly during the months that are past. The boy needs no other talisman, no other inspiration to heroism, than this little scrap of a Confederate uniform—this uniform that is stained with the smoke of battle and the blood of the dead, that old, tattered, time-worn uniform, which we cannot see without tears nor think of without sorrow.

LIEUT. A. H. VAUGHAN, KILLED IN THE WAR.

B. F. Schultz writes from Tazewell, Tenn.:

In the early autumn of 1861 the unfortunate and tragic death of Lieut. Alexander H. Vaughan, of Company H, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, occurred at Blair's Creek, about five miles from Tazewell, on the Kentucky road leading to Cumberland Gap, Tenn. The Confederate forces occupied this portion of the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and were encamped at Cumberland Gap, diligent for the protection of the then important strategic position sought by both contending governments.

A portion of the command at this place was made up of Col. Brazelton's regiment of cavalry, which was practically undisciplined, and was then scouting and roaming over the immediate territory of Lee County, Va., Claiborne and Hancock Counties, Tenn., and a portion of Kentucky beyond the "Gap," and was committing all kinds of depredations irrespective of party.

An appeal came from the citizens of Tazewell and vicinity to the commander of the post at the "Gap" for the protection of life and property, and Lieut. Vaughan was appointed provost marshal of the town. All went well for a while, but in attempting to arrest a number of the members of his regiment who were creating a veritable pandemonium he was slain. Three of the principals in this awful tragedy were arrested and taken to Cumberland Gap and placed in chains in the guardhouse to await trial by court-martial.

The command at the "Gap" was composed of the regiments of Brazelton, Chuchwell, and Rains—Gen. Rains, who was killed at Murfreesboro—and other small commands. Gen. George W. Morgan was then threatening the "Gap," and not being able to resist so formidable a force, the Confederates withdrew to a base beyond Clinch Mountain, with headquarters at Bean's Station, taking with them the three prisoners securely chained to a wagon and under a strong guard, to said place until the order for court-martial.

In the meantime one of the murderers died from sickness, one made his escape to the enemy's lines, and was never again heard of. The names of two are forgotten; that of the third was Holmes. He was taken to Knoxville, and placed in jail for safe-keeping until the order for trial, and then returned to Bean's Station and condemned by court-martial and shot. The stern and horrible decree of the court was executed by the comrades of the slain officer.

The death of Lieut. Vaughan was a sad event, as he was greatly esteemed. The tragedy occurred thirty-nine years ago. This gallant officer was a brave and conscientious soldier, and worthy of the great cause for which he was sacrificed. He was an adopted son of Hickman County, from which he enlisted at his country's call. He had been engaged in the practice of law for several years prior to the war, and he responded to the first call to arms.

He was buried in the "Irish Cemetery" at Tazewell and his funeral was attended by citizens and soldiers. There was sadness in every heart, and no funeral at this place had been so largely attended and no death so universally regretted; and to this day those that are left, both friend and foe, remember him as a martyr to law and order, and they revere the memory of one of the South's grandest heroes.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE VETERAN EIGHT YEARS OLD.

With this, the ninety-sixth issue, there will have been published one million four hundred thirty-five thousand four hundred fifty-two copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. To appreciate its magnitude, comparisons will be helpful. Persons within speaking distance of less than ten feet, standing by the railroad tracks from New York via Washington, Atlanta, Montgomery, New Orleans, Houston, and San Antonio, and all the way out to El Paso, might each have a copy, and if these copies were distributed into single pages at like distances the line would extend nearly three times around the world. In a sense all this is small, yet of the ninety-six issues many thousands are elegantly bound and sacredly preserved. The devotion of its patrons is all that could be desired in a general sense. It has been held sacred next only to the Bible by a multitude who have crossed the last dark river. The dying testimony of officers and privates, many of whom became distinguished in Church and State as well as in the army, has indorsed its course without stint.

These conditions inspire to utmost endeavor to make it larger and better. It ought to be twice as large as it is, the matter more and more condensed, and the circulation should be at least fifty thousand. This prodigious advance could be made if *you* would try to make it so. United action on the part of those who approve the VETERAN would not only keep it ahead of similar publications on this continent, but conspicuously beyond any periodical that has been issued at the North through a natural patronage, wherefrom one hundred and fifty million dollars in pensions may be drawn. These remarks are not of complaint. No publisher ever had greater cause for gratitude to patrons, but the need of the record, the compilation of history—the VETERAN is itself a history that will be preserved for centuries—is of so great importance that the highest possible incentives induce the most diligent and the most earnest appeal in behalf of a forward movement. Ere long there may be explained motives that have retarded this great work, as it is a subject that should be known and discussed by every Confederate Camp and Chapter.

Explanation is made that this issue is defective in the lack of several desirable and intended illustrations. The fault is not with this office, for the wires were

used unstintedly. On this account some important and interesting records from Texas are deferred to the January issue.

In connection with the sentiment of devotion to the VETERAN, Col. W. M. Inge, of Mississippi, in reply to a statement that the sketch was too long, wrote as follows:

The sketch was hastily written from a sickbed, to which I have been confined for two years. . . . The South from 1860 to 1875 is dearer to me than all earthly things. In that interval of time the Southern people exhibited a chivalry and a dauntless valor that is unequaled in the pages of history. . . . If you do not want the sketch, my vanity will not be wounded, nor the VETERAN lose a friend, for as long as there is breath in my old body it will bless the man and the magazine that is transmitting to posterity a true history of the most gallant band of men that ever enlisted under any banner.

P. S.—Col. Inge has crossed the last dark river. He died November 26, 1900, and will tune his harp with Lee, Jackson, and a multitude that no man can number, who will live on in glory forever.

UNITY OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

Nearly forty years have intervened in the memory of all who were Confederate soldiers, taking them in turn through the thrill and the havoc of war—the four years being an age—the long, bitter period of reconstruction, and the subsequent years of peace. The four decades have bound men together in a sympathy that only makes the condition good faith precedent to unstinted sacrifice for each other. Wealth even to multimillions does not dwarf the possessor to narrowness in affectionate regard for his true comrade who has struggled on and on through adversity. It would exalt the minds of others to know with what unselfish regard the rich, in a quiet way, share with the unfortunate when their merit is unquestioned. That more of this is not done is rather from lack of opportunity than inclination. Approach the richest of these men so they will know of true merit, and the response is sure and liberal. The best way understood, more and more of this unselfish liberality will be continued until time is no more. The shame of reconstruction days, while dishonoring the "top rails," was such a blessing to those at the bottom that it is not well to overlook, and the steadfastness of Confederates to principle sealed their devotion to each other. Let us pray that these relations may continue, for they have maintained the exaltation of ancestral patriotism, and have been a pride to that class on the other side who fought only for the Union and with whom the war ended in 1865.

One of the best premiums ever offered for two subscriptions to the VETERAN is the Rand-McNally Pocket Atlas of the World. Try it.

REGISTRAR TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. W. P. Lane, Registrar of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, is zealous in the cause. In her report she says:

This division is indeed proud of its growth in numbers, enthusiasm, and correctness in the work. More applications have been filed this year than in any year since the organization of the Division, and are more correctly made out. A handsome, new register has been donated to the Division by Miss Adelia A. Dunovant, the State Historian. It was much needed, and is highly appreciated.

The Registrar of the Texas Division has done all in her power to enhance the work, fully realizing the responsibility of her position. The Division has made an increase of nearly fifty per cent in the year 1900. Total number of applications on file in 1899, 1,107; in 1900, 1,594. Total increase during the year, 487.

Mrs. Lane was a pupil of the Sherman Female Institute when a girl, but did not finish her education. After an absence from Sherman of over nine years, during which time she had married, she went again.

Mrs. M. L. Nash, Lady Principal of the Mary Nash College, and for four years with her little daughter, was student again. She received in her second year there the beautiful gold medal for general excellence, which the college gives yearly. After four years of hard study she was given a diploma conferring the A.B. degree. During the four years she kept house and did most of the work. Her young daughter went to school afterwards reluctantly, as her mother had

quit. She seemed not to understand that she should go without her mother.

Mrs. Lane was born in Mississippi, county of Lee, and went to Texas when a child. Her husband, William P. Lane, is a native of Virginia, county of Lee.

Mrs. Lane was reelected Registrar.

COMRADES LOST IN GALVESTON STORM.

Mr. C. Washington, who has been ever faithful to the cause of Confederates and the VETERAN, reports the following list of comrades destroyed by the Galveston storm September 8, 1900:

A. C. Bell, Thomas Keats, Robert Miller, C. S. Pix. H. A. Leberman, John Elsworth, R. L. Gray, John McCann, R. D. Swain, T. P. Sherwood, R. B. Seburn, J. F. Mayo, and Jacob Smith.

Comrade Washington adds:

Our people are bearing up courageously under their misfortunes, and Galveston will always be an important seaport.

Maurice L. Langhorne, Lynchburg, Va., makes correction of the name of Capt. Del Kemper in the article on Gen. Maxey Gregg, page 429, October VETERAN, to Capt. Del Kemper, and adds: "The incident related is characteristic of Capt. Kemper, who was a splendid fighter from the beginning to the end of the war. The Eleventh Virginia Infantry was the first organized body sent to Manassas in the spring of 1861. Col. S. H. Garland commanding. In about a year after, I had the honor to be its colonel. A few days after we reached Manassas, Capt. Kemper's Battery arrived from Alexandria, Va., and then the Seventeenth Infantry, of Alexandria, under Col. Corse. These two regiments were assigned to the First Brigade commanded by Gen. Longstreet. The Eleventh continued to occupy the right of brigade and division. The famous Black Horse Cavalry Company, of Virginia, also came in, which formed the nucleus of the Army of Northern Virginia, which gained the plaudits of the world."

The "Dixie Storybook," notice of which may be seen on page 549, is for sale in large quantities by the VETERAN. It is given as a premium for two subscribers, or furnished direct for twenty-five or thirty cents, according to binding.

The excellent design printed on the inside title-page of this issue is the work of Mr. Thomas A. Matthews, of the Methodist Publishing House, Nashville. Although slightly defective by reduction, it is work of which the publisher is proud, and for which he congratulates the artist.

Eugene and Oscar Hendon, who have been connected with the work on the VETERAN for several years, embark in journalism, having bought the *Giles County (Tenn.) Record*. They will no doubt make their paper a credit to the profession.



MRS. W. P. LANE.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ANNUAL CONVENTION AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.

On the morning of the 14th of November, 1900, there was gathered within the hall of the House of Representatives of the capitol at Montgomery, Ala., a notable band of women from every section of the Southland, whose object is to perpetuate the memories of that cause for which so many fought and fell and for which so many sacrificed and suffered.

Here was the first capitol of the Confederacy. Within these historic walls Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as its President, and here resounded the eloquence of Southern patriots thrilling the hearts of all hearers. From these walls looked down faces of men famous in song and story, and each smiled the approval its living embodiment would have breathed.

The opening ceremonies of the session were begun by Rev. Neal Anderson, reading from the Bible on which Jefferson Davis took the oath of office when inaugurated. After the prayer, addresses of welcome were delivered by Mrs. Chappell Cory, President of the Cradle of the Confederacy Chapter of Montgomery, and Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick, President of the Alabama State Division, responded to by Mrs. Weed, President of the United Daughters. These addresses deserve place in the VETERAN.

The afternoon session was held at the auditorium, and was devoted to discussion of the reports on credentials, which were finally accepted as submitted.

In the evening the Daughters were entertained at two brilliant receptions at the home of Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick and at the Jefferson Davis mansion, on Lee Street, the latter given by two local chapters and the White House Association.

The second day was crowded with business and pleasure for the Daughters. First on the programme of the morning session was the reading of the previous day's minutes by Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary of U. D. C., after which Mrs. Weed delivered the annual address, and following were reports of the general officers. Reports from the State Divisions were interesting, and showed extraordinary growth in numbers, work, and strength. The Alabama Division reported twenty-six Chapters, with membership of eleven hundred.

On the rostrum a Confederate flag tied with a scarf of crape, from Texas, honored the memory of those members lost in the Galveston storm, and in all the State reports donations to the fund for the homeless in that stricken city were mentioned. One of the youngest Chapters is the Fitzhugh Lee, of Evansville, Ind., which made an interesting report. This Chapter has in charge the graves of nine Confederates buried there.

At the afternoon session a call was made for a meeting of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee the next morning. The following compose the committee: Mrs. E. G. Weed, President U. D. C.; Mrs. S. T. McCullough, President Grand Division of Virginia, Staunton, Va.; Mrs. Charles G. Brown, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. James R. Miller, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Edward W. Ayres, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. R. C.

Cooley, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Rome, Ga.; Mrs. Albert M. Harrison, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. R. E. Wilson, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Mary Harrison, Columbus, Miss.; Miss Virginia King, Harwood, Md.; Mrs. W. W. Read, New York City; Mrs. John P. Allison, Concord, N. C.; Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. T. J. Latham, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. M. R. M. Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex.; Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. William W. Arnett, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, New Orleans, La.; California not appointed.

The Advisory Board is as follows: J. Taylor Ellyson, George L. Christian, W. D. Chesterman, D. C. Richardson, J. C. Dickerson, John T. Ellett (Treasurer), Richmond, Va.

The Central Committee is composed of Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman; Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, Treasurer; and Mrs. B. A. Blenner—all of Richmond.

From five to seven the Daughters were entertained by a reception at the Beauvoir Club, and in the evening attended the recital of Mrs. Martha L. Geilow, of Alabama, who was assisted with songs by Mrs. Sarah McDonald Sheridan, of Georgia, and Miss Mamie Harrison, of Alabama. Under the magic spell of these gifted ladies the evening was spent delightfully.

The third day of the Convention was the working day—three sessions being held, the last extending into the night. The morning session was largely devoted to further discussion of the Credentials Committee report, which was finally settled by vote, resulting in the report being accepted as submitted. After this



MRS. W. W. READ, NEW YORK CITY,
First Vice President United Daughters of the Confederacy.

came reports from the Jefferson Davis Monument Committees. Mrs. Randolph made a vigorous talk and urged the earnest endeavor of all Daughters toward securing the \$100,000 wanted for the monument. A beautiful calendar has been gotten up to be sold for this benefit at twenty-five cents. Each sheet is devoted to one of the Confederate States, historic data of it being given with some interesting picture. Mrs. Varoter has this in charge. At the afternoon session contributions to the fund were received, and in all amounted to \$500. To the Forrest monument, at Memphis, there was a liberal contribution in response to the appeal of Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis. Mrs. S. E. Gabbett made her report as custodian of the Cross of Honor, and Mrs. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, and Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, made reports as the Advisory Board of the Southern Cross Committee, and asked that the committee be enlarged. An animated discussion followed as to distribution and certificates of eligibility for the Cross of Honor, and as to the initials U. C. V. being on the badge, Mrs. Plane holding that the Cross was intended for every Confederate and not alone for members of the U. C. V. Mrs. Gabbett held that if the lettering be changed the patent would be infringed upon. So many motions were made about this that confusion reigned for some time, when Mrs. Judge Cantrill, of Kentucky, moved that the committee be continued and enlarged at the discretion of the President and committee, which motion was adopted.

Mrs. Merchant, of Alexandria, next spoke upon the monument to Southern women, which the Veterans and Sons of Veterans propose to erect, and moved that if they had fully determined upon this memorial that it be not of bronze or marble, but take a form which will benefit the living. A pleasant interruption of the proceedings was here made by the introduction of Rev. A. J. Lamar, pastor of the Court Street Methodist Church, where the sessions were being held, and a Confederate veteran, who was presented with the Cross of Honor by Mrs. Erwin, of Athens, Ga., in a few appropriate words, adding: "He is my mother's only nephew." Mrs. Erwin, it will be remembered, conceived the Cross of Honor. She was a Miss Cobb.

The selection of a motto for the organization was postponed till the next meeting, and each State Division was urged to submit its selection in time to be acted upon by the next Convention.

At the evening session Mrs. J. A. Alexander, of Alexandria, Va., spoke of the cemetery at Bull Run, where five hundred Confederates lie buried. Her eloquent appeal for aid in taking care of the cemetery resulted in liberal contributions from Chapters and State Divisions, the sum of \$325 being received. Mrs. Latham, of Memphis, spoke again for the Forrest Monument, when Mrs. Randolph moved that the U. D. C. contribute \$150, which was promptly done. The sum secured by Mrs. Latham for this purpose was \$350.

The election of officers resulted in the reelection of all in office. The invitation to Wilmington, N. C., for the Daughters to meet there next was cordially accepted.

The last day of the Convention was full of work,

the session extending from morning until near midnight, with only short intermission for supper. Most of the time was devoted to consideration of amendments to the constitution. The Committee on Constitution is composed of the following members: Mrs. C. B. Stone, Texas; Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, Tennessee; Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, Georgia; Mrs. B. S. Robert, Missouri; Mrs. S. T. McCullough, Virginia; Miss Jeannis Blackburn, Kentucky; Mrs. C. A. Forney Smith, Arkansas; Mrs. J. M. Duncan, Jr., Mississippi; Mrs. A. T. Smythe, South Carolina; Mrs. Basil Duke, Kentucky; Miss Cora L. Richardson, Louisiana; Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Florida; Mrs. William A. Smoot, Virginia; Mrs. W. M. Parsley, North Carolina; Mrs. F. M. Colston, Maryland; Mrs. Rose Garland Lewis, Alabama; Mrs. J. W. McSherry, West Virginia; Mrs. William Pritchard, California; Mrs. M. P. Kennedy, District of Columbia; Mrs. P. A. Doyle, Indian Territory; Mrs. E. S. Gaillard, New York; Mrs. W. H. Stribling, Oklahoma Territory.

Many of the delegates had gone home, leaving proxies, and the use of proxies and proxies that had been transferred was discussed at length. It was finally decided, upon motion by Mrs. Horton, of Mississippi, that transferred proxies would not be accepted in the Convention.

Among the amendments was one by Mrs. Randolph, that no credentials be accepted after the Credentials Committee had been discharged. As this irregularity of the Convention had caused commotion, the proposition was heartily applauded and the motion carried.

Another motion was one that any Chapter reported not in good standing by the State Division should not be allowed representation in the Conventions.

An extraordinary achievement by Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, in raising money for the Gen. N. B. Forrest Monument among the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the Montgomery Convention, deserves record in the VETERAN. Mrs. Latham, while President of the Tennessee Division U. D. C., is State Agent for the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, and that great enterprise has first precedence with the great organization. It is championed by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, who amazes her Confederate sisters by constancy and enthusiasm for the undertaking. Handicapped as she was by these conditions, Mrs. Latham bided her time, and when it seemed that the giving spirit had become exhausted—if such were possible on these lines—she introduced her hobby so happily that subscriptions were called as fast as they could be taken down by the secretary, until three hundred and fifty dollars was added to the fund.

The similarity between these two noble women in the disregard for conventionalities, even paying but little attention to dress, elegant as they could afford the luxury, their unceasing good humor and their zeal as peacemakers will long be remembered by the U. D. C., and their names deserve space upon the two splendid monuments that surely will be built. While Mrs. Randolph is the wife of a veteran who had done most for his comrades in old Virginia, Mrs. Latham was tested in the war crucible and suffered banishment

for her independence, as may be learned from the following sketch:

Mrs. Latham was married at her home in Memphis just at the beginning of the war to T. J. Latham, a young attorney and Unionist of Dresden, Tenn., their home till the close of the war.

Dresden was debatable ground, subject to raids by "bushwhackers" and "guerrillas," one week by one side and the next week by the other. These incursions, frequent and without notice, were sometimes to arrest "disloyal" citizens and always to secure every good horse, or any movable article they could make available.

From these harassing surroundings Mr. Latham sought refuge by making Paducah his home, but passing much of his time in New York. The notorious Gen. Payne was in charge at Paducah, and soon became a terror to every one suspected of being a Southern sympathizer. Soon after the famous Forrest raid into Paducah, Payne's reign became much more oppressive and unbearable. Nero in his prime did not exceed him in heartless cruelty.

The couple with whom Mr. and Mrs. Latham boarded came also from Dresden. They were highly estimable people, and had a son in the army. He was quite old and feeble, and under excitement subject to apoplectic attacks. Payne had him arrested. She fainted and he became alarmingly excited, appealing to Mrs. Latham to go with him, fearing, he said, that Payne's negroes would shoot him. She went, and the first sight that confronted her at headquarters was a lovely woman on her knees at Payne's feet, praying for the release of her son, who was arrested the day before

while plowing in the field a few miles from the city. Being refused, she asked in deepest anguish: "What will you do with him?" "Have him shot by negroes before night, Madam, for harboring his brother, who is a Forrest Rebel," and executed his threat.

Mrs. Latham was more fortunate, securing the release of her friend; but Gen. Payne then, addressing her, said he would pardon her and furnish carriage and the best white escort, if she would return to her home at Dresden and point out the Rebels. Instantly she replied: "Never!" Sooner than betray my country and three brothers in the army, I would die." Turning savagely to Mrs. Latham, he said: "You will hear from me soon, and T. J. Latham, though now in New York, will be attended to. He is a fine Union man to have the impudence to visit Gen. Dana, at Memphis, my superior officer; and, with others, induce him to annul my order that no person having sons or brothers in the Southern army should engage in business of any kind in the Paducah district. I will teach him a lesson in loyalty he will remember."

Next morning a lieutenant went to Mrs. Latham's and ordered her to get ready, as Gen. Payne had banished her with about ten other women to Canada. He advised her that he had selected negro soldiers as a guard. These women included some of the best connected and wealthiest in the city, and a number of her most beautiful and accomplished young ladies. The white captain wired for meals for his "prisoners." At Detroit the militia was ordered out to insure the safe transportation of a dozen women and children prisoners across to Windsor. On landing John Morgan and many of his men and others gave them a joyous greeting, and at the hotel they sung Dixie war songs till a late hour. Thence Mrs. Latham went to New York to join her husband. Soon thereafter she met Mr. James Casey, of Union County, Ky., a Union man and an old friend of her parents. He also had a Union brother in Congress, and himself had married Gen. Grant's sister. Mrs. Latham fully advised them of Payne's despotic rule, and it was soon known to "honest old Abe" and Gen. Grant. A committee of investigation and a court-martial soon followed, with the speedy relief of Paducah from the presence of the most obnoxious and cruel tyrant.

In his desk were found letters saying: "Don't send any more pianos or plated silver or pictures; all the kin are supplied. But you can send bed linen and solid silverware."

MRS. ALLIE C. BIRCH.

Mrs. Allie C. Birch, of Montgomery, Ala., Chairman of the Arrangement Committee, and who has ever been an active member of the U. D. C., contributed so much to the entertainment of delegates that she will long be remembered for her zeal and unceasing efforts to make the occasion delightful. Mrs. Norman Randolph, of Richmond, Va., paid her this tribute:

At an informal gathering at the hotel the delegates decided, though the Convention differed on many subjects, and Montgomery seemed much divided, that there



MRS. T. J. LATHAM.

was one pivot around which all seemed willing to revolve, and that was Mrs. Birch, the one person who had neither criticised nor been criticised.



MRS. ALLIE CLITHERALL BIRCH.

The inferior likeness herewith presented does not do credit to the photographer or the engraver.

Mrs. Birch has the following valuable relics of which she is inclined to dispose. Relic hunters who procure any of them may congratulate themselves:

The original Constitution of the Confederate States of America. After the report of the committee this document was prepared from the original manuscript by Judge Alex B. Clitherall, the father of Mrs. Birch, at that time Assistant Secretary of Congress. The instrument thus arranged was read to the adopting body, and after many amendments, which amendments, with the date and name of member proposing them, are inserted on the margin of the instrument in the handwriting of Judge Clitherall, the instrument, as thus amended, was then adopted as the Constitution of the Confederate States, and this is that identical copy.

Another paper is the first message of President Davis to Congress, nominating Robert Toombs, of Georgia, to be Secretary of State; Charles G. Meminger, of South Carolina, to be Secretary of the Treasury; and LeRoy P. Walker, of Alabama, to be Secretary of War. This message is indorsed on the back: "The First Message of the President to Congress."

The third paper is the first bond issued by the Confederate government. This bond is of face value of fifty dollars, with interest-bearing coupons of two dollars. It is signed, "Alex B. Clitherall, Register of the Treasury," and is marked, "Entered H. D. C." (initials of Henry D. Capers).

MISSOURI DIVISION OF THE UNITED DAUGHTERS.

The following officers were elected for next year: President, Mrs. A. E. Asbury, Higginsville; First Vice President, Mrs. A. C. Cassidy, St. Louis; Second Vice President, Mrs. William Aull, Lexington; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. P. Mason, Fayette; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Ryland Todhunter, Higginsville; Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Wilson, Kansas City.

REPORTS FROM U. D. C. CHAPTERS.

The Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, at Jackson, Tenn., formerly known as Jackson Chapter No. 5, is well organized and in a flourishing condition. The membership, which at the last annual convention was only forty-five, is now ninety-two.

Patriotism is the lesson which this organization wishes to teach above all others, and in aid of this an effort is made to have some paper in regard to the war read at each meeting. This month (November) there will be a sketch of Sam Davis, this being the month in which he suffered martyrdom, and Mrs. John Temple will write a poem for the occasion.

We observe the birthdays of Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and N. B. Forrest; also May 15, our local decoration day.

We sent five dollars to the Confederate Historical Society as our subscription to the fund to place a portrait of Jefferson Davis in the Statehouse; five dollars to Winchester, Va., to assist in erecting a monument to the Confederate soldiers from Tennessee who are buried there; one hundred and fifty dollars to Memphis, Tenn., for the Forrest Monument; and we have paid fifteen dollars to the Jackson Business College for a scholarship for the daughter of a Confederate soldier, the college having very generously given this low rate.

In missionary work we have aided in establishing several chapters, which are now quite flourishing. We will help the living and teach the truths of history, thereby honoring our country and our dead.

Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Thibodeaux, La., with a membership of forty-six, has raised under its auspices about two hundred dollars. The Chapter was organized only a little over a year ago, but it has paid all State and national taxes, and proposes to mark the graves of twenty-five Confederates buried in the Catholic cemetery at Thibodeaux. With the coöperation of Braxton Bragg Camp, U. C. V., the Mildred Lee Chapter proposes the erection of a monument on the spot where lie buried twenty-five (Texas) veterans killed in a skirmish at Lafourche Crossing, La., June 21, 1863. Aside from this they have donated twenty-five dollars to the Soldiers' Home, Camp Nicholls, New Orleans. Mamie C. Walsh, the President of Mildred Lee Chapter, writes: "This Chapter will also send to Camp Nicholls a choice lot of edibles, delicacies, etc., for Christmas. It has donated wood and coal to destitute families of old veterans. It has also given five dollars to a poor blind veteran for whom the *Times-Democrat*, of New Orleans, was raising subscriptions. We had full charge of a reunion of the U. C. V., on the 19th of May last, serving a full-course dinner to one hundred and fifty veterans and a few invited guests."

Miss Adelaide Barnard, of Savannah, Ga., writes of a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy which she organized there, and which is the largest in existence, having two hundred and eleven members. This is the Winnie Davis Chapter. The children take a deep interest in their work, and look forward to the monthly meetings with great pleasure.

THRILLING HEROISM OF CONFEDERATES.

After the evacuation of Corinth, Miss., two young scouts, A. R. Johnson and R. M. Martin, flanked Sherman's army and pushed on to their native Kentucky. They found Rosecrans's Amnesty Proclamation permitting Confederate soldiers to remain at home on their good behavior a serious barrier to the execution of their orders, and they determined to stir up such trouble as would force the Federal authorities to arrest all the Confederates that were behind the line.

They found a young man by the name of F. A. Owen, hardly out of the teens, who went with them. His handsome, good-natured face scarce betokened his lion heart and resolute courage, which were shown in many a perilous enterprise.

Learning that a provost guard was at Owensboro engaged in arresting disloyal citizens, they went to its vicinity in the hope of being able to bring on an engagement. Just before reaching there they learned that the guard had left with a number of prisoners for Louisville. However, they succeeded in capturing Maj. Kimbly, of the United States army, taking his horses and buggy and paroling him, causing the provost guard to be sent immediately to Henderson. The three scouts, A. R. Johnson, R. M. Martin, and F. A. Owen, at once planned an attack on the guard, stationed in a two-story brick situated on Main Street opposite John H. Barret & Co's large tobacco stemmery. Johnson, who had been raised in the town, guided his companions around the factory up to a plank fence immediately in front of the Federal quarters. It was a warm night, and the soldiers were gathered at the front of the building under a gaslight. The Confederates at once opened fire with their double-barreled guns. Both officers were wounded at the first fire, and pandemonium and disorder reigned. The Federals succeeded in dragging the wounded into the house, and barricading the doors and windows. The scouts then turned up in the rear of the Federal quarters, when Martin shot the sentinel on guard, whose cries caused the back door to be opened, when a discharge from the double-barreled guns caused them to close and barricade those doors. The Federals now believed that they were surrounded by a heavy force of guerrillas. They at once organized and began firing by platoons from the windows, and kept this up until broad daylight next morning. The scouts mounted their horses and rode leisurely away to a deserted farmhouse, where they were found fast asleep next morning by the owner of the premises. He, being one of Johnson's warmest friends, was induced to go to Henderson to ascertain what damage had been done, and returned that evening bringing an Evansville *Journal* with these startling headlines: "Bloody war on the border. Provost guard at Henderson attacked by three hundred guerrillas. After a desperate resistance of nine hours they succeeded in driving the enemy off with heavy loss. Capt. Daily and Lieut. Lyon were both seriously wounded, and about nine others of the guard were either killed or wounded."

This raised a storm of excitement. The citizens met immediately and passed resolutions denouncing the assault as an unauthorized and vicious outrage, and

called on all good citizens to at once aid in arresting and bringing to justice the perpetrators. This was signed by a number of influential citizens, most of them Union men. A large force of Federals was at once moved into the city. This little band of three now found themselves confronted by several large forces of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and a more imminent danger that the citizens would join with them in effecting their capture. To obviate this new danger, Johnson at once wrote the following proclamation addressed to Gov. Dixon, John Holloway, and others: "Gentlemen: In the last issue of the *Henderson Reporter* I noticed a series of resolutions denouncing my command as guerrillas and unauthorized in their assault at Henderson. I wish to say that every soldier who fired a shot on that occasion was a Confederate, and I will further say that when I was sent into the State I was ordered not to interrupt any one on account of his politics, but I construe these resolutions as a declaration of war against the Confederate States and against me, and unless they are rescinded in the next issue of the Henderson paper, I will hold that all signers are out of the pale of citizenship and enemies of my country, and will confiscate their property." Signing this A. R. Johnson, Captain Commanding Breckinridge Guards, it had the desired effect, and the resolutions were promptly rescinded. This document was boldly carried into the town and delivered in person by Bob Martin to Gov. Dixon.

He then rode deliberately to Quinn's livery stable, where Federal Col. Cruff had his headquarter horses, determining to bring one of them out when he left the city. He was prevented doing so only by the extraordinary courage of Jim Quinn, a young son of the liveryman. Martin had saddled and mounted the Colonel's horse and was leading his own when young Quinn came in and seized the bridle, swinging to it in spite of Martin's threat to blow his brains out. Quinn's heroic courage and his statement that he intended to join the Confederacy melted Martin's heart, and he reluctantly changed horses and rode out to where his companions had ambushed the road. Thus ended the first battle of the new rebellion in Kentucky, which was followed by many others equally as desperate.



MISS FANNIE ALICE LAW.

Just after the fight at Henderson wars and rumors of wars filled and thrilled every heart. The stalwart young lover, forgetting all save his country, had kissed

the sweet face bedewed with tears a sad good-by, and, shouldering his musket, gone forth to the battle.

A Federal force of about 350 cavalymen was moved to Madisonville with instructions to burn the houses of all citizens that harbored guerrillas. The little band of "three" had been increased to seven—namely, Bob Martin, F. A. Owen, Jake Bennett, Tom Gooch, John Meyers, John Conley, and A. R. Johnson. These boldly stationed themselves between Madisonville and Slaughtersville, in a superb place for an ambushade. The Federals failing to come out that night, the Confederates resolved to attack them.

The Federals were camped at Speed's wood lawn, one mile from Madisonville, and most of the officers were enjoying soft beds in town. Darkness had slowly crept upon them, and around the camp fires some were cracking jokes. Here and there a game of poker or seven-up was creating no little interest. Some, thinking of no danger, had rolled in their blankets. Steadily fell the sentry's tread on the ears of our little band of seven, who were all this time stealthily drawing near. Johnson was to shoot the camp guard, and the rest were to at once charge the tents. Johnson immediately stepped out with his gun to his shoulder and shot his man, who was standing by a carriage house, and to his astonishment about twenty men rushed out of the house, one firing at him, and the powder burning his face. Another shot, and his opponent fell to the ground, while the whole party fled, pursued by the other six men, who were yelling and shooting to add to the confusion and wild stampede. A large number ran into town; the others, into the woods near by. The band of "seven" then reloaded their guns and retired to a brier thicket to await results. The next day was occupied by the Federals in caring for their wounded and watching for their numerous enemies. On examining the cornfield many thousands of tracks were found in it, made mostly by their own men, and they reported that they had been attacked by 1,500 guerrillas. That night they made a rapid retreat to the Ohio river, where they took the boat for Louisville. In another day the Confederate band was increased to twenty-seven, and they pushed on to Henderson, hoping to cut off and capture some of these scouting parties. When near Henderson they were met by the mayor and a number of prominent citizens, who surrendered the city and notified the Confederates that a gunboat was lying off the town. They entered, however, and raised the Confederate flag over the courthouse.

The next day about twelve o'clock they were opposite Newburg, Ind. Martin, in command of twenty-three men, crossed the river just at the upper end of Newburg, and Johnson, with young Owen and Atkin, crossed and went immediately to a two-story brick store near the bank of the river owned by Union Bethel, where it has been reported that five hundred stands of arms were stored. Johnson, believing the arms of the community were stored in the house, hoped to get possession of them unobserved and be able to hold it till Martin should come to his assistance. The attention of the citizens being directed to a ferryboat with armed men in it, he was able to carry out his design and reach the house unobserved. Finding a large number of guns there, and believing that he had been

properly informed, he ordered Owen and Akin to barricade the doors and windows and hold it until Martin should come to their assistance. Seeing a number of Federal soldiers running into a two-story hotel on the street, Johnson concluded he would go up there and assure them that they would not be hurt, believing them to be unarmed. On reaching the door of the hotel he was confronted by about eighty armed men. Knowing that it was too late to retreat, he threw up the muzzles of the front rank with his gun, and demanded their immediate surrender on pain of dire punishment and destruction if they refused. They immediately stacked their guns and retired upstairs to the dining room, where Johnson guarded them until Martin came. The guns were at once loaded on wagons, while one hundred and eighty soldiers were paroled.

They were then notified that the home guards were forming on the outside of the town to attack them. Capt. Bethel, who was on the bank of the river, was pointed out as their leader. Without delay Johnson went to Bethel, asking him if he was a citizen of the town, and if so, if he had any interest in it he had better not allow any one to arrest the Confederate soldiers that were there, and if such was their intention he had better remove the women and children before such an attack, for he would shell the town to the ground if any of his men were arrested, pointing out his battery on the opposite side of the river (which, by the way, was old stovepipes mounted on cart wheels), which Capt. Bethel thought sure was capable of destroying the town, and his men were not allowed to enter the place until the Confederates had left with all the guns and ammunition.

It was only twelve miles to Evansville, where there was a large force of Federals, and they had gunboats and transports, and Johnson knew they would soon be on hand to make an effort to recover their property before he was half across the river, as he could see the smoke of the boats coming. The men and guns were loaded on a narrow piece of land known as the Point, a strip that lies between the Green and Ohio rivers. It was some distance down the mouth of Green River, and, selecting three men (Lieut. George, Jack Thompson, and John Patterson), he reached the mouth of the river before the transports arrived, and placed two men in ambush on the extreme point, where he hastily arranged what he called an Indian thicket. Thompson and George were placed in the thicket, and Patterson was sent across Green River to see if any troops were landed on that side. The transports were soon discovered moving into the mouth of the river, the channel of which lay immediately under the point. George was ordered to fire into the soldiers first; and if that did not frighten them away, to shoot the pilot. The first fire, however, frightened the boat crew, and she fell back behind the gunboat, which was now in full view. They shelled the point the balance of the evening, and until long after Johnson and his men were across Green River and were in safety with their guns and stores.

Thus triumphed a handful of brave men, doing daring deeds that for strategy and brilliancy cannot be surpassed in the annals of American warfare. Is it then strange that at the late Confederate reunion at Louisville these men were cheered and praised, wor-

shipped and loved. Ah, no! just touch the chords of patriotism in the American heart, and you have fanned into riotous flames the brightest fire of his being.

The foregoing reminiscences are from a sketch by Miss Mary Elizabeth Badger. The A. R. Johnson became a brigadier general. He is now blind, but has made a fortune, and lives at Wichita Falls, Tex. His associate, R. M. Martin, became lieutenant colonel of the Tenth (Johnson's) Kentucky Partisan Rangers. Capt. F. A. Owen, now living at Evansville, is widely known and popular. He has remitted for more subscriptions to the VETERAN at one dollar than any other person. The address of any other survivor is very much desired by the VETERAN.

Col. R. M. Martin is still a survivor, but has recently suffered a stroke of paralysis, and he is in Dr. Miller's sanitarium, New York City. Col. Martin organized and commanded the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, which became a part of Morgan's Brigade.

One time when Andrew Johnson was on a visit to Louisville Col. Martin and John Headley went into Louisville by the Bardstown pike, having regaled themselves in fine suits of citizen's clothing, and stopped at the same hotel with the Vice President of the United States. They conceived the idea of kidnapping him, so they ingratiated themselves into his favor by "dummy" representations, and even succeeded in getting the then commanding general there under their influence, sufficiently unawares to become their tool. Something occurred to give the snap away, and before daylight next morning Col. Martin and Capt. Headley were galloping south over the Bardstown pike, followed by pursuing Federals.

F. A. Owen, Adjutant: "At a recent meeting of Camp Adam R. Johnson, Evansville, Ind., resolutions were adopted to raise money and buy a lot at Oak Hill cemetery sufficiently large to bury our dead, many of whom now rest in the potter's field. Quite a number of the sick and wounded from Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing were brought here in 1862 and died, and others have died here since. Besides, some of the living are only able to support their families, and will have nothing with which to buy a resting place. We estimate that a lot sufficiently large will cost \$2,000, and any comrades who are able to assist and will do so will be helping a good cause. We now number twenty-three, the larger part of our original membership having crossed over the river."

Reid Smith, Montgomery, Ala.: "Of many grand and heroic incidents that occurred during the war, I know of none that more beautifully illustrates the chivalric daring of Confederate officers than that of Gen. Cleburne's adjutant general on the Hood campaign into Tennessee. After Cleburne's Division had assaulted and captured the first line of the Federal works, with prisoners, colors, etc., the Federals opened a heavy artillery fire from their second line upon a two-story brick farmhouse situated about halfway between their former lines and the Confederate position after the assault. This was done for the purpose of burning the house, which was done. In this house was a sick woman with an infant a week or ten days old. Capt. Buck, of Gen. Cleburne's staff, rode up to the house,

and, taking the lady on his saddle in front of him, with the infant in her lap—just as the house caught fire from the exploding shells—galloped to the rear with them amid a perfect storm of shot and shell, and carried them to a place of security."



FELIX G. HUBBARD, OPELIKA, ALA.

"Hard-biled eggs! Come this way! Help the blind man!" How vividly the above quotation will recall to many old soldiers who passed through Opelika, Ala., in the sixties, the blind peddler of pies, peanuts, etc., at the railway station! It was presumed that he was long since dead, when a Daughter at the Montgomery Convention, U. D. C., in November, to whom mention was made of him, replied: "No indeed; he is still there, and peddles about as he did, only he keeps a stand by the Cooper House, and a young negro girl goes on errands for him."

Felix G. Hubbard was born near Greensboro, Ga., January 4, 1824. He moved to Opelika in 1845. In 1861 he lost his sight through an acute attack of neuralgia. He is said to have amassed quite a little fortune, but he still lives in a miserable little shanty by the railroad—on an embankment—probably the same that sheltered him during the war.

A quarter was sent to him by this veteran, and a story has gotten into the newspapers that "Cunningham has paid" for a luncheon supplied him when a soldier in the army, and when he didn't have any money.

R. L. Wilson, Milford, Tex., would like to hear from any one who can tell him of his father, who was a member of the Twelfth Kentucky Regiment under Forrest, and was drowned in the Hatchie river in 1864 while on retreat.

THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE."

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, Richmond, Va., writes:

You publish in the October number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN an article called "Tablets for Alabama and Kearsarge," in which you give the address of Gov. Johnson, of Alabama, delivered in New Hampshire last September, in which he is reported to have said: "Upon that fateful Sunday morning in June, 1864, when the Alabama sailed out of the harbor of Cherbourg to meet the Kearsarge, each commander knew that he had a foeman worthy of his steel, for they had been friends and comrades in the past. . . . The vessels were nearly evenly matched. The Kearsarge had seven guns and one hundred and sixty-two men, and the Alabama eight guns and one hundred and forty-nine men. The guns of the Kearsarge carried more metal." In another part of his speech Gov. Johnson says: "When Semmes 'passed over the river to rest in the shade,' he carried in his heart no resentment toward the gallant Winslow."

Why is the word "resentment" used here? What are the facts so carefully suppressed by the Governors of New Hampshire and Alabama? One vessel was in perfect condition, and armed with two eleven-inch Dahlgren guns against one eight-inch and one seven-inch gun. The guns of the Alabama were old, the shells defective, the powder spoiled. But above all, the Alabama, a wooden vessel, was fighting a vessel which concealed under her planks chain cables, which made her "in fact a partially armored vessel." The "gallant Winslow" allowed his former friend and comrade to offer him a challenge, knowing that Semmes believed the Kearsarge to be a wooden vessel like the Alabama. "An officer's honor must be as bright as his sword," we are told was a sentiment often heard in the days when Winslow and Semmes were midshipmen. It was still a living principle with Semmes. A writer in the *Conservative Review* for September, reviewing Kell's "Recollections of a Naval Life," says: "It was the very quintessence of the spirit of chivalry, thought to be obsolete in these latter days, that prompted Semmes to make the challenge that he did, not dreading that his antagonist, after accepting it, would come to the field with armor under his clothes. Even as it was, with every advantage on the side of her chain-plated foe, it was by a very narrow margin that the Alabama lost the game. In the old stern post of the Kearsarge—still preserved at Washington—lies imbedded a seven-inch rifle shell, which, if it had exploded—and it would have exploded had its powder and fuse come from the magazine of the Kearsarge instead of from that of the Alabama—then the Deerhound would have rescued Capt. Winslow and his crew, and the boats of the Alabama would have rendered prompt assistance." It will be remembered that the "gallant Winslow" was so far from rendering "prompt assistance" that but for the Deerhound—the English steam yacht—Semmes and his officers and crew would most of them have been drowned. And the "gallant Winslow" was very indignant with the officers of the Deerhound for not delivering up to his tender mercies the men they had rescued. Had he known the Deerhound's intentions, boasted this valiant

and "gallant" officer, he would have pursued and sunk her. And Seward "claimed it as the right of the Kearsarge that 'the pirates should drown.'" I quote from Percy Greg, who tells also how Capt. Winslow tried to get the French authorities to send to him the prisoners the Alabama had captured. The United States government adds that Greg "had obliged every officer and man paroled by the Alabama to choose between the disgrace of breaking his parole and the extreme penalties of martial law. This fact, not admitting excuse, is simply suppressed by Northern writers. The victims of this peculiar idea of honor were liable, by the law of all civilized nations, to be hanged on identification, if they again fell into the enemy's hands."

Such are some of the historic facts of which the Governor of Alabama should have reminded the Governor of New Hampshire on the occasion of the "memorable and historic event" of September 20, 1900. If the United States government would inscribe on their "tablets" these truths of history, and many others of a like character, the G. A. R. would put them in their schoolbooks, and then might come the real "reconciliation between the sections," for the North, seeing their past in its true colors, must needs cry, "I have sinned," until which time the South cannot say, "I forgive."

ABOUT RE-ENLISTMENT AT DALTON.

At the last meeting of Cheatham Bivouac the subject of reënlistment of Gen. J. E. Johnston's army at Dalton, Ga., in the winter of 1863-64, or early in the spring of 1864, was discussed and the undersigned were appointed a committee to investigate and report at subsequent meeting what command or regiment was first to reënlist "for life" or to the "end of the war," and also, if possible, the individual whose influence led to said reënlistment. It will be remembered that the time of enlistment of the Confederate forces there was soon to expire, and the authorities at Richmond knew not what to do, but that action of Johnston's army at Dalton soon relieved all anxiety.

That we may be enabled to give a correct report, we earnestly beg our comrades everywhere, who may have any definite recollections in regard to the matter, to write to some one of us all the facts that he may possess, so that future historians may award the honor to those entitled thereto. We also ask the coöperation of the VETERAN, as it reaches so many ex-Confederates. Signed: R. G. Rothrock, M. B. Pilcher, J. P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.

The VETERAN would like data on this subject.

W. H. Richardson, of Austin, Tex., inquires the address of Col. A. G. O'Brien, of Tennessee, who was a prisoner at Camp Chase in 1864-65.

J. B. Chambliss, of Montgomery, Ala., a member of Semples Battery, Alabama Volunteers, would like to hear from any survivors of the old battery.

Capt. H. G. Wells, of Peoria, Ill., is anxious to locate any member of Gen. Earl Van Dorn's family.

ANNUAL REUNION GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Many men who wore the gray met in Augusta, Ga., to celebrate the annual reunion of the Georgia Division, U. C. V. From the 14th to the 16th the city was crowded with its visitors, and it is estimated that there were fully ten thousand visitors who enjoyed the city's hospitality. Veterans, Daughters, and Sons participated in the pleasures of the occasion.

The meetings were held in Miller Walker Hall, which was most elaborately decorated in Confederate colors and pictures of our great commanders. Gen. C. A. Evans, Commander of the Georgia Division, presided, and in making his annual report referred to certain duties incumbent upon "the survivors of a war fought for principle." He said:

For the purpose of urging you to get closer together in sympathy and mutual aid, I remind you that the numbers of our brotherhood are rapidly growing less. I charge the camps to care for the aged and the destitute, to bury their dead in graves of honor, and annually to hold some service in memory of their virtues. I appeal to you with all the emphasis I can command not to let the great history you made be wiped out by omission or belittled by faint allusion or perverted by partisan pens or polluted by sectional slime. Our schools *must* be cleared of the sectional rubbish. We want a literature that will not continue divisions but contain the honest relation of facts that will unify the youth of all this country in common appreciation of the truths of history whenever they are found. [Applause.]

As being closely connected with this subject I call your attention to your own personal records, which should be written for your children. Will you leave them without the truth that you were a true Confederate soldier? The history of our companies has not been collected and compiled, the rosters are incomplete, and yet the richest treasures of Confederate "life in the line" are buried in the memory of living men. I have been surprised that so many thousands of my comrades have not responded to my circulars on this subject. I beg you now to save our records from neglect. I urge every camp commander to select one competent historian to take charge of this matter, and I entreat the men of every company in our armies and every ship of our navy to discharge this duty so that when we meet again a year hence we shall know that the records have been made and the just fame of Georgia has been secured.

It is very desirable that closer affiliation among all Confederate organizations should be promoted. The Ladies' Memorial Associations of the Southern States have lately confederated into one body. They were the primary organizations, and their work won our gratitude. The Daughters of the Confederacy now holding their general convention at Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy, are doing a work in our behalf which will bring them a durable fame. With expanding enthusiasm they are preserving our history, glorifying our cause, and building monumental evidence of the greatness of our leaders, the valor of our soldiers, and the sacrifices of our people.

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The Sons of Confederate Veterans is an organized body of young men who honor the memory of their fathers and are proud of their descent from Confederate soldiers. They are sustaining the sentiment of due regard with which the dead and living heroes of the South should be held. Our true history is one of the foremost subjects of their concern. With honors already clustered around them, as active leaders in the pursuits of business life, and as soldiers of fame in our recent wars these boys of ours are not content unless it is known that they are the sons of Confederate veterans. I pray you to foster all their associations. Let them understand that your camps will greet their presence with applause, and that at every reunion we expect them to take a part.

I call your attention finally to the need of more care in preserving your camp organizations. Some camps are permitted to nearly expire. Meetings are not held often enough, officers are not regularly elected, local unions are not cherished, and delegates do not attend reunions. With a sincere desire to secure the fellowship of all Confederates in every county, I have for many years burdened my shoulders with circulars and personal letters in the good hope that a camp could be established in each county in the State. I am gratified by what you have done, but as some counties are still without camps I ask that your efforts shall not cease until every worthy living Confederate in this State shall have his name in the safe-keeping of our association.

And now I leave other matters to your own wise suggestions. We have been doing a work since the last days of the Confederacy which is the noble sequel to the story of our heroic endeavors when we were under the dear battle flag which floated above our armies. Move on, my comrades; you are making footprints in the ways of peace which will be lasting lithographs that the latest generations will read with profit. March on in the lock step, my comrades of the stars and bars, and when the last tread of the last of your kind shall press into the pathway of time many will read the word and sorrowfully say: "We shall never see their like again."

Gen. Peter McGlashen, of Savannah, spoke in behalf of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, and a collection was started by a veteran with \$5. Others followed, and \$30.75 was collected.

A telegram of greeting was sent to the Daughters of the Confederacy assembled in convention at Montgomery, Ala.

Mr. F. H. McMasters, of Charleston, invited all to attend the great exposition to be held in Charleston in 1901.

At the afternoon session Maj. J. C. C. Black, Augusta's famous orator, welcomed the veterans in behalf of the city and citizens. Maj. Black said he had thought he would never make another speech upon such an occasion, but he was never tired of telling the story of the Southern Confederacy. "That story," said he, "has added richness to the literature of the world. It has charmed the muse of the poet, and inspired the pen of the historian. It has gone around the world, and is known and loved of all men who love liberty."

Maj. Black then paid a beautiful tribute to liberty, eliciting prolonged applause from his hearers. Reverting to Augusta, he said he hoped his audience would pardon him for referring to the part Augusta has played in the history of the nation and paid also to the Confederacy. He said that the city—though much smaller in the sixties than at present—had furnished two thousand men to the Confederate army. He mentioned that “the dust of the beloved lieutenant general, Leonidas Polk, lies amid the soil of St. Paul’s churchyard on the banks of the Savannah, in this city.” Maj. Black referred to the reconstruction period as “the darkest, blackest, most damning chapter in the history of any civilized nation,” and said it should be justly called the period of destruction instead of reconstruction. He referred to the flight of a duly elected Governor of Georgia—Charles J. Jenkins—stating that he carried with him in his exile the great seal of the State in order to shield its sacredness from “invading vandals.” He told very feelingly that in one of the country homes of Richmond County, just outside of Augusta, the family of Jefferson Davis found refuge while he suffered for the armies which had fought for the cause he loved.

Hon. Boykin Wright followed Maj. Black, and made welcome for the Local Confederate Veterans, Sons, Daughters, and Ladies’ Memorial Association. In his address he said:

You come to us at a time when our hearts have been made acutely sensitive and responsive to Confederate sentiments. Only a few days ago a venal Northern publication, inspired by partisan and sectional hate, was base enough to deny to your immortal chieftain, Robert E. Lee, the right to a place in a proposed American Hall of Fame, and to charge this immaculate patriot and soldier of being both a “traitor and a deserter.” Against this foul slander the whole world rebels and protests. Hitherto, when time had not been sufficient to subdue the passions of war, our martyred President, the illustrious Davis, was selected by our enemies and vicariously suffered for his people the humiliation and ignominy heaped upon them by an ungenerous foe. But now, for the first time, at a distance of nearly forty years from the scenes of strife and carnage, the imperishable name and honor of Lee are assailed.

I would not offend the proprieties of this occasion and run counter to the generous sentiments of these brave Confederate soldiers by making reply in kind; for the brave men that fought each other, on both sides, were the first to concede and to accord to each a generous and genuine recognition of both patriotism and valor. If Davis and Lee were traitors, then eight millions of people, comprising practically the entire population of ten separate sovereign States, were like-wise traitors and subject to prosecution for treason.

I will not detain you by repeating here the unanswerable arguments—none more luminous than those of your own Stephens, Hill, and Black—establishing

the right of the States under the Federal constitution to secede or withdraw from the Union. The right to do this was both constitutional and revolutionary.

At the time of the adoption of our constitution the right to secede or withdraw from the union was not surrendered, and consequently remained as an inherent power of sovereignty in the States themselves. The power to coerce a State to remain in the Union was never delegated to the Federal government, and therefore did not exist. When the States formed the Union they in effect reserved as one of their sovereign powers the right to withdraw from the compact whenever the general government violated it or defeated the purposes of the federation.

The States reserved the right to secede. Virginia, the home of Lee, the State of New York, and other States expressly reserved this right as a condition precedent to the ratification of the federal constitution. From then until the time the question was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword the most illustrious statesmen and publicists and constitutional lawyers, though in many cases denying the wisdom, conceded the right of secession. In the South it was the accepted and practically unanimous interpretation of the constitution; it was the law of our land and the law of our conscience.

Secession involved no war upon other States or their people, or their rulers; it involved the taking of neither the property nor the lives nor the liberties of any other people; it meant simply setting up housekeeping for ourselves in our own homes, in our own possessions, at our own expense, and in order to save our own property and domestic affairs from being intolerably interfered with by others.

But suppose that these great expounders of the constitution, to whom we have alluded, were mistaken, and that the right to secede could not be expressly or impliedly derived from the constitution itself. Every people has the inalienable right to overthrow or change the government which is destroying their liberties.

On this right alone rests the judgment of the world that Washington was a patriot, and not a traitor. On this justification alone Washington laid down King George’s commission and drew his stainless blade in defense of his country. As did Washington, so simply did Lee.

The State of Virginia declared, as it then had a legal right and ample provocation and justification to do, its withdrawal from the Union, because the State of Virginia and its people decided that they could no longer preserve and protect their property and their liberties from the usurpation and oppressions of the central government. This was the solemn action of the sovereign State to which Lee owed his allegiance. Was he to turn his back upon his native commonwealth, the home of his ancestors for generations past, and the dwelling place of his children and their descendants for generations to come? If so, then, indeed, instead of having earned his niche in the Temple of Fame, he would have won for himself a place in the Hall of Infamy alongside of the Roman Coriolanus and Benedict Arnold.

But let us turn from this painful picture to the true character of our hero. Behold his martial bearing and manly beauty; his strength, courage, and dignity; his

purity, his justice, his simplicity and unfailing courtesy—each vying with the other for mastery in this matchless man and peerless soldier. His ancient and stainless lineage, his spotless and disciplined youth and unsullied manhood furnish fit environment for the unapproachable career which followed.

Of all the famous captains, the judgment of mankind will accord R. E. Lee a place with the most illustrious; while in moral grandeur and greatness he towers above them all and embodies in his life and character the highest achievement yet reached in the evolution of development of the human species.

Our own lamented Senator Hill said of him: "When the future historian shall survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant, and as royal in authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

Let us rear more monuments and higher shafts to commemorate the principles for which Confederate soldiers died, and to perpetuate the love we bear for them. For the living let our tender and loving ministrations speak with a thousand tongues of our love and veneration for them and the great leader whom they followed to defeat but not to dishonor. Let every slander be overwhelmed and drowned with the fond acclamations of Southern sons and daughters, praising and perpetuating the glories of their cause and the valor of its defenders. Let us see to it that the fountains of knowledge at which our children drink are pure, and free from the poison that their ancestors were traitors and rebels. No higher duty rests upon you and your comrades than to see to it that the truth of history, uncolored and unimpaired, is transmitted to your children; and this can never be done by school histories and readers and literature prepared, published, and distributed by the people deriving their inspiration from a political philosophy inimical to us, or that declares or implies our cause to have been a rebellion and our Confederate soldiers "traitors and deserters."

Gen. Evans responded eloquently for the division, after which he introduced Gen. C. I. Walker, Commander of the South Carolina Division, who made a short but patriotic talk.

In the election of Commander Gen. Evans was continued in office by unanimous vote.

Some important resolutions were passed at the second day's session, the matter of the Soldiers' Home again being taken up. Col. W. L. Calhoun, of Atlan-

ta, advocated the acceptance and maintenance of the splendid Home in Atlanta, and this preamble and resolution were adopted:

Whereas the Governor of Georgia has, in his message to the General Assembly, recommended the acceptance and maintenance by the State of the property known as the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Georgia, the same consisting of one hundred and nineteen and one-fourth acres of land, with the building thereon, for the benefit of the needy and homeless Confederate soldiers of Georgia, provided it should be again tendered to the State by the board of trustees thereof, and the said property having been so tendered, and a bill providing for such acceptance and maintenance having been introduced in the House of Representatives by the Hon. W. T. Gary, representative from the county of Richmond; and whereas it is the sense of this body, comprising the Georgia Division of the United Confederate Veterans, that the opening of such an institution for the benefit of the needy and homeless Confederate soldiers of this State is now a pressing necessity and would be a fitting recognition by the State of their self-sacrificing and heroic conduct in its defense; therefore be it

Resolved, That a committee consisting of Joseph B. Cumming, James M. Pace, P. A. S. McGlashan, D. B. Freeman, A. B. Montgomery, C. M. Wiley, John Triplett, W. B. Burroughs, J. S. Boynton, Alexander S. Erwin, W. P. Price, W. S. Shepherd, and W. L. Calhoun is hereby appointed to appear before the General Assembly, and, by memorial or otherwise, urge the passage of said bill, to accept, open, and maintain the said Confederate Soldiers' Home of Georgia.

It was resolved to urge the Legislature to pass the uniform text-book law, and Gen. Evans was authorized to appoint a committee of veterans to appear before that body and urge the adoption of a resolution in keeping with Gov. Candler's message touching the preservation of Colonial and Confederate records. A bill has already been introduced as an act to authorize the Governor to appoint some suitable person to prepare a complete muster roll of all persons who enlisted in the war between the States from the State of Georgia, and rendered services as soldiers or marines, the company and regiment of each of said soldiers or marines, the time and nature of the discharge of each soldier or marine, to fix the compensation of such persons are appointed as aforesaid, and for other purposes.

Resolutions greeting other divisions of the United Confederate Veterans were passed, and thanks extended to the Daughters of the Confederacy for the Crosses of Honor.

Macon was selected as the next place of meeting in response to a cordial invitation from that city.

Mr. J. G. Morris, of Marietta, spoke in behalf of the Ladies' Memorial Association at that place in reference to caring for the three thousand graves there.

The meeting adjourned, and the veterans marched to historic St. Paul, where they were met by the Rev. C. C. Williams and escorted into the church beneath whose chancel rests the dust of the great Bishop-Gen-

eral, Leonidas L. Polk. Dr. Williams gave a brief sketch of the circumstances surrounding Gen. Polk's death at Pine Mountain, June 14, 1864. His remains were brought to Augusta and buried beneath the shadow of that church. Louisiana wanted the body removed to that State; but his wife objected, and his remains have never been disturbed. When Mrs. Polk died, a few years afterwards, her body was placed beside that of her husband. Dr. Williams officiated at her funeral. The oak rail of the chancel was presented by Gen. Polk's family. The mural tablet was ordered made in Paris and presented to St. Paul's by Gen. Polk's staff.

After the prayer "taps" was sounded by Bugler Lewis Evans, of the Veterans' Drum Corps.

A beautiful wreath of roses, violets, and ferns had been prepared by the fair hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and Gen. McGlashan laid it upon the tomb in the name of the Georgia Division, while the choir rendered "I Heard a Voice from Heaven." The grizzled veterans sat in solemn silence, the dim light of St. Paul's falling softly upon them, their tattered banners resting here and there. While the choir sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," they marched in double file up on the chancel and viewed the tomb; then through the vestry into the churchyard again, and returned to headquarters, where they disbanded.

J. M. Crawford, who was a sharpshooter in Company C, Fourth Georgia, was at the reunion, and told of being near Gen. Polk when he fell: "Being a sharpshooter, I was exposed to danger. When Gen. Polk rode by he said: 'Young man, you are exposing yourself unnecessarily, and had better get to cover.' I said to him: 'General, you are worth more than I am, and you are exposing yourself.' About that time a shell burst and a missile of death penetrated his heart, killing him almost instantly."

At the afternoon session the Brigade Commanders were all reelected except for the Western Brigade, where Col. C. R. Wheatley, of Americus, succeeded Gen. Boynton. An enjoyable reception was given by the Daughters at night in honor of the visitors.

The last session of the reunion was held on the morning of the third day, after which the parade was formed and the veterans marched through the streets with their tattered banners to strains of martial music and the cheers of thousands.

The South Carolina Division was represented by Gen. C. I. Walker and members of his staff and other South Carolina veterans.

An effective feature of the parade was the fifteen hundred schoolchildren lined up on the "green" in the center of Green Street waving Confederate flags and cheering, their bright, happy faces adding animation to the scene.

It was the most successful reunion yet held by the Georgia Division. The weather was ideal throughout, and the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed. Hereafter reunions are to last but two days.

The Georgia Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans also held their annual meeting at this time, and their several sessions were held in enthusiastic spirit.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION REPRESENTED.

Gen. C. I. Walker, members of his staff, and other South Carolina veterans participated by invitation in the reunion.

The South Carolina Division is perhaps the only one of the U. C. V. that has a distinctive stand of colors, and that combines its State's flag and the Confederate battle flag. It was designed by Col. James G. Holmes, adjutant general in chief of staff of the division in 1898, and was used for the first time at the U. C. V. reunion in Atlanta. Every adult South Carolinian and most of the children know their State flag, and every South Carolina Confederate veteran loves his battle flag. The State flag is of blue, with palmetto tree and crescent in white, for the field.

The South Carolina Division, U. C. V., is the proud possessor of three of these flags: A headquarters flag of bunting, 6 by 12 feet; the division colors, of banner silk, 24 by 30 inches; the division commander's guidon, of banner silk, 20 by 30 inches; and also a sponsor's flag, the first designed, and also of silk, State flag on one side and battle flag on the reverse. All these beautiful embroidered flags are the work of the loving fingers of the younger members of Charleston Chapter, U. D. C. The division colors, however, must remain for all time the most prized, as its history is unique, it being, as Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and chief of staff, U. C. V., reverently named it "The Sacred Flag." The flag was made in its entirety, "every stitch of it," by Miss Rena M. Chafee, and by her presented to the division in memory of her idolized father, N. G. B. Chafee, who was a comrade of Camp Sumter, No. 250, U. C. V., of Charleston, S. C., at the time of his death. This fact gave pathos and interest to the division colors. It was carried to Richmond, Va., heavily swathed in black crape, by the division Adjutant General, James G. Holmes, escorted by South Carolina veterans to the funeral of the "Daughter of the Confederacy," September, 1899. This memorial flag of the South Carolina Division was the only stand of colors beside the grave of Winnie Davis when she was laid to rest by the side of her illustrious father, the only President of the Confederate States. By the invitation of Adj. Gen. Moorman the flag was on the platform, just as when used in Richmond, at the memorial services at the reunion in Charleston, S. C., in 1899, and in Louisville, Ky., in 1900, and will have like distinction at all future U. C. V. reunions.

Col. James G. Holmes, Adjutant General of the South Carolina Division, reports the singing with unction "We Are Old-Time Confederates" by members of the two divisions as led by Gen. Clement A. Evans.

J. H. Blakemore, Roanoke, Va., a former member of the old Fifty-Third Georgia Regiment band, desires to correspond with any of the surviving members.



THE GEORGIA SOLDIERS' HOME BECOMES THE CARE OF THE STATE.

This magnificent property, the Confederate Soldiers' Home for Georgia, after eleven years' delay, is to be placed under the care of the State. The enterprise was started by the *Atlanta Constitution* April 5, 1889. Henry W. Grady wrote one of his inimitable editorials, and the *Constitution* headed the list with \$1,000. It cost \$35,000. See *VETERAN* for April, 1898.

WORK FOR THE NEW YEAR IN MISSISSIPPI.

Mrs. Irene Hutchinson, of Columbus, Miss., addresses Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy in the following earnest words:

As we behold the fading light of the old year, and await the dawn of the new, it would not be vain and selfish for us to cast our eyes back upon the many noble achievements that have crowned the existence of the patriotic organizations of the South; but it is upon the golden halo of future possibilities that we should fix our attention. One of our greatest opportunities for the new year will be the erecting of a monument that will stand as an enduring testimonial to some hero or heroes of 1861-65, and at the same time provide the daughters and granddaughters of those heroes with a home and that training which will prepare them for the great sphere for which they were created. Memorial organizations have done a good work, but I cannot suppress a sigh of regret when my thoughts turn from the many stones over silent graves to the old veterans and their children who are suffering for the comforts of life. Faintly comes the echo:

"I won't need your words of sympathy
When the shadow of death falls over my face;
I won't need a slah of marble
When I reach my last low resting place."

Then, Daughters of the Confederacy and coworkers in a noble cause, let us monument 1901 by responding to the call from a multitude who cannot wait.

Here in Columbus is located one of the finest colleges in the South, so let us unite and build a home, modest though it be, in close proximity to this institution of learning, where the inmates may drink of the fountain of learning with but little cost to themselves or those connected with the work when the house shall have been completed. The subject is worthy of deep consideration, and it is hoped that each member of the U. D. C. will coöperate in the undertaking. [Here a "chain" of letters is proposed, but the *VETERAN* does not coöperate in that way.]

The Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy are strong organizations, and united as they are by a bond of sympathy and loyalty, they ought to celebrate the first day of the new century in some appropriate way. Here let me suggest that the Camps and Chapters in various towns unite and have a public meeting on New Year's day, with an interesting programme of music and informal addresses, and at the close take up a collection and open a subscription for the benefit of the proposed "Daughters' Home," the amount received to be turned over to the local Chapter U. D. C., and kept in their treasury until the Home has become an established fact. This method would obviate the difficulty that might arise from the fact that institutions are not always built when undertaken, though it is hoped in this case that success will crown the efforts speedily to give the young women of the Confederacy the advantages they so greatly need.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY WORTH PRESERVING.

Mr. W. R. Bringham, of Clarksville, Tenn., who served in the Second Kentucky Cavalry, has for many years treasured the memory of a remarkable procedure in the last days of the Confederacy. He writes:

Soon after the fall of Richmond Gen. Dibrell's division of cavalry was ordered to Greensboro, N. C., and acted as a special escort to President Davis and cabinet from that point to Washington, Ga., where they arrived on the 5th day of May, 1865. The war was now over. Gen. Johnston had surrendered, and further resistance was considered useless. On the 6th day of May President Davis left Washington with an escort of ten men commanded by Capt. Given Campbell, of the Second Kentucky Cavalry (now a prominent lawyer of St. Louis), and was captured May 10. On that 6th day of May a volunteer escort composed of about fifty men from Dibrell's division, commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, left Washington as a special escort to Gen. John C. Breckinridge. The following morning we met in the road two hundred and fifty Federal cavalry, who demanded our unconditional surrender, which was not only refused but they were compelled to submit to the terms dictated by Col. Breckinridge, which were that they allow us to proceed on our journey unmolested.

As time receded, Mr. Bringham concluded to have his recollections confirmed by his old commander, and requested a statement from him. From Lexington, Ky., September 23, 1892, Col. Breckinridge wrote:

My recollection is that the number of men who volunteered to go with us to the end, and who did actually March from Washington, Ga., was forty-seven. It may be that I am not perfectly accurate in this, but I do not miss it more than one or two. The Federal cavalry which we met in the road, not far from Gen. Breckinridge's headquarters, was a battalion under the command of Maj. Andrew Campbell, and consisted of about two hundred and fifty men. I recollect perfectly the transaction. We camped near Gen. Breckinridge's headquarters. I went to his room to receive orders, and in a moment or two Capt. James B. Clay, now a citizen of this county, came in with the information that a regiment of Federal cavalry was within sight. Our little command had been organized into a company, of which I was captain, and at my suggestion Gen. Breckinridge consented that I should move the company to the front and stop the march of the regiment; and he gave me absolute discretion as to what course I should pursue, except that he counseled that I should not provoke a battle and should avoid bloodshed, which I rather promised I would do unless it was necessary to protect our morale and self-respect. With this understanding we moved down the road in the direction in which the Federal cavalry were marching, and a flag of truce was sent out, and the colloquy resulted in an agreement that that battalion of cavalry and all other troops which might be marching behind it should remain on the other side of the road to Woodstock until I gave consent to its marching to Washington, and that my command should pass down the road to Woodstock unmolested. Maj. Campbell at first re-

fused any other terms than either our surrender or that we should open the way and permit him to march on to Washington; but he finally consented to the terms I have indicated, when I somewhat bluntly informed him that it was an ultimatum, and that I would give the order to charge if he did not so agree. You may remember that we had disposed of the company on the brow of the hill in such a way as to wholly conceal our force, and as I wore the uniform of a colonel of cavalry, and as he knew I was in command of a brigade of Kentucky cavalry, he became under the impression, which I took no pains to remove, that I was in command of my brigade, and I understood that he afterwards declared that if he had had any knowledge of how small the command was he would never have agreed to the terms. Gen. Breckinridge was notified of those terms, and he, with his staff officers, with Maj. Austin, of my regiment, and some other soldiers, left our command, passed through the woods, being guided by a citizen, and made his way down to Florida. After waiting for a time sufficiently long to insure his escape both from that battalion and any troops that might be on the road I notified Maj. Campbell that no other Confederate cavalry would pass down the road to Woodstock except my personal escort, constituted of perhaps fifty men, whereupon he withdrew his command on the top of the hill on the other side of the ravine, and we marched to Woodstock, where we found Gen. Duke.

It gives me pleasure to answer these questions. It is a delight to feel that I am remembered by my comrades; and if there is any other matter about which I can give you information, do not hesitate to let me know; and if this letter is not full enough, I will take pleasure in hunting up the memoranda which I have concerning those days and answering your questions. With the most cordial good wishes for you and yours, sincerely your friend, WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

Having submitted proof of the above to Col Breckinridge, after eight years he returns it, making no changes. Concerning the author, he wrote the following comment:

You may thoroughly rely upon any statement made by Mr. Bringham. He was one of the best soldiers I ever saw, and is one of the most reliable men.

Continuing, Col. Breckinridge states concerning the event:

This was a remarkable episode. It was one of the dramatic scenes of the war—one

that deserves a fuller treatment than it has received.

There never was a company or command whose morale was higher than that company composed of volunteers from the Kentucky and Tennessee Brigades, who composed Dibrell's Division. On that day I felt—looking back upon it I am convinced I was correct—that that company could have charged through the battalion of Maj. Campbell and scattered it as a detail from the Kentucky brigades charged Capron's Brigade at Jug Tavern.



May I add that the Kentucky Brigade from the battle at Bentonville to the day I left it at Washington was in finer discipline, more intense to perform its duty, and completer morale than I ever saw it. Each adjutant was required to make a daily morning report and each commander required to have at least two daily roll calls, and from the day Dibrell's Division received its orders at Raleigh, to report to Mr. Davis at Greensboro, until it surrendered at Washington, its effective force daily increased. There was no disorganization, no demoralization, no evidence of hesitation in performing every duty. It was well armed, well mounted, well equipped, and was the very best cavalry command I ever saw, and I have no doubt it was the best cavalry command in either army. Col. McLemore's command, with the Kentucky Brigade, formed Dibrell's Division.

We are informed by Mr. Bringham that the flag of truce which was sent by Col. Breckinridge to meet Maj. Campbell was carried by Col. Clay Stacker, of Clarksville, Tenn., at that time a private soldier of the Second Kentucky Regiment, and who, although but a lad of eighteen years, had won an enviable reputation for cool daring and fine judgment, which he has well sustained to the present day.

ANNUAL DINNER TO GEN. LEE IN NEW YORK.

The New York Confederate Veteran Camp will hold its eleventh annual dinner in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee in the grand banquet hall at the Waldorf-Astoria on Friday, the 18th of January next. Again the interesting feature is that ladies can be invited to dine with us, and join in the festivities and songs.

Maj. Edward Owen, the Commander, writes:

The popularity of this form of entertainment was conclusively proved by the signal success attending our last dinner. Bishop Thomas U. Dudley, of Kentucky, has been engaged to respond to a toast, and Mr. Gordon McCabe, of Virginia, has also been invited to be present and respond. Both are veterans of the war.

It is desired that Southerners in this city and vicinity will join with us on this occasion in paying tribute to the memory of Lee and our other heroes.

CAMP OFFICERS FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

The following are the new officers of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York:

Commander, Edward Owen.

Lieutenant Commander, Clarence Cary.

Paymaster, Stephen W. Jones.

Adjutant, Thomas L. Moore.

Chaplain, Rev. Dr. George S. Baker.

Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew.

Executive Committee: Frederick C. Rogers, J. B. Wilkinson, Samuel B. Paul, B. R. Smith, Peter Mallett.

The headquarters are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

A correspondent writes for a copy of "Dixie," as written by Gen. Albert Pike; but having none at hand, the VETERAN will appreciate a copy from some subscriber who can furnish it.

THE FIRST TENNESSEE AT GETTYSBURG.

Capt. J. B. Turney, Company K, of that regiment:

Thirty-seven years have passed since those memorable first three days of July, 1863. A generation has come and is going, and yet the Veterans recall the services they rendered and duties they performed in this battle of battles with as much distinctness as if it were but yesterday. During these many long years I have watched and waited in vain to see from some one a report of the exact facts about what occurred at the time of, and just preceding, the final struggle at the most vital point in the entire line of battle at Gettysburg, Pa. I regret the manifest disposition to ignore the gallant work of the First Tennessee in the last charge upon the Federal lines. I would not disparage the services of Pickett's heroes; that is not necessary; and I could not protest against the credit that has been awarded those gallant sons of Virginia after having seen how they faced death during that terrible conflict.

I submit briefly, however, some of the details of the first and second days, in so far as they relate to Archer's Brigade, and particularly to the First Tennessee. The battle was begun about 9 o'clock on the morning of July 1, with Heth's Division, Archer's Tennessee Brigade—consisting of the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, Thirteenth Alabama Regiment, and Fifth Alabama Battalion—being in the advance. The sharpshooters, under command of Major Buchanan, of the First Tennessee, encountered the Federal advance some three miles southwest of Gettysburg. The enemy fell back slowly, resisting our approach, until General Archer ordered a halt when we were within about one mile of the town. General Heth soon arrived, and ordered Archer forward, as he said, to ascertain the "strength and line of battle of the enemy." Archer suggested that his brigade was light to risk so far in advance of support. Upon being ordered forward a second time, he advanced about two hundred yards, when we met with stubborn resistance, having encountered the enemy's line of battle. For thirty minutes the firing was severe, and the smoke of battle hovered near the ground, shutting out from view the movements of the Federal forces. When the enemy's fire ceased, I dropped on my knees, and, looking beneath the hanging smoke, saw the feet and legs of the enemy moving to our left. This I communicated to General Archer, who doubted its possibility, saying: "I guess not, Captain, since Gen. Joe Davis is to occupy that timber to our left." By the time I reached my line a brigade of the enemy under General Reynolds was upon our left, capturing General Archer, with quite a percentage of his brigade, including a portion of the left of the First Tennessee. During the excitement attending the capture of General Archer, I succeeded in escaping with the major part of my company, falling back some two hundred yards to the skirt of timber. The Federals deployed; and, Heth having arrived, the battle was on in earnest. Archer's Brigade, under command of Colonel (later Brigadier General) Fry, Thirteenth Alabama, was then withdrawn to the right of Lee's army. There we were deployed as a body of observation. My company was ordered as far in the advance as it was safe to go. I ventured near to the Emmettsburg road, where I saw the enemy moving its transportation to the rear. In my effort to report to my commander, I encountered

General Lee, who asked what I found in front. When I reported, he remarked to his staff officers: "I am afraid they will get away." From this I concluded that he thought we had only encountered the enemy's advance. Later in the afternoon our brigade was sent to the rear as a reserve, where we remained with the balance of Heth's Division during the entire second day.

Early on the morning of the third day our division was moved to the front and right, and remained in line of battle until our artillery was massed to the front. At about 11 o'clock the fiercest cannonading known to warfare was begun. For two hours the old hills trembled as if affrighted. The limbs and trunks of trees were torn to pieces and sent crashing to the earth to add to the havoc among the gallant boys who waited anxiously an order to charge. Finally, as heaven's thunder ceases that the storm in its fury may ravage and riot, so became silent the quarter of a thousand death-dealing monsters, and before the echoes had died among the distant hills we were in line for a forward movement.

Pickett was to the right; Heth, in the center; and Pender, to the left. Cemetery Hill was the chief objective point, and along its crest and behind a stone wall rested the Federal center. Archer's Brigade, under command of Colonel Fry, constituted Heth's right, with the First Tennessee forming Archer's right and being next to Kemper's Brigade, which constituted Pickett's left. The First Tennessee was to the left of opposite the point where the Emmettsburg road crossed the ridge. The columns thus formed, with Armistead's Virginians as a reserve for Kemper, marched to the charge—thousands to death, but all to glory. For three miles from right to left we charged in unbroken line, across the fields, through ravines, over fences—on we went, bent on victory or death. The lead rained; the gallant Colonel George, of the First Tennessee, fell wounded; thirty steps farther, and Colonel Fry was checked by an enemy's bullet—wounded in the leg. He called to me and asked for Colonel George, and, when informed of his wound, said to me: "Captain, take command of the regiment. Proceed with the charge, but don't stop to fire a gun." By the time I reached my line it was to the first plank fence that inclosed the Emmettsburg road. How like hail upon a roof sounded the patter of the enemy's bullets upon that fence! Onward swept the columns, thinned now and weakened, the dead behind, the foe in front, and no thought of quarter. The second fence was reached and scaled; now no impediment, save the deadly fire of ten thousand rifles that barred our headlong charge. It was one hundred and fifty yards now of open field. Who would live to reach the goal? In wonderful order, at double-quick time, we continued the charge; and not until we were within about fifteen steps of the stone wall did I give the command to fire. The volley confused the enemy. I then ordered a charge with bayonets, and on moved our gallant boys. Another instant, and we were engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict for the possession of the fragile wall of masonry that held out as the sole barrier between the combatants. Each man seemed to pick his foe, and it fell my lot to struggle with a stalwart Federal officer, who made a vicious thrust at my breast. I parried it just in time. Thus for a few moments the contest settled as for a death struggle, and one triumphant shout was given as the

Federals in our immediate front and to our right yielded and fled in confusion to a point just back of the crest of the hill, abandoning their artillery. Having given no heed to our lines to the right or to the left after crossing the Emmettsburg road, I now mounted the rock wall and found everything successful to my right, while the center and left of Archer's Brigade had failed. From my position to the right the works were ours, but to the left the enemy was still in possession. Thus the First Tennessee, constituting the right of Archer's Brigade, occupied a most important position. I decided to throw a column beyond the works and enfilade the lines to my left, and succeeded in taking with me my own company and parts of others. The volleys we fired were effective, and created confusion, enabling Capt. J. H. Moore, and possibly others, of the Seventh Tennessee, and Captain Taylor, of the Thirteenth Alabama, to lead their companies over the works. A few of the Fifth Alabama Battalion also crossed. By this time, at a distance of only about thirty yards, and behind the crest of the hill, I noted the re-forming of the Federal lines. This necessitated a withdrawal to a position behind the stone wall, and there we joined the balance of the First Tennessee. After a desperate, but unsuccessful, effort to dislodge us, the enemy again retired over the crest of the hill. I then made a second effort to cross the works and enfilade, but by this time our lines, from my position to the left, were being beaten back by a most destructive fire; and as our opposition melted in their front, the enemy turned a deadly fire upon the unprotected squad of First Tennesseans, who, together with a few of Garnett's Virginians, had the second time crossed the works. The artillery as well as the musketry belched forth destruction to our little band, and we were forced to drop back behind the wall. By this time General Armistead had noted the importance of the position held by the First Tennessee, and was obliquing to his left to reach us. A few moments of waiting brought his recruits to our aid. The General was on foot at the head of his column. I shall ever have a distinct remembrance of the dash and fire that was in him. He threw his hat on his saber, called for the command to follow, and scaled the stone wall. I kept by his side, and with us went the colors of the First Tennessee. Armistead's purpose was to enfilade, as I had attempted. Again we became the targets for the concentrated fire of the enemy's guns of all sizes and all positions. At the first volley I noticed General Armistead drop his saber, on which still hung his hat, and grasp with his right hand his left arm and stagger as if he were about to fall. I caught and supported him. He was wounded in the left arm, and his men bore him behind the stone wall for protection. Seeing the impossibility of effective work from behind the wall and the shattered condition of our lines, I hastily called the captains of my regiment for conference. Captains Thompson, Hawkins, Arnold, and Alexander responded. While we were conferring, a courier arrived, and, calling for the officer in charge, told me General Lee's orders were to hold my position, as Ewell had broken the lines on the extreme left. These orders settled the question, and brought us face to face with the critical moments of that decisive battle. To the left of the First Tennessee our lines had entirely given way, thus enabling the enemy to concentrate its fire—not only from

our center, but from our left—directly upon my command. The heavy artillery on the ridge and that massed on Little Round Top poured destruction into our ranks. Some of the Virginians to our right had already yielded. For ten minutes still we remained the target, and each minute perceptibly weakened our gallant band and made less possible our chance of retreat. All realized that ours was a hopeless chance, yet General Lee desired that we remain, and that was sufficient.

Retreat across the open was now impossible, and a white flag was reluctantly hoisted by a Virginia regiment to my right; and thus it was that those of the First Tennessee who survived the struggle and had not escaped yielded themselves as prisoners. Within an hour all firing had ceased, and the great battle was at an end. Forty thousand of the bravest soldiers the world ever saw had shed their blood for principle. Except a flesh wound in my neck and a number of bullet holes in my clothes, I was unharmed.

We were then conducted to the rear, and among the many who came to interview our boys was one of General Jones's aid-de-camps, who, when he came, said he had been inquiring for the officer who stood upon the works so long when the Federals first vacated, and that the soldiers had directed him to me. He then delivered a message of congratulations from his general, which made me feel that I had succeeded in convincing an enemy that I had done my duty. I learned from this officer that the Federals in our front consisted of Hancock's Corps, Burney's Corps, and Doubleday's Division, the latter being in the immediate front of our command.

The next morning we were marched twenty-eight miles to Westminster, Md., which distance we were required to cover between the hours of 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. In the afternoon after our arrival we were called upon for details to draw rations. We had had no food since the morning before. That same afternoon I was engaged in conversation with some Federal officers, when one asked why we fellows always got the best of an open fight with an equal force. I replied, courteously, that it was the inspiration of a just cause, to which he replied: "No; it is because you have the greatest military genius of history to lead you. Robert E. Lee combines the organizing capacity of a Marlborough, the intuition of a Turenne, the celerity of a Napoleon, and the tenacity of a Wellington."



CAPT. J. B. TURNEY,
Author of the Above.

J. F. Pendleton, Ryan, Ind. T., inquires about Rice Kennedy and Stewart Nelson, who were his prison comrades at Point Lookout, Md. He has a Bible given him by Stewart Nelson when he left. All were taken prisoners at Big Black Ridge, Miss., Sunday morning, May 16, 1863.

EXPERIENCES ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

John H. Grabill, of Woodstock, Va., who was captain of Company E, Thirty-Fifth Battalion Virginia Cavalry, sends the following in reply, as he says, "to the man who said we had an abundance of the necessities and luxuries in prison at Johnson's Island:"

After reading the article in the July VETERAN, I at once wrote a reply: but hoping that some other officer who had been confined in the prison would write, I deferred sending my statement.

Capt. J. H. George, of Floyd, Tex., gives in the November issue what I have no doubt is a truthful representation of that prison prior to September, 1862. I have no desire to create sectional animosity, but it is important that our children should know the truth. Northern journals have persistently misrepresented both Northern and Southern prisons. Southern journals should publish the truth. The writer of the article in the July number evidently knew nothing of the inside of the prison at Johnson's Island. He may possibly have seen it from the outside.

I was taken to Johnson's Island about the 1st of August, 1863, and remained there until February, 1865. For some weeks we were given sufficient rations, and were permitted to purchase articles of food from the sutler. Afterwards our rations were cut very short, and we were not permitted to buy any article of food. Some of the prisoners ate candles, purchased of the sutler; but this was kept a secret, as it was feared that we would not be permitted to buy candles if it were known they were used as food. I know that flour sold at one dollar and twenty-five cents per pound, United States currency. My messmate, Lieut. Marshall, of Alabama, paid that price. Rats that lived upon the sinks were an article of diet among the officers confined at Johnson's Island. Some prisoners were so hungry that when their two days' small rations were delivered to them on Saturday, they would eat it at once, and would not have a mouthful to eat until Monday morning.

If there was a single instance of putting a Johnson's Island prisoner upon his honor, I did not hear of it. Upon one or two occasions we were permitted to bathe in the lake, and upon one occasion we were permitted to go out and fix up the graves of our dead comrades; but every time we were under guard. I never knew a prisoner to be put upon his parole of honor, unless he had applied to take the oath—and then he had no honor—or was about being sent off to exchange. I know that I suffered the pangs of hunger for months at a time. While I could not now establish the fact, my own opinion is that a number whose bodies lie in the little cemetery on the borders of Sandusky Bay were the victims of starvation.

As to treatment received from the officers of the prison, I have no complaint; they obeyed orders. The officers of the government, I am satisfied, were responsible for our sufferings.

Allen C. Jones Camp at Greensboro, Ala., elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Commander, W. G. Button; Lieutenant Commander, T. T. May; Adjutant, E. T. Pasteur.

FORT STEVENS, NEAR WASHINGTON CITY.

Appropriate interest is being taken in the movement to have the government purchase the site of Fort Stevens, just north of Washington City, for a battlefield park. This proposition was strongly commended as far back as 1867. It was before this fort that Gen. Jubal Early encountered the Union troops under Gen. Horatio Wright on July 11 and 12, 1864, when the Confederate army came nearer to capturing the capital, doubtless, than at any other time during the war.

Mr. W. B. Cox, of Washington, sends out copies of resolutions which have been adopted by various patriotic and other organizations favoring the establishment of this park, and also extracts from letters of prominent persons, including participants in the memorable encounter.

Mr. Cox also sends a photograph of the monument which stands at Woodside, about three miles beyond Fort Stevens, marking the spot where were buried seventeen unknown Confederate soldiers, who fell before Stevens, and in whose memory it was erected.

It is thought that this matter will be brought to the attention of Congress at the next session, and it is desired that all survivors, as well as the families of participants who lost their lives in the engagement, urge upon their representatives in Congress that Stevens be acquired and marked by the government as it has done elsewhere.

It is contemplated to have this historic site included in a series of public reservations surrounding the City of Washington and connected by a boulevard, and there is strong hope that it will be done.

So far as acquiring the site of Fort Stevens is concerned the cost will be small, since the amount of land is inconsiderable, being only five and a half acres, and it seems unfortunate that it has not already been obtained and appropriately marked. That little plot is too dear to many of us not to be preserved.

It is especially desired to learn the names of and hear from survivors of the engagement. A list of the regiments and commands in the Battle of Monocacy is found in the Century Company's "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," and the forces engaged there were almost the same as before Stevens.

BATTLE OF SAILOR'S CREEK.

B. S. Johnston (Banker), Baltimore City, Md.:

Mr. C. P. Gilman, of Dyersburg, Tenn., writes the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, in the October, 1900, number, stating that Mr. Daniel B. Sanford, of Milledgeville, Ga., wishes to know who commanded the marine battalion at the battle of Sailor's Creek April 6, 1865. Commodore John R. Tucker commanded the naval brigade in that fight, not the marine battalion, although there was a company of marines in the brigade commanded by Capt. Sims, of the marine corps. Commodore Tucker did not command the Patrick Henry at that time or any other vessel named in the article. The Jamestown had been sunk years before, and the Teaser captured by McLellan in 1862.

I belonged to the naval brigade, and was in that fight. DuBose's Brigade was on our right, and the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Virginia Battalions of Artillery on the left. The latter had some skirmishers

out in front of us as we came in line down the hill. We rested at the edge of a pine field, and held that position until everything in our rear and on each flank had surrendered. We had about four hundred men in the brigade, and lost quite a number killed and wounded. I always understood that we were fighting portions of the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Army Corps in front, and a large part of Sheridan's Cavalry in the rear. Our line of battle (Ewell's Corps) in the beginning did not exceed a total of four thousand men, without a single piece of artillery in the entire corps.

STONEWALL JACKSON AND MAXCY GREGG.

From "Stonewall Jackson's Guard," by John N. Lyle, Waco, Tex., who was a lieutenant of the guard:

"When Gen. Gregg, of South Carolina, was wounded at Fredericksburg," says Dr. Hunter McGuire, "an interesting incident occurred. Gen. Jackson had had a misunderstanding with Gregg, the nature of which I do not now recall. The night after this gallant gentleman and splendid soldier was mortally wounded I told Gen. Jackson, as I generally did of friends or prominent men killed or wounded.

"Gen. Gregg was one of the most courteous gentlemen that I had ever known. He exposed himself that day in a way that seemed unnecessary, so much so that Col. Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to him, and, knowing he was quite deaf, shouted to him that the Yankees were shooting at him.

"Yes, sir; thank you," he replied; 'they have been doing so all day.'

"When I told Gen. Jackson that Gregg was badly injured, he said: 'I wish you would go back and see him. I want you to see him.'

"I demurred a little, saying it had not been very long since I had seen him, and that there was nothing more to be done for him.

"He replied: 'I wish you to go back to see him, and tell him I sent you.'

"So I rode back to the Zesby house, saw Gen. Gregg, and gave him the message. When I left his bedside and had gotten back into the hall of the house I met Gen. Jackson, who must have ridden close behind me to have arrived there so soon. He stopped me and asked about Gen. Gregg, and went into the room to see him. No one else was in the room, and what passed between the two officers will never be known. I waited and rode back to camp with him. Not a word was spoken on that ride by either of us. After we reached camp, as we stood waiting for some one to take our horses, he looked up to the sky for a moment, and said: 'How horrible is war!'

"I replied: 'Yes, horrible; but what can we do? These people at the North, without any warrant of law, have invaded our country, stolen our property, insulted our defenseless women, and hung and imprisoned our helpless old men. What can we do?'

"Do?" he answered, and his voice was ringing. "Do? Why, shoot them!"

In a personal letter with the above, Judge Lyle says:

The sketch of General Maxey Gregg by Mrs. Robertson was read with much pleasure. It may delight the comrades and friends of that courteous gentleman and splendid soldier to see the estimation in which he was held by the great Stonewall.

THE LAST NIGHT OF SIXTY-FOUR.

BY E. L. RIDLEY, MUFREESBORO, TENN.

It is not well to live too much in the past; yet it is not proper to forget it. A lady said to me: "What our times now specially need is to read and ponder more on the incidents of individual and family history as portrayed in personal reminiscences. In this way the people are understood in their spirit, peculiarities, and characteristics. If the soldier of the sixties would occasionally give some episodic fact connected with his career, instead of hunting for money, talking politics, and pondering over abstrusities, it would please as well as interest others, and be the delectation of the generation now seeking for truth."

I like thrilling incidents and startling adventure. The most attractive is that told of around the camp fire. Let me tell you of my ride on the famous retreat from Nashville to Tupelo the last night of 1864. Many a soldier boy may recall something of more interest, but it made its impress upon me as a novel experience.

From Bainbridge, on the Tennessee, via Tusculumbia and Barton's Station, our skeleton army plodded its weary way from Nashville, Tenn., to Iuka, Miss. Through the bleak and chilling blasts of December 31 our ill-clad, barefooted, hungry soldiers marched in slush and mud, and at nightfall drew their foot-sore and weary bodies into a tentless camp.

Stewart's Corps had bivouacked. He and those of his staff were building fires to warm, when an order came from Gen. Hood to send a staff officer with three couriers back to Barton's Station, twenty miles, and from thence establish communication with Gen. W. H. Jackson, to ascertain whether the enemy had crossed at Bainbridge, and the extent of his pursuit.

It was a cold, cheerless, freezing night. The Bear Creek country through which we had to go was a wild, dreary, wooded section, and the staff were worn out; so that for once our General hesitated to particularize. Said he: "Is there a member of my staff who will volunteer to execute this order?" The old, settled members said nothing; the middle-aged were distressingly silent. It was apparent that they were awaiting a response from some of us boys. One besought me to respond; I besought another. The silence was painful until a faint and slow answer, "General, I will go," was involuntarily made by me.

Capt. Greenleaf, of the escort, besought three volunteer couriers to accompany me, but no one answered. Finally the detail was made, and we started back over the road that was cut up into mud and mire, but now was frozen, making travel on it dangerous. Our poor horses, jaded from the sore trials of the Nashville campaign, would slide over the icy road, and sometimes break in and sink up to their bodies. The whistling wind, with its surly, whizzing sound, together with its chill, produced the most horrible feelings, and to get through, for over twenty miles, seemed impossible. Nothing to warm the inner man could be had, and there was no moon to light us on the journey. Instead of pleasant things to cheer our weary way, our night was filled with woes and horrors—of some one whose horse was in a mud hole, or whose hands and feet were freezing; something was going wrong continually.

To add to the horror, the Bear Creek country was low and marshy, and said to be infested with animals such as bear and panther.

The order to "get to Barton's Station by day," had to be obeyed. Along the route we would find an abandoned wagon or caisson temporarily left in mud and mire, run across a dead horse or something that always kept us on the lookout. After going eight or ten miles, there was just ahead of us the most horrible scream, a frightful shriek, a shrill, piercing noise, more fearful than that of a wild cat or leopard. The sound seemed to be meeting us, so we formed into fours, and, drawing our knives, prepared for action.



When the thing saw us it ran across the road and sidled around with the most frightful, rabid snarls. We shot through the woods at the sound, but don't know that we touched him. Suspecting that it was a panther, it frightened us so that the balance of the ride we fancied him "purring at our heels." A native told us next day that our surmise was correct. O how miserable that long, long night! Perchance we'd strike a burning log, where the soldiers in the day had stopped to warm, and but for that we would have been frostbitten.

Well, about daybreak we crossed the Big Bear Creek a short distance from the station. Now came my time, on reaching the destined point, to select one of my couriers to hie on toward Tusculumbia to see Gen. Jackson. I asked who would volunteer. The poor fellows, their horses worn and weary, suggested the plan of allowing them to draw straws—the man getting the longest to go. This being satisfactory, one courier started, but returned in less than an hour reporting that he had met Gen. Jackson at the head of his cavalry command coming that way; that Gen. Hood's information as to the enemy having crossed at Bainbridge was incorrect. I wired Gen. Stewart from the station, and got a reply to put my horses and men in the only remaining box car at the station, and return to Iuka.

Thus was spent the last night of 1864. I recall it as an incident of my soldier life more trying to me than the encounters of cavalry and infantry battles in a service of three years.

HONOR MEDAL TO THE "MAID OF WINCHESTER."

The handsome medal (a reproduction of which appeared in the *VETERAN* for November) presented by surviving officers of the Sixth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, Army of Northern Virginia, to Lizzie Yonley, the "Maid of Winchester," now Mrs. E. A. Heironimus, of Knoxville, Tenn., in recognition of her devotion to the Confederate cause, and particularly of her own and of her sister's kind ministrations to the wounded of that regiment after the battle of Winchester, called for the following correspondence:

COPY OF THE LETTER OF PRESENTATION.

Mrs. Heironimus, Dear Friend: in presenting to you this testimonial on behalf of the surviving officers and men of the Sixth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, Army of Northern Virginia, we feel honored and thankful—honored that circumstances connect our names with the recognition of your heroic services to the cause of the Confederacy, and thankful that we have been spared to convey to you assurance of the admiration and gratitude of the officers and men of the regiment still living for the heroism you displayed throughout the war, and for the loving-kindness of yourself and of your lamented sister Alma to the wounded of our regiment at the battle of Winchester, Va., June 14, 1863.

The making of this acknowledgment at so late a day of your own and of your brave sister's angelic ministrations to our wounded, is because we did not learn until recently that you with ourselves survived the fortunes of the war, nor did we know the place of your present abode.

Our noble cause had noble defenders, but our glorious banner at last went down under the weight of overwhelming numbers. It is our conviction, however, that if the hearts of every Southern man and woman had been as brave and true as yours we never would have been conquered. Your children have the proud inheritance that they sprang from noble parentage, for, in addition to the fame of their mother, their father was a gallant officer of Ashby's and Fitzhugh Lee's commands. He struck many a sturdy blow for Southern independence, and finally, after thirty years of suffering, succumbed to the effects of wounds received in the service of his country.

Under the softening and healing influence of time, we conclude that after a third of a century since the war your feelings and sentiments coincide with ours. We know that our cause was right and just, and yet we are glad to see that the Southern people do not nurture feelings of resentment against their Northern brethren. It is noble to forgive.

Our Confederate battles are over now, and our flag is furled forever. We must close up the thinned ranks and march on bravely with the confidence born of unity and comradeship inspired by the recollection of an honorable and a glorious past.

Madam, we deeply sympathize with you in your many trials since the war. They have been grievous and discouraging, as with so many of our war-swept and storm-tossed people; but in the future we wish you brighter skies, and trust that the God of the just will deal gently with you.

The surviving officers and men of the Louisiana Brigade, which stormed the Federal works at Winchester under your eye on that memorable day in June, 1863, will ever remember you with pride and gratitude.

Signed: John J. Rivera, Major; Blayne T. Walshe, Captain; John Orr, First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Sixth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A.

RESPONSE BY MRS. E. A. YONLEY HEIRONIMUS.

To Maj. Rivera, Capt. Walshe, Lieut. Orr, and Comrades of the Sixth Louisiana Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, and other Comrades.

Gentlemen: The handsome medal which you have tendered me in recognition, as you are pleased to say, of my services to our memorable Confederate war and of kindness extended by my family to the officers and men of your regiment who were wounded at the battle of Winchester, has been received. I accept this beautiful testimonial of your regard with feelings of pleasure and gratitude, though tinged with mistrust as to being worthy of the honor you have bestowed upon me. However, it adds another to the sacred ties that already bind me to you.

Your historic brigade participated in three of the four battles of Winchester, and I watched its career throughout the war with the greatest interest and pride. This victory was yours alone, for I saw the whole battle, from the moment you emerged from the woods on the hill after your artillery had ceased to fire, as you marched by our house with banners flying and our own and the enemy's shells screaming over you, to your rush up the ridge. The storming of those breastworks was the grandest sight my eyes ever beheld. I can vouch for your valor as you swept grandly on in the splendid charge, and as long as life lasts I will hold in high honor and proud remembrance the dashing Louisianians.

Your touching words of praise for my loved ones who are gone evoke sad yet sweet memories of the past—of my peerless sister Alma; of my dear parents, whose hardships and sacrifices incident to the war called them hence all too soon; of the long-suffering of my wounded, devoted husband; and, above all, of the downfall of the Confederacy—memories which defy forgetfulness. It is hard, so hard, to forget when one is crushed in upholding a just cause, and in view of the loss of precious lives, of the poverty and desolation wrought by that unjust war upon our own soil and people. Surely the verdict of posterity, before whose judgment seat all human causes must come at last, will do that justice to the high and patriotic motives of our people which the present generation has accorded to their superb courage in defending them. I too lay my humble wreath upon the altar which you so eloquently describe, unappreciated or misunderstood as the offering may be, because this is my native land—my country, which I love despite what I have suffered.

Again thanking you for this lovely token of your regard, with the most ardent wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

J. M. Sparkman, of Booneville, Mo., would be glad to hear from some who served in the war with his father, Capt. J. M. Sparkman, of the Maury Artillery.

SURVIVORS OF COMPANY G, THIRTY-SECOND TENNESSEE.—Surviving Confederates are evidently a small percentage of enrollments. The VETERAN would like to know the percentage of a number of commands. J. W. Woodward, Shelbyville, Tenn., reports from his old company (G), Thirty-Second Tennessee Infantry. Of about one hundred and twenty names, a list of thirty-nine survivors is sent as follows: R. M. Allen, A. D. Armstrong, M. W. Allison, Jesse Atkisson, J. D. Adams, S. W. Bonds, William Barron, J. G. Bowden, H. T. Barron, R. N. Bowden, John N. Blackwell, A. N. Crawford, A. N. Calahan, C. S. Chapman, R. P. Calahan, C. L. Coffee, Michael Cannon, J. B. Endsley, Thomas Gambrill, W. L. Jones, J. C. Leonard, J. M. Leonard, Arch McCool, G. W. Montgomery, W. R. Neill, H. C. Neill, E. J. Stephenson, John Stephenson, W. O. C. Smith, Joseph H. Smith, M. T. Smith, J. A. Smith, T. W. Twitty, James Woods, J. W. Woodward, J. P. Wood, John Whitsitt, W. H. Wharton, G. W. Yarbrough.

R. A. Browder (Company A, Seventh Kentucky Regiment), Fulton, Ky.: "I notice in the September VETERAN inquiry by W. N. McGrew, Pulaski, Tenn., about the graves of those killed during Forrest's raid near Pulaski in 1864. The men referred to belonged to the Seventh Kentucky Regiment of Lyons's Kentucky Brigade—viz., Capt. J. T. Cochran, Company E; Capt. D. L. Nowlin, Company G; James Hatchell, Company E; John Hamlin, Company E; Thomas Hausberry, Company I. The five were buried in one grave. John P. Oliver, of Company K, Twelfth Kentucky Regiment, was wounded and died at a house near by, and was buried after we left there. By inquiry of Col. Dickinson, or some of his family living near there now, his grave might be located. There was also a Mississippian killed and buried some distance north of the others.

Leon F. Burks, Adjutant Camp Rodes, Tuscaloosa, Ala., reports as officers for the coming year: Gen. George D. Johnston, Commander; John Little, C. H. M. Yunker, A. F. Prince, Lieutenant Commanders; L. F. Burks, Adjutant. Comrade Burks adds: "We have a large Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy in this city, of which Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce is President, through whose energetic efforts active interest is being taken in their work. Mrs. Bryce is an enthusiastic worker and a prominent member of the State Association."

J. F. Turner, of Valley Head, Ala., would like to know the name of the young lady who was captured in full Confederate uniform near Cumberland Gap, Va., in the spring of 1865, who was carried to Knoxville and put in jail. She took the measles there, and was carried to the Confederate Hospital, where Comrade Turner nursed her until well. Then she was sent north of the Ohio river. Her soldier name was Johnnie Radcliff.

O. B. Norvell, No. 1920 Sixth Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., is anxious to communicate with Orderly Sergeant Johnson B. West, of Company B, Second Kentucky Cavalry (Morgan's Command). The last heard from him he was practicing medicine at Edgefield, Tenn.

The *Jamestown* (N. Y.) *Journal* of November 9, 1900, contains an account of a Bible and the finding of its owner. Will D. Parker, of Mayville, N. Y., wrote that his brother, Charles S. Parker, found it on the battlefield of Fredericksburg, Va. In the book there is an account of marriages, births, and deaths of the Glassell family, with the name of J. S. Glassell on the fly leaf. John S. Hamilton, of Remington, Va., wrote to Mr. Parker about it, stating that Comrade "James Somerville Glassell was as gallant a soldier as ever marched to battle." The Bible has been sent to Mrs. Charles Weeks, a sister now living at New Iberia, La.

It was Joshua Draper who wrote about the battle of the Crater (page 502, November VETERAN), and not "John," as stated by the type. It was Rans instead of "Rans" Wright's Brigade.

Comrade Draper did some perilous work in the war, and his name, Joshua, should be given correctly. He and four comrades made heroic effort to rally their comrades on one occasion when two of the five were killed and two others were wounded. The command rallied, and the movements of both sides were reversed.

N. J. Lowe, Brazil, Tenn.: "After the engagement near Spring Hill, Tenn., on November 29, 1864, I was passing among the dead and wounded and noticed a young Federal soldier who had been killed—of dark complexion and about six feet high and seemingly twenty-two or twenty-three years old, whose haversack I appropriated. I found in it a knife, fork, and spoon marked 'J. Edgnion,' which I have kept laid away all these years. I would gladly return them to any member of his family."

W. R. Kivett, of Colorado Springs, Colo., is Commander of a flourishing Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans. As there are very few in a community, the enrollment is from all over the State, and he thinks they will muster from seventy-five to one hundred strong for the reunion at Memphis in 1901.

Miss Cook, at 1232 North Cherry Street, Nashville, Tenn., desires information concerning her father, Davis Wells Cook, who, it is thought, enlisted in the Confederate service at Clarksville, Tenn., and belonged to the Twentieth Kentucky Cavalry. Any comrade who remembers him is requested to write to Miss Cook.

H. T. Taylor, Faro, Tenn., is anxious to locate the widow of his brother, Bill Taylor, who was killed during the war by a train when they were on the way to Vicksburg. When last heard of she was living in Kentucky.

Mrs. W. M. Ritchey, of Athlone, Cal., seeks information of her brother, Isaac Cunningham, who was lost in the battle of Perryville. He went from Warren County [State not designated] in Meadows's Company.

Mrs. Gertrude Cartwright, of Cusseta, Tex., is trying to raise money for a monument to Cass County soldiers, and will appreciate any assistance that may be given in this laudable undertaking.

Mrs. D. T. Harris, of Adamsville, Tenn., wishes the address of the captain or any member of Company H, Fifth Arkansas Regiment.



COL. THOMAS H. HERNDON.

Only second in reverent regard to the dull and flattened brass button (now for more than three decades lying in its tiny box of cotton like a jewel) which saved the life of our honored father, Col. Thomas H. Herndon, stands as relic of those grandly piteous days of the lost cause the letters written by him, from the first penned in the Convention Hall at Montgomery (January 3, 1861) to the last hurriedly scribbled from the trenches at Spanish Fort.

Herein lies the history of times that tried men's souls, shining through the pellucid medium of a spirit gallant, gentle, patriotic, and tender.

A thrilling, an infinitely pathetic story this, of those stirring events, those noble sacrifices, the many eminent spirits, and that gradual grinding down and wearing out of a cause which was as desperate as glorious. The narrative runs with unabating interest from the first "gentlemanly" encampment of the Thirty-Sixth Regiment ("which," says a letter, "I have received the undue credit of having raised") at Mt. Vernon, through the brief and easy biv-

ouac in Mobile, Ala., the increasing hardships of the campaign in Tennessee, to the closing scenes at Spanish Fort, when, lying under the preliminary fire of the enemy in the trenches of Fort Spanish, the last brief dramatic epistle leaves the reader breathless in anticipation of the attack.

Said Col. Herndon previous to promotion: "The truth is, I would never do for a colonel of a regiment. I cannot divest myself of sympathy for the men, nor look upon them as mere machines to be worked by me." But hear the testimony of others in letters preserved with his by his devoted wife and children:

In an official report of the action of Holtzclaw's Brigade in the battle of July 22, at Atlanta, I feel constrained to call especial attention to the dashing and conspicuous gallantry of Col. Thomas H. Herndon, Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, and I commend his conduct throughout the engagement as deserving of the highest praise.

BUSH JONES, Colonel Thirty-Second Alabama Regiment.

Your husband reached here just in time to participate gallantly in our recent brilliant encounter with the enemy.

H. D. CLAYTON.

Colonel: In the hour of trial on the bloody field, in our darkest moments, you have been with us, always exhibiting the calm composure that has distinguished you as a commander and called forth the commendations of superior officers and inspired in us that confidence and pride of which we were glad to boast. Your faithful attention to duties, your constant presence in every place of danger, your well-known gallantry and skill, your strict impartiality, kind unaffected bearing to subordinates, your pleasing geniality and grace of manner have endeared you to every heart in your command.

CAPTAIN COMPANY C, Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment.

The dutiful and chivalrous love of country which sent this home-loving, pacific, and most fastidious gentleman into the perils and privations of a hopeless war shone thereafter, true and undiminished, in fulfillment of offices and positions which kept him honorably before the eyes of his countrymen. As lawyer, legislator, and Congressman, the same modest accomplishment of duty and fine adherence to principle sustained the luster which his war record had engendered.

Referring to abuses in recent political issues, the *Mobile Register* voiced this good tribute to the statesman now eighteen years among the glorious dead: "In the days of Thomas H. Herndon there were no such unscrupulous methods pursued; it was party strength and honor above personal preference."

I know these lines of loving memorial, meeting the eye of men yet living, his former friends, who likewise have attained distinction and honor—Wheeler, Morgan, Shelly, Carlisle, Gordon, Pettus, and others—will awake hearty and affectionate concurrence in their minds and hearts. He died with his blushing honors full upon him. Sweet is the luster of a fair fame, sweet the perfume of honored memory!

MRS. E. HAMILTON STROBHART.

Died in Chicago October 14, 1900, at the residence of her son-in-law, Donald A. Campbell, Mrs. E. Ham-



MRS. E. H. STROBHART.

ilton Strobhart, of South Carolina. She was born in Beaufort, October 20, 1820, and was a daughter of Dr. Richard B. Screren, a graduate of Edinburgh (Scotland) University, and granddaughter of Paul Hamilton, Governor of South Carolina from 1804 to 1806, and Secretary of the Navy from 1809 to 1813. She sleeps in the Confederate Mound on the far-off shores of Lake Michigan, guarded by six thousand Southern soldiers—herself the Spartan mother of two brave boys under the age of twenty, who answered their country's call in 1861. During those four years of fearful struggle she devoted herself to the cause she loved, often in sound of shot and shell, and many a brave man remembers her words of cheer on going into battle as he placed his young bride under her protection, and, at the close, passed under the fire of the enemy herself in seeking refuge from homes left in ashes. Her life was a beautiful one of devotion, of self-sacrifice and love of others, and she fell asleep as peacefully as she had lived, surrounded by her four children, three sons and one daughter.

F. W. MERRIN.

Another comrade, who was faithful to and diligent for the VETERAN, has crossed the river to rest under pleasant shades. At the outbreak of the civil war Comrade Merrin helped organize a company of artillery in Charleston, Miss., and was made first lieutenant. Serving acceptably this office for a short time, he was made captain of his company, and served in this capacity until the close of the war. He was captured with Gen. Pemberton's army, but was paroled after Gen. Lee's surrender.

In 1891 he with other veterans organized the Hillsboro Camp, No. 36, United Confederate Veterans. He had been Commander of this Camp from its organization.

By General Order No. 35, the U. C. V. Maj. Gen. E. M. Law, by Fred L. Robertson, Adjutant General, "pays tribute to the memory of this earnest Christian, gallant soldier, gentleman, loving, tender husband, de-

in peace he added to the luster of the name the fearless soldier won. The rolls of Mississippi bear many an honored name, but none purer, truer, or braver than that of F. W. Merrin, captain of artillery during the war between the States."

Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy who knew him well through long association at his home, Plant City, Fla., have taken official action concerning the life and character of the late F. W. Merrin, as does also the Commander of the Florida Division, U. C. V., of which he was the Chief of Artillery, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. "God's finger touched him," and "at the ripe age of seventy-one years he rests after a long life devoted to God, his country, his family, and his friends." The Camp mourns him as its Commander from the organization, and consequently the devoted friend of its members.

The Tampa Chapter, U. D. C., recognized in its tribute the many valuable gifts and relics received through his generosity. They mourn him as one of their "most earnest and sympathetic friends." The committee was comprised of Mesdames D. B. Givens, W. J. Berry, and Avicelle.

In the death of Comrade Merrin the VETERAN loses one of its first and most faithful friends. It joins in deepest sympathy with the family and community in their sorrow.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

James Williams, an ex-Confederate soldier, died at his home in Savannah, Tenn., September 15, 1900; aged fifty-three. He was a member of Capt. J. W. Irwin's Company G, First Confederate Cavalry, and was promoted to regimental ordnance officer of the regiment, holding a commission from President Davis. At the time of his death Comrade Williams was Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Association.

JOE W. WHITE.

Sam W. Wilkes pays tribute to a veteran of Augusta, Ga., under date of Affugust 14, 1900:

As the hundreds of Confederate veterans gather in this beautiful city to recount the scenes of field and camp, to renew old friendship, and review a comradeship which is dearest to their heart, there is a vacancy in the ranks that is sadly felt by all who are familiar with Augusta. A familiar figure, the veteran of all work, a comrade of all the officers, a companion of all the soldiers, with his gray uniform, the pride of his last years, his eyeglasses, his curly locks, and bent though nimble form and slow but kindly voice, enthusiastically busy on all such occasions, forgetful of self, doing for the comfort of others, ubiquitous, gracious, happy, and obliging, and loyal to the traditions of a sacred cause.

The good soldier, obliging gentleman, loyal veteran, has done with the warfare of life, and has taken his place in the ranks of the great majority to await the last bugle call. But the memory of "Col." Joe W. White lives on, and his name is bright with the record of brave deeds in war and kind ones in peace, and while he is not here in person, he is in spirit, and many a veteran will remember him with that sweetness of fellowship which lives in the companionship of brave men. Peace to "Col." Joe White!



F. W. MERRIN.

voted father and friend, and exemplary citizen. In war he wrote his name indelibly on honor's roll, and

COL. J. L. SHEFFIELD.

The *Leader*, Birmingham, Ala., is credited with the following special correspondence from Montgomery:

In passing through the cemetery my attention was called to the grave of James L. Sheffield. It is marked by a little board only, with no inscription whatever. Col. Sheffield commanded the Forty-Eighth Alabama, C. S. A., and spent sixty thousand dollars in gold of his own fortune in equipping his regiment. Loyalty to the cause was one of the shining traits of his character. He fought its battles, and he honored its memory. He loved to meet and talk with Confederate soldiers. His character and his high record for bravery were all that he could leave his children.

J. T. S.

G. N. GRIFFITH.

R. T. Owen, Adjutant John H. Waller Camp, U. C. V., Shelbyville, Ky.:

Comrade G. Newton Griffith died at his home near Simpsonville, Ky., October 30, 1900, of typhoid fever. He was born in Floydsburg, Oldham County, Ky.



G. N. GRIFFITH.

At the age of twenty-two he enlisted in Capt. George Beckley's Company B, First Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by Col. (afterwards General) Ben Hardin Helm, his uncle, Jacob Griffith, being lieutenant colonel. He was a gallant soldier, participating in many of the battles of the Army of Tennessee. His regiment served in Gen. Joseph Wheeler's Corps. Besides his wife, he leaves five children—a daughter, Miss Ruth, and four sons, Lemuel, Newton, Thomas,

and Mitchell. He was a good citizen, a true friend, an honest man, and a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. According to his wish, some of his old comrades served as pallbearers, and his coffin was draped with the battle flag he loved so well.

REV. J. H. SHIPLEY.

Sam Davis Camp of Confederate Veterans, Milford, Tex., has lost an esteemed comrade, Rev. J. H. Shipley, who answered the "last roll" call in October, 1900. He was born in Meigs County, East Tennessee, September 13, 1843; was a member of Company C, Fifth Tennessee Cavalry. At the meeting of the Camp on November 24, 1900, a committee composed of A. T. Brooks, L. T. Binkly, and W. P. N. Nixon was appointed to draft suitable resolutions, and reported that

Whereas Death, the general assailant of soldier and citizen alike, has claimed for his own our beloved and highly esteemed friend, Rev. J. H. Shipley; and whereas we, his surviving comrades in Camp assembled, desire to express the worthy esteem in which he

was held, and our deep sympathy with his bereaved family; therefore,

Resolved, That we bow with reverence to the mandate of the God he loved and served, knowing he doeth all things right, and feeling assured that our loss is his eternal gain; that the life of our comrade as citizen, soldier, Christian, and minister is worthy of our appreciation and practice, and that we will ever cherish a fond remembrance of his many virtues, and that we extend to the bereaved family our profound, heartfelt sympathies in their hour of grief, and pray that the blessing of his God may ever be upon them.

CAPT. QUIN THORNTON.

Capt. T. J. Brannon writes that Capt. E. Q. Thornton, who served in the Thirty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, was born in Wilkes County, Ga., May 12, 1832; that his parents removed to Stewart County in 1839, where he lived until his father's death, in 1846, his mother having died in 1841; and that in 1847 he went to Eufaula to live with his brother, Dr. William H. Thornton. He was educated at the University of Alabama, graduating with distinction, and was afterwards a professor. He was also elected Assistant State Geologist of Alabama, and for extraordinary energy and some discovery he was given additional pay to his salary. In 1855 he went to Europe, where he completed his studies, remaining several years and graduating in several schools.

On his return to America Comrade Thornton was elected Professor of Languages at Howard College, which position he held until the breaking out of the war, when he volunteered in the Third Alabama Regiment, which was sent to Pensacola, Fla. He subsequently returned to his home at Eufaula, and in January, 1862, enlisted in Company K, Thirty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. Henry D. Clayton. Julius Mitchell was captain, T. J. Brannon, first lieutenant, and he (Thornton) was second lieutenant. In 1863 Capt. Mitchell resigned, and T. J. Brannon was promoted captain and E. Q. Thornton first lieutenant. He served in that capacity until the latter part of 1864, when he was appointed aid-de-camp on Gen. H. D. Clayton's staff, with the rank of captain, and served in that position until the close of the war.

At the terrible battle of Murfreesboro he commanded Company K, Capt. Brannon being a paroled prisoner at that time, and for gallantry on the battlefield Lieut. Thornton was promoted captain of Company K. He was in the battle at Franklin, Tenn., Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the battles around Nashville, Dalton, and in the Atlanta campaign.

In May, 1862, he was married to Miss Sallie Cocke, of Marion, Ala., and in June, 1863, while his command was stationed at Shelbyville, Tenn., his wife paid him a visit, when they were both captured by the Federals. His wife was not imprisoned, but remained in the enemy's lines until she prevailed upon a Federal officer to take her out South. She mounted behind the officer, and was so considerate as to receive their good will, and they treated her with marked kindness.

In November, 1864, Huntsville, Ala., was captured by the Confederate army. The Confederate troops crossed the river in pontoon boats, and Capt. Thornton "was the first man in the army to put foot on the north bank

of the Tennessee, and at the head of a small advance guard was the first to enter Huntsville."

Soon after this Capt. Thornton's health failed, and a friend, without his knowledge, procured for him a discharge. When he was told of it his proud nature rebelled, and he stoutly refused to accept it. The writer was with him in many hard-fought battles, and Capt. Thornton never flinched or shirked his duty, but was as brave as he was generous, charitable, and true, lending courage to his comrades by his noble example, and endearing himself to his fellow-soldiers by his noble acts and unselfish devotion to them. He lost two gallant young brothers in the war, Dr. Joe B. and George W. Thornton, the latter being killed at Sharpsburg.

After the close of the war Capt. Thornton returned to his home and family, and resumed his profession of teaching, and was elected Professor of Howard College, at Marion, where he remained until September, 1877, when he was elected Professor of Science and Languages in the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, at Auburn. He married, the second time, Miss Maggie Reeves, of Auburn. He died May 20, 1878, leaving a wife and five children and a host of friends.

A. S. Harris, Fort Worth, Tex., writes: "Died in this city on October 23, 1900, Thomas B. Anderson, a Christian gentleman, a noble friend, a model brother, an ex-Confederate soldier, and a true type of an American citizen.

Lieut. Allen H. Hargrove, of the Third Texas Cavalry, died near Craifton, Tex., on November 10, 1900. Comrade Hargrove was a native of Louisiana, and came to Texas in early manhood. At the first call of Texas he enlisted and was elected lieutenant of his company, which served with the Third Texas Cavalry throughout the war. He was known as a good officer, and held in high confidence and esteem. After the war he returned to Texas, and spent the remainder of his life in the pursuits of a quiet and happy life.

Timothy Oakley, Adjutant of Camp Henry Gray, Timothea, La., reports the death of a member, Henry Winn, at his home in Columbia County, Ark., on December 5, aged seventy-eight. Comrade Winn was a soldier in the Crescent Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, Company F.

COLOR BEARER WILLIAM W. BUNCH.

B. F. Brown, of Augusta, Ga., writes:

The last of twenty-three color bearers of the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers was William W. Bunch, who was at the reunion of the Georgia Division of the United Confederate Veterans held in Augusta November 14-16, 1900.

William W. Bunch, of Rocky Ford, Ga., was in attendance upon the veterans' reunion. His old comrades were rejoiced to grasp his hand and find him so well in health, for, notwithstanding the long, white beard, his sixty-one years sat lightly upon him. He was a member of Company L, First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers. A braver and steadier man nev-



W. W. BUNCH.

er bore a standard of colors under fire, and there was such a dash in his courage that it never failed to draw the attention and elicit the applause of his comrades. In the Wilderness he was struck with a spent bullet with such force that he fell full length to the ground. Supposing it to be a mortal wound, he cried out: "Farewell, boys!" A near-by comrade coming to his assistance opened his shirt front, and, upon assuring him that the bullet had not penetrated the flesh, he exclaimed, "Is that so? Hurrah for that! Go in and give it to them, boys!" and, seizing the colors that had fallen with him, rushed to the front. Hurt as he was by the terrific blow from the ball, all that he needed to know—that he might keep up the fight—was that he was not dead, and he realized that his place was to the front, and not to the field hospital.

When the lines were broken at Petersburg, and all hope of the Confederacy lost, determining that the battle flag of the regiment should never be captured, he tore it from the staff and carried it in his bosom to the banks of the Appomattox, where, with the exception of a remnant, which he still had at the time of his death, he buried it. The close pursuit of the enemy and the probability of his own capture made him dispose of the flag in this way.

The First Regiment had twenty-three color bearers during its four years' service, but none of them showed a cooler head or displayed greater courage than William W. Bunch. As a comrade who knew him as intimately as the writer remarked: "No man ever carried a standard of colors farther than Bunch."

Comrade Brown, author of the above tribute, served in the same regiment (Company D), and knows what to say as well as how to say it.

ROBERT A. CHEATHAM.

Rev. J. H. McNeilly, Nashville, pays this tribute:

The armies of the Confederate States were made up of the very best material of the South. No cause ever called forth such uncalculating devotion. It was pure love of country, with no mercenary motive, that called our bravest and best into the service.

Robert Archer Cheatham was one who, with every advantage of social position, yet cheerfully chose the place of a private in the ranks, and was content to do his duty. He was the son of Col. Edward S. Cheatham, at one time Speaker of the Senate of Tennessee. His mother was a daughter of Ephriam H. Foster, a great lawyer, who represented the State in the Senate of the United States.



ROBERT CHEATHAM.

Robert was born May 1, 1844, at Mansfield, his grandfather's country home, near Nashville. On the 10th of May, 1861, at seventeen years of age, he enlisted in Company C—Rock City Guards—First Tennessee Regiment. And thenceforward he was a soldier to the end of the war. For about a year he served on the staff of his distinguished relative, Gen. Frank Cheatham; but at his own request he was sent back to his old regiment, then sadly reduced in numbers by the casualties of war. With those comrades he remained to the last. One of his officers said: "Bob did his duty in camp, in the march, and in battle. His service wherever he was placed was the *finest*. I can testify to his soldierly qualities, his genial disposition, and his alacrity in performing any duty, no matter how arduous or dangerous it might be."

After the war he went back to Robertson County, the home of his childhood, and engaged for some years in the lumber business; but for more than twenty years he lived with his sister, Mrs. Edgar Jones, near Nashville, and was endeared to her family by his many acts of kindness. His whole heart was given to the Confederacy, and he lived to perpetuate the memory of its

heroic struggle. On the 22d of October, 1897, he died at the home of his sister, Mrs. John M. Graham, at Pinewood, Tenn. The cause of his death was heart trouble, brought on by the exposure and hardships of his army life.

Two marked characteristics impressed those who knew him best: his absolute fearlessness in doing his duty, and his perfect sincerity. He had no tolerance for hypocrisy. No braver, truer man ever espoused a cause, nor stood by a friend. I knew him, and I write this because I believe that such men are worthy of remembrance.

MAJ. WILLIAM M. BUSH.

Walter H. Bush, of Greenville, Tex., sends a sketch of his father, and writes:

He was very proud that he was a Confederate soldier, and nothing delighted him more than to meet the men who had passed through that trying time and relate their experiences. Just before he breathed his last he requested me to notify you and ask you to publish the fact, so that as many of his old comrades might know it as possible.

Maj. W. M. Bush was born June 20, 1827, near Boonesboro, in Clark County, Ky., and was at the time of his death past seventy-three years old. On September 6, 1848, he was married to Miss Nancy G. Elkin. Four children were born of their union, two of whom yet live: Leslie W. Bush, of Allen, and Walter H. Bush, of Greenville, Tex. His wife died November 24, 1856, and he never married again. This sad event occurred the year following his removal to Texas. Two brothers (A. G. Bush, of Boonesboro, Ky., and J. B. Bush, of Monroe, Mo.) survive him.

At an early age Maj. Bush connected himself with the Baptist Church, and lived an upright, Christian life. He was kind-hearted and liberal, and had many friends among all classes. At the early age of eighteen years he served in the war with Mexico. He volunteered at Winchester, Ky., in John S. Williams's company, and was a corporal. He participated in the battles of Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo. The company lost heavily in these battles and by sickness.

Maj. Bush and Jordan O. Straughan raised a company of volunteers. Straughan was elected captain and Bush was elected first lieutenant. The company was mustered into the Confederate service at Fort Washita, and put in Company G, Alexander's Regiment. Later, in 1862, Capt. Straughan retired on account of his age, and Maj. Bush succeeded to the captaincy. For about a year this regiment served in the Indian Territory, Arkansas, Missouri, and afterwards in Louisiana, in Polignac's Brigade. During the first summer in that State the captain was promoted to major and W. N. Bush was made captain, and later, for gallantry on the battlefield, Maj. Bush was made lieutenant colonel of the Thirty-Fourth Texas Cavalry. He commanded the regiment in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.

Under Maj. Bush, Alexander's Regiment captured the first battery that was captured in the Mansfield battle. It was taken from the center of the Federal line. This was a terrific battle, and about 2,500 Federals surrendered. Polignac's Brigade was then com-

manded by Col. Mouton, who was killed, as was also Col. Jim Taylor, when Maj. Bush assumed the command. The Confederates drove the enemy a short distance, when the enemy drove Gen. Churchill's Division of Arkansas and Missouri troops. Then Polignac's Brigade was called in to reinforce. When the brigade reinforced, the line checked the enemy and held them in check until the cover of night, when the enemy withdrew and retreated in the direction of Alexandria, La. In the battle on Yellow Bayou by Polignac's Brigade this regiment had only 264 men to go into the charge, having lost heavily in the campaign from Mansfield to Yellow Bayou, and when it came out of the charge only eighty-four rallied, and there was hardly a man who was not wounded. The regiment was mustered out of service at Hempstead, Tex., in June, 1865. Maj. Bush then returned to his home and engaged in farming and stock-raising. He was successful in business, and left a handsome estate.

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DR. THOMAS E. STAPLES.

On October 27, 1900, Dr. Thomas E. Staples, of Nelson, Mo., answered the last roll call at the age of seventy-seven years. Some data for a sketch states:

Comrade Staples was one of the landmarks of Saline County. In 1846 he volunteered in Doniphan's celebrated regiment. At Brazito, Mexico, they met the Mexicans thirteen hundred strong—there being but eight hundred of them—and in thirty minutes the flight of the Mexicans was complete. Soon after, at Sacramento, this gallant regiment met the Mexicans six thousand strong, and completely routed them. In thirteen months Doniphan's men marched thousands of miles, over mountains and plains, and had many skirmishes besides the battles mentioned.

In 1861 Comrade Staples raised two regiments for the Confederate service. At the battle of Wilson's Creek with his battalion he charged Siegel's regiment of one thousand Germans, and routed them, capturing about two hundred prisoners and their fine battle flag. He sent the flag to the Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. The family now has as a relic Mr. Benjamin's letter acknowledging receipt of the flag. At another time, with but twenty-seven men, he charged a force of Federals many times that number. The Federals did not stop their flight until they reached Jefferson City, the capital of the State, representing that Maj. Staples had fifteen hundred men.

After fighting bravely to the close of the war Maj. Staples returned home and resumed the practice of medicine. He lived and died a Master Mason.

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CAPT. A. F. AYDELOTTE.

Capt. A. F. Aydelotte, who was a member of the Leonidas Polk Bivouac and William Henry Trousdale Camp, Columbia, Tenn., was killed by the tornado Tuesday night, November 20, 1900.

Comrade Aydelotte was born August 14, 1832, in Maury County, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate States army December 12, 1861, as sergeant in Company A, Forty-Eighth Tennessee Infantry. He was captured at Fort Donelson, and released June 2, 1865. His rank at the close of the war was captain. He was a farmer by occupation.

GEORGE E. METCALF.

A. Hacket, Wilkinson, Miss.: "I think it is my duty to notify you of the death of a noted character, George E. Metcalf, on the 25th of November. I believe he is about the last of the 'Copes' Filibusters, who went to Cuba, and were taken to Spain in irons, and released by intercession of the United States. He was a Mexican soldier in the First Mississippi Regiment under Jefferson Davis, and also served the Confederacy."

Chief Justice of Missouri, James B. Gantt, Jefferson City: "I enjoy your paper more than any I take. Indeed, I fear I live too much in the memories of that glorious past which you are doing so much to preserve for those who will come after us."

—
JOHN J. TANNER.

John J. Tanner was born in Greenup County, Ky., in 1842, and entered the Confederate Cavalry service in 1862 as a private in the regiment of Col. Tom Johnson. He acted for some time as chief of escort to Gen. George B. Hodge; was in many skirmishes and battles, including the campaigns in Tennessee and in Georgia. He was taken prisoner on a raid into Kentucky from Virginia in the spring of 1864, and spent thirteen months in the starvation, privations, and exposures of Camp Chase, being released at the close of the war. Comrade Tanner was noted for his gentle, dignified courtesy of manner, his firm decision and strength of character, his generous disposition and strict adherence to the golden rule. His trust in his Saviour was shown in his patience and resignation during years of suffering. The last three months of his life were spent in New York City, where he had gone for surgical treatment.

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CAPT. JOHN L. MCGOWAN.

H. H. Stevens, Adjutant Sam Benton Camp, U. C. V., at Byhalia, Miss., December 15, 1900, reports that "the Silent Reaper has again invaded the ranks of our Camp, and a noble Mississippian (Capt. John L. McGowan) was gathered in the harvest of death on Friday, December 7. A brave soldier, a patriotic citizen, and a good man has crossed over to where he will again enjoy the companionship of his immortal comrades who had preceded him into eternity. His story is eloquently told in the annals of his State and of the Confederacy. The Sam Benton Camp, U. C. V., pay tribute to the memory of their deceased comrade. Capt. McGowan was born in Union District, S. C., in 1840, and came with his father's family to Marshall County, Miss., in 1848. He enlisted in the Confederate army March 27, 1861, and, after serving one year at Pensacola as first lieutenant in Company F of the Ninth Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, he was made captain in Ballentine's cavalry, and was a most efficient officer. He was frequently detailed by our gallant Gen. Forrest to perform perilous duty. He surrendered with his command at Grenada, Miss., in May, 1865. He was a Presbyterian and a Mason. Two brothers, one son, and five daughters survive him."

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Several additional sketches are necessarily held over for the January issue.

RED CROSS AT "PARTING OF THE CENTURIES."

The Twentieth Century Department of the Red Cross is preparing to hold watch meetings in all the cities and towns in the United States on the night of December 31. Rulers of prominent nations and leading celebrities of various lands commend this project.

In the noble memorial address by Miss Clara Barton to Congress some twelve years ago, she recalled the fact that probably no sign in the secular world is sacred to so many eyes as the Red Cross of Geneva. It is the insignia of a humanity that knows no foe. In the fiercest conflict of arms it passes unchallenged on its mission of mercy. Its international organization is founded on the welcome and authorization of the united governments of the civilized world. Its chief directors are men of the foremost standing, and the crowned heads of Europe are its patrons. It is eminently natural and fitting that it should be the medium for bearing messages of cheer and fraternity that will inspire and delight all America in these great watch meetings.

The object of these meetings is to raise funds for the American National Red Cross. In other countries it has been endowed by various means, but in the United States it has worked from one national emergency to another without an endowment or sustaining fund. The American National Red Cross has, for the first time, consented to give the public an opportunity to contribute to a permanent sustaining fund for this broadest of charities.

It is expected that some adequate provision may be made for such a sustaining fund through the agency of the watch meetings and the subscriptions for the sealed packet of "Greetings" which will be delivered to every meeting in the country at a very moderate charge.

Full information in regard to the organization of the watch meetings in any city or town will gladly be furnished on application to the American National Red Cross, in the St. James Building, New York City.

A FAVORITE OF THE VETERAN.

In this Christmas issue is given the lovely face of Ruth Barbara Hamilton, aged five years, the only child of Herbert H. and Caroline E. Hamilton, now residents of Rockford, Ill.

Barbara's grandfather was John Alexander Hamilton, a native of Tennessee, born in 1832, died in 1865. He was identified with different schools and colleges through the State, and at one time in charge of the college at Shelbyville. Her great grandfather was David Montgomery Hamilton, a native of South Carolina; born in 1809; married to Elizabeth Morton, moved to Tennessee and was one of the pioneer settlers of the State. His father, John Hamilton, emigrated with his brothers, William, Thomas, and James, from Scotland to America about 1800. He settled in South Carolina and married Mattie Grier.



OUR LETTER CARRIER—HIS OTHER WORK.

The VETERAN has ever been proud of its letter carrier. The editor, in speaking of it to a friend, was surprised at what the remark brought out.

"Doctor Dunn," said he, "don't take his route every day, but looks after his substitutes, so that his route is always attended. He is Chief Collector for the United States Letter Carriers Benefit Association, and has been for years. You ought to know about him."

Inquiry concerning the business developed the following:

The association was organized August 7, 1891, at Detroit, Mich., under the jurisdiction of the National Association of Letter Carriers. Its membership is composed of letter carriers, and it is chartered under the laws of Tennessee.

Its object is to unite fraternally all acceptable letter carriers who, at the time of entrance, are physically sound and between the ages of 21 and 49 years. It pays out of the Benefit Fund to beneficiaries of deceased members \$1,000, \$2,000, and \$3,000, according to rate applied for. It has the level



WILMOT DUNN.

rate of assessment, and provides for an emergency fund by a 10 per cent increase on assessments; also a 15 per cent post mortem deduction, which is charged against each member's certificate. If at death of the member the amount charged has not been paid into the Benefit Fund, then the difference is deducted from the amount paid beneficiary. The Emergency Fund is not drawn upon to pay death claims until sixteen assessments are levied in one year. It is managed by a Board of Trustees consisting of three members, who are elected for three years. The present Board consists of Charles P. Kelley, President, New York City; Samuel E. Graham, Kansas City, Mo.; and Chris Loughheed, Detroit, Mich.

All funds are collected and disbursed by the Chief Collector, who is the only officer under bond. Since organization to July 1, 1900, there has been paid to beneficiaries of deceased members \$260,464.10.

Wilmot Dunn, of Nashville, Tenn., has served continually as Chief Collector since organization. Owing to the growing business of the association, the Board of Trustees built at his home, Nashville, Tenn., a fire-proof office for the preservation of the books, papers, and valuable documents.

There is some free advertising in the above, but it goes as a Christmas greeting to the Chief Collector and to every beneficiary of the association in the South, for the VETERAN is carried by these faithful servants of the public in every Southern city.

TRIBUTE TO THE TENNESSEE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

BY MISS JULIA B. REED, OF GEORGIA.

Dr. Hoagland lectured at Nashville on the curfew law. In speaking of its efficacy as a reformatory measure he said:

You have here in your midst one of the finest reformatories in America. It is a *jewel*; and its Superintendent, Mr. W. C. Kilvington, is the greatest in the country. I had heard of him and his work at the conventions in the East and West. Yesterday I saw it and him for myself. He led me throughout the splendidly equipped building; and, friends, it is marvelous—this work—and the way he does it. He stands in this realm without a peer—the model.

Fifteen years ago I was in Nashville and lectured to a large assembly on the rescue problem. Just as I was leaving the platform a gentleman grasped my hand warmly, and, giving me his card, asked that I call at his office the following morning. That gentleman was Col. E. W. Cole, your beloved fellow-townsmen. I called the next morning, and found Judge Ferris with him.

"Well, Mr. Hoagland," said Col. Cole, "what is it we need here?"

"A reformatory," I replied. "You might call it an industrial school, if you like."

Turning immediately to his friend, he asked if there was a suitable building in the city.

"Yes," said Judge Ferris, "I have in mind the house you will need."

"What is it worth?" was the next question.

"Thirty thousand dollars."

"What will buy it?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

Col. Cole wheeled around to his desk, and, filling out a check for twenty thousand dollars, held it out to Judge Ferris with the order, "Please buy it at once."

Thus was born the Tennessee Industrial School. That was the beginning of the great work which is now the home of over seven hundred children. Many of those who have gone out from this Industrial School are filling high positions in the world's work.

ATTENTION, WHEELER'S CAVALRY.

Although Atlanta (Ga.) Camp A, Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry, is one of the youngest associations of the U. C. V., it is one of the most enthusiastic and enterprising. It has recently published "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry," a book of five hundred pages, handsomely bound and illustrated. The manuscript was furnished by Gen. Joseph Wheeler, as a legacy to his old command, and contains not only an authentic account of the battles, marches, and sufferings of this gallant band, but also a complete and official vindication from the slanders and calumnies which were at one time current.

The retail price of the book is \$2.50, but to those who are or who wish to become members of Wheeler's Cavalry Association, the price includes membership fee and an elegant badge—the latter alone worth one dollar. To clubs of ten, accompanied by \$25, an extra copy of the book will be sent.

No survivor of Wheeler's Cavalry who feels, for himself or his posterity, a pride in the service he rendered the lost cause, can afford to be without this elegant work.

Address J. S. Prather, Commander, or W. C. Dodson, Historian, Wheeler's Cavalry Association, Atlanta, Ga.

THE DIXIE STORYBOOK.

This book was written and published in the South. It is intended for a storybook and for a supplementary reader in schools.

Many of the children's books now published contain sketches of prominent men, but they are nearly all of the North. Southern children should not be taught that all of the greatness of the country is centered in the North. As it is not the truth, to counteract this impression the author of the "Dixie Storybook," writes of Southern heroes: not histories, but character sketches. They are written in language suitable for and pleasing to children.

No one who has learned in childhood to revere Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson can ever be made to believe by

G. A. R. resolutions or Shaw speeches that they were "rebels" or "traitors."

The "Dixie Storybook" is the first of a contemplated series of storybooks, each one of which will contain a history of some Southern hero. The other part of the book consists of stories, fairy tales, songs, etc.

The book is in large print; contains pretty pictures, attractive songs and stories. It contains 100 pages. The author asks: "Isn't it time for Southerners to make a change, and give their own literature at least an equal chance with that of the North?" This interesting Southern book, a suitable holiday book for children, will be sent postpaid free for two subscriptions to the VETERAN.

SOME PROMINENT RAILROAD MEN.



MR. H. C. TOWNSEND,
President American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents,
also General Passenger Agent Missouri Pacific System.

The most distinguished passenger agent in this great country at present is Mr. H. C. Townsend, of St. Louis. Mr. Townsend began his successful career in Pennsylvania in 1863. For several years prior to 1871 he was with the Pennsylvania Company. He then went West, where he was made the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Toledo, Peoria, and Warsaw Company, at the early age of twenty-four years. In 1884 he was given the fine position that he has since held. His active and diligent assistant at Louisville Ky., R. T. G. Matthews, furnishes in this connection some interesting data: "The Missouri and Pacific System, which includes the 'Iron Mountain Route,' comprises now 5,400 miles. Mr. Townsend has been at the passenger agency helm some fifteen years. The management is conservative but strong."

About a quarter of a century ago the writer was frequently in Texas. It was during a period that the railways were in a perilous condition, and schedules were merely formal. It was a period, too, when multitudes were following the advice of Horace Greeley, and *were going West* in large numbers. Crowds of these people not accustomed to travel were asking questions continually, and one of the agents, a slender, delicate young man, was not only diligently obliging but he posted this neatly written notice: "No trouble

to answer questions." This veteran was much interested and impressed with the deportment of the young gentleman.

Telling the story recently, he added as comment: "I suppose he is long since dead; the good die young." Upon



E. P. TURNER,

being informed of the error, he said: "E. P. Turner is the man." He is now the General Passenger Agent of the Texas and Pacific system, and that is his trade-mark. These circumstances led to an inquiry which was rewarded with the following information:

Mr. Turner, while never connected with the operating department of any railroad, still may be said to have "come up from the trucks." He started telegraphing on the old Atlantic and Pacific (now "The Frisco") when only thirteen years old; sold tickets in Dallas twenty years continuously previous to his appointment as General Passenger Agent (1897) of the Texas and Pacific Railway Company. Mr. Turner has become famous through his motto—his trade-mark: "No trouble to answer questions." Close observation, quick perception, broad views, and firmness are his leading traits.

Reserved, yet affable and pleasant, he hears all callers, and decides quickly, but with such care and consideration that, although he may not consent to requests, the parties go away satisfied.

One of the very first things claiming Mr. Turner's attention on becoming General Passenger Agent was to bring his line prominently before the State and country. For this purpose, in addition to many other new methods of advertising, he inaugurated and has published now for three years the *Texas and Pacific Quarterly*. This publication is pronounced by the best judges, high railroad officials, and the press as being upon the highest plane of anything of its kind. Although only a little over three years as the General Passenger Agent of the Texas and Pacific, he has taken high rank among the leading passenger men in the country.

He has surrounded himself with a corps of efficient, loyal lieutenants. Loyalty is the sheet anchor idea of all connected with the entire Texas and Pacific Railway System.

Mr. Turner is now in the prime of life, and as General Passenger Agent of this popular line it may be well said that "the man and the occasion met."

The VETERAN congratulates the management of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company in having secured as its General Passenger Agent Mr. C. L. Stone, who is in the

vigor of young manhood, and yet rich in the important experience of that department of railroad service.

He entered the railroad service in the employ of the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad, with headquarters in Cincinnati, and remained with that company until July, 1890, when he took service with the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad as Assistant General Passenger Agent, with headquarters in Chicago. Six months afterwards he was appointed General Passenger Agent of that company (January 1, 1891), where he remained until November 1, 1900, at which time he came to Louisville to enter the service of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company as General Passenger Agent.

As General Passenger Agent of the "Evansville Route," Mr. Stone had become so accustomed to favoring Nashville



C. L. STONE.

New General Passenger Agent Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

that her people may rely upon its continuance, while his grasp of large enterprises insures just and fair service throughout the large system now under his control.

The Southern History Society, a student organization of Vanderbilt University, has undertaken the collection and compilation of the records of all Vanderbilt alumni and students who served in the army during the Spanish-American war. The society respectfully invites the attention of friends of Vanderbilt to this fact, and solicits their aid in making the forthcoming roster as complete and interesting as possible. Lack of space prevents the setting forth here of questions necessary to be answered; but any information on the subject, or the name and address of any one interested will be thankfully received if sent to Sessler Hoss, 2106 West End Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

JACK WILLS'S PETITION FOR AMNESTY.

Some years ago Jack Wills's petition for pardon attracted widespread attention. Although this remarkable document possesses a degree of merit far beyond many productions that have gained world-wide fame, it has well-nigh faded from the public mind.

Jack's petition was read in Congress by Proctor Knott, in that distinguished statesman's inimitable style, and his motion that the pardon be granted was seconded by old Ben Butler. The prayer for pardon was not only granted, but his more fervent petition for a good, fat office was promptly answered in the nature of an appointment as Register in Bankruptcy for one of the mountain districts of Kentucky.

DEAR KNOTT: I thought as I had time, I'd write to you and Beck in rhyme, To let you know that I am well, A span's length yet or more from h—I. I also send petition signed By loyal men, who were so kind As to indorse and recommend For clemency your wayward friend. Please push it through, and thus relieve A Rebel who past sins doth grieve: And you may tell each friendly Rad That, though I was a Rebel had, My penitence is deep and true.

Dear Mother:

Don't let your baby suffer, and cry with colic when a few drops of

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic

(diluted and sweetened) will give instant relief. Nonpoisonous, therefore harmless.

Tastes Like Peppermint Candy.

and baby will take it without a "kick." A silver half dollar will get a bottle from drug-gists; a postal card to the

Sherrouse Medicine Co.,
New Orleans, La.,

will "fetch" you a free sample.

More than I dare express to you.
Jephthah, judge of Israel, fought
The Ammonitish hosts, and sought
In prayer the aid of Israël's God,
To drown his foes in their own blood.
He made a vow he "hadn't orter,"
And thereby lost his only daughter.
This, now, I'm sure, old Jep repented
Until he felt almost demented.
If all of Holy Writ is true,
Old Pharaoh did the Jews pursue
With numerous hosts, intent on slaughter,
Until he got neck-deep in water;
With penitence, no doubt, profound.
His soul was filled before he drowned.
And thousands evil ways have tried,
Who felt repentance ere they died;
But few have felt the deep contrition
As he who sends you this petition.
Some for their crimes get thrown in
prison,

And some get ropes around their
"wizen;"

Some, after death, are sent to h—I.
All these can bear their fate quite well.
But he who with a gory hand
Stirs up rebellion in the land
Against the best government under the
sun,

And fails in his purpose, is forever un-
done.

No prison for him! Let no gallows be
built!

The red ocean of hell is too mild for his
guilt!

That pit of perdition, where the devil and
his kith

Are weeping, wailing, and gnashing of
teeth.

Is too full of pleasure! Let's invent a
new plan

To punish and torture this rebellious
clan!

Thus our lawmakers said, and with cruel
intent,

Made a law of the Fourteenth Amend-
ment.

A man can stand being hung or put in
jail,

Face the guillotine, too, without turning
pale.

And pleasantly travel the pathway to h—I,
And plunge in as though without fear he
fell.

Just think, my dear Prock—as you are
no novice—

How a Kentuckian feels who can't hold
office.

Not that he cares for the Yankee blood
spilt,

Or for those he has wounded, or those
he has kilt;

But his cup of misery he thinks full
enough is

When he's proscribed and can never hold
office.

ULCERS

Old Sores

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Thin, Diseased, Impure Blood, Bumps, Boils, Eating Sores, Scrofula, Eruptions, Eczema, Itching and Burning Skin and all Blood and Skin Humors cured, Blood made pure and rich and all sores healed by taking a few bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Sold at Drug stores, large bottles, \$1. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) thoroughly tested for 30 years. Cures when all else fails. Try it.

Send 5 cents to pay postage on Free trial bottle. Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Remorse and repentance express poor content,

When compared with this Fourteenth Amendment.

It's bad enough, Prock, not to get elected, It makes him feel sorry, repentant, dejected;

But to say he shan't run—O what contrition

Fills up a man's heart in this awful condition!

Such a condition is mine, and it worries me more

And pierces my soul to my heart's very core,

When your friends can see how I am grieved

They'll hurry up the cakes, and get me relieved.

O! my country! how I'd like to serve it In some good, fat office, for I know I deserve it.

Tell your friends, too, I'll remember in prayer

Those who in relieving me shall take share;

And I'll here give a specimen prayer, by the way,

Let they may think I don't know how to pray:

Thou Ruler of both good and bad, Look down and bless each friendly Rad

Who hastens forward with agility To free Jack Wills of disability.

May pleasure on his pathway shine; May he for office never pine;

May he never know defeat, Unless some Reb can get his seat.

May he live one thousand years, His eyes be never wet with tears,

Except it be with tears of joy, Of pleasure mixed with no alloy;

And spend his days in sweet contentment, Free from that Fourteenth Amendment.

"IN THE WAKE OF WAR."

Mrs. M. B. M., of Nashville, reviews this book. Verne S. Pease, of Chicago, is the author:

It is a strong story of the reconstruction days. His delineation of character, his ridicule of the Union League with its forty acres and a mule, and his plot in which a clever romance is interwoven make a very readable story. The gist of the novel, however, is his sanction of the organization of the mysterious power known as the "Kuklux Klan" or the order of "Two Stars." He says it sprung from direct necessity, yet those who started it never hoped that it would prove such a complete barrier for the protection of human life and personal rights. His story closes with the decline of the rule of carpetbaggers, in which he says their six years of misrule cost the South more heartaches than the four years' war, more fortune than the support of its own and the invading armies.

Mr. Pease is a native of Michigan, but lived in the South (Nashville) several years. He has many warm friends here who are glad to learn of his literary success. During his residence in Nashville Mr. Pease was looked upon as a shrewd business man, and few recognized his literary attainments, though his capabilities along this line were not unknown to the inner circle of his friends. He was a frequent contributor to the press, and was well known and popular in the newspaper set. He was always ready to oblige the overworked reporter, and many of the best articles that appeared in the newspapers during his residence here were from his pen.

A silver Confederate badge or button was taken from a prisoner by the police of Jacksonville, Fla., and is in the possession of C. D. Towers, No. 115 East Bay Street, Jacksonville. The name of "W. W. Longmoor, Jr.," is on the button. The owner can get it by writing Mr. Towers.

REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.**ACCOUNT CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**

For the Christmas holidays the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its lines to points East of the Mississippi and South of the Ohio and Potomac rivers at the rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip.

Tickets will be sold December 22, 23, 24, 25, and 31, 1900, also January 1, 1901, with final limit to return January 4, 1901. This gives excellent opportunity to parties contemplating spending the holidays with friends at their old homes.

For further information call on Southern Railway ticket agents.

The Rev. J. A. Scarborough, a battle-scarred veteran of Bogue Chitto, Miss., is relieving a great many people of cancer troubles. Send to him for circulars.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS,

With all the latest known improvements, at greatly reduced prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. B. MATTHEWS, Cor. 4th Ave. & Market St., Louisville, Ky.

RHEUMATISM

—CURED—

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Rheumatism in its various forms is caused by a specific poison in the blood; hence to cure to stay cured, a remedy must be found that will neutralize the poison and expel it from the system, eliminating every vestige of the disease. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is the only remedy that reaches the poison, harmonizes with it, and ejects it from the system. Dr. Gillam, the great Atlanta specialist, always prescribed a dozen bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) as a thorough course of treatment, and a treatment that was sure to cure to stay cured. Other remedies may give relief or stop the pains for a while; but if a REAL CURE is wanted, Blood Balm must be taken in sufficient quantities to get the specific poison out of the system.

RIGHT QUANTITY TO BE TAKEN.

As to the right quantity of B. B. B. to take to effect a cure, that depends on the patient and the length of time the disease has run. As a rule, for a mild case, three bottles will generally be sufficient, for a bad one six bottles will be required, while for an old chronic case at least twelve bottles should be taken. B. B. B. will be sure to reach and drive out every vestige of the poison that might be lurking in the bones, and, besides, Blood Balm is such a splendid tonic that it builds up the broken-down constitution, strengthening the liver and improving the digestion and appetite so that the patient will be ready for any emergency.

Mr. W. P. McDaniel, with S. Pemberton & Co., of Atlanta, had a deep-seated case of Rheumatism. He could not walk without crutches, nor even raise his

hand to his head. He was permanently cured with only six bottles of Blood Balm.

Jacob F. Sponcler, of Newnan, Ga., suffered two years with Rheumatism, affecting both shoulders to such an extent that he could not get on his coat. He used six bottles of Blood Balm, which effected an entire cure.

John M. Davis, of Tyler, Tex., had been subject to attacks of Inflammatory Rheumatism since ten years of age, yet he was permanently cured, with no trace of the disease left, by eight bottles of Botanic Blood Balm.

William Price, of Luttsville, Mo., had Sciatica, and had lost the use of one arm and one leg for nine years. He went to the Hot Springs, and tried many doctors, but found no cure until he took Botanic Blood Balm, which made him sound and well, and he has been able to use his arm and leg ever since.

What more need we say? We could fill a book with cures made by Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.).

SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

\$1 per Large Bottle or
6 Large Bottles for \$5.

Complete directions for home cure with each bottle. To convince all doubters that B. B. B. will cure rheumatism, a trial treatment sent free to CONFEDERATE VETERAN readers. Simply state that you or your friends have rheumatism, and medicine will be sent at once, prepaid.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Describe trouble, and free medical advice given.

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Connection made with this excellent service at Little Rock, leaving Memphis (Iron Mountain Route) 8 P.M. every Thursday. Low Rates one way, and round trip to California points.

For particulars, rates, free descriptive literature, map folders, etc., call on nearest ticket agent, or address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., 304 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.; H. C. Townsend, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

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a pair of beautiful Angora Cats now all the rage,
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We have been breeding for years, and have a fine
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the next few weeks.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS

We want animals raised, as the demand is greater
than the supply, and with difficulty we have
reserved 6080 animals for breeding purposes, to be
distributed free, and we start you in a paying busi-
ness and put you in the way of making money with-
out investing one cent for the animals. Genuine
Angora Cats are worth from \$3.50 to \$100.00 each,
and these animals are easy to raise. Belgian Hares
may be raised in an attic or cellar, or small city
back yard without difficulty. They breed from ten
to twelve at a time, six times a year, and sell for
seemingly fabulous prices, and service alone from a
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Give the name of your nearest express office and any
what animal or aquarium you want and it will be
sent exactly according to our offer. We pay ex-
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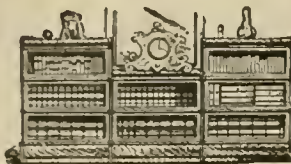
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This magazine is of great interest to the investor, sportsman, tourist, health seeker, and home seeker; and will be sent free to any one paying the postage, which is 25 cents for one year or 2 cents for sample copy. Back numbers may be had if desired.

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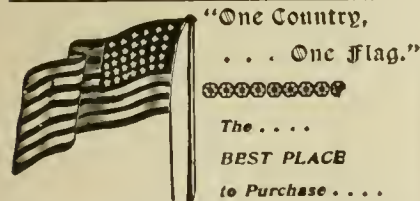
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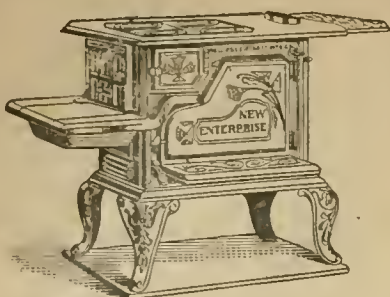
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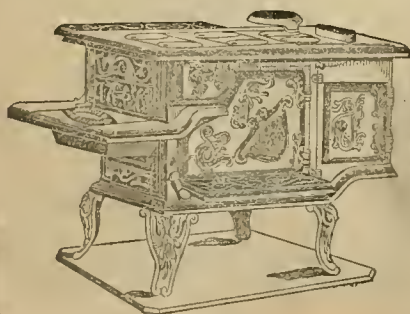
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